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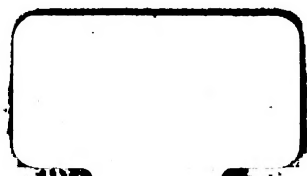
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# LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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# THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXXIII.

FOR JANUARY, 1853.

**ART. I.**—*Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company.* April 5, 1852.

THERE is a kind of egotism which puts on the air of sympathy and affects its speech. Men lacking pastime for their unoccupied intellects, or eager to get recognized as burning and shining lights, are apt now-a-days to take up 'the masses' as the subject-matter of their speculations, treating them with scarcely different or deeper feeling than if they were a sort of raw material from which to manufacture a book, a pamphlet, or a speech—a song or a sermon—in short, as the stalking-horse for the advancement of their own literary or political ambition. Under the attractive title of the People's Friends, they have often succeeded in embroiling master and man; in drying up the resources of the one and sending the other supperless to bed. While the capital of employers (as for example in the late engineers' strike) suffered losses, not easily, if ever, to be made up, and while penury was sharpening the features of wife and child, who did not read the pamphlet or hear the speech—the mechanic's sorry compensation for weeks of family distress—such sympathisers have withdrawn from the troubled scene to their well-cooked dinners and easy chairs, convinced in all modesty that their only misfortune was being 'before their age,' or dismissing any little suggestion of self-distrust by the espousal of some fresh 'cause'—that is, capering forth again upon another equally unsound hobby.

We cannot doubt that much substantial improvement has been checked by the day-dreams and ideals with which sentimental philanthropists on the one hand and calculating demagogues on the other have warmed the fancies of the artisan. It is dull work,

after being whisked by an 'express train' of Imagination far into Utopia, to return to plans which aim at less than perfection, and which do not pretend to plane down all the knots and difficulties in the social system. Having in past times looked upon mechanics as no better than live machinery, and now, after the horrors of Factory Reports, having subjected ourselves to Factory legislation, we are in danger of a re-action that will carry us into the profitless extreme of plausible impracticabilities.

Sober people, sickened with so many selfish or silly manifestations, or mockeries, of 'the spirit of the age,' will, we believe, enter into the pleasure with which we have read the pamphlet now before us. This Report by the Directors to the Proprietary of 'Price's Patent Candle Company' gives a sample of a different species of philanthropy. We are neither inclined nor qualified to enter deeply into the biography of this patent candle, though by no means underrating its rapid success as a sign of economic change—contemplating on the contrary with a cordial satisfaction the increase of that class who are entitled in prudence to rise above the use of tallow, although not exactly, except on state occasions, to afford themselves the lustre of aristocratic wax. It appears that, the demand for these candles having become too great to be met by the original patentees alone, there was formed some years back a joint stock company on a large scale, and that its concerns have been prosperously carried on in a now vast establishment, at Belmont, Vauxhall. It also appears that the managing director, Mr. James Wilson—(whose Letter is embodied in the pamphlet)—ere long felt that such a co-operative work had other elements to be considered beside the successful sale of a valuable article and the regular



payment of wages. He looked upon such a body of men thus brought together as something more than mere profitable instruments called into existence to promote the illumination of drawing-rooms. He thought it possible, without loss or hurt to the texture of the candles, to humanise and Christianise 'the hands' that made them; and circumstances enabled him and a brother, his co-manager—both of them still young—to carry such views into practice in a manner which deserves, we think, the attention of statesmen and churchmen, as well as of our merchants and manufacturers.

According to Mr. Wilson's statement, the first step in the movement began among the young, who had almost from the outset been employed in considerable numbers at Belmont. This movement was quickly and warmly encouraged by him; nay more—we have reason to believe that he had paved the way for it by many quiet and unpretending measures—above all, by so exercising his patronage in the distribution of superior posts as to impress every observant member of the community with the importance of some educational acquirement. But he carefully avoided making himself prominent as the founder of a new system. He desired, if possible, to avail himself of the voluntary action of the minds committed to his care. His great ambition was to form independent characters, in the good sense of the word, who might afterwards walk alone without leading-strings. But let us take his own simple record of the visible start in 1847:—

'The schools,' he says, 'began in a very humble way by half a dozen of our boys hiding themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day's work and had their tea, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens, begged from the counting-house. The foreman of their department encouraged them, and as they persevered and were joined by other boys, he begged that some rough moveable desks might be made for them. When they had obtained these, they used to clear away the candle-boxes at night, and set up the desks, and thus work more comfortably than before, although still at great disadvantages as compared with working in any ordinary school-room. My brother encouraged them with some books as prizes, and many who had been very backward improved much in reading and writing. The fact of the whole being the work of the boys themselves seemed to form so large a part of its value that we carefully abstained from interfering in it further than by these presents of books for prizes, and of copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments, and by my being—(though not till long after the commencement, and after being much pressed, and being assured it would cause no restraint)—*always present at the school to give them the same*

tion of authority, but taking no more part than hearing the boys their spelling.'

This was the secret—'it is being 'always present;' this drudging on with dull boys at their spelling; this kindly sacrifice of leisure after a hard day's work in the counting-house; this practical sympathy with the lads—sympathy, too, and toil, and oversight, as distinct from interference. Many a manager, or many a manufacturer, may 'give orders,' that there shall be schools for 'his people,' and drive off to his villa day after day as soon as he has done whatever partners or proprietors had a title to expect from him: here and there such a gentleman may once or twice a year, or even once or twice a month, honour the school with his presence, and patronise the affair; but to reach success there must be something warmer and heartier than this. Nor should it in fairness be omitted that, even where there exists a most sincere desire to work out good in such a line, it may be in fact impossible for the individual to give the time and pains requisite for a satisfactory achievement. The energies of youth may not be at command: there may be the urgency of strictly domestic cares and duties—a world of other serious hindrances will suggest themselves on a very little reflection. But to proceed with the Belmont boys.

By and bye the half-dozen who began with the 'worn-out pens' in the midst of the 'candle-boxes' had increased to about thirty: and it was much to be desired that they should have some better place for their school meetings, that in which they then held them being dirty, exposed on all sides, and moreover requiring every school evening considerable labour to clear it sufficiently for the putting up of the moveable desks.

'Now, there was one part of the factory,' says Mr. Wilson, 'which we had long looked upon as very dangerous in case of a fire occurring. We gutted all this part of the building, clearing out enough old wood to have burnt down half a dozen factories, and making in place of the two lower store-rooms one lofty school-room, big enough for about 100. It was in the winter of 1848 that the boys got into this first schoolroom, still working entirely by themselves, so much so that the prayers with which the school closed, now that the separate rooms had set them free from the bustle of the factory, were always read by themselves.'

After this, as older boys came in, it became necessary to have the school placed more under authority, though Mr. Wilson still guided rather than governed all. The new room began to be 'overcrowded, so much so that all the desks had to be removed

from it, and the boys were obliged to write on pieces of stiff cardboard, held in their hand or on their knees.' Soon, therefore, a second school-room was built, and, by and bye, the company having taken the business of 'Child's Night Lights,' the school system, now including girls, required still further expansion. To save time, one of the railway arches of the South-Western was seized upon, and, being made water-tight, it was extemporised into a school. The progress was thenceforth rapid. At an inspection which took place in 1851, when the schools were emptiest, 512 scholars were present; and in the winter, when business would be slack, Mr. Wilson was confident of numbering 800.

It is not, however, simply of the growth of the schools—this marvellous growth of a scheme which began with 'half a dozen boys hiding themselves behind a bench once or twice a week'—it is not of bare cold schooling only that we have to speak. It is the tone, the spirit, the character that was given to them, the evident action they had on the whole state of the factory, the leaven which they spread—the kindly, nay, the religious sympathy which sprang up between all ranks and bodies in the establishment. We can find large Factory Schools in many parts; they are compulsory in several kinds of manufactories; but few are conducted in such a spirit as those at Vauxhall. There is often too much starch, too much drill, too much outward mechanical regularity and order; and in speaking of the tone which Mr. Wilson gave to the whole, we have to remark on the wisdom with which he effected what he desired. He was bent on producing, if possible, a Christian factory, but he did not force religion down. Nay, he often sought his greater object by pursuing lesser ones, though we see the greater impressed on all he did. It was the heart of the system, though, like the heart itself, it did not beat outside, to be looked at. Mr. Wilson felt that he was requiring a good deal of those who had been hard at work all day, to spend a couple of hours at the evening school, with their 'spelling-books and their Testaments'—that it was a trial under any circumstances, especially to youths whom penny theatres and all the low pleasures of low London life were beckoning away: he therefore set himself to smooth the trial.

'With this view,' he says, 'we repeatedly, in the spring and summer of 1849, asked all the school to a tea-party in the new room. The first tea was an interesting one, from the fact that very many of the boys had not been at anything of the sort before, and that many of them, not being in the habit of going to church, had never perhaps put themselves into decent

clothes at all. Those who came untidily or dirtily dressed to our first tea, feeling themselves out of keeping with the whole thing, tried hard to avoid this at the next party. I hope that to several our first tea was the occasion of their taking to neat dressing for life. I will just mention here that, so far as our experience goes, there is not with boys, as with girls, any danger whatever in leading them to think much of their dress, for the more they attend to it the nearer they get to plain black. Almost all our best boys now come to chapel in plain black, though not a word has been said to them, or required to be said, about their dress. . . . By the help of these tea-parties we made the boys who did not belong to the school feel awkward and uncomfortable about not doing so; and very many joined—several however stipulating that they were not to be asked to the next tea, lest that should be supposed to be the motive for joining.'

Such was the beginning of a system of recreation which soon took a more valuable and more permanent form.

'In following up our plan of combining as much pleasure as possible with the schools, the next step was to teach the boys cricket:—yet it was anything but a pleasant occasion which decided the time of beginning this. In the summer of 1849 the cholera came, and it was fearfully severe in Battersea Fields and the lower parts of Lambeth, where numbers of our people live. For a time, the first thing every morning was to compare notes as to the relations whom the men and boys had left dead or dying on coming to work; and in the latter part of the time no doctors could be had, as they were all knocked up. Before it got very bad, we got good medical advice as to whether any precautions against it were possible for our boys, and it was decided that fresh air and exercise out of the factory were the best preventives. We therefore closed the school entirely, and a gentleman (Mr. Symes) having most kindly let us take possession of a field which was waiting to be occupied by a builder, we set to work hard at learning cricket after working hours. I say learning, for cricket is not a game of London boys. I do not like to pass this part of my story without noticing how everybody's heart seemed to warm up directly to such an object as ours, when applied to for assistance in it. Mr. Symes had never seen me before, nor I him, when I went into his office to ask him for his field; but when the case was stated, his answer was, "Certainly, for such an object I shall be delighted to let you have it until I am obliged to turn you out for building;" so I got the field, and the beginning of a most true friendship besides. Afterwards, Mr. Graham, who holds a great part of Battersea Fields, also an entire stranger to me until I called on him on a similar errand, no sooner understood it than he told me of all the land he had, and the terms on which he held the different pieces, and offered to let me pick which I chose out of the whole; and we have had many minor instances of this readiness to help us.

'The cholera seems an odd reason for taking to cricket, but I dare say the cricket had a very happy effect on the general health of our boys, and so may have strengthened them against catching it. We lost only one (an amiable and well-conducted boy of seventeen), although many lost relations living in the same houses with them. Always, when the game was finished, they collected in the corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety from the cholera of themselves and their friends, and the tone in which they said their "Amen" to this has always made me think that, although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game so concluded more moral benefit than any quantity of ordinary schooling could have given them. They also met me every morning in the school-room at six o'clock, before beginning work, just for a few minutes to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day, and to pray to be defended in it.'

We need not point to the lights of this picture; the short prayer that closed the hour of harmless, healthful sport—the manager's interest in the scene—are things which speak for themselves. In 1850 they played in the same field three nights a week, working in the school the other three nights. Bricks and mortar, however, soon drove them out of that field—and they got another of above six acres, the edges of which were allotted to gardens. Many now took to gardening—and, though perhaps they at first 'just barely knew which end of the spade went downwards,' the novel pursuit by degrees inspired in not a few 'feelings and tastes they had no idea of before, and of a nature to have a most softening influence upon them.' We now begin to see the men drawn into the circle of Mr. Wilson's influence, and the 'cricket' seems the attractive power. The three nights when the boys were schooling, the men were got to play—and then at last boys and men were brought together.

'What gave the game the greatest start was, that some of the boys took it into their heads to send a challenge that twenty-two of them would stand the eleven of a cricket club, formed by a few of our men, who, having been cricketers before coming to the factory, had joined themselves together to keep up their practice of the game, as they best could, on Kennington Common or elsewhere. Some of this eleven, being pretty good players, and knowing what novices our boys were, treated the challenge with great contempt, their captain saying he would play the twenty-two himself. But the boys practiced very hard till the day of the match, and when it came, to the great astonishment of themselves as well as of all the rest of the factory, they beat the men in one innings. Later in the year they beat again in a return match of sixteen to eleven, and in the coming

summer they mean to try eleven to eleven. They are looking eagerly forward to the 1st of May, on which day we propose to begin the cricket again, and they will, I hope, have a happy summer of it.'

It is a truly comfortable thing to hear the boys and men of a factory thus spoken of—to see them treated by their employer with all this heartiness. Imagine the change from the stifling toils of a candle-factory to a breezy field and a good game of cricket, with their master himself looking on their sports and joining in their prayers. The grand difficulty in factory work and in all co-operative labour on a large scale is that the people are together without knowing or caring for each other; it is community without communion, co-operation without concord; all goes round like a mere machine; this set of men quietly do this thing, another set do another thing, and the whole system, active, orderly, skilful, bearing part on part, carrying out one work, is all the while, as a living system, utterly fragmentary, disjointed, unsympathetic, cold, without any link whatever between part and part. We must get them away from the calico or the candles and bring them together in some unbusiness-like way, if we hope to give the business portion of their life a proper tone. Hear Mr. Wilson again:—

'I think the mixing of the boys and myself with the men in the cricket and gardening produced much good and kindly feeling among us all, and has made many work together in the factory during winter as friends who felt almost as strangers before. I can answer for myself, that I got to know well and to like many of the men whom I had scarcely known at all before, and I believe they got to know and like me. Everybody is ready to preach about the necessity of this knowledge of each other by masters and men, but I suppose only masters can know the extreme difficulty of getting to be on a footing, at all deserving the name of personal friendship, with the men of a factory, when the number is large, however anxious they may be to get on such a footing. In business hours both master and men are too busy to have time for gossiping, and directly business is over the best of the men go, and ought to go, straight to their families. . . . With the boys and young men the case is different, for there is no need of their going straight home to their families when work is over, so the masters can keep them in the school-room or elsewhere, and gain their affections and get great influence over them. With many of our young men we are, I trust, upon terms of true and deep personal friendship such as will last for life. Of course when they in their turn become masters of families there will be the same want of much intercourse as with our present men; but when you once know a man thoroughly, and he you, the mere moving about in the same work with a kindly word or look when you happen to be thrown

together, quite keeps up the cordiality of feeling. In speaking of not knowing the men generally, I should however say there are many exceptions, at least as true and as happy as with the boys; and anything tending to increase the number of exceptions, as our cricket and gardens were found in practice to do last year, is of very great value. You catch the men one by one as circumstances bring them within your reach, the boys a whole net-full together, but with both of them it seems to be of comparatively very little consequence what it is with which you first get a real hold over them—gardens, or cricket, or schooling, or some trouble which they come to consult you about.'

A life of severe toil, at least of monotonous drudgery, wants some breaks of amusement, some gleams of light, to prevent its utterly depressing both the physical and the moral health; and as the recreations which artisans, especially young ones, are capable of entering into are almost exclusively of a bodily kind, they need control and superintendence. If left wholly to their own devices they will almost infallibly plunge into gross sensual indulgence; much that is open to the wealthier orders in the way of enjoyment is a sealed book, an unknown language to them; though they may in time be trained to appreciate higher kinds of pleasure, they are not as yet capable of doing so; and after all they want pleasure connected with fresh air. We are not wishing to have the May-poles back, or to play at the manners of by-gone times; but the existence of the 'sustian jacket' order needs to be brightened by some out-of-door exercise; and we know no medium so effectual for the cure of moral acidity or the jaundice of dissatisfaction and discontent. A yellow, bilious troop cooped up in hot work-rooms day after day, and only trudging home to their murky dreary 'row,' run great risks of being disaffected. There is a close connexion between the liver and the heart. Many Cascas grow up in factory life purely because that nether organism has nothing like *fair play*. That, be sure, will never feed the temper on which not a few of our politicians live, and some thrive apace.

Mr. Wilson soon found that these games of cricket had great influence in softening down the hardships and dreariness of factory life, especially as regards night labour, which begins at Belmont at six in the evening and ends at six in the morning:—

'The boys who are on night work do not go to bed directly their work is over, being generally unable to sleep if they do so. They used to dawdle about, or to take a walk, or in some other way get rid of the time till a little later in the day, when they went to bed just time enough to get as much sleep as they needed before

getting up for work again. The same boys are not always at night-work, but there are two gangs which take it in turns. Now all last summer the night-gang of boys, on leaving work at six o'clock in the morning, went straight to the field, and there they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in gardening and cricket until about a quarter past eight; they then collected in a shed which we have on the ground to hear a verse or two of the New Testament read to them, and to say the Lord's Prayer together before going home to sleep; and the way in which they joined in this little religious service, coming as it did just as a part of their enjoyment, could make one hope for very happy effects from it. I think, had the factory and its profits belonged to me, and had the cricket and garden cost double what I have stated, I should have thought it but a sort of conscience-money, well spent in strengthening the physical and moral health of these boys, obliged by the necessity of the work to keep such unnatural hours. On four mornings a week they went out in this way; on the other two they attended school from six till eight, to prevent their falling behind through missing the evening school, which of course they must do when on night-work.'

Having adopted this system of recreation to sweeten toil, mixing with it other ingredients to make it promote yet higher purposes, Mr. Wilson's next movement was to have a 'day of it,' and to whirl his charge far from cauldrons, candles, smoke, and smut, from the close streets of a crowded neighbourhood, among the fine hills that overlook Guildford. Here they strolled about, played a cricket match—the apprentices against the rest of the people—and in the middle of the day, by way of rest and refreshment, all gathered together in a small church at the top of one of the hills, and, having obtained the willing services of the clergyman of the place, chanted their part of the service. It must have been a striking and touching scene—the first, we fancy, of the sort—the holiday workers of a London factory chanting the Psalms in the old Norman chapel, in that fresh region remote and clear from the din and dinginess of their accustomed atmosphere. Mr. Wilson had some doubt how far divine service would chime in with the other proceedings of the day; it answered perfectly. The country itself seems to have made its impression; 'it was,' as he says,

'so absolute a contrast in its quietness and extreme beauty to all the common life of these boys, that one felt what a world of new ideas and feelings they were being introduced to. From the way they looked at and spoke of the country to each other when they were there, and spoke of it after returning, I am sure many of them, if they live till ninety, will remember that one day, and with a feeling more beneficial



to their minds than any which months of ordinary schooling would be likely to produce.'

The next year an equally successful expedition was made to Herne Bay. This last season they received an invitation to Farnham Castle from the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the factories are placed, and who seems to have taken a more apostolic view of episcopal 'hospitality' than has been much in vogue of late. A wiser act could not have been done. The day was 'a day' indeed; all went off most admirably. The Bishop and his household threw themselves heart and soul into the work of entertaining their new guests—the guests, whose only notions of Bishops, probably, had been derived from the penny literature and caricatures of Lambeth Cut, were carried away into something like enthusiasm by the humane and Christian attention with which they were received; when they found the proud, purpled, spiritual Dives of their imaginations changed into a mild, affable, generous host, a rapid revolution of early ideas was effected on the spot. They were suffered to ramble at will over the stately old palace and its picturesque grounds; they were treated and trusted as friends, and they felt the treatment. No high-born company could have behaved more decorously than those five hundred artisans, young and old, thus let loose for a summer's day. Divine service, it may be supposed, was part of the refreshment thought of in such a place; and when, in a beautiful little church near the castle, the Psalms broke forth from the whole company of the mechanics with hearty harmony, the Bishop was visibly affected, and had need thank God for witnessing such a scene. A few such days would turn the tide of Radicalism and infidelity and the worse forms of dissent which leaven the lower districts of our large towns. Let the higher clergy mix with the poor, meet them, show personal interest in their welfare, treat them with personal kindness, instead of being only seen through carriage windows as they drive along the streets, or on Confirmation days as they cross the pavement amid a blaze of beads, and the good they may effect is untold.

The cricket and the excursion, let us remember, were used as a sort of reward-tickets for those who had stuck well to the winter evening school, and the manager is quite ready to defend his use of such sugar-plums:

'When it is considered how very much you are asking of a boy, in asking him, after working hard in the factory from six in the morning till half-past five or six in the evening, to come into

it again at half-past six for schooling till eight, and this for three or four days a week, during eight months together—and that this is asked not only of the best boys, and those naturally eager for improvement, but of all the very mixed set which such a factory as ours necessarily contains—you will not be surprised that, while always holding out the improvement as the grand inducement to belong to the school, we are glad with the general run of them to avail ourselves of other inducements also. The matter might be settled very simply by authority:—but with boys beyond a certain age any such attendance as that would do them harm instead of good; while any attendance which is entirely the result of their own free will must do good—first, in the mere amount of useful knowledge gained, and secondly (but first in point of importance) in the effects of their being brought under the whole of our system; for once under that it is no matter of choice with them whether they are affected or not—they cannot avoid being so, whether they like it or not. Occasionally, in the beginning of the busy time in autumn, when we have had to take on a few elder lads, strangers, and they have been admitted at once to the school and cricket, it has been quite interesting to watch the rapid change, in external manners at least, produced in them, quite involuntarily on their part. The rough ones among them would, on the first evening of the cricket, be rude and selfish in their behaviour; and the first evening in the school they would take, into their hands, with an air of mixed insolence and shame, the book for the hymn with which the school closes, and then kneel down for the prayer with the same manner—a look of "I won't refuse to do this, but I feel quite above it." But a very few evenings in the cricket and school bring them almost unconsciously to the same habit of civility and reverence as the rest; and we may hope that the change, external no doubt at first, must by degrees work inward more or less.'

With a wise and kindly feeling for the health and physical refreshment of the fellow-creatures placed under his governance—itself a part of Christian feeling and Christian prudence, though often under-rated 'by the religious world'—the young manager, we must see, was watching for and catching at every opportunity to engraft Christian principles and habits. Having felt his way, and succeeded in getting among his men and boys—in breaking the ice between the employer and the employed, and in effecting a considerable moral change—he next proceeded to act more directly upon the religious character of the factory. We have been told, and we hope there is no indelicacy in repeating, that the impressions from which the whole of the Belmont movement in fact arose may be traced to his perusal, about the same time, of the *Lives of Dr. Arnold and Mrs. Godolphin*; but that after repeated perusals of the latter charming book, his reflections had rested

especially on the importance of that daily attendance on divine service to which Evelyn's *saint* continually refers as the chief support and solace of her brief career. Himself more and more occupied with the commercial business of the growing concern, Mr. Wilson felt it essential to have one who could give up his whole time and care to what he regarded as a still higher department of duty—and accordingly he added to his staff a clergyman of the Church, who seems to have entered on the work with the same earnest spirit.

'I look upon this appointment,' says the thoughtful and modest Manager, 'as the means of binding together and securing all the efforts for good that are being made in the factory, for there are many of us anxious to help forward all that is good, but we are all busy, and it seems much better that the originating and superintending of the educational arrangements should not be with any of us, but with some person with nothing else to attend to, and that we in our several positions in the factory should only have to back him up and assist him.'

The Belmont chaplain has no sinecure. At a quarter to six every morning he gives a short service for the men who are inclined to attend it before commencing work, and are there joined by men who have been working all the night—a sort of family worship on a large scale. They sing a hymn, have some verses of Scripture read, and join together in a few prayers. This occupies about twenty minutes, and then another short service is commenced for the boys. When this is over the chaplain attends in the 'Night Light' School till breakfast-time four days in the week; and the other two mornings he spends a similar space in the Candle Factory Morning School—being there occupied with a class of the most forward boys whom he desires to train as monitors for the evening school. After breakfast the brother-managers, and their foremen, Mr. Cradock and Mr. Day, have a short service with the chaplain before the counting-house work commences. At five minutes to nine the day-school opens, and the chaplain visits and works in it. In the afternoon he visits the sick at their own houses, and thus becomes acquainted with the factory families. Mr. Wilson's notice of the opportunity embraced for instituting the early services is not to be omitted:—

'The six o'clock service for the men was begun on the occasion of a fine lad of nineteen, a general favourite with all who had worked with him, being drowned through the swamping of a boat, in which he and three more of our young men were rowing, with one of the boys to steer them. The others were nearly drowned

also, and after this shock they wished for some help in religion between Sunday and Sunday, and this little service was begun for them while the factory was still in the state of excitement attending the search during many days for the body of the poor drowned boy. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself; the men of the factory were afraid of each other, not with reference to the being seen attending religion, but to the fear of being suspected of doing so in order to carry favour. This and other circumstances made the service have a most unpromising beginning—but after much perseverance the thing grew; at last the little room was very inconveniently crowded; the service was then removed to the school-room, and it is now, I trust, a permanent part of the factory arrangements. The other matter, having a mournful origin, is the counting-house service at half-past eight. It arose like the cricket, in the cholera. Seven of us had been in the habit of going to the early daily service at Lambeth church, but when the cholera became very bad, as the way to and from the church was through a low part of Lambeth, in which it most raged, and passed the two churchyards in which cholera burials were going on at the rate of from forty to fifty a day, we got frightened, being all of us more or less unwell. We then, with the assistance of one of the neighbouring clergy, began the school-room service, and have continued it since the cholera has passed away, because some are able to attend there whose duties will not allow them going outside the factory.'

The engagement of a Chaplain led naturally to the provision of a Chapel, with Sunday Services for the more especial use of the workpeople with their families. Mr. Wilson found that the majority of the boys and of the parents attended no place of worship whatever, dawdled about the streets, went up the river, had their games of 'rounders' in Battersea-fields, or listened to some infidel 'spouter' on Kennington Common. Week-days of toil were succeeded by Sabbaths of sloth or profligacy. The Factory Chapel arrested this tide of evil; and a congregation has been formed of the men, the boys, the girls, the wives and mothers of those connected with the works, who take their part in the service of the Church with a reverence that might put to the blush many lounging, listless congregations that have had Christian privileges all their lives.

And how—many will ask—how did all this sort of operation affect the shareholders of the Candle Company? We gather that to this question a very satisfactory answer may be given. The good name of the Factory made it an object in the neighbourhood to get employment within it, and hence the managers had a choice of the labour in the market; the very games added to the skill and manly dexterity of the people; cricket exercised its influence on candles; the good

cricketers acquired a fineness of hand which gave them increased facility in their work. But moreover, the sympathy and confidence bestowed upon them inspired many a heart with an interest in the Factory distinct from and above what mere wages can create; and, above all, by degrees the manager found himself in possession of a set of intelligent assistants, older or younger, on whom he could depend for a zealous participation in his views and plans towards the general amelioration of thoughts, sentiments, and habits. We do not wish to speak of that work as perfected which Mr. Wilson himself never alludes to as more than fairly begun and of good promise; but his own guarded statement may well encourage hope as to his people, while it must confirm and deepen our respect for himself.

'One can only generally say that the whole spirit of a Factory such as I trust ours is now in the prospect of becoming, will be different from one in which the giving and taking of wages is the only connexion between the proprietors and their people. One feels intuitively the moment the idea of two such different factories is presented to one's mind that the difference does by the very laws of human nature and religion ensure to the one much greater prosperity than to the other, although it may be impossible to trace out the details of this, and say such a hundred pounds spent upon the boys at such a time has brought back two hundred pounds before such a date afterwards. If I were forced to come to some particular proved instances of benefit to the business, I should take first the one which you witnessed the other night in coming down from the schools to the factory—a number of boys working so steadily and well at what a few years ago we should not have thought of trusting to any but men, it being work requiring much greater care and attention than can be reckoned upon from ordinary untrained factory boys. Yet even here the exact pecuniary benefit cannot be stated, for the boys whom you saw at work are not substitutes for men, but for machinery. It is the fact of our having at command cheap boy-labour which we dare trust, that enables us to make now by hand the better sort of candles which we used to make, like the other sorts, in the machines, and which, on account of the hardness of the material, when so made were never free from imperfection. The benefit will come to us, not in saving of wages (for had the choice been only between the men's dear labour and the machines, we should have stuck to the machines), but in increased trade, through the imperfection of the candles alluded to being removed.'

It is of no slight importance to see, as in this instance, the profitableness of taking a high view of duty and of acting up to it. The outlay, indeed, involved in the scheme we have described, and which was incurred simply as a matter of duty without reference

to any temporal return, was large. From the period when the half-dozen boys studied their spelling-books amid the candle-boxes to the full development of the system, with the boys' schools, the girls' schools, the cricket-ground, the excursions, the chaplain, the chapel and chapel services, no less a sum than 3,289*l.* was spent. And this outlay, be it observed, came wholly from the pocket of the acting-manager, Mr. James Wilson, who had a salary of 1000*l.* a year. The expense of his own experiment was wholly his own. The Company received their dividends, dispersed their candles, took in stock, did all the business of a thriving firm, but had no hand, until very recently, in the noble work set on foot within their walls.

When at length the extent, the influence, and the success of Mr. Wilson's schemes began to be known to the company, there was displayed a genuine appreciation of the conduct of the manager. Drawn together originally, of course, by the mere prospect of goodly returns for capital invested, they found cause to acknowledge that there were other things worthy of their care. The Directors began by nominating a Committee for full inquiry, and having received a Report warmly commending all that had been done, they called a meeting which opens out a new and noble scene in commercial life. The Directors now resolved with cordial unanimity to adopt the whole system introduced by Mr. Wilson, to reimburse him the money which he had laid out without any thought or idea of repayment, and to take upon themselves for the future the charge of the various schemes at the cost of some 1200*l.* a year. Let us hope that the spirit with which the resolutions were proposed may be caught by other companies, and that, without intending any facetious allusion to the article manufactured by the firm, it may light, in Latimer's words, such a fire in England as shall never be quenched. Mr. Conybeare (a member of the inquiring Committee), in proposing that 900*l.* a year should be expended on the schools, expressed himself as follows:—

'It seems to me as if by having done so I had already in some measure relieved myself of a burden which has long been weighing upon me. I will explain how this is. Some eighteen months since a gentleman who has given good evidence of his earnest wish to better and raise the working classes, was talking to me of the various schools existing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall; after speaking of some others he mentioned those connected with our Factory as among the best-managed in the neighbourhood, and spoke in terms of the highest commendation of our Company for the great attention we paid to the education and moral welfare of our work-people. He said our Company had achieved

great success, but that we had deserved success, and any further success that might attend an undertaking so conducted. Of course, I immediately disclaimed, on behalf of the Company, all credit for what was no work of ours, and at the same time explained who it was that had organised and supported those schools. Need I tell you that it pained me to make such an explanation, and that it was with feelings of shame that I admitted that as a Company we did not as yet morally merit the success we had attained?

Speaking as a Director, I would impress upon you my own firm conviction that the school system which we, as Directors, recommend is highly conducive to the pecuniary success of our business. The good effects of that system permeate and pervade the entire working of the factories. Not long since I took a friend, himself a manufacturer on the largest scale, over our factories. The candle-making machinery, ingenious as it is, did not so much elicit his admiration. But I shall not soon forget his words and looks on entering our Night-light factory, where the large proportion of our child-labour is employed: as he looked on the healthy and happy faces and clean and tidy dress of our girls, and watched their intelligent and smiling faces as (evidently amused at our inspection of their work) they looked up from the tasks which busied their rapid-glancing fingers, he exclaimed, "I never even imagined that factory labour could present a scene so cheerful and so pleasing."

But suppose that the pecuniary advantage to which I have alluded as attending our moral training is purely visionary, and that the measures I recommend involve a sheer outlay, an actual deduction of your annual gains. What then? Shall it be told in this Christian land, at a time too when social questions, and particularly the relation of capital and labour, are attracting among all nations an attention hitherto unprecedented—shall it, I ask, be told at such a time of the shareholders of a great and successful English Company, that they grudged to spare a few drops from their brimming chalice for the maintenance of a system such as your Managing Director has energetically carried out ready to your hand? . . . Which of us does not know too well the great evil and intense temptations to which the un-cared-for children of our English factories are necessarily exposed when herded together in hot contaminating crowds? Shall we not in our factories obviate this evil by increasing, so far as we may by education, the average moral strength of those by whose toils we profit? Shall we not strive earnestly to purify the atmosphere in which they work by shutting out, or at least mitigating, the temptations and occasions of evil which the average moral strength of factory children is found incapable of resisting? It is said—you must have frequently heard it—that Joint Stock Companies have no conscience. Let this Company prove itself an exception to any such rule, by acting towards its factory "hands," as not forgetting that those "hands" have human hearts and immortal souls.

In a similar strain Mr. Blackmore, in proposing that all the previous expenses incurred in providing the schools and religious advan-

tages for the workpeople should be repaid, declared that the dividends which flowed into their pockets depended on their having a well-cared-for set of operatives.

'But,' he added, 'we have also a far higher motive than this held out to us. We have the prospect of really carrying out in practice what is so much spoken of in theory,—the raising of the social condition of the working classes, and the effecting of a happy union between the employer and the employed. With such motives before us, let us not dole out our money in a grudging or niggardly manner. Let us give the whole amount, and along with it our hearty thanks and the expression of our deep obligation.'

In such a spirit did the Company propose to act. It only remains for us to say that Mr. Wilson, though prepared to let future expenses be undertaken by the Company, at once declined receiving back into his own pocket one farthing that he had laid out; and when the money was pressed upon him anew by an unanimous meeting of the Proprietary, he only received it on the distinct condition that the whole sum should be expended on the erection of a suitable chapel within the walls of the factory, in lieu of that which he had rented hitherto without.

We shall be borne out in saying that such scenes as these ennoble trade. They make our merchants 'princes' in a double sense; nor can we quit them without adding one more quotation from Mr. Wilson's letter.

'In nine cases out of ten,' he says, 'a manufacturer attending to other things instead of his factory, seems to be giving up a very high position, for in reality a less high, though it may be a more showy one. The best that a clever and energetic man can expect from going into "society," or from getting into Parliament, is a certain amount of usefulness and happiness; but he has already under his feet, in his factory, a mine of untold usefulness and happiness to others and to himself—difficult enough to open, no doubt, and requiring perhaps a good deal of apparently profitless digging at first, but containing veins of such richness as, when once struck, to repay ten times over any exertions it may cost to reach them. In "society" and in Parliament a man has to deal with minds as much formed, as little pliable as his own; so that, without extraordinary power, it is not much that he can hope to do in the way of influencing them. But in the factory he needs no such powers. His mere position disposes every mind in it to form itself upon his, and the extent of his influence is bounded only by the limit he may himself choose to put to the trouble he will take to acquire it. I think manufacturers getting into Parliament, and then asking for education bills, are acting as if fathers of families were to devote themselves to parish business, and use the power thus acquired to procure the creation of a lot of



additional beadies to go and manage their families for them in their absence.'

We need not, we believe, inform any person interested in the progress of Practical Chemistry that sundry great recent improvements in the *Steriac Candle*, as it is called, are due to the diligent labours of the Belmont co-managers in the Laboratory attached to that establishment. True is the saying, that they who have most work find most time at their command. There can be little doubt that these young managers' success in the attempt to elevate and purify the moral habits of their artisans will lead to similar efforts elsewhere, and how reasonable will be the joy and gratitude of the Nation should such examples indeed spread largely—but especially if they should be followed out amidst the great provincial conglomerations of factory labour—in such Babylons of glass and gas as Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds!\* It is, we must repeat, certain that many master-manufacturers, however wisely and benevolently disposed, could not in their own persons do for their people what the Messrs. Wilson have undertaken at Belmont—but one thing they can do—and that no trifle. In the cost of any great establishment of this class, the addition of a chaplain can be no serious item: and indeed we are quite satisfied that the services of such a functionary would always be, as at Belmont, speedily and abundantly overpaid in the increased order, decorum, and honest diligence of the workers.

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AMT. II.—*Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University.* Edited by his son, W. W. Story. 8vo., 2 vols. Boston, 1852.

Two thick and tall closely printed volumes are somewhat too much for the Life and Letters of Mr. Justice Story. He was not a good letter-writer:—indeed it seems strange that a man so light of heart and so fluent in speech, of feelings so warm and yet so gen-

tle—with so much learning, and seeing so many men and things within his own, perhaps not very extensive, circle—should have produced letters so little interesting in matter or manner. He had no romance in his character, and no adventure in his life—happily, no doubt, for himself. From school to college—from college to a lawyer's office—from the office to the Bar—and thence in succession to the State-Legislature, to Congress, to the Bench, and last, not least, to the Lecture-room—he passed without break, check, or reverse—beloved, admired, latterly venerated—to a peaceful end. One tour to the Falls is recorded—one voyage to England contemplated, sighed for, and abandoned: a less locomotive man in such a station has hardly ever come under our notice. Such a life leaves little for narrative; but we have no doubt the story might have contained more details of real interest, if the author had ventured on more inward and personal topics, and the book certainly might have been improved by vigorous excision. More than half the letters—those merely of compliment or on formal occasions; all the dedicatory addresses of his numerous works, to be found of course in them; long extracts from addresses and reports which are printed in his Miscellaneous Writings, and nearly all his poetry should have been omitted; and we might well have been spared the perpetually recurring accounts of what were the most important cases argued before him in Court in this or that Term; to lawyers these afford but insufficient information, and to the general reader they are absolutely useless.

But we must not be misunderstood. We do not impute to the author mere clumsy book-making—he has been misled by filial affection—by professional and patriotic feelings; but in all three respects he had indeed much to be proud of. His father was an honest and a most amiable man, a very accomplished lawyer, an excellent judge, a remarkably successful teacher of the law, and he ranks very high amongst the jurists of this, perhaps we may say, of any age.

Our readers will not be surprised at our allotting some pages to one whom we thus characterise, and a sketch of the distinguished American's career will give us an opportunity of saying a few words on some questions of present interest to ourselves.

Joseph Story was born in 1779 at Marblehead, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, a lonely and rather dismal fishing village breasting the Atlantic. He was one of a numerous family, the children of a physician—one who had figured as an Indian in the noted tea-raid at Boston, who served under Washington as an army surgeon, a very de-

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\* It is understood that Price's Candle Company themselves are about to form in Lancashire a new establishment still more extensive than that at Vauxhall. Whether one of the Wilson family is to be at the head of it we have not heard—but if that should be the case, we are pretty sure the 'experiment' will be tried over again, in spite of many difficulties unknown to Belmont. We shall wait the result with anxiety—not without hope.

sided republican in politics, and who, in the party divisions which succeeded Washington's administration, sided with Jefferson against John Adams. His will contains a clause, which, dying, as he did, in somewhat narrow circumstances, his grandson cites with becoming pride.

'I request my executrix (his wife) not to distress the poor, who may owe me at my decease—but to receive their debts as they may be able to pay, in ever so small a sum.'

At an early age Joseph was sent to the Marblehead Academy—which had, we presume, nearly a monopoly of the education of the future hopes of this retired hamlet, for girls and boys were educated there together—and remaining there till he was fifteen, when his powers of observation were of course opening—he noticed that the girls kept even pace with the boys in their common studies, and went beyond them in quickness of perception and delicacy of feeling. If the sexes become unequal intellectually in after life—which we will not assume, as he does somewhat unceremoniously—he attributes it only to this—that the education of females generally ends where with the men it may be said effectually to begin.

Story's studies here, however, closed abruptly; his master, a harsh and passionate man, punished him on one occasion with injustice and with excessive severity. He quitted the Academy at once, and at a moment when he was preparing to fit himself for Harvard in the following year—'having mastered the usual preparatory studies in Latin, and that most discouraging book, the Westminster Greek Grammar'—and when he was beginning to study the Gospel of St. John, 'with a view to make an easy transition into Greek.' As Story was a clever and industrious lad, he was probably in the first rank among the young academicians of Marblehead—and certainly this proficiency at fifteen does not tell much for the labours of their Orbilius:—we are not surprised that the daughters of the place were able to keep up with the sons.

But two months remained before it was requisite for him to pass his preliminary examination, with a view to commencing residence in the ensuing term at Harvard. By great labor and such assistance as the common town schoolmaster could afford him, he believed he had prepared himself, and was taken by his uncle to Cambridge accordingly. Here, however, to his great disappointment he was informed by the President that in addition to what he had prepared he must be examined 'in all the studies which the freshman class had been pursuing during

the last six months.' Considering his slender stock of knowledge at this time, it certainly argues not only great ability, but even more of that undaunted resolution and industry with that just self-confidence, which are essential to success in the Law, to attempt and accomplish in six weeks what he reports of himself in the following passage:—

'My task was now before me. I have a distinct recollection of the main parts. Sallust was to be read through; the Odes of Horace; two books of Livy; three books, I think, of Xenophon's Anabasis—and two books of Homer's Iliad; besides English Grammar and rhetoric, and, I think, logic and some other studies. I sat down boldly to the task, ~~revising~~ every morning five lessons which I mastered during the preceding evening, and five or six more in the course of the day. It was intense labour; but I found no great difficulty, except in Homer. The dialects puzzled me exceedingly, and my treacherous memory failed in preserving them accurately, so that I was often obliged to go over the same ground. For my first lesson in Homer I got five lines well; for my second ten; for my third fifteen; and then the mystery dissolved apace. In the course of the first three weeks I had gone through all the requisite studies. I could look back on my past labours with the silent consciousness of victory. There is nothing to a young mind unaccustomed to the exercise of its powers so gratifying as this. . . . At the end of the vacation I was again offered for examination, and without difficulty obtained my matriculation.—vol. i. p. 41.

There is a little vagueness in this statement of what was to be done; and the examination at the close was probably not very severe. Some allowance, too, may not uncharitably be made for the medium through which the successful lawyer in after life would look back on this earliest triumph of the powers to which he had afterwards owed so much. Yet, with every allowance made, this was just such an effort in youth as would warrant bright anticipations of his manhood. In passing, we may remark that our preparatory teachers would do well to imitate Story's example as to Homer in every transition with their pupils to a new book. We remember well in our own case precisely the same rule was adopted, and in regard to the same book. The lesson was extremely short, but for the first 200 or 300 lines, every word, literally and without exception, was parsed, and the mystery *did* dissolve apace.

He joined his class in January, 1795. An English youth from a public school starting in the far more brilliant and large worlds of Oxford or Cambridge could scarcely be so excited as Story, coming from his secluded fishing village and its academy, was upon being launched at Harvard. The impressions of Marblehead, scenery as well as

society, were severe and sombre; and they had nourished, in a somewhat sentimental nature, gloom and retiredness. The tone of his religious education concurred to produce this effect. His uncle was a rigid Calvinist, and imported his theology into his ordinary talk and feelings. The new world in which the nephew now moved was surrounded by a lighter and a more genial atmosphere. His nature put forth its inborn buoyancy and elasticity; he delighted in the studies of the place—in the competition with his class-fellows—in the intimacy of a few friends, among whom was one of European fame in the sequel, Channing; and in the shaking of his mind his religious opinions underwent a change—he renounced Calvinism, and embraced unhappily the creed, if so it may be called, of the Unitarians, to which through all his life he adhered.

At nineteen he quitted college and, returning to Marblehead, entered 'the office' of Mr. Samuel Sewell, then a distinguished practitioner of the Essex bar, and a member of Congress. It is called an office, for the barristers of the United States, except in the Supreme Court at Washington, may be, and commonly are, admitted and act as attorneys also—a union of characters happily, as we think, unknown as yet in England, which, though it may frequently give to the barrister a more practical and intimate knowledge of the details of procedure, tends to lower the tone, and with conscientious minds even to fetter the freedom in the discharge of their duties. It is not good for the advocate to be immediately in contact with the hopes and fears, the strong unreasonable likings and hates of his clients—to be admitted to all their secrets; still less to have to search for witnesses, to humour their waywardness, to guard them against tampering; and to go through all that preliminary contention in a cause, which must bring the mind heated and embittered to what ought to be the open, measured, free, and yet courteous contention of the trial.

The course for a legal student was then very disheartening, very difficult, good only for the youth who to more than common ability united strength of body, ardent hope, undaunted courage and perseverance. Nearly half the year Mr. Sewell was absent in Congress—he was on his circuit during another portion; he had no clerk, or elder pupil, to assist the new comer, and Story was left alone to work his way as best he might. These were common difficulties, and no doubt many a youth sank under them—either gave up the pursuit in despair, or contented himself with a superficial knowledge. To the few, however, this rough mode has its advan-

tages—what we acquire for ourselves, through many struggles, we make our own completely; by the strenuous effort and deliberate labour we gain power, our muscles are developed: we can, when we please, at any time make a great exertion, and we acquire a well-grounded self-possession.

So it was with Story, yet the trial was hard:—

'I shall never forget the time,' he says, 'when having read through Blackstone's Commentaries, Mr. Sewell, on his departure for Washington, directed me next to read Coke on Littleton. It was a very large folio, with Hargrave's and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. Soon after his departure I took it up, and after trying it day after day with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly. My tears dropped on the book and stained its pages. It was but a momentary irresolution—I went on and on—and began at last to see daylight, aye, and to feel that I could comprehend and reason upon the text and comments. When I had completed the reading of this most formidable work, I felt that I breathed a purer air, and that I had acquired a new power. The critical period was passed—I no longer hesitated—I pressed on to the severe study of special pleading, and by repeated perusals of Saunders' Reports, acquired such a decided reliance for this branch of my profession, that it became for several years afterwards my favourite pursuit. Even at this day I look back upon it with a lingering fondness.'—i. 74.

*Et nos in Arcadiâ.* We cannot indeed quite sympathise with the learned judge in his fond and faithful doating on the ill-savoured pleader, of whom Roger North gives so racy an account, and whom Hale chides for being so naughty in his pleading—a circumstance which the naughty Brother evidently chuckles over in recounting; nor do we recollect that the Temple atmosphere seemed to clear up and our respiration to be freer when we had completed Coke on Littleton; but long ago, alas! as it is, we have a lively recollection of the difficulty of the work; often we had need to be consoled with the great commentator's own kind assurance—

'albeit the reader shall not at any one day (do what he can) reach to the meaning of our author, or of our commentaries, yet let him no way discourage himself, but proceed; for on some other day, in some other place, that doubt will be cleared.'

Students of the last generation, yet taking a lively interest in those of the present, we are sorry to hear that the study of this book is not so much a matter of course in the Temple as it used to be; undoubtedly it lies open to the charge of being undigested, unscientific, often redundant, sometimes even foolish; and utilitarians may urge that much

of it has no direct application to the law in its altered state; but after all, the best authorities will agree that a thorough mastering of it will tend more than any other to give the practising lawyer that depth of legal principle and familiarity with legal analogies without which he cannot be accomplished in his art.

Upon the death of Washington in 1800, Congress and the General Court of Massachusetts having recommended that eulogies should be delivered in all the towns, young Story was nominated for that purpose at Marblehead. This occasion was a worthy one; but we have been struck with the passion for eulogies, addresses, and public speeches of every sort, which seems to pervade the Union; for a calculating, busy, go-ahead race, it is quite wonderful to what a childish extent the Americans (will they forgive us?) indulge in the fondness for these displays. Story, we conclude, was a successful performer, for throughout life he was very frequently called on for orations of this kind; he often spoke feelingly and forcibly—he appears to have sympathised with the national predilection.

After little more than a year of such teaching as Mr. Sewell had been able to give him, that gentleman was made a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Story, therefore migrated to Salem, and entered the office of Mr. Putnam, who also occupied afterwards a seat on the same bench. He had in this short space fitted himself to be a useful pupil; one or more of such may usually be found in the chambers of our special pleaders and conveyancers, young men who can really do work for their professed teacher—whose drafts and opinions on cases require little correction—who can usefully talk with his clients and discuss matters suggestively with himself.

‘Although he read much, yet he talked more,’ says Mr. Putnam, ‘and I believe in my heart, that he even then did the greater part of my business. I had a pretty full practice, and his regular course of reading was frequently interrupted by the examination of the books touching the cases which were offered for my consideration, and I have no doubt that my clients were greatly benefited by his labours in my service.’—vol. i. p. 84.

We believe the late Mr. Justice Littledale could have said as much for the late (we grieve to say) Mr. Justice Patteson.

Salem was an enlarged sphere when compared to Marblehead—there was much more society; Mr. Story entered into it with zest, and was received with favour. Small clubs or associations existed among the young people, rejoicing in such names as the Mos-

cheto Fleet, the Antediluvians, the Sans Souci, the Social Group; of these he was a member, and a spirited defender when they were slandered as immodest and immoral meetings. Yet he must have been somewhat stern and out spoken. It is a lady, ingenuous at least, one of the belles of those societies, who tells the following anecdote of him and herself:—

‘One evening while we were playing whist at a small party, I took up a card to which I had no right. He saw it, and said, L—, that card does not belong to you; you must lay it down, or I leave the table. On our return home I said to him, Why were you so particular that I should lay down that card? Because, he answered, you had no right to it, and I will never countenance injustice or unfairness in the smallest matter. I shall never see you do anything in the least improper, without expressing my disapprobation.’—i. 88.

In July, 1801, at the age of twenty-two, Story was called to the Essex bar, and ‘opened his office’ at Salem; he had nothing but his merits to depend on; he was without legal connexion, and his political and his religious views, at a time when party heats ran very high, were much against him: he was known to have dropped the Calvinism of his fathers, but to be steady in their democratic opinions; he found the Judges and the Bar strong Federalists, and he was looked on with coldness. Ere long, nevertheless, business flowed in upon him, and when at the end of ten years he was raised to the Bench, he says ‘his practice was probably as extensive and lucrative as that of any gentleman in the county’ (i. 97). His occupation, however, was not so absorbing but that he found time for a good deal of love and verse making; after many transient attachments, if they amounted to so much, he settled his affections on Mary Lynde Oliver, whom he married in December, 1804, and buried in June, 1805. She is described as ‘a refined and accomplished woman, of a romantic and gifted intellect; but she married in delicate health, the seeds of disease very speedily developed themselves, and the six months of his married life had throughout been darkened by anxieties and forebodings. Her death left him in the deepest distress; business and society were for a time equally distasteful, but he was a man of strong mind and purpose, and we do not mean to disparage the tenderness of his feelings, when we say that a love for his profession, a deep resolve to be a great lawyer, ambition to shine as a jurist and judge, were predominant over all other impressions. He returned to his work at first from a sense of duty, and his work soon recompensed him for his

sacrifice; he became insensibly as much interested in it as ever, and in society regained, to all appearance at least, his usual spirits.

We spoke of his verse making—we had written the word poetry, but altered the phrase. He says something on one occasion of Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse. He never bid a farewell to his own; but, in his lifelong intercourse with her, he never approached the ease and elegance of those well-known stanzas, to which, therefore, his allusion was an unlucky one. On the other hand, we wish he had handed down, or that his son could have collected, some more details of his life at the Bar; the particulars, we suppose, would have been common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, but here the humours of a Yankee Court might have presented much that was new and racy; nor needed Mr. Story to have feared the smile of lawyers in England—the American Bar has so much real talent and learning to rest on, that it can afford a good-tempered laugh from across the water at any of its past or continued peculiarities. We think their Circuits must be very original; even in the Supreme Court at Washington, Story thus describes Mr. Pinkney's entry after his return from a mission to England, when ladies and gentlemen crowded the hall to hear him:—

*'His personal appearance was as polished as if he had been taken right from the drawer: his coat of the finest blue was nicely brushed, his boots shone with the highest polish, his waistcoat of perfect whiteness glittered with gold buttons, he played in his hand with a light cane; in short, he seemed perfectly satisfied with himself, and walked through the Court-house with an air of ease and abandon arising from perfect self-confidence.'*—ii. 491.

This little specimen suggests the good sense of a professional costume; it would be difficult, if we had now to frame one, to say a word in favour of the wig; it is at all times a dirty article of dress, and in summer very oppressive—yet even with this unlucky addition the gown and band are full of convenience; it is not so much that they adorn or dignify the few on whom Nature has conferred her own unmatchable grace or dignity—though scarcely anything more tasteful for the orator can well be conceived than the lawyer's silk gown—as that they raise the low and mean, separate all from the crowd around, attract respect from the multitude, and impose a wholesome restraint on him who wears them. Mr. Pinkney's weakness could not have exhibited itself so absurdly in Westminster Hall; he might, perhaps, have displayed his bands of more exact proportion, his gown more ample or better fit-

ting than his neighbour's—but all must, in spite of himself, have been within the limits of sense and propriety.

It was while Story was rising at the Bar in 1805, in his twenty-sixth year, that he became the representative of Salem in the legislature of Massachusetts. Here again we could have wished that our author could have borne in mind that he was writing for England as well as for America, and in place of a good deal which can interest no one, had given us a succinct account of the members and ordinary composition and importance of the Assembly. We collect enough, however, to see how efficient the State Legislative Assemblies must be in the training of debaters for the National Congress; we read of divisions in the Massachusetts House of 219 to 198, and 272 to 158, showing numbers large enough to excite all the powers of an orator; and as by the Constitution many of the rights of independent Governments are retained by each Member of the Union, and the tendency of a very strong if not the dominant party throughout it is for the extension of those rights to the narrowing of the national Sovereignty, it may well be believed that the subjects of debate must often be of very grave moment. It is true these numerous local parliaments must help to nourish the spirit of local party and prejudice, which too often hampers the progress and distorts the course of the National councils—and so far they tend to contract the views of statesmen in Congress; still it must remain a great advantage to the debater there to have become familiar in his youth with all the forms and accidents of debate, by his training in the local legislature.

Story entered the House, as we see, very young; but the condition of the Democratic party to which he belonged, and his gift in ready speaking, joined to his good sense and industry, forced him at once into the position of a leader. His course appears to have been both honourable and successful; he was on most of the important committees, and often the chairman to frame the report. One very serious question occurred, in which he took a leading and very useful part against his own friends. It is not creditable to the Democracy of the United States that wherever it most prevails will be found the greatest jealousy of the judicial power; evidenced not merely by a desire to lower the remuneration of judges, but to keep them dependent, both even as to the permanence of their salary and the tenure of their office, on the popular will. By the Constitution of the Union the Judges both of the Supreme and Inferior Courts 'hold their offices during good behaviour, and receive at stated times for their services a compensation which cannot

be diminished during their continuance in office. This is as it should be, and in Massachusetts the Constitution had provided that 'permanent and honourable salaries' should be established by law for the Judges. Chancellor Kent (*Commentaries*, i. 295) gives a melancholy account of the downward progress of several of the states in this matter. In Tennessee the Judges of the Supreme Courts hold for twelve, of the Inferior for eight years; in New Jersey for seven years; in Ohio and Indiana they have been reduced from seven years to one; in Alabama the Constitution of 1819 established the tenure to be during good behaviour, but that has been altered to six years; in Mississippi, under the Constitution of 1807, the Judges held during good behaviour or until sixty-five years of age, and were appointed by the joint-vote of the two Houses of Legislature, given *viâ voce* and recorded; but by the Constitution reordained in 1833, every officer—legislative, executive, and judicial—is elected by universal suffrage:—that is, by every free white male of twenty-one, who has resided within the State for one year preceding, and for the last four months within the county, city, or town for which he offers to vote. In this way the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Chancellor are elected for six years; the Judges of Inferior Courts for a shorter term. In many States the salaries are fixed and cannot be diminished during the tenure of office:—in some both the amount and its duration rest entirely on the discretion of legislative assemblies themselves, eternally fluctuating in their composition, and often, of course, in their style of thought and feeling.

The 'permanent and honourable' salary of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts was 1200 dollars per annum, and clearly in violation of the Constitution, an addition of 500 or 600 dollars was usually made by an annual vote. A vacancy occurred, and the person admitted to be the most fit for the office, Mr. Parsons, whose professional income amounted to 10,000 dollars, was ready to accept the office, but only if the whole salary were made permanent as the Constitution required. Story on this broke from his party, moved for a committee, and was appointed chairman; he drew up a very able and judicious report, and finally succeeded in securing a permanent salary of 2500 dollars for the Chief Justice and 2400 dollars for the Assistant Judges. Three years afterwards Parsons found the salary even thus raised so inadequate for his support that he sent for Story, and told him he should resign and return to the bar unless it was raised. Again Story undertook the cause in the House; he was

not chairman of the committee, but he drew the Bill, and succeeded in carrying a salary for the Chief Justice of 3500 dollars, and for the Assistants of 3000. The report we mentioned, speaks of the great and increasing labours of the Judges:—

'For six months every year they are travelling the circuits of the Commonwealth, and their expenses on this account are great. The other six months are absorbed in pursuits not less fatiguing to themselves nor less important to the people. In the vacations they are necessarily engaged in forming and digesting opinions (judgments) on special verdicts, or reserved cases, cases on demurrer, and other questions of law reserved solely to the Court for decision, which are too intricate for judgment on the Circuits, and require deep and minute investigation in the closet. Their whole time, therefore, both for their own reputation and for the despatch of justice, must be devoted to the public.'—i. 134.

The cause was an unpopular one. Story incurred much odium for the honest part he took in its support, and was denounced in the republican newspapers. Miserable as this salary would seem to be, we find that the Assistant Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States received but 3500 dollars during nearly all the long period for which Story held the office. Not the least evil resulting is this—that the position of the man on the bench is so very much below that of the man at the bar in point of income, as to interfere with their relative positions in society. The labours of the one imply a great demand for the services of the other; and although the popular mind is blindly niggard in its remuneration of the Judge, the selfishness of individual litigants will be profuse in procuring, each for himself, the services of the Advocate. Thus the most distinguished lawyers are frequently induced—one might almost say compelled—to decline the bench, and the ablest who have accepted that elevation lie under a constant temptation to relinquish it, and return to the bar. Story records of himself that when he had been a few years on the bench, Mr. Pinkney was about to go to Russia, as Minister for the States, and proposed to him to resign, and commence the practice of an advocate at Baltimore:—

'He promises to give me the whole of his business, and to introduce and support me exclusively among his friends. He states that his profits are now 21,000 dollars per annum, and that I may safely calculate on 10,000. He is the retained counsel of all the Insurance Companies at Baltimore, and will immediately place me in his situation with regard to them.'—i. 278.

This whole anecdote is very illustrative, and nothing will strike an English lawyer as

more extraordinary than that counsel should offer to transfer his business, and that a Judge should see nothing in it to disapprove of. It does not appear that Pinkney was doing anything which an American lawyer would have thought unfitting for the most scrupulous man to do: he meant to honour and benefit a Judge whom he highly esteemed. Story thought himself honoured: with his moderate means and increasing family the offer was a great temptation, and he declined it only because he was sincerely ambitious of the reputation of a great Judge and distinguished jurist. Such an arrangement as this could never have been contemplated by honorable members of any branch of the legal profession here. With us attorneys and clients are far too independent of their counsel to allow themselves to be thus transferred; a retiring barrister has no 'good will' in his connection, and there is—at least in our days there was—nothing which the bar, as a body, would more unanimously resent, or high-minded members more shrink from in practice, than any attempt to influence the course of general business by recommendation or favouritism. It would much afflict us to hear it said that feelings of this sort are chimerical, and should be allowed to pass as out of date; we should lament deeply to be told that the barrister does but trade with a venal tongue and intellect, and that his trade must be driven as other trades are. It cannot be denied that the spirit of the age, the course of legislation, and the great increase of the members of the bar all tend this way; but we appeal to common observation whether the character of the bar or its estimation with the public has been raised thereby. We fear that it is matter of mournful certainty for barristers that, as a class, they are neither so popular nor so respected and treated as they were only half a century since—and we think this is matter of just regret to more than lawyers;—*interest reipublicæ*—for we venture to predict that, if the practice and opinions to which we allude should become influential, it will be in vain to expect from the ranks of the bar that ready supply, on which we formerly counted, of gentlemen, scholars, jurists, and orators—apt materials for statesmen—unflinching defenders of the prerogative when unjustly assailed—more ardent and no less bold, enduring, and independent champions of the constitution or the liberty of the subject when endangered.

In the spring of 1808 Story married a second time, and in the autumn, after three years' service in the provincial Legislature, he was elected a Member of Congress. He took an active part in some of the import-

ant debates of the Session of 1809, and at the close of it declined to be re-elected. His course was an independent one, and he gave offence on one or two occasions to the President Jefferson, to whose party he was originally supposed to belong. He opposed the establishment of the Embargo as a permanent system of policy, and he favoured the extension of the American Navy. It is fortunate for his lasting fame that he quitted Congress so early, for he was evidently acquiring a considerable position there, and politics must soon have absorbed him. Jefferson, writing in 1810, says bitterly:—

'The Federalists, during their short-lived ascendancy, have nevertheless, by forcing from us the Embargo, inflicted a wound on our interests which can never be cured, and on our affections which it will require time to cicatrize. I ascribe all this to one pseudo-Republican, Story. He stayed only a few days: long enough, however, to get complete hold of Bacon, who communicated his panic to his colleagues, and they to a majority of the sound members of Congress.'—i. 186.

Returning to Massachusetts, Story was re-elected to the House of Representatives, and resumed his influential position there; in January 1811 he was chosen Speaker, but in November of the same year he necessarily quitted the House on accepting (from President Madison) the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Though he had filled the chair for so short a time, he is described by a member 'as a most efficient and business-despatching presiding officer.' A sentence or two from his addresses to the House may be interesting on this side of the Atlantic. In the first of them he says:—

'The discretion confided to your Speaker is necessarily extensive, and may sometimes in its exercise be a source of jealousy or misapprehension. It is therefore always desirable, where it is practicable, to limit it by settled principles. With this view I shall with your good pleasure, in all cases where your rules are silent, govern myself invariably by those *Parliamentary* usages which, on account of their wisdom and propriety, have received the sanction of ages. Thus, gentlemen, you will have in your hands a text by which to correct my errors, and test those decisions the principles of which may not immediately suggest themselves to the candid mind.'—i. 190.

In his parting address, he says:—

'Cheered by your kindness, I have been able, in controversies marked with peculiar political zeal, to appreciate the excellence of those established rules which invite liberal discussion, but define the boundary of right and check the intemperance of debate. I have learned that the rigid



enforcement of these rules, while it enables the majority to mature their measures with wisdom and dignity, is the only barrier of the rights of the minority against the encroachments of power and ambition. If any thing can restrain the impetuosity of triumph or the vehemence of opposition—if anything can awaken the glow of oratory and the spirit of virtue—if anything can preserve the courtesy of generous minds amidst the rivalries and jealousies of contending parties—it will be found in the protection with which these rules encircle and shield every member of the Legislative body. Permit me therefore, with the sincerity of a parting friend, earnestly to recommend to your attention a steady adherence to these venerable usages.—i. 202.

Story was elevated to the bench at thirty-two, and took his seat as Assistant to Chief Justice Marshall: his son delights to compare the two to Buller and Lord Mansfield—the former appointed at the same early age; and considered as Judges and Jurists, our trans-Atlantic brethren may perhaps make the comparison without presumption. If Marshall wants the genius, the grace, and literature of Mansfield, Story had more varied learning, a greater range and more vigorous grasp of intellect than Buller, with his perspicuous and neat and well-ordered but somewhat contracted acquirements and faculties. Story was earning at the time of his appointment between five and six thousand dollars per annum—his income had been steadily increasing, and he could not but feel confident in his own powers that it must increase; he was beginning to be called to argue great cases at Washington—his reputation was spreading widely and rapidly; but he felt his vocation was judicial, and he wisely accepted an opportunity of following it in the most dignified and important sphere which his country opened to him, although—reducing his present income by nearly one half—it involved a sacrifice of certain prospects of future *wealth*.

The Supreme Court then held one term in every year, commencing early in January, and lasting about three months; but independently of this, the whole territory with some few exceptions being divided into circuits, one is allotted to each Judge, who holds for the most part two terms annually in each state comprised within it, with the district Judge respectively of each district. Of these the first circuit was allotted to Story, including the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, and extending along a very large portion of the sea-board of New England. Even an uninitiated reader will form some conception of what a judge of the Supreme Court, with his circuit duties, undertakes, when we state that his jurisdiction embraces

not only what we commonly understand by Common law, Criminal and Civil, but also the administration of Equity and the trial of all Admiralty and Prize questions. But even this will give but an imperfect notion of the extremely important and delicate jurisdiction with which the Supreme Court is intrusted by the Constitution. That Constitution being a written compact between a number of States which, in forming it, consented only to a qualified amalgamation into one Sovereign State—and the Senate and Congress with the President being the exponents only of the will of that limited sovereignty—it was necessary that there should be some power to determine whether in any particular case the sovereign power had transgressed its constitutional limits—in other words whether an act of the Congress, Senate and President was a constitutional law to be obeyed, or merely an unconstitutional resolution to be disregarded. This might arise between the Nation and any one or more of the States, or even between the nation and an individual: and, on the other hand, a question might sometimes arise, whether any State by its act had encroached on the limited sovereignty conceded to the united nation, or the reserved independent sovereignty of another State of the Union. The power of decision in all such cases is lodged in the Supreme Court: it may say that the Act of Congress transcends its powers; that the law which it has passed does not bind; it may decide individually between conflicting members of the Union; it may uphold the subject against the judicial determination or even the legislative power of any State.

It is obvious how vast a power this is to be lodged in any Court of Law, and how wisely and tenderly it requires to be handled, in order to survive the shock of parties, and resist the encroachment of a dominant executive. It is obvious too that in dealing with questions between State and State, or the subject of one State and the subject of another, or with that State itself, a conflict of laws and the nicest questions of international jurisprudence may frequently arise. But even these do not exhaust the subject: there is behind a question of very delicate consideration—What namely, was the character of the several members of the Union before the compact made which united them—were they each and all, and in what sense, independent Sovereign States—and what is the aggregate body which they now form;—what attributes of a Nation has it—what attributes has it consented to forego? These latter questions, which go to the root of the American Constitution, and



which, whether consciously or not to the individual, colour all distinctions of party, cannot but force themselves on the minds of the Supreme Judges; the conclusion which any one of these has been led to form in regard to them must on many occasions necessarily influence his judgment as to the case before him. Should any judge in England ever permit himself to be biassed by party recollections or associations, there could be no excuse whatever—for on the fundamental questions of constitutional law all are agreed. In America, thoughtful and honest judges may be of different schools as to the Constitution. Will his tendency be to merge the States in the Nation, or to enlarge the independent power of the States at the expense of the Nation?—must be a question which the President may properly ask himself, as of the last importance, before he raises a man to the bench. One cannot read Story's biography, or the judgments of Marshall, or the excellent Commentaries of Kent, or those of Story himself on the Constitution, without being sensible of this.

Such was the difficult and responsible position which Story was called on to fill at thirty-two. Where duties are so various, it is probable that in many cases the functionaries will discharge them in a superficial manner; but it cannot be denied, that where the duties, though various, are cognate, and all require the same general preparation of the intellectual powers, the variety of the employment is in itself strengthening and enlarging:—one pursuit throws light on the other—analogies are furnished, and principles ascertained. We should expect that, although an indifferently good judge in America would be inferior to an ordinary judge in England, yet the really able and learned one there would take a not less deep and correct, but also a more philosophic and scientific view of legal questions than one of equal ability and learning here.

We suspect however that—sufficiently employed as the American judges may be—they have not been so *oppressed* with business as the English judges till of late were. The hours of sitting seem to be fewer—eleven to three or four—and the methods of procedure such as would be really impossible if very many causes were pressing for decision. We do not forget that large numbers are mentioned in different pages of these volumes as crowding what is called the docket of the Court—but mere numbers are deceptive: of these causes a vast proportion must be of the kind which melt away when you touch them, or we could not see so frequent accounts of causes lasting weeks, and speeches several days, and

this stated not as matter of surprise or novelty. English barristers have no great credit for brevity, but they are most abstinent when compared with their Transatlantic brethren. It would seem, too, that in the tedium of fashionable life at Washington the ladies are fain to resort to the courts for the sake of pleasurable excitement; we rather collect that the great advocates delight in such an audience, and perhaps prolong their speeches for the sake of them; nay, if it be not contempt of Court, we must own to a suspicion that Story himself took a pride in the 'bevy of fair women' that thronged the hall on such occasions. In his familiar letters certainly he ever and anon records the fact with apparent self-gratulation.

In these duties, year by year, for more than thirty, was he employed, unvaryingly, unweariedly, with a reputation for unsullied integrity, the most careful industry, most widely-ranging learning, great ability. The habits of judicial life in America differ much from those in England: greater men in the State and far more important, their social position is evidently much lower. In the depth of winter Story left his home; in the early part of his career, while railways were as yet unknown, a fatiguing journey of twelve days brought him to Washington—partly by packet boats, partly in stage-coaches over miserable roads:—then a lodging or a boarding-house received him. The Judges of the court were seven in number. They seem to have lived much together, as bachelors, and of course were absolved from all the duties of hospitality. We are glad to see that, like other old bachelor lawyers, they could be considerable boys together. Story tells his wife—

'Two of the Judges are widowers, and, of course, objects of considerable attraction among the ladies of the city. We have fine sport at their expense, and amuse our leisure with some touches at match-making. We have already ensnared one, and he is now at the age of forty-seven violently affected with the tender passion. Being myself a veteran in the service, I take great pleasure in administering to his relief, and I feel no small pride in remarking that the wisdom of years does not add anything of discretion to the impatience, jealousies, or doubts of a lover.'

—i. 219.

Pleasant fooling this, no doubt, between Justice Todd and Justice Story during the repetitions of a prosy argument.

The Washington term ended, Story's circuit would begin: we have mentioned how large an extent of sea-board was comprised within it. Soon after his appointment began the war between England and the United States. The miserable system of licences,

collusive captures, and the more miserable system of privateering came into vogue. These necessarily created endless questions in Admiralty and Prize law, and he found that law uncleared and unmethodized in his own country—the most complicated and important questions, of frequent occurrence, still undecided. To this country, and to our most distinguished jurist, Sir W. Scott, was he to look for guidance, and he had the good sense to propose him for his model, and to follow him wherever he had the means. In later years occasional intercourse took place between them by letter, and courteous interchange of each other's publications. As Story approached the veteran jurist with something of veneration, so the latter evidently regarded Story with unfeigned respect for his ability and very varied acquirements. But at the time we speak of, the war itself, which, from the peculiar turn it gave to commerce, created peculiar difficulties, prevented also the intercourse which might have smoothed them, and he had to build up a system for his own court with but little help. Scott's approbation of his labours is testimony enough.

Several years passed in an uninterrupted routine of judicial duties; in 1828 he was pressed to become the Royall Law Professor at Harvard University—but declined it with reluctance, because it involved a change of residence to Cambridge, and he feared that his health would suffer under the additional labour:—

'If I were there,' said he, 'I should be obliged to devote all my leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. The school cannot flourish except by such constant efforts, and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. *The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive, but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures.*'—i. 537.

In spite of this determination, when, in 1829, Mr. Dane, the Viner of the United States, proposed from the profits of his Abridgment to found a Law Professorship in the same University, Story entered earnestly into the scheme, and consented to become the first Professor—which, indeed, Mr. Dane insisted on as a condition of the foundation. Of course all the same personal objections existed, but it was his vocation to teach law from the chair as well as declare it from the bench. The statutes of the new foundation, however, required more than this—it was to be the duty of the Professor not only to prepare and deliver, but to publish, lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, commercial and maritime law, federal law, and federal equity. In England we should smile at the notion of a judge under-

taking such a task; to what extent and in what manner Story redeemed his pledge, we shall presently see.

To the duties of the lecture-room he devoted himself without delay, and with characteristic earnestness and assiduity. The average number of law-students in the University had for some years previously been about eight; the year before he commenced, the number had dwindled to one; his name, however, attracted students, and before the end of his first season it rose to 30. In the course of sixteen years above 1100 attended his lectures; and in the last of those years the room was crowded with 140 pupils.

Legal education occupies at present much of the public attention, and deservedly. We do not think it a difficult question. In theory, nothing can be worse than the present system; in practice, it cannot be denied that lawyers, profoundly learned in our municipal law, have, we will not say been formed by it, but formed themselves under it. And not only this, but, speaking generally of the higher department of the profession, a want of due acquaintance with the municipal law is not to be imputed to them. But still, speaking of the few as well as of the many, we should say they bear the traces of their imperfect education as lawyers—and in proportion as the alterations by the legislature and the general spirit of the age have weakened the feudalism, and blunted the narrow precision of the law, these traces naturally become more apparent; the consequences, too, become more serious—because, in proportion as we become more broad and liberal, we require judges and practitioners whose minds are prepared by training and study to regulate and systematize, on scientific principles, those broad and liberal views the tendency of which, unchecked, is to run into vague uncertainty. Bad as it is to hold too fast to narrow and technical rules, it is worse to have no rule at all:—nothing so tends to practical injustice as the spirit of bending the rule of decision in each case in order to reach the supposed justice of it:—we say supposed—for, after all, the most experienced know this, that in the greater proportion of cases those who decide are but imperfectly informed as to the real merits.

Some amendment is, therefore, very desirable in our legal education: and this must be not by the entire abandonment of the present system, but by the addition of lectures, public and private—not merely in municipal law, but in the civil and canon—as well as the law of Nations. We quite agree with Story, that public lectures alone will never make an accomplished lawyer; private lectures, small classes, and catecheti

cal examinations are indispensable: and these lectures should not be, as the public, compositions or discourses by the professor—but some first-rate author should be read with the class at the time, and made the basis of them. Beyond these there must be general examinations at stated periods, and probably honours bestowed. In all these respects we see very much to commend in the rules for the guidance of the Readers in the delivery of their public and private lectures, which have recently been printed by the Inns of Court—and we desire to bear our testimony to the readiness and liberality with which those bodies have answered the call made on them, and the great ability and discretion with which their measures have been framed. Still let it not be supposed that by lectures however good, examinations however searching, or reading however diligent, alone, great advocates can at once be made. Students should see and handle actual business in chambers—and after having traced it, ripening there to the issue in law or fact, they should follow it into Court, and attend the argument or the trial there. Students and young lawyers must sit in the Courts, if they wish to see what should be avoided or imitated, and familiarise themselves with the adroit management of a cause; in the quiet and apparently artless movements of great advocates they should learn to detect the real skill, to watch the results of an unlucky question or unexpected answer, and to mark how they are repaired.

Story, as a lecturer, seems to have been excellent; his style conversational, his matter sound, relieved by much apposite and amusing story-telling, his manner lively—the whole animated by his zealous concern in the topics handled and his affectionate anxiety for the advancement and well-doing of his pupils. To his lectures and examinations he added moot-courts, at which fictitious cases were argued before him. In these cases he took the greatest interest; he prepared them himself while at Washington or on his circuits with much thought, and we dare say, with much pleasure, while a two or three days' argument dragged on before him. Twice a year he had jury trials, conducted by the students before a jury of undergraduates; he summing up and giving judgment with his usual care. We are not sure that we should recommend the adoption of these moot-courts in our own Inns of Court—certainly, we should dissuade any imitation of these mock jury trials. There is a mischief for young lawyers in too great facility and fluency of speaking, which more than counterbalances any good resulting from them; where there is real learning and ability,

these, with care, will come soon enough; considering who they are that are the real arbiters between advocate and advocate, the less of these flashy advantages the better. We do not see how the jury trials could be managed so as to give really any training in the examination of witnesses; and this, after all, is the great test of a young barrister's skill in the real forum.

Before we part from Story as a teacher, it is but justice to give our readers an extract from a letter to his son, written by the author of 'Two Years before the Mast':—

'His pupils in all parts of America, whatever may be their occupation or residence, will rise up as one man and call him blessed. He combined in a remarkable manner the two great faculties of creating enthusiasm in study and establishing relations of confidence and affection with his pupils. We felt that he was our father in the law—our elder brother—the patriarch of a common family.—We felt as if we were a privileged class—privileged to pursue the study of a great science, to practice in time in the cause and courts of justice before men, where success must follow labour and merit; where we had only to deserve and put forth the hand and pluck the fruit. The pettifogging, the chicanery of the law, were scandals or delusions or accidents of other times. The meanest spirit was elevated for the time, and the most sluggish and indifferent caught something of the fervour of the atmosphere which surrounded him. If he did not, it was a case in which inoculation would not take.

'You remember the importance that we attached to the argument of moot-court cases; yet no ambitious youth on his first appearance showed more interest in the causes than your father, who, as you know, had usually heard them argued before at Washington, or on his circuit, by the most eminent counsel. Saturday, you remember, is a *dies non juridicus* at Cambridge. To compel a recitation on Saturday afternoon among the undergraduates would have caused a rebellion. If a moot-court had been forced on the law school, no one would have attended. At the close of a term there was one more case than there was an afternoon to hear it in, unless we took Saturday. The counsel were anxious to argue it, but unwilling to resort to that extreme measure. Your father said: "Gentlemen, the only time we can hear this case is Saturday afternoon; this is *dies non*, and no one is obliged to attend. I am to hold court in Boston till two o'clock; I will ride directly out, take a hasty dinner, and be here by half past three o'clock, and hear the case if you are willing." He looked round the school for a reply. We felt ashamed in our own business, where we were alone interested, to be outdone in zeal and labour by this aged and distinguished man, to whom the case was but child's play—a tale twice told—and who was himself pressed down by almost incredible labours. The proposal was unanimously accepted. Your father was on the spot at the hour; the school was never more full, and he sat until late in the evening, hardly a man leaving the room.

'Do you remember the scene that was always enacted on his return from his winter session at Washington? The school was the first place he visited after his own fireside; his return, always looked for and known, filled the Library; his reception was that of a returned father; he shook all by the hand, even the most obscure and indifferent; and an hour or two was spent in the most exciting, instructive, and entertaining descriptions and anecdotes of the events of the term. Inquiries were put by students from different States, as to leading counsel or interesting causes from their section of the country; and he told us—as one would have described to a company of squires and pages a tournament of monarchs and nobles on fields of cloth of gold—how Webster spoke in this case, Legaré, or Clay, or Crittenden, General Jones, Choate or Spenser in that, with anecdotes of the cases and points, and "all the currents of the heady fight."—ii. 319.

It is no wonder that the pupil-room of such a professor was crowded, but, as we have stated, more was required of him than merely oral teaching—he was to revise and publish his lectures; and no sooner had he entered on his new function, than he set himself deliberately to work on this part of its duties. We do not know whether anything in his life and character is so astonishing as the industry which he displayed in this respect; loaded as he was with official engagements of his time, and adding to his occupations as he did by miscellaneous writings, contributions to Reviews, assistance on a large scale to brother-authors—all which, within our narrow limits, we have been compelled to pass over—he now began to pour forth in rapid succession the following works: Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, on the Constitution of the United States—followed by an abridgment for younger readers—on the Conflict of Laws, on Equity Jurisprudence, on Equity Pleadings, on the Law of Agency, on Partnership, on Bills of Exchange, on Promissory Notes. Of this long list on themes so varied, and some of them embracing so wide a range of inquiry, it would be too much to expect that all should be of equal merit; but we believe we do not overstate the opinion of the legal profession here when we say of the merely legal treatises that all are respectable—many of them constantly cited by English Judges with approbation and confidence; while of the two which treat of more extended or higher subjects—the Commentaries on the Constitution and on the Conflict of Laws—and which therefore invite a wider class of readers, the settled judgment of the most competent critics is entirely favourable. To an uninitiated reader it would be appalling to look only at the references in any page of the Conflict of Laws opened at hazard—to see the various works in how many languages

to which he has had recourse. We know how deceptive a criterion this may often be; but though Story made many books, he was not, in a bad sense, a bookmaker. But the Commentaries on the Constitution is a work of universal interest; whoever desires to trace the progress, to mark the workings, to speculate on the destinies of that most remarkable problem in the world's history, the Constitution of the United States, should give these volumes an attentive perusal; they are written in a most patriotic spirit, but calm, dispassionate, and unprejudiced—by one who loved England, and venerated ancient wisdom, and the literature and glories of bygone days—by one who did not merely see things through the medium of books, but had entered with ardour in his youth and manhood into the political conflicts of his countrymen, and taken an active and distinguished part in them; and who, although he renounced politics in the narrow sense from the moment he ascended the bench, still retained, as his letters testify, the liveliest interest respecting all the great questions of the time; one, lastly, whose very position as a judge, in the way we have before explained, made it a part of his duty to inform himself thoroughly in all the bearings and workings of the American Constitution.

We have hardly afforded our readers any specimen of Story's own writing; they will not regret our selecting for them the concluding paragraphs of this treatise:—

'The slightest attention to the history of the national Constitution must satisfy every reflecting mind how many difficulties attended its formation and adoption, from real or imaginary differences of interest, sectional feelings, and local institutions. It is an attempt to create a National Sovereignty, and yet to preserve the State Sovereignty, though it is impossible to assign definite boundaries in every case to the powers of each. The disturbing causes, which more than once in the Convention were on the point of breaking up the Union, have since immeasurably increased in vigour. The very inequalities of a Government confessedly founded in compromise were then felt with a strong sensibility; and every new source of discontent, whether accidental or permanent, has added to the painful sense of these inequalities. The North cannot but perceive that it has yielded to the South a superiority of representatives, already amounting to twenty-five beyond its due proportion; and the South imagines that, with all this preponderance in representation, the other parts of the Union enjoy more perfect protection of their interests than her own. The West feels her growing power and weight in the Union, and the Atlantic States begin to learn that the sceptre must one day depart from them. If, under these circumstances the Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new Constitution should ever be formed embracing the

whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power and interest, too proud to brook injury, and too close to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become more deadly because our lineage, laws, and language are the same. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our best and our only security. United, we stand—divided, we fall.

‘If these Commentaries shall but inspire in the rising generation a more ardent love of their country, an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union, then they will have accomplished all that their author ought to desire. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to the latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid, its compartments are beautiful as well as useful, its arrangements are full of wisdom and order, and its defences are impregnable *from without*. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of men may justly aspire to such a title. It may nevertheless perish in an hour by the folly, or corruption, or negligence of its only keepers, the *People*. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.’

Labours such as had long been habitual with Story began to tell even on his strong constitution. In November, 1842, he had a very serious illness, and was obliged to give up his attendance in Court for the session of that winter—the only occasion on which he was absent for the thirty-three years during which he held his office; he was also compelled to intermit his lectures; and though he recovered, it became clear to him that he must soon elect between the two offices, for both of which together his strength would be insufficient. He was not slow in deciding for the Lecture-room: the Bench was no longer what it had been to him; all the colleagues with whom he had commenced his judicial course had passed away—among them the great Chief with whom he had lived in the most entire sympathy of opinions, public and private, and on terms of mutual love and admiration; the new race treated him indeed with respect and regard, but they were of a different age; they did not sympathize with him in his constitutional opinions; differences occurred more frequently than he had been accustomed to, and, in

numberless small particulars, more easily felt than described, his situation in the Supreme Court was less agreeable to him than it had been. On the death of Marshall he had been passed over, and not placed at the head of the Court, as he might reasonably think without due consideration of his great claims; and, though he made no complaint, not the less it may have operated on his feelings. On the other hand, the duties of the law school were of undiminished interest, and they did not involve the long periodical absences from home which of late, in the decline of health and vigour, had become more and more irksome.

Before he resigned, however, he determined to clear ‘the docket of his Circuit Court,’ that his successor might enter on his duties without any arrear. At the beginning of September, 1845, he had heard all the cases, and drawn up the judgment of the Court in all but one, which he had nearly completed. But this involved very severe and continuous labour in a very hot season; he took a slight cold, which was followed by more alarming symptoms—and, the relief from these leaving him under a hopeless general prostration of the bodily powers, in a very few days he died. He had anticipated this termination of the illness: he waited it with a calm expectation, was surrounded by an affectionate wife and family, and breathed his last in pious hope and in peace.

It need not be mentioned that the end of such a man in the United States was attended by demonstrations of regret and honour, public and private; addresses and orations, processions and meetings, were sure to be bestowed on his memory; but what his son justly dwells on with mournful pride, was the affectionate anxiety of friends and neighbours during his illness:—

‘The alternations of his condition were the engrossing subjects of interest in Cambridge and Boston, and most touching instances of the affectionate feelings which his kindly nature had created were manifested among the townsfolk. Many of them thronged the gate, lingering round it, or returning from hour to hour, to learn the tidings of his health, and cautiously refraining from noise. Tears stood in the eyes of the roughest while they asked of him. All felt that they were about to lose a friend, or, as one of them expressed it to me, that a part of the sunlight of the town would pass away with him. Everywhere a cloud hung over the village, business stopped in the streets, and even over the busy stir of the city his illness seemed to cast a shadow.’—ii. 548.

Our sketch already covers more space than we had designed—but we feel that it would be very imperfect if we omitted some account of his personal habits, and some explanation

how he accomplished so much; it was, at least, not by a slovenly discharge of his duties. Writing to Chancellor Kent, he says:—

‘I am sadly overworked, and yet I can scarcely avoid it; so important, so pressing, and so intricate are the cases flowing constantly in upon me. My health, however, is not broken down by the labour, although I live in constant dread that it may be. I know not how some judges get over or round their judicial duties; they are either much quicker and clearer and stronger than I am, or they are more easily satisfied by giving their first off-hand opinions. This I cannot do; I feel bound to do my best, and to examine and, as far as I may, exhaust the learning of the books, before I venture on my judgments.’—ii. 469.

This was in 1844, when he had already received one warning.

His son, however, describes the daily course of his life at home, and in justice to the original part of this work, from which we have extracted little or nothing, we will give the passage:—

‘The secrets by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a space of time, were systematic industry, variation of labour, and concentration of mind. He was never idle. He knew the value of those odds and ends of time which are so often thrown away. There was always something ready for the waste time to be expended upon. He varied his labour; never overworking himself on one subject—never straining his faculties too long in one direction. “Le changement d’étude est toujours relâchement pour moi,” said D’Aguesseau; and so my father found it. He never suffered himself to become nervous or excited in his studies—but the moment that one employment began to irritate him he abandoned it for another which should exercise different faculties. When he worked it was with his whole mind, and with a concentration of all his powers upon the subject in hand. Listlessness and half attention bring little to pass. What was worth doing at all he thought worth doing well.

‘He arose at seven in summer and half-past seven in winter—never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled he was called and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in the drawing-room and spent from a half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study, and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the law-school. After lecturing for two and sometimes three hours he returned to his study, and worked until two o’clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner he gave an hour, and then again betook himself to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visitor, or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family—and work for the day was

over. Tea came in about seven o’clock, and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease! All of his law he left up stairs in the library—he was here the domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company, but if alone he read some new publication of the day—the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper—sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, or talked with the family, or what was very common, played a game of backgammon with my mother. This was the only game of the kind he liked—cards and chess he never played. In the summer afternoon he left his library towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passer-by sitting with his family under the portico, talking, or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by his friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval occupied by tea, would last until nine o’clock. At about ten he retired for the night, never varying half an hour from that time.

‘His diet was exceedingly simple—not because he did not enjoy the luxuries of the table, not from asceticism or whim, but from necessity. Yet though debarred from them himself, he enjoyed the satisfaction which others derived from them with a peculiar gusto.

‘He had great bodily activity, and the energy shown in everything he did, expressed itself in his motions, which were sudden and impulsive. He walked very rapidly, taking short quick steps and never sauntering. The exercise he took was almost entirely incidental to his duties, and consisted in driving to Boston to hold his court or attend to other business, and in walking to and from the law school. In the summer he used to drive about the surrounding country in the late afternoon, and sometimes to stroll for half an hour in the garden. But his *real exercise was in talking*. Conversation was his gymnasium: and his earnestness and volubility of speech, and vivacious gesticulation, afforded the necessary stimulant to his system. Scarcely anything more rouses the internal organs to activity or gives more movement to the blood than talking or singing. To talk was natural and necessary to my father; but he was never more out of his element than when he set forth to take a walk for exercise, and he used to join in our laugh when we jested him upon it—admitting that he could not bring his mind to it seriously. Yet he never seemed to feel the want of it; and I am fully persuaded that the constant activity of his body and mind, and especially the excitement of conversation, stood him instead of the exercise which is necessary to taciturn and phlegmatic persons.’—ii. 152.

In reviewing the life of an American jurist of so much celebrity, an English journal ought not to pass over in silence his generous admiration and ardent love of England—they break out again and again in his correspondence and elsewhere; as he watched our proceedings both in the courts of justice and Parliament with intense interest, so it

was among the highest objects of his ambition to have an English reputation; that his works should be known and cited as authority by English lawyers was very dear to him; he cultivated a friendly intercourse by letter with several of the English judges; at one time he had intended to visit us, and was so fully expected that Mr. Everett had announced his arrival for a certain day: and invitations had been sent for him from Lord Brougham and Lord Denman. His disappointment when compelled to give up the voyage was extreme; he was moved even to tears when he read of the kindly and distinguished companies who were prepared to greet him: 'Would to God,' said he, 'that I could see Westminster Hall, and the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament—a cluster of recollections belongs to them almost unexampled in the history of the world.' In a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge he speaks of England and America as 'the admirable parent and advancing child;' and, writing to Mr. Everett, he says, 'I look upon England as the great European support of the cause of free government, and law, and order, and well-regulated liberty.'

These are feelings pleasant to record, honourable to him who entertains them, honourable as well as gratifying to those for whose country they are entertained. We are delighted to believe that they are not uncommon; nothing has appeared to us of late years more marked and unequivocal than the kindly and respectful feeling which the most distinguished Americans visiting this country express towards our institutions, our society, and our population; it is creditable to them that no unworthy jealousy restrains them from expressing this, and we think we may assure them that reciprocal feelings are spreading and strengthening among ourselves. England and the United States can afford to bestow love and honour on all that is lovely and honourable in each other. Great as they are, the world is wide enough for both: where there are so much activity and enterprise, such intimate intercourse, and so many points of contact, it cannot be but that questions will from time to time arise between them, and there will never be wanting selfish or inconsiderate spirits to blow the flame and make arrangement less easy: but wise governments will surely find the means of solving such questions with safety to the real dignity, advantage to the real interests of their people. In the truest sense, harmony between the two is the interest of both; it is also the condition on which depends the due discharge of their most honourable mission. For it should always be borne in mind that the

common origin, the common language, the common law, and the common faith should bind both together in one common cause—the advancement of the happiness of mankind and the development of well-ordered freedom; and here the contest for precedence has this remarkable happiness attending it, that if it be indeed pre-eminently glorious to win the first honours of the race, to stand second is not inglorious. *Sunt et sua præmia victis.*

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- ART. III.—*British Colonial Library—East India Company's Possessions.* By R. Montgomery Martin, F.R.S. 1844.  
 2. *History of British India.* By Charles Mac Farlane. 1852.  
 3. *Modern India and its Government.* By George Campbell, Bengal Civil Service. 1852.  
 4. *Remarks on the Affairs of India.* By the Friend of India. London. 1852.

We are so familiar with the connexion between Britain and India, that we are apt to overlook the wonderful political and social phenomenon which that connexion presents. Whether we regard our Indian Empire in its origin, progress, or actual extent, there is no analogous fact in the History of the World. A region including—according to Mr. Campbell, (p. 231)—626,176 square miles, with a population of 101,062,916, has been gradually acquired and administered by a company of English merchants, without imposing any charge on the national treasury. Until some twenty years ago, when the commercial functions of the Company were suspended by Act of Parliament, the costs had been defrayed from the profits of the India and China trade, and from the territorial revenues of India; but since 1833 the whole charge of the connexion with this country has borne by India.

During the period that embraces the commercial and territorial advance of the Company, England gained extensive possessions in other parts of Asia, and in America, by means of colonization and conquest, pursued and achieved through the direct agency of the Crown and Parliament. What has been the result? Within the years in question she lost by her own mismanagement provinces in North America that now form one of the greatest States in the civilized world. The maintenance, if not the acquisition, of those territories had always been attended with heavy charges on the National Treasury,



and their abandonment was preceded by a long war, which has left a permanent burthen on the mother-country. This chapter of her history, it is true, affords no other case of such signal and complete disaster :—but as a whole, the upshot is, that our administration of colonial dependencies had, in spite of many warnings, continued to exhibit folly and feebleness as its main characteristic—until at last, under the severest pressure of alarm, the principle of *self-government* was adopted, as the only means of protecting the National Treasury from intolerable charges, and yet avoiding—or deferring—a total breach with the outlying communities of our own blood.

This comparison is no doubt favourable to the system of Indian Government, home and local. Here we find, even now, no active elements of separation ; there has been no strain on the hawser that keeps India in the wake of England ; and, although the form and rigging of these imperial vessels be different, the conjoint progress has been steady and uninterrupted.

The commercial monopoly of the Company was necessarily opposed to the free admission of European colonists ; for, advanced as the natives were, such colonists could only have been agents for importation and exportation, and the Company very naturally reserved the agencies to its own servants. The population of India was not composed of shepherds and hunters ; the soil was assiduously cultivated in minute subdivisions, and the native sovereigns derived their principal revenue, as the British Government does still, from a large share of the produce. In the numerous and crowded cities were to be found bankers and merchants possessing great capital ; nor were there wanting manufactures upon which that capital could be advantageously employed, whether for domestic consumption or for exportation. The only obstacle to the development of the agricultural wealth and the commerce of India was, in fact, the administrative decomposition of the native governments. There was, consequently, no necessity nor space for colonization ; there was indeed a large opening for increased production and for foreign trade, and had India been free from civil war and under a settled government, there was no reason why the commercial intercourse with England should not have been as disconnected with territorial dominion as that with China has hitherto been. In process of time, the insecurity of person and property within the English factories led to the erection of forts, and the defence of forts required disciplined troops : still there was no colonization, for

the reasons against it subsisted in full force ; and although the commercial agency was gradually merged in the necessity of military occupation and political government, the number of Europeans employed did not exhibit an increase at all proportionate to our successive additions of territory. The Greeks under Alexander, and the Persians under Nadir Shah, successfully invaded India, but made no permanent settlements. The Tartars and Afghans, on the contrary, at periods distant from each other, not merely overran and subdued the peninsula, but established there an empire almost coextensive with that now subject to Britain. In both cases the intruders were sufficiently numerous to overawe the Hindoos, and to occupy large portions of the country, where to this day their descendants, of mixed races, constitute no inconsiderable part of the population. In a word, those Mahomedan hosts had come with the firm intention of remaining :—but the English, strange to say, have never entertained such a design. Civil servants, military officers, merchants, mechanics, go there now, as they did in the earliest days of intercourse, with the purpose of returning to Europe as soon as their pecuniary necessities or requirements are satisfied. Their number has never reached 50,000 ; at present it includes 31,000 soldiers, exclusive of commissioned officers :—the latter, together with civil servants, may amount to 7000.

Many writers still dispute whether this system of continual immigration without settlement has, on the whole, been advantageous to the security of our empire ? We, however, are not among the adverse critics of a system from which, in the first place, it has arisen that the British master caste has never degenerated : while another result equally merits reflection—namely, that as we have but slightly interfered with the occupation of the soil, the natives, undisturbed upon the fields of their fathers, have been more tolerant of the dominion of strangers. Our rule has already exceeded in duration that of dynasties, and yet the fluctuating instrumentality seems to take from it the character of permanency, and thereby diminishes jealousy. The people of India look at it as the peasant at the stream :—

*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille  
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

The history of the Company, and of the progress of the British dominion, is, however, so generally known, that we need not enter more largely on the subject. It is



sufficient that we recommend to such as lack information the neat summary of events by Mr. Macfarlane, and the comprehensive view of statistics by Mr. Martin. From the volume entitled 'Modern India and its Government,' for which the public is much indebted to Mr. Campbell of the Bengal civil service, we shall have to make various citations as we proceed.

This able writer says :—

'The year 1720 is the date from which the governments now existing in India may be most conveniently traced. It was our fortune that the Mahomedan and Hindoo powers broke their forces against one another; for when the Mahrattas had broken the Moghuls, and the Afghans had again broken the Mahrattas, there was among the natives of India somewhat of a *balance of power*.'—p. 113.

We should rather say an absence of all concentrated power and regular government. But in the same year, 1720, as he goes on to say :—

'The French also appeared in India—and a private French company established themselves for trade at stations near Madras and Calcutta. For trade they showed little aptitude; but in politics they found a field much more suited to their genius; and though much more recently established, and with greatly inferior resources, they first led the way in brilliant political success, and, had their efforts been backed by the same resources, and by the same support from the mother country, it seems highly probable that they and not we might have been the present masters of India.'

We believe that the existence of our present empire in India is to be traced to the successes of Lord Clive in Bengal. We from that period made the productive provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa the base of our military operations, as they were the support of our finances. We found there a population industrious but unwarlike, and we had to contend against weak, debauched, and at the same time tyrannical native princes. We probably never should have been able to force our way to empire either from the South or the West; and it was therefore from the North-Eastern coast that we directed our advance to the Mahomedan capital of India.

Our next extract will indicate much of the author's opinions and purposes :—

'We have then at last reached the limit and become supreme in India. We have seen how and with what obligations we acquired our present territory. We have noted the origin of the native States, and may judge how far they are in the possession of nationalities, how far they have any right better than those who may conquer and succeed them.—It appears that

hardly one of the native princes had so ancient and legitimate an origin as ourselves; that many of them were in fact established by us—and especially that many of those nominal princes who draw the largest political stipends from our treasuries are not ancient, national, or rightful rulers, but mere creatures of our peculiar policy.'—Campbell, pp. 148, 149.

There is truth in this description, but the statements are too general and the conclusions too absolute. No doubt, if we assume the Emperor of Delhi to have been the sole rightful sovereign of India, the Nabobs of the Carnatic, the Chiefs of Mysore, the Nizams of the Deccan, the Viziers of Oude, the Nabobs of Bengal, and the Mahratta Chiefs had no more right to independent sway than the Christian merchants who subdued them. But we are precluded from the absolute application of this description by the fact, that we have throughout our progress of conquest dealt with these usurping and rebel chieftains as if they were legitimate rulers; and while the East India Company was officially styled the 'slave' of the Emperor of Delhi, that 'slave' did not hesitate to accept the cession of large territories in entire sovereignty from other imperial vassals, who had no authority to confer it.

We derive our title from the sword, but it is undeniable that our conquering sword has almost invariably been forced from the scabbard either by hostile intrigues, or by the positive aggression of the native princes, who, on their part, it must be confessed, followed a very natural course. They could never shake off the feeling that our continuance in India as sovereigns of any considerable part of it was incompatible with their independence; and no wonder—for it is indeed as inevitable that barbarian states must succumb in the contiguity of regular governments, as it is for hunter-tribes to be gradually extinguished by the proximity of civilized and agricultural immigrants.

We now come to the latest and perhaps the most important of these publications—a skilful and condensed argument, by, as we understand, a gentleman who lately held the high position of Member of Council at Madras, against the whole system of our Indian administration, at home and abroad. Such a production, published at such a moment by such a person, must attract many readers, and seems to demand our best attention.

This 'Friend of India,' in his opening pages, says, '*it is the interest*' of his own countrymen in the East, '*of all classes*,—

'that establishments should be kept at the maximum; that as large a revenue as possible

should be drawn from India; that our territory should be extended to its utmost limits, in order that the field for the employment of Europeans should be co-extensively enlarged. It is the interest of the native millions, on the other hand, that the Government of India should be administered with the greatest economy, that the smallest amount of revenue should be drawn from their pockets, that our territory should be rather abridged than extended, because the extension of territory is the creation of a field of employment and emolument for Europeans at the expense of the natives.—p. 3.

‘If India is hereafter to be governed for her own sake, we shall require to make some change in our arrangements; but if it is still to be treated as no other than a carcass for a certain number of English to prey upon, to be considered as a patronage preserve for a President of the Board of Control and twenty-four East India Directors, then we need no change, for the existing system is admirably adapted for that object.’—p. 7.

If the foregoing allegations were supported by facts, it is not *some change* in our arrangements that should be made, but an entire change, if not the abandonment of India altogether by Great Britain. The system of administration would not merely be what is called in a subsequent paragraph, a ‘great sham,’ but a monstrous wrong, sufficient to consign the perpetrators to eternal infamy. Can the author, with an utter forgetfulness of the despatches from the Court of Directors which he has himself read—which he was bound officially to act upon—and which enjoined reduction of posts and salaries, and the strictest economy in every branch of the administration—persist in affirming that the governing bodies at home encourage wasteful expenditure—including even the frequent creation of utterly needless places—for the benefit of the Company’s servants, civil and military? As to the actual scale of official emoluments in the author’s own walk, may we venture to ask whether he considers himself to have been extravagantly paid?—does he feel that the competency which he has acquired was not well earned by thirty years of zealous and laborious service? We will go even further, and ask whether he believes that the important duties intrusted to him in the highest offices of revenue administration would have been as well and as up-

rightly performed by native officers, who, we readily admit, would have thought themselves well off with much lower salaries?

He tells us—

‘The Slave kings ruled a mighty empire. About the year 1300 Alaodeen completed the conquest of the Deccan, and he and his successor, Mahommed Toglak, appear to have been emperors of all India, the Hindoo chiefs of the south being at least tributary. Their empire was great and prosperous, and there yet remain great public works to testify their magnificence and munificence.’—ib. p. 14.

A similar description applies to India under the reign of Akbar and his immediate successors, that is, during a period of 150 years, employed by them in extending their rule over the whole of India. Why, then, we ask, should our intelligent native subjects, reasoning from these historical epochs, deplore the extension of the British territories? Where objections to this extension exist, it is not from any fear—far less experience—of misgovernment or extravagant expenditure, but because of the inevitable substitution of European for native agency in many departments: it is not, accordingly, from the inhabitants of our old dominions that the murmur of discontent is heard—the feeling exists only among the official class in the new acquisition. It is quite true that, as extension of empire has been the consequence of success in war, great expense has been incurred in the first instance; but, as the territory acquired has brought large increases of revenue, no augmented burthen has really fallen upon our earlier possessions; the public debt has been increased, but so have the funds for the payment of it.

The author indignantly demands (p. 7), ‘Shall we then continue to legislate sordidly and hypocritically for class and caste objects, or shall we begin to legislate for humane and national objects?’ Parliament, it is to be hoped, will continue to legislate for the maintenance of the British rule, which implies a sedulous anxiety for the security of life and property among 100 millions of British subjects, and every possible exertion for the development of the resources furnished by a fertile soil to an industrious population. But—however ‘The Friend of India’ may vituperate our bigotry—we make bold to add that it is impossible for us to retain India without what he calls caste legislation by a British Parliament. The English are the master caste in India, and we cannot weaken this position without incurring the risk of losing it altogether. The Home Administration of our Indian empire, in whatever hands it may be placed

\* In M. Thiers’s book on the Consulate and the Empire there is the following passage:—‘India, in fact, under the sceptre of England, is only a conquest ruined by the progress of European industry, and made use of to support some officers, some clerks, and some magistrates belonging to the metropolis.’ It will be, no doubt, gratifying to ‘The Friend of India,’ to find this agreement in opinion between himself and so sincere a ‘Friend of England.’

—whether divided, as at present, between two executive bodies, or confined to one—must be exclusively European; even the 'Friend' indeed does not propose that the Board of Control and the Court of Directors should have a large infusion of Asiatic blood. With respect to his recommendation of a much more extensive employment of natives in the civil administration of our Eastern dominion itself, we may observe that even at present, according to what seems a fair calculation, 97 per cent. of the business is done by them, leaving 3 per cent. to European agency. We should, however, feel more distrust than we actually do in differing from such great authorities as the 'Friend' quotes in support of his view on this subject, were we not convinced that their arguments, if admitted, must lead directly to the conclusion that the civil administration of the country, except in a very few high offices, should be given up to the natives: a conclusion as much opposed, in the present condition of the Indian people, to good government as to British supremacy.

Sir Thomas Munro, it seems, has written thus:—

'It certainly would be more desirable that we should be expelled from the country altogether than that the result of our system of government should be such an abasement of a whole people. If we make a summary comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which have occurred to the natives from our government, the result, I fear, will hardly be as much in its favour as it ought to have been. They are more secure from the calamities both of foreign war and internal commotions; their persons and property are more secure from violence; they cannot be wantonly punished, or their property seized, by persons in power; and their taxation is on the whole lighter. But, on the other hand, they have no share in making laws for themselves, little in administering them, except in very subordinate offices; they can rise to no high station, civil or military: they are everywhere regarded as an inferior race, and often rather as vassals or servants than as the ancient owners and masters of the country.'

We willingly accept the description given by Sir Thomas Munro of the advantages that have accrued to the people of India from our government, and perhaps the majority of readers will think with us that in them are comprised the most essential objects of all government. Under the old princes the *people* had no share in making laws for themselves: our native subjects have not, therefore, been losers in that respect; and as the laws are, by Sir Thomas Munro's own admission, better administered

by us than they were before, the people at large have no reason to regret the change of agency. The native sovereigns are certainly the ancient masters and considered themselves the owners of the country, but we do not really see by what process, short of leaving India altogether, we can replace them in that paramount situation. Although the actual Government is unavoidably absolute in its form, the great interests of society are guarded by laws that are regularly and impartially administered; there is neither tyranny nor caprice, for the spirit of British justice has passed over the waters, and is scarcely less prevailing at Calcutta than in London.

Lord Metcalfe is also quoted; and Mr. Elphinstone has said—

'Men who, under a native government, would have held the first dignities of the State—who, but for us, might have been governors of provinces,—are regarded as menial servants, are often no better paid, and scarcely permitted to sit in our presence.'

The venerated person here appealed to can hardly on this point be accepted for a sufficient witness as regards the present practice: we believe, on the contrary, that no civil or military officer would now treat a native of high rank and ancient family as a menial servant, but would naturally, were it only with a view to his own interest, follow the example given by the English representatives of sovereign power in their behaviour to native noblemen and gentlemen. The passages adduced by 'The Friend of India,' from Munro, Metcalfe, and Elphinstone, reflect the chivalrous generosity of the writers, who, brought into official and social intercourse with the immediate representatives of houses recently powerful, were disposed to feel that the superior stations which they themselves held partook of the nature of an usurpation; and thus the exigencies of a changed policy and of altered circumstances were overlooked in sympathy for reverse of fortune. But we remain assured that all these enlightened administrators would, in practice, on any occasion when an European officer, civil or military, was conversant with the language in which important business was to be transacted, have preferred *him* to any native as the depository of confidence; nor would this preference have depended merely upon comparative probity, but upon the conviction of superior fitness.

Has history preserved the names of any eminent and virtuous native statesmen, in the service of the Nabobs of Bengal, of the Carnatic, and of the Soobahdars of the Deo-

can, when we first came into contact with them? Had the chiefs or their ministers so acted as to acquire the affections of the people? Were their *cazees*, *pundits*, and officers of revenue more efficient and honest than the well-educated English gentlemen by whom the laws are now administered and the revenues collected? On the contrary, was not the whole internal government, from the prince to the lowest public servant, stained with corruption, oppression, and profligacy?

The late Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of Lahore, may be taken as a fair specimen of a native prince. He governed his dominions with energy and vigilance, and there was ample scope under his sceptre for the display of those great talents for administration that are attributed to the natives of India while as yet undebased by habitual subordination to Europeans. Let us consider, for one example, Dhyen Singh, Prime Minister to the Maha-rajah. On the accession of Khurruck Singh to the throne he was dismissed from his office, and what was the conduct of the Sikh statesman? 'The dismissed Vizier lost his habitual moderation; he entered the Durbar, and slew the new Prime Minister before his master's eyes; the treasurer and some others shared the same fate.' (*Mac Farlane*, p. 581.) Dhyen Singh fell afterwards by the hands of the mutinous soldiery. Is this the description of man that would have been deserving of high office under a civilized government? A Member of Council of that temperament would, no doubt, be a very useful and agreeable colleague for an English Governor-General! Such of our readers as are the least conversant even with the most recent events in India will be aware that we might multiply illustrations of the same stamp, *usque ad nauseam*. We utterly deny the debasement of the natives under the British Government. That under our power and influence they have already been both morally and intellectually improved is our firm belief—though we do not believe that, putting aside imperative considerations of policy, they are as yet fit for the higher offices of administration.

As regards the departments with which another of our authors must be best acquainted, let us request attention to the following passage:—

'It is, I think, a remarkable distinction between the manners of the natives and ours, and one which affects our dealings with them, that there does not exist that difference between the higher and lower classes, the distinction, in fact, of a gentleman. The lower class are to the full as good and as intelligent as with us; in-

deed, they are much more versed in the affairs of life, plead their causes better, make more intelligent witnesses, and have many virtues: but these good qualities are not in the same proportion in the higher classes; they cannot bear prosperity; it causes them to degenerate, especially if born to greatness. The only efficient men, with of course a few exceptions, are those who have risen to greatness. The lowest of the people, if fate raised him to be an Emperor, makes himself at home in his new situation, and shows an aptitude of manner and conduct unknown to Europeans similarly situated. But his son is altogether degenerate; hence the impossibility of adapting to anything useful most of the higher classes found by us, and for all fresh requirements it is necessary to create a fresh class.'—*Campbell*, p. 63.

We have already stated the common calculation, that 97 per cent. of the civil business is actually transacted by natives: we must add our conviction that, if this be the case, the individuals so employed belong, with few exceptions, to a class that has grown up under English superintendence and instruction.

Our Government, as locally administered in India, has gradually raised the standard of qualification amongst the European public servants. The knowledge of the vernacular languages has rendered them, as a body, independent of native assistance in the duty of superintendence, while well-directed vigilance has checked the natives holding subordinate posts in their tendencies to corruption and oppression. The lower courts of justice may be safely intrusted to the Presidency of native judges as long as an immediate appeal can be made, and an immediate inquisition into complaints of wrong inflicted can be obtained from an European gentleman—but no longer; nor is strict superintendence less indispensable in the affairs of the revenue, to be collected chiefly in many parts from cultivators who possess little capital beyond their cattle and implements, and often require abatements to meet the vicissitudes of the climate. To satisfy such exigencies great discretion must be allowed to those with whom the final decision rests. We recommend an attentive perusal of the description given by Mr. Campbell in his sixth chapter of the duties performed by the civil servants in the judicial and revenue departments, and we think most who do study it will come to the conclusion that the European gentlemen so employed, instead of being numerous beyond just demands, are too few for the weight and variety of the tasks imposed upon them.

The 'Friend of India,' while he extols the Mahomedan emperors for the confidence re-

posed by them in their Hindoo subjects as governors of provinces and commanders of armies, does not push his recommendation of their practice as respects the latter class of trust. Military command, he well knows, must be reserved to European skill and energy, and he is even compelled to admit that we could not exclusively rely upon the courage and fidelity of an Asiatic soldiery. Perhaps, indeed, no man who has spent half of thirty years in India would venture to dispute these points. In war the native troops must be led by the example of English gentlemen, and in peace they must be held in obedience by the presence and undoubted devotion of English battalions. The Mahomedan soldiery did not hesitate to obey a Hindoo general; they were both children of the same soil, and did not differ essentially in physical or moral qualities; but no European would submit to the command of an Indian, and it has therefore been found impossible to give native commissioned officers authority over English non-commissioned officers and privates. In the early times the number of European officers in native regiments was much smaller than at present, and yet good service was rendered by them. But, nevertheless, we believe there is no military authority who would recommend that the increased proportion of our own countrymen now attached to every corps should be diminished. On the contrary, all such authorities are well aware that great inconvenience has been felt on service in the field, and even during peace, from the paucity of European officers. Our native army has necessarily increased with the extension of our dominions; and as we have strode on towards uninterrupted territorial empire, a cautious and long-sighted policy has dictated the augmentation of European superintendence in the native regiments; and we believe that in accordance with the same policy it would be desirable to increase the proportion of European regiments also.—Assuming, however, that no great change can be made in the system of the native army without danger to discipline, and admitting at the same time that our empire there mainly depends upon the good feeling and steadiness of that army, we will ask those who recommend that the highest civil offices should be open to natives, whether it is likely that our native soldiers, seeing their fellow-countrymen raised in one career, would continue to acquiesce in their own exclusion from all the higher professional functions? Is the soldier to be the Helot and the penman the Citizen? Under the present system the command in both branches of the service rests with the master

caste, the sojourning European; and the various Asiatic castes will be satisfied with their condition until they are stimulated into a conflict, first for equality, and next for superiority in military as well as civil position, by the declamatory statements of possibly sincere, but, at all events, of irresponsible philanthropy.

The 'Friend of India' complains grievously that clause 87 in the Act of 1833 has remained a dead letter. It declared

'That no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of her Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment, under the said company.'—

But whatever the 'Friend' may think, we have no sort of belief that the framers of this clause intended to alter materially the existing system of nomination from England to the civil service; in fact, a directly contrary inference may be drawn from the enactments respecting the number of persons to be nominated to that service, and the regulations of the College of Haileybury. The sole real object of the clause was to give the local governments a greater latitude in the choice of their humbler instruments—taking away, *pro tanto*, the exclusive eligibility of the covenanted servants of the Company. It would, in practice, be scarcely less difficult to mix Europeans and natives on an equal footing in the civil than in the military service. The former would feel degraded even more than the latter would feel elevated. If the employment of the natives in civil offices is to be extended, it can only be as colleagues to functionaries of the master-caste. In Courts of Appeal and at Boards of Revenue their local knowledge might be useful, while the effects of prejudice and risks of corruption might, perhaps, be nullified by the presence of English colleagues. We have, however, already stated our general objections to any serious alteration in the distribution of administrative authority, and we will not, therefore, stop to discuss the details of any measure directed to that purpose.

Of late years public opinion in England has, on one important point of Indian administration, undergone a very great change. We allude to the relations between the British Government and the Native States. Few are now found to raise their voices in favour of the treaty-rights of those native princes who stand to us in the relation of allies: a sweeping charge of mismanagement is preferred against them,—we are, it

is said, responsible for the welfare of all India, and, as the paramount State, should on no account allow any of her population to be oppressed by rulers whose existence depends on our protection.

We fear but few of our readers would accompany us through a full examination of the system of subsidiary alliances established by Lord Wellesley: we must content ourselves with expressing our belief that, if it had been administered in its original spirit, the allied princes might have continued to govern at home as well as they had done before, although their external relations would have been under control; but the fact is, that there has been at times too much interference with the internal affairs of such States, and on other occasions too little. Too much has depended on the personal character of the British Resident at the native Court. Lord Wellesley intended that officer to have been the *amicus curiæ* of the Prince, and not the Proconsul of the Province; but, besides other obvious temptations, the part of Proconsul was much the easiest to play.

There can be no difficulty in admitting that the absence of all relations with foreign powers took away one great legitimate interest from the functions of sovereignty; while at the same time the security afforded by British protection from the consequences of internal revolt may have increased that indifference to the feelings of the people which is a very general defect with Asiatic rulers; but we are most reluctantly compelled to add the confession, that there seems to have been little hesitation about straining the language of the subsidiary treaties to our own ends. As we have already said, the extremity of war has generally been forced upon us by the perfidy and folly of native princes, and in *annexing* portions of their dominions we have only exercised the just rights of the victor; but treaties concluded with them ought to have been interpreted in their favour, and not litigiously used as titles for confiscation or further encroachment. One remarkable case is the assumption of the Mysore territory upon the flimsy pretext that a defective revenue-administration had endangered the regularity of the annual payments due to the British Government. The same fate probably awaits the King of Oude and the Nizam, and we regret to think that neither of these princes, with whom we have concluded treaties in their capacity of independent sovereigns, would, if hardly used, find any effective sympathy in Parliament. The deposition of the young Rajah of Lahore, a minor, the ward of the British Government,

and not even suspected of any act of disaffection towards it, has been justified upon the plea of political necessity. We are inclined not only to question very much the alleged necessity in that case, but, in general, to reject the policy of deposing the native princes. Their existence as the administrators of their remaining territories does not endanger our supremacy; on the contrary, by presenting the tranquil prosperity of our provinces in contrast with the daily experience of those under native rule, the attachment of our subjects is confirmed, and a certain feeling of pride from belonging to a great and well-governed state is generated in their minds. We have to add another not perhaps unimportant consideration. The condition of our sepoy is, as to pay and personal treatment, greatly superior to what it would be in the army of any Hindoo or Mussulman prince, and, moreover, he certainly does look down upon all other military service—because such could only be found among the vanquished, while the banner over his own head is that of the conqueror. Good pay and the *esprit de corps* are the surest guarantees for military fidelity; the first might be kept up—but could we answer for the continuance of the other influence where there were no troops of native powers to form a standard of comparison?

Many doubt—and we confess to be of that number—whether the extension of our direct dominion beyond the Sutlege has added to our security. We have now in immediate contact with our frontier the Afghans, a warlike, marauding, and treacherous, race backed by populations of a similar character, with whom we can maintain no lasting relations of amity. Judging from the course of recent events, and from the policy as much suggested from home as conceived in India, we apprehend future wars and further extension of territory; but sure we are, that if we are to engage in regular war, directed to the destruction of all semi-barbarous states on our frontier that give us just cause for arming against them, we can never be at peace; even an empire extending from the Indus to the Oxus would not secure it. We must protect our own subjects and chastise plunderers, whether they appear in bands or armies, but we ought to rest satisfied with driving them back within their proper bounds, and not advance our own.

The two regulating statutes of 1813 and 1833, by taking away the commercial privileges of the Company and restricting that body to the territorial government of India, have given all requisite facilities for the employment of British capital and industry in

developing the productive resources of the country; and it cannot be said that the well-administered, though absolute, Government existing there presents an obstacle. There is indeed no Legislative Assembly at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay to vote the annual taxes and to control the Executive; but the local authorities are responsible to the Imperial Parliament, and no wrong can be inflicted that is beyond the ready means of redress. We are not, therefore, disposed to think that the condition of home-born British subjects, not in the civil and military service of the Company, requires any further legislative enactment.

The 39th clause of the Act of 1833 declares—

‘That the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole civil and military government of all the said territories and revenues in India shall be and is hereby vested in a Governor-General and Councillors, to be styled the *Governor-General of India in Council*.’

The Governor-General’s Council consists of four ordinary members: three taken from the East India Company’s service, and a fourth from the legal profession in England, who, however, is only summoned to attend on deliberations for making laws and regulations. The Commander-in-chief in India, or in the Bengal Presidency alone, is *ex officio* an extraordinary member of Council. It was clearly the intention of the Legislature that these great powers should be exercised by the Governor-General *sitting in Council*, and assisted by the members of that Council. The authority given by the 49th clause to the Governor-General to act upon his own responsibility in opposition to the Council, and the further licence given him by the 70th clause to visit any part of India unaccompanied by any member of Council, when such visit should be deemed expedient by the *Governor-General in Council*, were legalized exceptions to the general practice; but, of late years, the absence of the Governor-General from the capital and from the Council-board has been more usual than his presence there: and thus the only Councillors actually near him have been the Secretaries to Government, irresponsible for their counsel, and too subordinate in office to give effect to or to record any difference of opinion on their parts. The excuse—we will not employ the invidious term pretext—has been, within the last few years, the Afghan, Marhatta, and Sikh wars; but the practice had begun to prevail during peace; for the European climate of Simla is indeed a powerful attraction, and perhaps it would have been too much to expect either that Governor-

Generals, especially if married men, should resist it firmly, or that Members of Council, ordinary or extraordinary, should refuse their consent to the health-fraught retreats of their noble presidents. The visits of those personages to distant parts of the empire, when the journeys are by land, bring no trifling charge upon the treasury; and we believe that the necessity for such expeditions must be of very rare occurrence: indeed, we might almost say that the only real exigency is when the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-chief are united in the same person. An appearance of the direct representative of the Crown at one of the minor presidencies may indeed again, as before, be found useful; but there is little likelihood that this plea will be hastily made use of.

One instance will indeed recur to every memory, when the Governor-General’s absence from the seat of Government was of incalculable advantage; but Lord Hardinge’s services on the great days of Moodkee, Feerozeshah, and Sobraon were those of an accomplished general, and not of the head of the Supreme Government of India. We admire the chivalrous spirit that carried Lord Ellenborough to the battle of Maharajpore; but the noble Earl might have settled the future relations of Gwalior to the British Government from his council-chamber at Calcutta quite as well as at the head-quarters of the army. Let it be borne in mind that Lord Wellesley was seldom absent from the capital during his eventful administration—distinguished as it was for the triumphant conduct of wars that involved the very existence of our Indian empire.

Mr. Campbell, writing with all the reserve that belongs to a member of the civil service, tells us:—

‘All recent Governors-General have been more away from than with their Councils, because all the most important transactions have for a long time been those of Northern India, very far removed from Calcutta, and the *climate of the northern hills* is much more favourable to European life, energy, and efficiency than that of the plains of Bengal. The Governor-General, therefore, marches about (wherever he is most needed) in the cold weather, and spends the hot season at Simlah, in the Himalaya. About seven out of the last ten years have been thus spent, and the remaining three at Calcutta. From this frequent separation, the Governor-General becomes practically the whole executive Government, and the Council but his legislative advisers and assistants in matters of detail.’—p. 218.

Assuming this description to be correct, 38,400*l.*, the amount of salaries paid to the



ordinary members of Council, must be considered a very extravagant expenditure for such partial assistance as they have of late given in the business of Government; but let the blame rest on the right shoulders—the vast powers delegated by the Crown and Parliament to the Governor-General are intrusted to the Governor-General in Council, and not to a perambulating Viceroy. In our humble opinion, in short, the existing practice is a great abuse, and ought to be put an end to without delay.

In various respects, no doubt, the extension of our territories towards the north may have rendered Calcutta an inconvenient place for the seat of the Supreme Government, and one of the old residencies of the Moghul empire, Delhi or Agra, might be considered preferable; on the other hand, there are many objections, financial and political, to a removal from Calcutta; and as the absence of the Governor-General ought to be a very rare occurrence, that of itself does not present a sufficient reason for the change of capital. At all events, if the Governor-General move to the far north, let some members of the Supreme Council accompany him; the additional expense, as those high functionaries have no staff attached to them and would require only their personal servants, must be trifling, and would be amply compensated by the fulfilment of the intentions of Parliament. Whether it is of most expediency that great questions, involving the commencement of war and the conclusion of peace, should be determined with the assistance of responsible counsellors—gentlemen meant and chosen to be the regular assessors of the Civil Chief of British India—or that they should only be employed on the internal administration of the southern provinces of the Bengal Presidency, where all is order and prosperity?

We cannot see that any advantage arises from confining the functions of the legal member of the Supreme Council to questions of legislation—for, assuming that a proper selection for the office be made by the home authorities from the legal profession, there can be no doubt that the salary is such as to procure men fully qualified to act, not only as lawyers, but as generally efficient members of the Indian Cabinet.

A Law Commission was created by the 53rd clause of the Act of 1833. At the head of it was placed the then newly appointed legal Member of Council, Mr. Macaulay, and there was therefore every ground for expecting that within a few years codes of law, civil, criminal, and commercial, for British India, would be ably com-

pleted. It is however the melancholy fact that this task remains unexecuted. We find it very difficult to account for the failure. The work was not one demanding any very strenuous exertion of great faculties. The grand desideratum was the authoritative announcement of such a body of laws as might be applicable to the whole of our Indian territory, producing uniformity of administration, and restricting to the utmost the influence of caprice or crotchet on the part of individual functionaries. It was necessary to consolidate the laws and regulations of the East India Company, which constitute a system of administration judicial and fiscal. As respects the ordinary relations of social life—under the advice of Mahomedan and Hindoo lawyers codes of Mahomedan and Hindoo law might have been compiled and declared to be the laws of British India; and the commercial code, to be in like manner framed and declared, need not have differed materially from that regulating mercantile transactions in other parts of our Sovereign's dominions. An uninterrupted application of five years would have been sufficient for all that either the English or the Anglo-Indian public required or expected; and we heartily wish that the title of Lawgiver had been added to Mr. Macaulay's many claims upon the respect and admiration of his contemporaries.

In the Law Commission, as originally constituted, two members were named from the Madras and Bombay presidencies; it would, in our opinion, be desirable that a similar practice should obtain in the composition of the Supreme Council; for as all legislative and financial powers are vested in that body, immediate and correct information as to the interests and condition of our southern and western territories is as necessary at the Council Board as similar knowledge respecting those comprised in the Bengal presidency. Moreover, there is much injustice in confining these and other great prizes of official life to the Bengal Civil Service. The sole and direct superintendence of the political department is very properly attributed to the Governor-General, but it is his duty to look for persons qualified for usefulness in that department to the general service, and not exclusively to the section in his immediate neighbourhood.

While we admit that it would be most unwise to restrict the Governor-General in his choice of diplomatic agents to the civil service, it cannot be denied that civilians have *prima facie* a preferable claim to such offices; of late, however, there has been a strong disposition to choose young military



men almost to the exclusion of civilians. The absence of the individuals so chosen from their regimental duty is in itself an evil, and there can be no assignable reason why persons who, generally speaking, have received a more finished education before their arrival in India, and who have become thoroughly acquainted with the native languages, should be held to be almost disqualified, because they have not commanded a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry.

Our Empire has, from the annexation of Scinde and the Sikh provinces, acquired such extent and continuity, that the question has been seriously stirred whether the present division into three presidencies, having separate armies and separate civil services, should be maintained?—whether increased unity of action and diminution of charge would not be promoted by a different arrangement? Lieutenant-Governors over large provincial divisions, exceeding in number the existing presidencies, might advantageously, as many think, be substituted for the governors of Madras and Bombay. The salaries of those Lieutenant-Governors might be the same as that of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. The Secretariat offices might be greatly reduced, if not abolished; and although Courts of Appeal would probably still be found necessary, the scale of them would be different from that of the existing Sudder Udowluts. Under consolidated revenue-laws separate boards would not be required in these provincial divisions. On the more important subjects of administration, the governments of Madras and Bombay are entirely subordinate to the Supreme Government—and yet the official machinery at these presidencies is adapted to the supposed exigencies of independent authority. Boards of Council cannot be required to advise and control Governors who refer every weighty affair to a superior executive. The civilians would under this new system receive their appointments to one service, and would on arrival in India be locally distributed according to the wants of the different branches of the administration; the preference now given to the Bengal civil service would cease; no locality would be crowded with gentlemen hopeless of promotion, while elsewhere advancement was disproportionately rapid; and thus a general equality of official advantages would be established: but, above all, the details of administration would be, with few exceptions, the same throughout the empire, and the duties of general superintendence would be simplified, to the great relief of the authorities in England. The division of British India into

large provinces for the purposes of judicial and revenue administration, the consolidation of the three Civil Services into one, and the establishment of Lieutenant-Governors instead of Governors in Council, must, however, of necessity be accompanied by a consolidation of the armies of the three Presidencies into one Indian army, enlisted for general service, and similarly constituted in every respect. Great territorial divisions for military occupation could without difficulty be fixed upon, each under the command of a general officer, with one Commander-in-Chief for the whole. Reduction of charge would be thus effected—for the two Commanders-in-Chief at Madras and Bombay, with their respective staffs, would be suppressed:—we might count, moreover, on such an uniformity in internal organization as cannot possibly prevail in distinct military establishments; professional advantages too would be equalized and local jealousies extinguished.—All this is said, and let us for the moment grant it to be all true; but it is clear that, on the other hand, the spirit of emulation now existing in the three armies might not be lost, and any tendency to disaffection be more formidable? Certainly; the history of the past shows that serious discontent, and even mutiny may exist in one army, while the others remain satisfied and obedient.

It seems to be agreed that the Home Government of this remote Empire could not safely be left to a 'Secretary of State for the Indian Department,' with a couple of under-secretaries and some clerks. We concur in this opinion; but the danger of throwing a great additional patronage into the hands of Ministers, usually ranked as the chief objection—though by no means to be treated lightly even in these days of publicity and consequent caution—is not what most weighs with ourselves. We believe that the peculiarity of our connexion with India requires that the Home administration should not be subjected altogether to the vicissitudes of Parliamentary parties; and that a Council or Agency, having in some measure an independent, and certainly a permanent existence, is on the highest grounds of policy indispensable. The utility of an electoral body for the nomination of the persons exercising the Home executive authority has been recognized even by the opponents of the present system; and, if such a body be necessary, some means must be found of connecting the interests of those composing it with India. Property is the great principle of the parliamentary franchise: the analogy has prevailed throughout our municipal and commercial corporations

—and therefore it very naturally found its place in the East India Company. The Court of Proprietors has been the body by which the Directors have been chosen, and to which their conduct has been subjected for animadversion or approval. This Court of Proprietors is as independent of the influence of the Crown as any constituency in the United Kingdom; and in it are to be found persons not merely possessing the qualification of property, but of experienced knowledge in every branch of Indian affairs. The existence of such a body in its political capacity, now that the Company has ceased to be connected with the trade to India, is certainly an accident; but one so eminently useful, that an equivalent, even apparently sound in theory, is very difficult to be found. These propositions seem to form a strong and cumulative argument in favour of the continuance in its present functions of the Court of Proprietors; but, property connected with India being the qualification, we can discover no reason why the public creditors of the Indian Government should not be added to the Court, on the same terms and with the same privileges as the holders of Indian Stock. Those creditors would generally be persons who had resided in India, and who would bring to the exercise of their privileges habitual interest in the conduct of the Indian administration, both at home and abroad. On the other hand, we think the right of voting now conceded to lady-holders of Stock ought to be abolished, for, although of little real disadvantage, the practice has a tendency to throw ridicule on the qualification itself.

The 'Friend of India' says,—

'The mere privilege of expressing an opinion is valuable; and if to this was added the power of reporting those opinions in the form of resolutions to be submitted to Parliament, the Court of Proprietors might become, if freed from the baleful influence which now weighs it down, possibly a wholesome instrument in the Government of India.'—p. 39.

We do not see that any advantage, not now existing, would be gained by submitting formally to Parliament resolutions passed by the Court of Proprietors. The requisitions to that Court by a regulated number of proprietors, for a distinct discussion of any act of the local governments in India, or of the Home authority, are announced by advertisement; the ensuing debates are duly reported in the newspapers; attention is thus very sufficiently directed to the arguments and the decisions; and, in fact, questions of any consequence once mooted in the Court of Proprietors, do find their way into Parliament.

Colonel Tod, as quoted by the 'Friend,' speaks thus:—

'The Court is useless for any purpose save that decreed by the Directors, to whom it is utterly subservient. It is notorious that no subject at all unpalatable may be initiated there with any prospect of being carried; but, to use a vulgar phrase, whatever the proposition, it can always be swamped by the snap of a finger. As long as patronage shall be distributed as at present, so long will this preponderating influence crush every other.'

This is the language, *mutatis mutandis*, of every opposition in the House of Commons when defeated on any motion of censure against a Government; yet defeat has not prevented the renewal of similar motions, nor has it been held to establish the uselessness of the deliberative body before which the inquiry was instituted. The very recent case of the Rajah of Sattarah was as unpalatable to the President of the Board of Control as to the Court of Directors, for he was equally answerable,—yet it was discussed in the House of Commons as thoroughly as in the Court of Proprietors, and with the same result: surely the former assembly could not be said to be weighed down by the same baneful influence that, as we are told, presses upon the latter. We could easily refer to many other cases of no ancient date; and with them in our recollection, we feel justified in affirming that the present system gives sufficient publicity to all transactions connected with Indian administration, and furnishes ample means of inquisition and censure, when such may be needful.

While the Company possessed the monopoly of trade with India and China, the leading influence in the Court of Directors was mercantile, and was mostly in the hands of the representatives of the great commercial banking firms of the City of London; but since the Acts of 1813 and 1833 a great change has taken place: the Court now contains a large proportion of civil and military servants returned from India—gentlemen possessing precisely the qualifications most insisted upon by those who demand a reform in the composition of the Court. Not satisfied with this, the 'Friend of India' insists—

'That members of banking and mercantile houses and of insurance companies should be expelled from that body. Other avocations manifestly preclude them from taking any real interest in the business of India, except in the distribution of the annual patronage.'

He seems to forget that such persons are

considered very competent, as Members of Parliament, to deliberate on all the great interests of the nation—and to overlook especially the fact that, with the consent of all parties, an eminent banker, Mr. Thomas Baring, presided over the Committee appointed by the late House of Commons to report on the past and future administration of our Eastern empire. Although we attach great importance to the presence in the Court of Directors of individuals who have been employed in India, we think the infusion of purely European views and sentiments no less desirable; long residence abroad may very naturally conduce to the formation of dogmatic opinions, requiring to be counteracted by such considerations of national policy as are likely to have superior influence among subjects who have not left Britain.

'The correspondence between the Court of Directors and the governments of India is conducted,' says Mr. Martin, 'with a comprehensiveness and in a detail quite unexampled. Every the minutest proceeding of the local governments, including the whole correspondence between them and their subordinate functionaries, is placed on record, and complete copies of the Indian records are sent to England. The knowledge on the part of the local governments that their proceedings will always undergo this revision operates as a salutary check on their conduct, and the practice of replying to letters from India paragraph by paragraph is a security against remissness or oversight at home.'—*Martin*, ii. pp. 14-21.

Objections are made to the minuteness of detail here described—and no doubt the correspondence is formidably voluminous—but that inconvenience is amply compensated by the complete information thus concentrated in England; indeed, without it we do not see how a sufficient control could be exercised over the local governments, more especially as regards the interests of individuals employed in the public service. The general result of the system is, that those functionaries in Leadenhall Street, whose peculiar business it is to examine the correspondence, are scarcely less conversant with persons and proceedings in India than the secretaries at the Presidencies, and any attempt to mislead the home authorities by one-sided statements would be utterly hopeless.

#### For the despatch of business

'The Directors are divided into three committees:—finance and home, eight Directors; political and military, seven; revenue, judicial, and legislative, seven. The duty of each is partly defined by the title: but there is a Committee of Secrecy forming the Cabinet Council of the Court, and consisting of the Chairman,

Deputy Chairman, and Senior Director; its functions are defined by Parliament.'—*Martin*, ii. p. 5.

The distribution of business amongst the Directors—liable as it is, with the exception of the Secret Committee, to alterations as circumstances may require—does not call for much observation. This is not the case as regards the number of Directors. If the patronage be left to them, the share of each would, under any considerable reduction of their number, be greater than would be tolerated by public opinion, and really might throw too much influence into the hands of individuals. There is, as respects business to be done, no disadvantage in the number of Directors now on each committee, for the correspondence with India affords ample occupation for them all—and, as to the economy of the matter, the salary of a Director being but £300 per annum, the difference of charge between twelve or fifteen and twenty-four of them can hardly be regarded as of serious consequence. The patronage annually exercised in England by the Directors, extending over the civil, military, medical, and marine services, is in pecuniary value, were the nominations susceptible of sale, considerable, and certainly constitutes a public trust of great importance. Parliament has a right to ask—how has that trust been performed? But we have no doubt at all that, on candid inquiry, the answer would be creditable to the Court. It must be that, emanating from their nomination, there exists a body of public servants, than which none more distinguished for probity, zeal, and capacity, could be pointed out in any dominion or in any age known to history. In India there are no sinecures. As the conditions of promotion are much less affected by favour or party than in the dependencies of the Crown, public servants of whatever order, feeling confident of obtaining the just measure of recompence, are laborious in habits, as well as independent in spirit. Finally, no individuals are brought into a high and responsible office without having had previous training; and thus there is hardly a chance that the real work may be done by subordinates, while the larger emoluments go to indolent or incapable chiefs.

If this general description be accurate—and it would be easy to support it by details—the patronage could not, for the welfare of India, be better placed than it is: nor when we look at this disposition of a vast patronage, in reference to domestic interests, do we find that the influence of the Company has any disturbing effect on the course of public administration. (There is no great East Indian party in either Houses of Par-

liament; the patronage is noiselessly exercised, and never affects the acquisition or the loss of ministerial power. Many are the schemes that have been devised for the exercise of this patronage, in the event of Parliament thinking fit to create another machinery for the government of India; in no one of these, however, do the propounders themselves seem to have any great confidence. Some have suggested the sale of appointments; others, that a larger share of them should be assigned to the Universities; others, that they should be divided among the proprietors of India stock, or given to the sons of persons who have served in India. We will not go so far as to say that all these schemes, or parts of them, are utterly impracticable—but we do not see in any of them the same individual responsibility that attaches to the Directors—and we are quite convinced that none of them would produce a result more beneficial than that which is now obtained.

Mr. Campbell thus sums up his observations on the Indian civil servants:—

‘I should say that in all administrative duties they succeed, generally speaking, exceedingly well, but that the judicial part of the work is very indifferently performed. It has long been remarked that they are not *juris periti*; and they are not likely to become so, unless we have, first, good, clear, intelligible codes—and secondly, a good judicial training.’—p. 281.

We agree with the writer, and are convinced that the training should begin in England. Special nominations should be made to the judicial department, and a certain amount of legal knowledge required. If the establishment at Haileybury be maintained, that line of study might well be pursued there, but it would be necessary to provide the means of instruction in the laws of British India, whether originated or adopted by British authority. Two years (the period of residence in college at present) would not be sufficient for this; and on arrival in India, some increase of salary might be given as a compensation for the postponement of actual service.

While none deny that the fitness of candidates ought to be tested by a searching examination, great doubts have of late been expressed as to the necessity for a special collegiate establishment here at the expense of India. It is argued that the preliminary education might be safely left to the families or friends directly interested in the final success of young aspirants, and the public charge altogether avoided. We must refer our readers to Mr. Campbell's work (p. 264, &c.) for the details of the course of education at

Haileybury. Our own conclusion is that the college has fairly answered the objects of its foundation; and that on the whole—more especially as still further benefits may be anticipated from it—the expense is not sufficiently heavy to justify the risk of its abolition.

As the sovereignty of the Indian territories has never passed from the Crown, although the administration of them has, by successive acts of the Legislature, been intrusted to the Company, the Crown has always reserved to itself the right of controlling the Trustees, and has practically exercised that right through a board entitled ‘The Commissioners for the Affairs of India.’ This arrangement finds no favour with the ‘Friend.’ He says:—

‘By the Act of 1833 the territory of India is placed under the government of the East India Company, in trust for the Crown; but hardly is the ink dry of this enactment than another body is created, with such powers as completely to override the so-called Trustees, and to make them a positive incumbrance on the estate. This body is a Board of Commissioners, composed entirely of Her Majesty's Ministers, who are invested with full power and authority to superintend, direct, and control all acts, operations, and concerns of the said Company which in anywise relate to or concern the government or revenues of the said territories. And by the same statute the Directors of the Company are prohibited from issuing any orders, instructions, official letters, or communications whatever relating to the territories or governments of India, until the same shall have been submitted for the consideration of, and approved by, the Board of Commissioners.’—*Friend*, p. 8.

The Directors are moreover required to elect from amongst themselves a Secret Committee, through which the Board of Commissioners may, in all matters wherein Indian or other States are concerned, and which, in their opinion, require secrecy, transmit orders to the Governments and Presidencies, by whom such orders shall be obeyed as if they had been sent by the Court of Directors. The members of this Committee—namely, as we have seen, the Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, and the senior member of the Court—are bound by oath not to disclose these communications. The ‘Friend’ observes, and he is, to a certain degree, borne out by the words of this particular clause, ‘that it is impossible Ministers could have been armed with more perfect powers if the Act had, in express terms, made them the Trustees instead of the Company.’ The force of the conclusion at which he arrives will, however, be much shaken by the consideration that this

absolute power in the Board of Commissioners is exceptional. In no department of affairs excepting the political, does the Board of Control originate any communications or orders to India, unless the Court of Directors shall have omitted to prepare and submit the necessary despatches for consideration; and in the event of despatches submitted to the ministerial Commissioners not being approved of by them, they are bound to give their reasons in writing for the dissent, which reasons receive the attention of the full Court of Directors, and are subject to remonstrance from that quarter before the matter is finally disposed of. This proceeding takes place, not as between superior and inferior, but as between co-ordinate authorities. The decision is indeed with the Commissioners; for, in administration, action cannot be indefinitely delayed, nor consultation pushed beyond a certain limit. Still the Commissioners are responsible to Parliament for the exercise of the powers of control, and the result, in practice, is, that the official intercourse between them and the Court of Directors is generally harmonious, and such as ought to exist between two bodies so constituted and for such an object.

A provision, first made in the Act of 1833, is as follows:—

‘If the Court of Directors deem the orders of the Board contrary to law, a case, agreed upon between them and the Commissioners, shall be submitted to the Judges of the King’s Bench for their opinion, which opinion, when duly certified, is to be conclusive.’

This provision seems greatly preferable to the former remedy—that of suing for a mandamus, which exposed a conflict between authorities whom the Legislature meant to be jointly consulting and executive.

It would be hazardous to assert that the exceptional authority given to the Board of Control as to the political department may not, on some occasions, have been pushed beyond the actual necessity, and almost in contravention of the deliberately expressed purpose of the Legislature that British India should remain under the government of the Company. We do not, indeed, apprehend that the 36th clause of the Act of Parliament, granting this secret and peremptory authority, is often enforced without some modification. The Chairman and Deputy-Chairman are in constant and confidential communication with the President of the Board; and as they are cognizant of the events respecting which secret instructions are to be issued, some—at least verbal—discussion must take place on the purport of

them, and differences of opinion then expressed may not be without influence on the measures finally adopted. But we cannot pretend to be quite satisfied with this state of arrangements. If the Company is to exercise, even under control, the government of India, the great questions of peace and war, and of political relations with the native princes, should never, we must think, be decided without the knowledge of the Court of Directors, or, at least, of an official committee chosen from among them. It would, we must add, be highly expedient, were the latter method favoured by Parliament, to modify and strengthen the actual Secret Committee of Directors. In the supposed case, its number ought not to be less than five—including of course the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman, while the three others should be chosen annually by the whole Court, without reference to seniority.

Our belief being that, in the words of the Preamble of the Act of 1833, ‘It is expedient that the territories now under the Government of the Company be continued under such Government,’ we would increase rather than diminish the weight and efficiency of the Court of Directors, and therefore we should regret to see the power of recalling the Governor-General withdrawn from them. The Directors, as a body, are free from the influence of political party. With very few exceptions, the Court has been found ready to accept the individual recommended for the high office of Governor-General by the Ministers of the Crown, and to conduct the official intercourse with him on terms of courtesy and consideration. A determination to remove the Governor-General can seldom, on the part of the Directors, be the result of prejudice or personal resentment; it must, in all probability, arise from a painful conviction of an imperative necessity; and as a power of removal is vested in Ministers, we do not see any principle of policy or analogy upon which it can be withheld from the co-ordinate authority.

An alteration was made by the 23rd clause of the Act of 1833 in the composition of the active part of the Board of Control. The two paid Parliamentary Commissioners were abolished, and two paid Secretaries, capable of sitting in Parliament, were established instead of one chief secretary. Unless as reducing in some small degree the Parliamentary patronage of the Ministry, we do not understand what advantage any one could discover in the new arrangement. The ex-officio Commissioners, with the exception of the Prime Minister, take no part in the transaction of the busi-

ness, and he only on those few occasions when important nominations are to be made, or when serious differences of opinion have arisen between the President, who is practically the Board, and the Court of Directors. In general, when Downing Street receives a new set of masters, both the President and Parliamentary secretaries of the Board of Commissioners labour under such a deficiency of information as would be almost fatal to the exercise of control, if the first part of the business were not so perfectly executed at the India House, and if the senior clerks of the establishment in Westminster were not well competent to furnish their in-coming superiors with instruction. In this way—but in this way alone—an admirable brief is put into the hands of the newly appointed President, and he, from parliamentary habits, is enabled to discuss questions as they arise with the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors. It may be said that something analogous occurs in most other great departments of the State. Let us not, however, overlook the fact that the affairs of India very seldom occupy the attention of Parliament—whereas the time of both Houses is so taken up in debates on the domestic, colonial, and foreign policy of the Empire, that the leading members are conversant not only with the general principles but with the details of administration in any office to which Parliamentary conflicts may raise them. There is usually found, we must repeat, in a newly appointed Board of Control, utter ignorance as to the judicial and revenue systems of India. Nor is this all: much of the composition and organization of the native army is peculiar—and, were it only with a view to military questions, it surely would be desirable to introduce Indian experience into the Board itself. A Board composed of a president, vice-president, and chief secretary, having seats in Parliament, together with two paid and permanent commissioners selected by the Crown from among the experienced servants of the Company, and not sitting in Parliament, would certainly be more efficient than the present Board. As there would be only one parliamentary secretary, supposing the salaries of the permanent commissioners to be 1500*l.* each, and that of the vice-president 2000*l.*, the increase of charge would amount to 3100*l.* A Board such as this would present the foundation of a system that might hereafter replace the East India Company in the government of India:—it is in fact clear enough that a further addition of five commissioners not in Parliament, with one other non-parliamentary

secretary, would complete the requisite machinery. This speculation does not include the distribution of the Indian patronage, for which some arrangement, almost entirely disconnected with the administering authority might—and indeed in the supposed case *must*—be made: but, well satisfied as we are to leave the great Indian trust, as it now is, with the Company, we are not called upon to discuss eventualities which, it is to be hoped, will not arise.

We have not space for a detailed examination of the financial position of British India; but we must not wholly omit it. In his tenth chapter Mr. Campbell estimates the gross revenue of all India at about 48 millions sterling, which he distributes as follows:—

Native States, but the revenue probably exceeds the estimate	£13,000,000
Alienations in our own territories, inferior states, rent-free lands, &c.	5,000,000
Sacrificed by permanent settlement at Bengal	2,000,000
Political pensions and assignments, Bombay hereditary officers, &c. &c.	2,468,969
<b>Total</b>	<b>£22,468,969</b>
In our own hands	£25,288,884

From this he says—‘It appears we possess little more than half the revenues of India; whereas, if we appropriated the whole, we should undoubtedly always have a large surplus, and India might be more lightly taxed than any country in the world.’ But here we cannot believe the writer to have weighed his words with his usual care. They certainly suggest something too like an anticipatory apology for wholesale spoliation.

According to the latest accounts of Indian territorial revenues and disbursements submitted to Parliament,

The net revenues amount, for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	£19,906,502
The total charges for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	20,537,675
Leaving a deficiency of	631,173

This deficiency admits of easy explanation. Mr. Campbell is quite justified in saying that ‘our ordinary revenue has defrayed our ordinary expenditure. Our debts are, almost without exception, the result of extraordinary expenditure in war.’ Large cash balances are kept in the Indian treasuries to meet extraordinary expenditure; and the last stated amount of these balances was, in round numbers, eleven millions sterling: but at next reckoning this amount will be found diminished by the Burmese war, and no portion of the Treasury balances will be applicable to the reduction of debt.

In the year 1835-36, under Lord William Bentinck's government, the surplus income amounted to 1,466,848*l.*; and in 1837, the last year of surplus revenue, the Indian debt was 30,446,249*l.* It stands now, after the wars in China, Afghanistan, Scinde, and the Punjab, at 46,908,064*l.* bearing an interest of 2,236,140*l.*—about a ninth part of the ordinary net revenue. The debt itself does not exceed the net revenue of two years and a half. To this debt, indeed, must be added the bond debt at home, amounting to nearly four millions; but even with this addition the whole public debt is under the revenue of three years. We do not consider the capital stock of the Company a charge upon India, for the Act of 1833 provided a security fund of two millions, destined to accumulate for the redemption of it.

Such a financial condition would, in any powerful European monarchy, be considered highly satisfactory; but in the case before us the same conclusion cannot be come to without some reservation; for in India the great branch of permanent revenue derived directly from the land does not admit of increase according to the varying necessities of the State; and the next considerable receipt, that from opium, fluctuates with the demand in China, and, were the moral habits of that extraordinary region improved, might greatly fall off, if not altogether cease. The salt monopoly is another most important branch of revenue; but it is one that, from the universal demand for the article, and its pressure upon the indigent multitude, must at all times be considered a grievous burthen, and cannot, under any circumstances, admit of augmentation. It may be hoped, that with the full development of the resources of the soil, and more especially with an increased production of cotton and sugar, and an amelioration in the quality of both, the condition of the community may be so improved as to allow of more variety in the objects of taxation, by which the poor industrious cultivators of the soil may be relieved, and wealthier classes compelled to contribute in a larger proportion. Peace is the great desideratum in India—peace, that will bring with it a reduction of charge, and restore a surplus revenue.

Where the form of government is absolute, the people have a right to expect that great works of public utility shall be undertaken by the Sovereign Power, and not left altogether to the enterprise and association of individuals. Few perhaps in Britain are at all aware of the extent to which such duties have, during a lengthened period, and signally within our own times, been encountered under the administration of the India Com-

pany. The whole world may be challenged to show anything comparable with what that government has already done for the improvement of internal communications of every sort—but above all, with what has been achieved by the skill of British Engineers in the extension of canals for drainage and irrigation in many districts of India. On this last subject—at least on the most important part of it, the wonderful operations in the sub-Himalayan region—our readers will find most ample and most interesting information in a work lately published by Captain Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers—a work which every candid Englishman will peruse with pride;\* and assuredly whenever a surplus revenue exists in India, the best employment of it, even in preference to the reduction of debt, will be found in a still wider application of the methods thus successfully exemplified.

Before we close our observations on one of the greatest questions awaiting the decision of Parliament, we are anxious to guard ourselves against the charge of indifference to the welfare of the Asiatic millions entrusted by Providence to the Crown of England, and of making their best interests a question entirely subordinate to the maintenance of her Eastern supremacy. It is true that we have presumed to differ in opinion from some very considerable authorities in regard to the introduction of natives into the higher ranks of office—on the ground that such an innovation would be dangerous to the connexion subsisting between Britain and India. Policy commands, we think, the avoidance of this danger—but philanthropy equally recommends it; for the internal tranquillity and prosperity of all India itself are at stake. Were the rule of the sojourning strangers to be subverted or weakened, there are now no elements amongst the natives for constructing either a general government or independent sovereignties; and the inevitable result must be anarchy and civil war, even to a greater extent than when a company of merchants laid the foundations of our marvellous dominion.

The preceding article was in the press before the Evidence taken by the late Committees of both Houses had been published. It is satisfactory to find that in most of our views we concur with Lord Hardinge, Lord Elphinstone, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Melville. We have not been

\* 'Italian Irrigation—a Report to the Court of East India Directors.' 2 vols. 8vo. 1852. See the Appendices to vol. i.



so fortunate as regards Lord Ellenborough, more especially as respects the expediency of intrusting the future government of India to the old Company. However, Lord Ellenborough can scarcely be considered an unprejudiced witness on this point.—

*Manet alia mente repostum  
Judicium Paridis, spreteque injuria forma.*

ART. IV—1. *Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes.* Par MM. Coulvier-Gravier et Seigey. Introduction Historique. Paris. 1847.

2. *Catalogue of Observations of Luminous Meteors.* By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. In *Reports of British Association*, for 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851.

3. *Humboldt's Cosmos.* Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Sabine. Vol. I. Section on Aerolites.

IN former articles of this Journal we have dwelt at some length on those peculiar characters which designate the physical science of our own time, and which have mainly contributed to its astonishing progress during the last half-century. Such are, first, the higher principles of inquiry into nature; involving in the case of each particular science the action of elements heretofore unknown, and the establishment of laws more general and profound than any before recognized:—secondly, the infinite increase of exactness required and obtained in all the methods of research, whether by observation or experiment:—and, thirdly, the intimate connexion established amongst different sciences—affording new illustrations to each—and tending towards those great generalizations which it is the object of all philosophy to obtain, not solely for the perfection of theory, but also for the most various and valuable application to the uses of man. We now revert to these characteristic distinctions because they are, all and each, strikingly illustrated by the subject before us—one of the most recent departments of physical knowledge, and hitherto very slenderly provided with facts fitted for the establishment of general laws; but gradually moulding itself into the forms of a science, and acquiring connexions with other branches of general physics, which every day tends to make closer and of higher interest.

In every age of the world, and in every region of it, there have been witnessed,

amidst the more constant aspects and phenomena of the heavens, those strangely irregular and vagrant lights, those 'fiery shapes and burning crescents,' which suddenly kindle into brightness above us, and as suddenly are lost again in darkness. Sometimes seen as globes of light in rapid movement—much more frequently under the aspect and name of *falling* or *shooting* stars, and these occasionally even crowding certain parts of the sky by their number—such appearances in former times were regarded either with dull amazement, or with superstitious awe as the omens of approaching events. Throughout all ages, moreover, reports have existed of masses of stone of various size falling from the sky, preceded by vivid light and explosion; and these occurrences, as might be supposed, have in all former times, and by every people, been similarly made the subject of superstitious belief. The Ancyle or sacred shield of Numa, the holy Kaaba of Mecca, the sword of the Mongolian Emperor, and the great stone of the pyramid at Cholula in Mexico, have all the same history annexed to them. They fell from heaven, and were venerated in their presumed divine origin. These falling stones, however, though more wonderful in many respects, were much less frequent than the meteoric lights which blazed before the eyes of nations; and they were for the most part very vaguely recorded. As we shall see afterwards, it is only within the last half-century that science has fully admitted them within her pale—reluctantly, it may almost be said, as well as tardily; and resting even more on proofs furnished by the physical characters of the falling bodies, than on the historical evidences of their descent.

Nevertheless, it is chiefly to the recognition of these Aerolites, or falling stones, that we owe the zealous scientific research which has since been given to the subject of meteors. However wonderful these phenomena might be in themselves, their aspects and periods were seemingly so irregular as to render them insusceptible of that classification of facts which is the basis of all true science. The untutored gaze of the multitude was for ages as productive of results as the observation of the naturalist; and until very recently the theories of the latter scarcely went beyond certain vague notions of inflammable gases or electrical actions in the atmosphere. The bog-vapour kindled above the earth, instead of on its surface—and, yet more, the phenomenon of lightning in its various forms—offered explanations just plausible enough to check further investigation: and when Franklin (now exactly one hundred years ago) first drew electrical sparks from a thun-



der-cloud, it seemed as if a sufficient cause for meteoric appearances had been fully obtained. Yet, though the dominion of this great element of Electricity has been extending itself to our knowledge ever since, we shall presently see that other causes are here concerned; and that we must carry our speculations still higher, before we can compass all the facts which modern observation has placed before us.

It will be readily conceived how much the admission of the fact, that Meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones or earthy and metallic matters from the sky, affected every part of this inquiry. And when Chemistry intervened, disclosing the singular and very similar composition of the bodies thus strangely conveyed to us, it became obvious that new elements were concerned, of which science was required to take larger cognizance. About the same period, research was more exactly applied to determine the height, velocity, and direction of meteors, and especially of falling stars, while luminous to the eye; the results of which inquiry, though embarrassed by various difficulties, tended yet further to remove their physical causes beyond the region of our globe, by showing their elevation above the atmosphere, their vast rapidity of passage through space, and lines of movement involving other forces than that of simple gravitation towards the earth. And when to such researches were added, more recently, certain remarkable facts as to the periodicity of falling stars, the inquiry assumed at once a *cosmical* character, associating itself with some of the movements and higher laws of the planetary system.

We have sketched this preliminary outline of the subject, from a feeling of the interest which ever attaches to the successive stages of a new science—those steps by which we ascend from the rude, doubtful, or superstitious record of isolated facts, to the absolute proof, the classification of phenomena, and the determination of the physical laws which govern them. Such notices are not more instructive as to the philosophy of the material world than in relation to the history of man himself, thus advancing in knowledge and power amidst the elements which surround him.\*

Though the subject of Meteors was thus brought within the domain of science, the difficulty remained of giving any classification to the phenomena, on which to base inquiry into their causes and physical con-

nexions. On what principle was it possible to arrange appearances so vague, and various in time, place, magnitude, and brilliancy? The simplest division is the only one yet admissible; expressing little more than those external aspects to which we have already alluded, without reference to the physical causes which are doubtless concerned in their varieties. First in order we have the globes or balls of light (*bolides*), appearing suddenly, and having certain physical characters, to which we shall afterwards advert. Secondly, falling or shooting stars (*étoiles filantes*), seen at all times and in all countries, but more numerously at certain periods, and more frequently under the clear skies of tropical regions. Thirdly, Aerolites, or meteoric stones, differing greatly in size and form, but with various characters showing a common origin, and this wholly alien to the planet on which they fall.

The spirit of inquiry awakened on the subject of Meteors, and the objects thus far defined, it was natural to recur to history and tradition for evidences of similar phenomena in prior ages. This research, as we have already intimated, was fertile of curious results—derived as well from the classical writers of Greece and Rome, as from the records of the dark ages and of every intervening century to our own time. The most remote regions, as well as periods, contributed to this testimony—the facts sometimes coloured by superstition, sometimes obscured by imperfect report; but numerous and exact enough for comparison with our own observations, and giving full proof of the uniformity of the phenomena throughout. Poetry naturally busied itself with these vagrant lights of heaven, and we might cite various passages from the Greek and Latin poets, which, though in some part ambiguous from the association of lightning with meteoric appearances, yet manifestly include the latter in their appeal to the imagination.\* The historians of antiquity denote them in more or less detail, and with various degrees of belief. The naturalists of Greece and Rome, from Aristotle down to Seneca and Pliny, have not only left descriptions copious enough to identify all the appearances with those of our own time, but have here and there offered suggestions as to natural causes

\* Virgil, in the more practical description of his *Georgics*, connects falling stars with the approach of wind—

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis  
Præcipites cælo labi, &c.

Both Theophrastus and Pliny admit the same idea. If this connexion were generally true, which we doubt, it probably depends merely on the rising wind dispelling vapours which before hid these meteors from sight.

\* It has been well said by Laplace, 'La connaissance de la méthode qui a guidé l'homme de génie, n'est pas moins utile au progrès de la science, et même à sa propre gloire, que ses découvertes.'

which are fairly admissible among the hypotheses of more recent date.

But the highest interest in these records of past times attaches itself to the fall of Aerolites; and as we propose to take this class of meteors first into view, we may reasonably dwell for a moment upon their early history. The phrases of *Lapidibus pluit, Crebri ceciderunt a caelo lapides, &c.*, are familiar to us from Livy, and may no longer be disregarded as the idle tales of a superstitious age. Æschylus, in the fragment we possess of his Prometheus Unbound, alludes to a shower of rounded stones sent down by Jupiter from a cloud. But the most remarkable and authentic record of antiquity is that of the massive stone which fell in the 78th Olympiad (about the time of the birth of Socrates), at Ægospotamos on the Hellespont—the place soon afterwards dignified, or defaced, as opinion may be, by that naval victory of Lysander which subjected Athens and Greece, for a time, to the Spartan power. The philosopher Anaxagoras was said to have predicted the fall of this stone from the Sun—a prediction, doubtless, like many others, following after the event. It is expressly mentioned by Aristotle; by the author of the Parian Chronicle; by Diogenes of Appollonia, who speaks of it as ‘falling in flames;’ and most fully by Plutarch and Pliny, both of whom distinctly state it to be shown in their time—that is, in the sixth century after its fall. Pliny’s description is well marked—*Qui lapis etiam nunc ostenditur, magnitudine vehis, colore adusto*; and he adds the fact that a burning comet (meteor) accompanied its descent.\*

We see no cause whatever to doubt the authenticity of this statement, of which the very phrase *colore adusto* is a striking verification. If the mass remained visible, and of such magnitude as described, down to Pliny’s time, it is far from impossible that it may even now be re-discovered—with the aid, perchance, of some stray tradition attached to the place—surviving, as often happens, the lapse of ages, the changes of

human dominion, and even the change of race itself on the spot. Only one slight effort, as far as we know, has been made for the recovery of this ancient aerolite. We marvel that some of our many Oriental travellers do not abstract a few days from the seraglios, mosques, and bazaars of Constantinople—and, we fear, we must further add, from the lounging life of the Pera Hotel,—to engage deliberately in the attempt. Fame earned by discovery in travel is no longer so common a commodity that the chances of it should be disdained. In this case the research, if successful, would be of interest enough both for history and science to perpetuate a man’s name.\*

While the antiquity of Greece and Rome, as well as the middle ages of Europe, furnish us only with scattered notices of these aerolites, it is far otherwise with the Chinese—that singular people, whose language, institutions, and methods of thought might almost suggest them as a race of men struck off from some other planet. There exist in China authentic catalogues of the remarkable meteors of all classes, aerolites included, which have appeared there during a period of 2400 years. To give an idea of the minuteness of these records—the translation of which we owe to the lamented Ed. Biot—it is enough to mention that in the three centuries from A.D. 960 to 1270 not fewer

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\* Though the locality of this stone is not further indicated than by the statement of its fall at Ægospotamos, yet the invariable manner in which it is thus described defines tolerably well the district to be examined. We learn from the old geographers that there was a town called Ægospotami on the Thracian side the Hellespont, and we may infer a stream or streams, from which its name was derived. The description of the naval fight and the situation relatively to Lampascus (the modern *Lamsaki*) further define the locality within certain limits. The traveller devoting himself to the research might make his headquarters at various places near to the spot in question. He should render himself previously familiar with the aspect of meteoric stones, as now seen in the Museums and Mineralogical Cabinets throughout Europe. He must study the character of the rocks and fragmentary masses in the vicinity, so as more readily to appreciate the differences of aspect. He must expect the possibility of a small part only of the mass appearing above the surface; and his eye must be awake and active for any such partial appearances. If the stone sought for were wholly concealed by alluvial deposits, the research of course would be vain, unless happily aided by some local traditions, as we have noticed above. Such traditions, even in the outset, should be sedulously sought for; the manner of doing which most effectively must be determined at the time and place. We will add further that the autumnal months should be avoided, as the malaria fever is rife at this season on the shores of the Dardanelles.

We could hardly hope to recover any remnant of the great stone which was seen to fall at Narni, A.D. 921, and is described as projecting four feet above the water of the river into which it fell.

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\* Plutarch, who reasons with force and pertinency as to the origin of this stone (in *Vita Lysandri*) explicitly states that it was still held in much veneration by the inhabitants of the Chersonesus. He also speaks of its vast size, and of the tradition of a fiery cloud or globe which preceded its fall. In his book *De Placit. Philos.* he alludes to it again, as *ποροειδὸς αὐτοῦ ὅθεν αὐτοῖς πέρσινον*. Pliny mentions a smaller meteoric stone, religiously preserved in the gymnasium at Abydos, also said to have been predicted by Anaxagoras. This coincidence of time and place might lead to the suspicion that both were derived from the same meteor. He further notices a stone of recent fall which he had himself seen at Vocontii in the province of Gallia Narbonensis—now Vaison in Provence.

than 1479 meteors are registered by the Chinese observers, who seem to have been officially employed for this purpose.\* It is only of late years that the science of Europe has placed itself in competition with these extraordinary documents. Though instances of falling stones were continually multiplying themselves in France, England, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, the only memoirs we know on the subject, before the time of Chladni, are that of the Jesuit Domenico Troili, and another we shall afterwards notice. The work of Chladni in 1794 formed an epoch in the study of meteorites. This philosopher, still better known by his admirable mode of demonstrating the vibrations and quiescent lines which enter into the phenomena of sound, was the first to collect all the authentic instances of aerolites; a catalogue much enlarged since, but very valuable at the time, and showing great zeal of research. Until this moment scarcely one man of science had given assent to, or even considered the subject as a matter of evidence. The speculations of Kepler, Halley, Maskelyne, and others, as to meteoric matters in the planetary space, scarcely touched upon the history or theory of meteoric stones. Yet it would seem a case where history had some claim to credit, since the facts were of a nature which imagination or fear could hardly mystify or distort. Meteors seen and heard to explode—stones at the same time falling to the earth, and frequently discovered and examined at the time of their fall—sometimes falling as single and heated masses, sometimes numerous enough to be described as a shower—these are things so simple and distinct in narrative that we could not easily refuse belief to them, even had we less testimony from similar occurrences in our own time. It is one of the many instances furnished by science of ancient truths, long obscured or discredited, coming suddenly into fresh light, and receiving illustration from new and unexpected sources. The chemist's crucible, and the eye of the mineralogist, disclosed results as to these stones which no conjecture could have anticipated, and eventually compelled the belief so long and obstinately denied.

The stone which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire, in 1795, was that which contributed most explicitly to this conversion. Its fall was seen by two persons, following an explosion in the air. It had penetrated to a

depth of 18 inches in the soil and chalk, whence it was taken. It weighed about 56 lbs. Happily it was placed in the hands of an able chemist of the time, Mr. Howard, whose analysis of it was published in the *Ph. Transactions* for 1802. Yet when Pictet, who had just come from England, read a communication to the French Institute on this subject, 'il y trouva une incrédulité telle qu'il lui fallut une sorte de courage pour achever sa lecture.' A month after, however, Vauquelin produced to the Institute an analysis of his own, fully confirming that of Howard—a few months later the great fall of stones, 2000 or 3000 in number, 'une véritable pluie des pierres météoriques,' occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy:—the information was obtained at the same time of a numerous shower of stones at Benares, on the Ganges—and similar evidences multiplied from every side. The fall at L'Aigle, however, may be noted above all, as it led to a minute local investigation by Biot; who hastened himself to the spot, and with characteristic zeal and ability not merely authenticated the event, but obtained proof as to various incidents attending it, of great value to the true theory of these falling bodies. Of these the most important was the fact, well ascertained, that the direction of the meteors from which the stones fell must have been oblique to the horizon.\* The convictions of a man like Biot, founded on personal investigation, may be fairly admitted as another epoch in the history of aerolites.

The striking concurrence of such instances with those of more ancient tradition overcame all remaining doubt; and when Chladni published his second and more valuable work in 1819, with a copious record of aerolites, registered according to the periods and places of their fall, as well as the directions of their line of descent, his statements were received with entire assent by the scientific world. His details had the effect not only of authenticating the fall of such stones from the sky, but further of assigning a meteoric character to certain strange ferruginous masses found in different countries, regarding which only vague traditions existed, or which had no history at all but that of their outward aspect. † These

\* The observations from the seventh century before Christ to 960 were derived by M. Biot from the work of Ma-touan-lin, an eminent Chinese author towards the end of the 13th century. Those of the three centuries succeeding A. D. 960 come under the annals of the dynasty of Soung, which during this period had dominion in China.

\* This was most ingeniously determined by observing the outline of the surface upon which the fall occurred—found to be elliptical, and not circular, as it would have been had they dropped vertically. The meteor was circular, large, and brilliant—and explosions were heard over a wide tract of country. The stones were hot, and exhaled a strong sulphurous smell.

† The total number of aerolites which Chladni has registered from the commencement of the

masses, some of them of vast weight and dimensions, and manifestly foreign to the localities in which they are found, have enough of kindred with aerolites to justify the name of meteoric iron, and to make it probable that they are of common origin. The largest yet known is the one estimated to weigh about 14,000 lbs.,—discovered at Otumpa, in Brazil, in a locality where there is no iron, nor rock of any kind near the surface. Another, little inferior in size, has been found near Bahia. A smaller mass, but nearer to us, is that from the neighbourhood of Andernach, weighing 3300 lbs. The volcanic locality might render the origin of this ambiguous; but its analysis by Professor Bischoff of Bonn, in showing a compound of soft metallic iron with a small proportion of nickel, leaves little doubt of its belonging to the class of meteoric bodies. Another remarkable specimen is the Siberian stone, described by Pallas, and which we have ourselves seen in the Imperial Museum at Petersburg, composed of soft spongy iron and olivine. The Tartars on the spot had a tradition of the fall of this stone from the sky, as the Mongolians have of a fragment of black rock, 40 feet high, near the sources of the Yellow River. The great Brazilian mass, as far as we can tell, has no story belonging to it.

Before proceeding to the theory of the bodies thus admitted to have been cast upon the earth, we must say something more of their chemical composition—inasmuch as this is not only remarkable in itself, but closely concerned in their theory, and with other speculations of high interest. Collecting the results of all the best analyses down to the present time, we find the actual number of recognised elements discovered in aerolites to be nineteen or twenty—that is, about one-third of the whole number of elementary substances (or what we are yet forced to regard as such) discovered on the earth. Further, all these aerolitic elements actually exist in the earth, though never similarly combined there. No new substance has hitherto come to us from without; and the most abundant of our terrestrial metals, iron, is that which is largely predominant in aerolites; forming frequently, as in some

of the instances just mentioned, upwards of 90 parts in 100 of the mass. Seven other metals—copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, chrome, manganese, and molybdena—enter variously into the composition of these stones. Cobalt and nickel are the most invariably present; but the proportion of all is trifling compared with that of iron. Further, there have been found in different aerolites six alkalies and earths; namely,—soda, potash, magnesia, lime, silica, and alumina; and in addition to these, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen. Finally, oxygen must also be named as a constituent of many aerolites, entering into the composition of several of the substances just mentioned.

As respects the manner of conjunction of these elements, it is exceedingly various in different aerolites. A few there are, especially examined by Berzelius and Rose, containing olivine, augite, hornblende, and other earthy minerals; and closely resembling certain crystalline compounds, which we find on the surface of the earth. But in much the larger proportion, as we have said, iron is the ruling ingredient; and we are justified in concluding that this metal, so remarkable an element in the composition of our globe, exists yet more abundantly in those parts of space, or in those aggregations of matter, whence such stones are projected upon the earth.

We need not expatiate on the value of these results. Curious and unexpected in themselves, they will be found, as we pursue our inquiry into the origin of aerolites, to possess a still higher interest as the exponents of conditions of matter extraneous to our own globe. We shall revert to them afterwards in this sense; expressing, meanwhile, our hope that these analyses will be sedulously multiplied as occasions may occur, so as to obtain some larger and more exact generalization of facts, or perchance the discovery of some element hitherto unknown to us. The same age which has created a circuit for human language and intelligence through wires, water, and rock; and has made the sunbeam execute in a few seconds the most delicate delineations of man and nature; may well aspire to carry its Chemistry into space, and to seek conclusions as to other matter than that which surrounds us on the surface of the earth. We may justly apply to the science of our own day a sentence of older date and other applications—*Si computes annos, exiguum tempus—si vices rerum, ævum putes.*

We have yet to notice briefly other physical characters belonging to these singular bodies. An important fact is their general fragmentary aspect, as if struck off or de-

Christian era to 1818 is 165, but some of these must be regarded as doubtful. The distribution of them by countries is chiefly of value as showing, what might have been expected, the universality of the phenomena over the earth. From 1600 to 1818 we have the record of 17 in Great Britain, 15 in France, 17 in Germany. As to the hours of falling, a large proportion are registered as having fallen during the day; but this difference is readily accounted for, and does not alone justify an inference as to inequality in the event.

tached from some larger mass. Their specific gravity varies greatly according to the proportion of metallic constituents, ranging from twice even to six or seven times the weight of water. The mean is considerably above that of the mineral masses on the surface of the earth, though much below 5.5, or the mean of the whole earth. A notable and very uniform character of aerolites is the shining dark crust enveloping them. It is generally very thin; but indicates by its aspect, and by its entire separation from the mass within, some rapid action of heat, which has not had time to penetrate more deeply into the substance of the stone.

The question as to the mean velocity of aerolites, in approaching the earth, can only be settled by approximation, and this perhaps not a very close one. The observations bearing on this point are limited, in great part, to the meteoric appearances preceding the fall. The conclusions obtained by Olbers and others would justify the belief in a mean velocity exceeding twenty miles in a second; a rate of movement further attested by the depth to which many of them penetrate into the earth; and becoming, as we shall presently see, an important element towards the solution of many questions in the theory of these bodies.

The main facts as to Aerolites thus authenticated, the question as to their origin comes yet more forcibly into view. And, in truth, there are few questions more curious—not less to the unenlightened than to men of science—in the novelty and vastness of the suggestions they press upon the mind. Whence, and by what force, do these stones—some of them so massive, all so remarkable in composition—descend upon the earth?

It could scarcely perhaps be surmised that five different solutions have been offered in answer to this question. We might even name six, could we for a moment admit the vague notion that these aerolites may be the product of our own volcanoes—stones forcibly ejected thence, partaking for a time of the motion of the earth; but in the end returning to it. The negative evidence here is so obvious and complete, that we have no need to do more than to slightly refer to it. This opinion has no longer a single advocate.

A second hypothesis, involving telluric origin, has little more of proof or probability to recommend it. This is, that stones do not actually fall, but that lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape, impinging upon the earth, fuses the earthy and metallic materials on the spot so as to admit of their re-consolidation in these new forms. Other refutation of this opinion is not needed than

a simple regard to the composition of aerolites, to their occasional magnitude, and to the great number often appearing at the same time. But, in truth, the notion is one that was never more than vaguely held, and has long since been given up as untenable.

Another solution still has been proposed, also deriving the phenomena from terrestrial causes. This is the hypothesis of atmospheric origin; adopted by many in the outset of the inquiry, from the seeming difficulty of carrying speculation beyond the limits of our globe. Using the fact just ascertained of the identity of the materials of aerolites with elements existing on the earth, they assumed (but without explaining the manner or course of such operation) that these elements might be slowly absorbed into the atmosphere, and retained there in a state of extreme diffusion, until some accidental agency (either electrical or force of other kind) caused their sudden aggregation, and precipitated them on the surface of the earth under the forms and conditions actually observed. In this theory the light, heat, and detonation attending their fall, were attributed to the vehemence of the forces and actions bringing these substances into a solid form, from their highly diffused or gaseous state. The opinion derived its chief authority from Dr. Izarn's *Lithologie Atmosphérique*—a book of merit as an historical record, but largely imaginative in all that relates to these metallic and earthy vapours—*massées sphériquement, et isolées les unes des autres*—which he presumed to exist in the atmosphere around us.

We speak of this theory in the past tense, because, though at first taken up by many, it was impossible long to maintain it, in the absence of all proof, and in the face of facts which gave it every character of physical impossibility. Vauquelin, to whom Izarn addressed his views, explicitly repelled them:—‘J’aime encore mieux croire que ces pierres viennent de la lune, que d’admettre que les substances les plus fixes que nous connaissons se trouvent en assez grande quantité dans l’atmosphère pour y produire des concrétions aussi considérables que celles qu’on dit en être tombées.’ We hardly, indeed, need comment on the infinite improbability that such materials as iron, nickel, silic, magnesia, &c., should be absorbed into, and exist in the atmosphere—exist, too, in its upper and lighter stratum, since the most refined analysis has detected no such elements in the lower. Not less improbable is it that matters diffused with such exquisite minuteness, as these hypothetically must be, should thus suddenly coalesce into a dense solid. The action of centripetal ag-

gregation must be carried on simultaneously over a vast extent of space to produce such effect; nor, in truth do we yet know any physical force or law capable of the peculiar action required. A more positive objection to the atmospheric theory is the direction of movement and fall, as repeatedly ascertained in the case of these bodies. Had they been formed in the atmosphere, whatever the process of aggregation, their fall must have been perpendicular to the earth's surface at the place, instead of oblique, as we generally find it to be.

Thus compelled to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of lunar origin next came into notice, and was discussed or advocated by philosophers of much higher eminence. Wonder has been called the mother of Wisdom, and bare conjecture has oftentimes long anteceded the researches and results of more exact science. A fall of stones at Milan, about the year 1660, by which a Franciscan monk was killed—one of three or four recorded instances of death from this cause—led a naturalist of that country, Paolo Terzago, to publish his conjecture that these stones might come from the moon. Another great fall of aerolites at Sienna, 134 years afterwards, brought the higher genius of Olbers to researches founded on the same idea, which seems to have been dormant in the interval. In 1795 he examined the question of the initial velocity required to project a body from the surface of the moon so that it might reach the earth, and determined this to be about 8000 feet in a second. The lunar theory, and the dynamic questions connected with it, which Humboldt whimsically entitles the *ballistisches problem*, speedily engaged the attention of other philosophers. A characteristically bold and terse speech of Laplace, at the Institute, in December, 1802, gave impulse as well as sanction to the inquiry. It was made on the occasion, already alluded to, when the report of the analysis of meteoric stones by Howard and Vauquelin, and the inferences thence derived, still found an incredulous audience in this learned body.

To that of Laplace may be added the other eminent names of Poisson, Biot, and Berzelius, as successively engaged with the hypothesis of lunar origin; and their respective calculations of the projectile force required were sufficiently alike to justify the conclusion of Olbers, stated above. The argument then stood, and still stands, thus. It is well known that the hemisphere of the moon, permanently opposed to the earth, offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters—the latter resem-

bling very exactly in character those of our own volcanos, but much more spacious and profound.\* That internal forces exist, or have existed, within this satellite, capable of powerfully disrupting, elevating, and projecting from its surface, must be deemed certain in fact, notwithstanding that all astronomical observation goes to disprove the existence of a lunar atmosphere or lunar seas. Why not suppose stones to be projected thence (no atmospheric pressure existing to retard or arrest them) with force enough to depass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? The calculations just referred to concur in the result, that an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from the cannon's mouth might carry a stone so far that it would not return to the moon, but either continue to revolve subordinatedly to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere. Berzelius went further in his adoption of the lunar hypothesis; and, looking to the chemical composition of aerolites, ingeniously conjectured that an excess of iron on one side of the moon might fairly account for the fact of this side being constantly opposed to the magnetic globe of the earth.

The hypothesis, thus powerfully advocated, has been displaced, not so much by recent negative proofs, as by the want of further and more assured evidence; and by the introduction of different views, which connect the phenomena of aerolites more directly with those of other meteors, and associate the whole with the general conditions of the planetary system. The lunar theory, to say the least of it, has remained stationary at the point whence it started; nor is there, as far as we can see, any source of fresh knowledge within our reach. Even with the powerful telescopes we now possess no proof has been obtained of present volcanic activity in the moon; and, looking backwards to that which may have existed heretofore, we must admit the need of a projectile force much greater than the first presumed, to explain the actual mean velocity of aerolites in approaching the earth. It has been calculated

\* The great works of Schrötter, and Beer and Mädler, on the Moon, are well known to our astronomical readers. Not equally known are the singular researches of Mr. Nasmyth, of Manchester, on a certain definite portion of the moon's surface, about as large as Ireland, named in lunar topography *Morvylchus*. Several years of constant observation given to that one region—a limitation of object generally fertile of results—have enabled this diligent observer to construct a model and maps on a large scale, wonderfully illustrating the volcanic character of the moon's surface, and the vast changes by disruption and elevation which have occurred there.

by Olbers (and we believe not disputed) that the initial velocity at the moon, to satisfy this condition, must be twelve or fourteen times greater than that assigned by Laplace and others:—a projectile force far exceeding that of our own volcanoes—and which, did it exist, would not cast these masses upon the earth, but cause them, as Olbers and Bessel have shown, to revolve in orbits about the sun.

Another hypothesis, having kindred with the one just considered, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed ancient planet between Mars and Jupiter, the disruption of which has produced the numerous small planets or asteroids, whose excentric orbits cross and crowd each other in this part of the heavens. But a few years ago and only four of such ultra-zodiacal bodies were known to us. The position and peculiar orbits of these justified Olbers in his bold conjecture of their fragmentary nature; an opinion greatly strengthened by the later discovery of eleven others in the same interplanetary space, six of which we owe to the admirable observations of Mr. Hind, working with his telescopes in the Regent's Park, almost in the midst of our foggy and smoky metropolis. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact admeasurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body, we may reasonably infer that the same disruptive force which separated them must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to that of the primitive planet in proportion to their smallness. It is another question, however, whether any of these orbits could be such as to bring them in proximity to, and within attraction of the earth. It will be seen that this is simply a question of possibility, to which little or nothing can be added, or hoped for, in the way of evidence. Like the lunar hypothesis, it remains a mere speculation; affected chiefly by the proofs which have given stronger presumption to another theory.

It is this theory of which we have yet to speak—the one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms; and recognizing in all an origin alien to, and beyond the limits of the earth, finds its origin in the interplanetary spaces which were heretofore regarded as void in nature; or, if not such, occupied by an imponderable ether, hardly known to us but as a name. Many circumstances have tended gradually to create new views on this subject; and especially the discovery of the vast number of cometa-

ry bodies traversing these spaces in all directions—varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits, and periods of revolution—undergoing great changes even while within our view—some of them seemingly lost—the orbits of others altered by their approach to the greater planets—one or two, of short periods of revolution—affording proof, by the successive abridgment of their periods, of a resisting medium through which they are moving in their orbits. While contemplating space as thus occupied by so many forms of matter, in such various degrees of concentration, yet all in constant motion, we cannot but suppose that portions of matter still smaller, or more attenuated, may be in movement around us; apparent only when they come into such contiguity to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous by its influence. Meteoric stones, we have already seen, are proved to come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, and to enter it with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting stars and meteoric globes of light. Here, then, we have a bond of connection, associating these phenomena under certain common physical forces; while yet leaving ample room for those causes of diversity on which depend the aspects of the different classes of meteors, as well as the individual character of each. Matter in one form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving, is the element with which our inquiry has to deal.

We refer here to the movement of the earth, as well as of these fragmentary or nebulous matters, because both must be supposed concerned in the results. Perhaps some readers, even though not wholly unfamiliar with these subjects, may take no offence at our reminding them that the globe on which we dwell is at every moment submitted to three separate but simultaneous motions—of rotation round its axis—revolution round the sun—and lastly, that vast and mysterious movement by which it is carried, with the sun and entire planetary system, through unknown regions of space—whether as the portion of an orbit round some remote centre of attraction, ages may yet be required to show. The grandeur which belongs to such combinations of force, space, and time, cannot be expressed by mere words, and can scarcely be appreciated by numbers. It needs a particular faculty to follow with full comprehension these greater phenomena of the universe; and especially those of sidereal astronomy, to which belongs the translation of the solar system just noticed. It is the peculiar



glory of astronomical science in our own time—the glory of such men as Herschel, Bessel, Struve, and Argelander—to have determined proper motions in those great luminaries which bear the name of *fixed stars*—to have assigned orbits and periods of revolution to numerous double stars—to have obtained the parallax and measured the distance of many—to have determined not only the proper motion of our own sun but also its direction and rate of translation in space. Few can fully understand all that is required in such researches—the time and intense watchfulness; the exquisite delicacy of instrumental observation; and yet more the genius and mathematical power which can elicit certainty from amidst the conflicting conditions seeming to render it impossible.

Tempted by the subject to this short digression, we now recur to the argument before us, in which we may presume the second motion of the earth—that of revolution about the sun—to be chiefly concerned. When we consider this orbit to be so vast that we are, on the 1st of July, distant nearly 190 millions of miles from the place we occupied on the 1st of January, returning again to the same point six months afterwards, we obtain some conception, though a faint one in reality, of the spaces passed through in this great annual motion. If, then, there be other portions of matter—whencesoever derived, and however fragmentary or attenuated in form and kind—revolving round the Sun—(and we cannot suppose any matter to be stationary in space)—it is easy to conceive that the progressive motion of the earth may bring it into such proximity to the numerous and excentric orbits of these meteorites or asteroids, that they become submitted to its influence, and deflected more or less from their course, as we know comets to be by the vicinity of planets—some actually impinging upon the earth in the form already described—others simply becoming luminous through certain arcs of their orbits. The number of such orbital interferences or collisions—indicated, as the theory presumes, by luminous globes, shooting stars, and aerolites—may startle some as an objection; but astronomy everywhere deals in numbers which surpass all common comprehension, yet are justified in so many cases by certitude of proof that we cannot refuse belief in others where the evidence is still incomplete. Arago, following one of Kepler's bold anticipations, has calculated that there may be eight millions of comets having their revolution within the solar system. Meteorites, according to the present

view, approach nearest to the character and condition of comets. The orbits of the matter thus revolving whether it be dense or infinitely attenuated, are probably as excentric, and have the same vast interplanetary spaces open to them. Numbers, then, need not perplex us here; and especially if admitting a view we shall notice hereafter, as to the seeming periodicity of the great showers of shooting stars.

This *cosmical* theory of meteors in general has undoubtedly been gaining ground of late years—while other hypotheses have been stationary or retrograde. It has derived argument and illustration from the whole course of physical research during this period, with the effect of giving a new aspect to the phenomena, and associating them together as parts of a larger system and more general laws. We have placed the *Cosmos* of Humboldt (though heretofore reviewed separately) among the works at the head of this article, because we desire all our readers to recollect that no philosopher has been more earnest in expounding and enforcing the opinion that asteroids or aerolites are independent portions of matter in space; becoming luminous meteors or projectiles, when their orbits approach within certain distances of that of the earth. He avows, when leaving the subject, that he has lingered upon it with predilection (*mit Vorliebe*), and the whole course of his argument shows this to be so. Sir J. Herschel, an equal authority, expresses the same view, as the only one which comprises, or adequately explains, all the phenomena; thus confirming and defining the expression of Laplace (in his speech of December, 1802) as to aerolites, that 'according to every probability they come to us from the depths of the celestial space.'

There arise out of this theory various physical questions—some of which we cannot omit to notice. One of these respects the luminous and ignited condition of meteorites when approaching the earth. Though it seems certain that some alteration of state beyond mere change of direction is produced by this proximity; and though condensation of the air, from the extreme velocity of falling stones, might doubtless produce the heat, combustion, and explosion attending their fall; yet from the elevation of many meteors, brilliant in light, above the recognised limits of the atmosphere, we are bound to suppose other causes also concerned. Modern science teaches us that ignition (*viz.* light and heat) occurs in various cases without the presence of air. In this case it may possibly be magnetical in kind—a supposi-



tion authorised by the discoveries of the last few years, which make it probable that this great element is largely engaged even in the astronomical conditions of the universe. The paper recently published by Professor Faraday on the Physical Lines of Magnetic Force, while marked by all the modesty of his genius, is profoundly suggestive of relations of this kind yet unexplored, and of forces pervading space in lines of action differing from any other of which we have yet cognizance. But we have no right to carry suggestion further on a point to which even the ability of Poisson has been directed without any determinate conclusion.

Considering that all meteors involve the presence of matter in some form, and that aerolites show it by precipitation of solid masses on the earth, it is a question of interest what happens in the cases where we have not this direct result. The answer can hardly go beyond conjecture. Many meteors, even those containing solid matter, may be deflected in such degree towards the earth as to become luminous in a part of their course, yet still preserve their own independent orbits. Others, again, may undergo explosion or disruption during this contiguity, and throw down the same matters as those contained in meteoric stones, but under the form of powder or dust. Though this result is obviously more difficult of discovery, yet we have numerous proofs of the fact in the records of every age. Then, further, it is to be remembered how very small a proportion of the aerolites falling can come within human observation. The chances against any one stone being seen to fall on the earth are so numerous as to be hardly calculable. The sight of such an event is the exception, and not the rule. Weighing this rightly, and taking into account also that the ocean covers about three-fourths of the globe, we shall not be greatly surprised at the estimate of Schriebers that upwards of 700 meteoric stones may fall annually upon our globe. It is only in the present state of science, when the most minute quantities are subjected to notice and calculation, that we could allude without ridicule to the fact of the increment thus made, and continually making, in the amount of solid matter of the globe. In theory this cannot happen without some certain amount of positive effect. In reality, we must consider the augmentation so small that it may be disregarded as a cause of any change in the motions or condition of our planet.

We may further notice here a curious remark of Olbers, that no meteoric stones have ever been found embedded in strata of the

secondary or tertiary formations; and we have no direct proof, therefore, that any fall previously to the last great change of the earth's surface. This negative fact, however, cannot yet be admitted into argument. The careful examination of such rocks is still of recent date—fossils of other kinds have alone been sought for—while many meteoric stones are so easily disintegrated, by the iron they contain passing into the state of hydrated oxide, that they may have become wholly incorporated with the earthy masses surrounding them. The chances, therefore, are very great against their detection in these rocks; but time may yet show, what must meanwhile be deemed probable as a fact, that the phenomenon of their fall existed long before man had his place allotted him on this our globe.

We have in some part already adverted to the remarkable inferences and suggestions derived from the composition of meteoric stones. These bodies afford us glimpses into the history of matter foreign to the world in which we ourselves live. They represent another domain of nature; yet connected with our own by the signal fact, also derived from them, that the matter is the same in kind as that which surrounds us here. One-third of the whole number of known elementary substances enter into their composition; iron, as we have seen, largely predominating over the rest—and associated occasionally with minerals resembling closely the hornblende, augite, and olivine of our own rocks. While the materials, however, are thus alike, they differ much in the manner of arrangement and proportions of their parts from any compound bodies hitherto known to us; and are of deep interest, therefore, as representing an aggregation, distinct from that of the earth, of the same elements diffused beyond its sphere. Almost might we venture to call them specimens of planetary matter, since that which exists in the space intermediate between the earth and other planets may have the same relation to both. And if indulging in such speculation, we might go yet further, and find argument in these facts for that great theory of modern astronomy, which regards all the planets as formed by the successive condensation of rings of nebulous matter, concentric with the Sun—the matter being the same, but variously aggregated, from physical causes varying during the condensation of each planet.

Our readers will thank us for quoting an eloquent passage from Humboldt in relation to this subject. After alluding to the several media, light, radiant heat, and gravitation,

through which we hold relation to the world of nature without, he adds:—

‘But if in shooting stars and meteoric stones we recognize planetary asteroids, we are enabled by their fall to enter into a wholly different and more properly material relationship with cosmical objects. Here we no longer consider bodies acting upon exclusively from a distance, but we have actually present the meteorical particles themselves, which have come to us from the regions of space, have descended through our atmosphere, and remain upon the earth. A meteoric stone affords us the only possible contact with a substance foreign to our planet. Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, calculation, and the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyse a substance belonging to the world without. The imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated, by a spectacle in which the uncultivated hind sees only a train of fading specks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the black stone which falls from the thundering cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature.’

Though no new element has yet been discovered in meteoric stones, we must not carry this negative beyond present proof. Analyses of other specimens may afford other results; and we are not yet warranted in omitting any opportunity of further research. Besides the chance of new ingredients, such examination enables us to classify with more certainty these products of other regions of space, and thereby better to interpret the mystery of their origin and movements.

Another speculation still occurs in connexion with aerolites. The researches of the last fifty years have disclosed to us some twenty new substances, hitherto undecomposed, and most of them metallic in kind. Certain of these substances exist only in single specimens—others are rare in occurrence and small in quantity. It has puzzled naturalists to conceive the purpose which matters thus rare and insulated can fulfil in the economy of our globe. It is hardly probable, though possible, that these minute superficial specimens represent larger quantities in the interior of the earth. But is it not conceivable, looking to the composition of aerolites, that some of their elements, thus rare with us, may enter more abundantly into the composition of other planetary bodies? In the varying conditions of magnitude, figure, and specific gravity, as well as in the especial peculiarities of rings, belts, satellites, &c., we have the certain proof of different modes of aggregation in each case. May we not reasonably suppose that this difference has extended to the kind

and proportion of the elements thus segregated and condensed from the vast material for which we vainly seek a befitting name? Speculations such as these do not fairly enter within the domain of science, but they border upon it, and now and then become the paths leading to new and unexpected truths. The objects of research are seemingly, indeed, too remote for access; but we have just seen how strangely some of them are actually brought within our reach. And when a single small instrument, like the polariscope, suffices to tell us the condition of light, whether issuing or reflected from a body a hundred million of miles distant in space—or when the perturbations of certain known planets are made by the astronomer to indicate the place and motions of one yet wholly unknown—it becomes difficult to despair of anything which time and genius may yet effect in the discovery of truth.

So far on the subject of aerolites, more especially; of which we have spoken thus fully, regarding this class of meteoric phenomena as best interpreting the others treated of in the works before us. It will have been seen already how closely all are allied, as well in various points of outward aspect, as in regard to the questions which concern their real nature and origin. One effect of this has been to render somewhat obscure to the untutored reader much of what even the ablest men have written on the subject. In the work of MM. Gravier and Saigey, for instance, the history of Meteorites, though divided into periods, is perplexed by the continual passage from one class to another, and from observation to theory. We have at least endeavoured to avoid this perplexity as far as seemed to ourselves possible in our actual ignorance of many of the relations of the phenomena. In proceeding now to those of the meteoric globes or fire-balls, and the shooting-stars, we are following a provisional arrangement, which may hereafter be cancelled; and are adopting names as we find them, since no better nomenclature has yet been brought to this part of science. The same thing has happened in other sciences; and such steps are natural in the history of all human progress.

The luminous globes are those in closest connexion with aerolites:—inasmuch as we have various well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of such appearances, and in sequel to explosions which would seem to rend asunder some larger volumes of matter. The following description of the ordinary character of the

*Bolide* we take chiefly from our French authors, who correct some exaggerations of Chladni on this subject. They have claim to be considered an authority, since one of them, by incessant observation for several years, witnessed as many of these great meteors as the actual number noted during the same period by all other observers in every part of the globe.

These meteors appear to move in the arcs of great circles. They do not come equally from all points of the horizon, but affect certain principal directions. No movement of rotation is recognized in them. Their apparent disk is greatly enlarged by irradiation; and is occasionally seen to exceed the circumference of the full moon—which, at the distance of 110 miles, would give a diameter of about a mile. Their form is always circular. The amount of their illumination is much less than that of the moon. Their height is various, but often far beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They appear and disappear suddenly, without sensible change of diameter; sometimes bursting, but without noise; and often leaving a train of light behind. Their duration seldom exceeds a few seconds. Their velocity approximates to that of the earth, or other planets.

One curious fact relating to these meteors, and still more to shooting-stars, is, that they appear now and then to ascend, or to alternate in ascent or descent, as if new and opposite forces were suddenly brought into action. Chladni and others have sought explanation of this, either in resistance of the air compressed by rapid descent, or in the effects of explosion or ignition in the masses themselves. More recently, however, doubt has been thrown on the reality of these appearances, and the authority of Bessel as to their improbability is one that must have much weight on the subject. Still it is a point open to future observation and inquiry.

As is the case in every other part of science, the record of facts regarding these igneous meteors has become of late years infinitely more copious and exact. We have already noticed the extraordinary Chinese register, brought down from a very remote date. No other country, nor any age before the present, furnishes a like document. The first formal catalogue of remarkable meteors, of all classes, is that of a very eminent observer, M. Quetelet, published in 1837; and again, with large additions, in 1841. There soon followed the catalogue of Mr. Herriek, in America, and that of M. Chasles, presented to the Académie des Sciences in 1841—containing much curious retrospective information, and particularly as to the recorded falls of shooting-stars. The latest

catalogue is that by Professor Baden Powell—presented in series at the five last meetings of the British Association, and published in their Annual Reports. Professing to be merely a continuation of Quetelet's Catalogue, and to form a nucleus for future collection, it is, in truth, a most copious and valuable register of these phenomena, attesting—if any attestation were necessary—the equal zeal and ability of its author. We will not call it complete, because no record of these vagrant and fugitive appearances can be so. We do not, for instance, find noted in the Report for 1851 a very remarkable meteor, of which we ourselves witnessed the appearance and disruption on the 30th September, 1850, from the Observatory at Cambridge, in Massachusetts; and which has been fully described by Mr. Bond, the distinguished astronomer of that university.\* But many of these *lacunæ* will be filled up; and meanwhile the catalogue is ample enough to furnish an admirable basis for future observation and theory.

We have noted the frequent connexion of these igneous meteors with falling stones; and this is, in truth, the question of greatest interest regarding them. Are they always associated with some form of matter analogous to that of known aerolites, but which escapes detection, either by falling out of human sight, or by the passage forwards of the meteor in its orbit, without precipitation of its contents? Taking the question generally, we incline to answer at once in the affirmative. It must be admitted that stones have sometimes fallen from what seems to be a clear heaven; or with no other appearance than that of a small circular cloud suddenly forming in the sky. But these, as far as we know, are events of the daytime; and what is seen as a dark form under the light of the sun may appear a fiery globe in the darkness of night. If it be well proved, in a few cases that these fire-balls exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth, the presumption becomes strong that analogous meteorological elements are present in all, whether precipitated or not. M. Saigey does not fully admit the relation of bolides and

\* The most striking circumstances in this meteor were, the long time (more than an hour) the nebulous light was visible after the explosion—the great distinctness of the nucleus, an elongated luminous space being projected, as it were, ahead of it—the perfectly cometary figure and aspect of the meteor a quarter of an hour after its first appearance, a fact strongly adverted to by Mr. Bond—and the rotary motion of the luminous elongation—amounting to nearly 90° within twenty minutes, producing a sort of whorl, resembling some of the nebulae so beautifully depicted from Lord Rosse's late observations.

aerolites; but we believe the argument fairly to stand as we have stated it.

The subject of Shooting Stars (*étoiles filantes*) separates itself somewhat further from the phenomena already described, though still manifestly connected in various ways. The more important peculiarities here are the smaller size of these meteors; their infinitely greater frequency; the arcs they describe; their frequent occurrence in showers; and the observed periodicity in certain of these latter occurrences. The difference of magnitude is the least important of their characters; since we find every gradation of size, from the shooting scintilla of light to globes large as the moon. Those gradations, partially visible to any eye gazing into the depths of the sky on a clear night, are especially seen during the showers of stars just adverted to. The periodicity of some of these showers is the point of greatest interest in the inquiry; a research still very imperfect, but which time is certain to complete, and probably at no distant period.

The common aspect of shooting stars needs no description. It was one of the earliest objects of science, as directed to them, to determine their heights, duration, and velocity; and on these points we owe much to the persevering labours of Brandes and Benzenburgh; an ample narrative of whose observations is given in the French work before us. Begun as early as 1798, they were continued at intervals of time, and in different places, for a period of thirty-five years; Brandes dying in 1834, just after he had received the account of that prodigious fall of shooting stars in America, on the 12th and 13th November, which gave at once larger scope and better definition to all our views of these phenomena. To determine the points just mentioned, it was essential to have two observers at least, and a base of sufficient length for separate observation. Equally essential was it to assure the identity of the objects seen; for which recourse was had to the exact time of appearance, as well as to the apparent brilliancy, swiftness, and length of train of each star observed. Observation strictly simultaneous was needful to success; and this could only be got by knowing the precise difference of longitude between the stations. The base first taken, two leagues in length, proved too short to furnish the parallax required. In 1801 the inquiry was resumed, with the aid of two fresh observers; and four points were taken, the extremes of which, Hamburgh and Elberfeld, were about 200 miles distant. Here again it may be presumed that the separation was

too great, since, out of a great number observed, only five shooting stars could be actually identified. But this paucity of positive results is familiar to practical astronomy; and Benzenburgh consoled himself in quoting the phrase of Lalande: 'Il n'y a que les astronomes qui sachent par combien d'observations manquées on en achète une seule qui réussit.'

During the remainder of the period we have named, similar observations were repeated by the same and many other observers, in various parts of Germany, with different lengths of base, and aided by formulæ which Olbers and Erman had respectively suggested. Such, however, was the difficulty of establishing identity, that in 1823, a year particularly devoted to this research, out of 1712 shooting stars actually observed, only thirty-seven could be conclusively regarded as the same seen at different stations. Nevertheless many valuable results were obtained, sufficient to indicate the general character of these meteors, and to associate them more closely with the fire-balls before described. Their height—varying, of course, in different shooting stars, and at the moments of appearance and disappearance of each—was found to range from 15 to 140 or 150 miles—(some statements much higher than these are made doubtful by the smallness of the parallax); their velocity to be that of planetary bodies, reaching frequently to thirty miles in the second. These conditions, together with the directions of the paths they describe in reference to the motion of the earth, suffice to assign their place as parts of the planetary system, however small or attenuated the aggregations of matter thus presented to us.

A far more striking evidence, however, to this effect speedily followed, from the discovery of a periodical character in some of those showers of meteors, which at certain times startle the spectator by their number and brilliancy. The earliest suggestion of this arose from an extraordinary apparition of such meteors in the northern part of the United States on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833; the description of which in much detail was given by Professor Olmsted, of New Haven, and other observers. The asteroids composing this fiery shower graduated from the simple phosphorescent line of the shooting star to luminous globes of the moon's diameter—all of them conforming to one condition (the most important of the facts observed), that of issuing from the same point in the constellation Leo; and continuing to proceed from this point, though the rotation of the earth during the progress of

the phenomena had greatly changed its apparent place in the heavens. The value of this observation was at once recognised. Sporadic shooting-stars are observed to traverse the sky in all directions. But these multitudinous meteors of a night, in their radiation from one point, showed a common origin, and the approach of the earth in its orbit to some other revolving volume of matter, visible only through the changes made by this approximation.

Intelligence of this event, confirmed by other observers in different localities, awakened a new and keener interest in the subject. Reference was made to the same date in antecedent years, and several instances discovered in which about the 12th of November extraordinary falls of shooting stars had occurred;—the most remarkable, that described by Humboldt and Bompland in 1799, which occurred to their observation at Cumana, but was seen very extensively over the earth. Earnest expectation also was directed towards the future. On the night of the 12th November, 1834, shooting-stars were very numerous seen by the same American observers, and proceeding from the same point in the heavens; but the light of the moon rendered the results partial and uncertain. In succeeding years the phenomena were more vaguely seen, or altogether absent; except in 1837 and 1838, when they recurred, but more partially as to localities. In the former year, for instance, they formed a striking spectacle in some parts of England, while scarcely visible in Germany. Though M. Saigey imputes much exaggeration in numbers to the Transatlantic reports, they have been admitted by the very highest men of science—Arago, Biot, Herschel, Humboldt, Encke, &c.—as fully proving the periodical return of certain groups of asteroids, or of the matter generating them. To Encke we owe the calculation that the point in Leo, from which these November meteorites issued, is precisely the direction in which the earth was moving in its orbit at this particular time—a fact, the value of which in relation to their theory will readily be understood.

But the eager attention now given to the subject speedily evoked other results. It was found, as well from prior record as from present observation, that November was not the sole period of recurrence of such phenomena. Tradition, both in England and elsewhere, pointed out the 10th of August, St. Lawrence's day, as frequently marked by these fiery showers. In some parts of Germany the belief ran that St. Lawrence wept *tears of fire* on the night of his fête. An old monkish calendar, found at Cam-

bridge, reciting the natural events which belong to different days of the year, designates this day as one of meteors (*meteorodes*). We find a curious notice by Sir W. Hamilton of such a shower, as he witnessed it at Naples on August 10, 1799. In 1839 these August asteroids were very remarkable; and it has been distinctly ascertained that they proceeded from a point in the heavens between Perseus and Taurus, in direction towards which point the earth traverses a tangent to her orbit at the time—a very striking concurrence with the facts just stated respecting the November phenomena. Further research has indicated other times of the year—in April, July, and December—marked by like periodical appearances; but the evidence is less distinct, and does not go further than to justify the demand for future and multiplied observations.

The admission of these wonderful facts created instant inquiry into their cause. No theory was seemingly tenable which did not recognise in some form a revolution round the Sun of the matter composing or evolving these asteroids. Professor Olmsted, and other American naturalists, fresh from the spectacle that had been before their eyes, took up the question before it had been treated in Europe; and the former, collecting all the facts, deduced from them the existence of a nebulous cloud or mass of meteoric stars, approaching the earth at particular periods of its revolution, under conditions as to time, direction, and physical changes from proximity, which we have not space to detail. His speculation that this meteoric cloud might be part of the solar nebula known under the name of the Zodiacal Light, was taken up and enlarged upon by Biot, in a memoir read before the Académie des Sciences in 1836. The first exact observer of the zodiacal light, Cassini, had long before inferred that it consists of divided or diffused planetary matter. It is shown by Biot that on the 13th of November the earth is in such relative position that it must necessarily act by attraction or contact upon the material particles of which this nebula is composed, producing phenomena which we may reasonably consider to be represented by these meteoric showers. He carries the same theory to the explanation of the sporadic shooting-stars of ordinary nights, by supposing that the habitual passage of Mercury and Venus across the more central regions of this nebula must have dispersed innumerable particles in orbits very little inclined to the ecliptic, and so variously directed that the earth may encounter, attract, and render them luminous in every part of its revolution.

Objections have been raised to this theory, and it remains without any fresh confirmation. But under any form that can be given to the question before us, it seems needful, as we have said, to assume for its solution the existence of matter, revolving either in zones or in separate masses and groups, containing the material of these asteroids. The hypothesis of matter thus arranged, having periods of revolution more or less regular, and intersecting the orbit of the earth in certain points at certain times, has been adopted by Arago, Herschel, and other eminent astronomers; and the conception of a zone or zones of such matter is admitted as best fulfilling on the whole the conditions of the problem. Under this view of revolution, already expounded in a more general way as applied to meteors of every class, we obtain the only clear notion of a cause of periodicity—the law being the same which governs the planetary system at large, and even the most excentric motions depending on the great principle which maintains general order throughout the universe.

It must be admitted that this theory materially changes our manner of viewing the interplanetary spaces around us. No longer regarded as a void—or filled solely by a subtle ether, imponderable and unseen—these spaces now present themselves as occupied in various parts by matter apparently of the same nature as those of which our globe is composed—but either not yet aggregated into planetary forms, or detached from planetary bodies previously existing. If adopting this idea of meteoric zones or rings, we must necessarily admit several such; leaving open to future research the questions whether they are of uniform composition and arrangement? whether there is any proof of a progression in the line of nodes, or of oscillation from perturbations? whether we may attribute to them the occasional obscuration of the sun for short periods, which we find on frequent record? and on what physical causes depend the luminous globes and shooting-stars which emanate from them on approaching the earth?

Other questions there are, awaiting the possible solution of the future, some of which our readers will already infer. To explain the appearance of single meteors, always so sudden, often so brilliant—as well as the more substantial phenomenon of falling stones—must we not suppose detached portions of matter, equally revolving as the zones which pour forth periodical showers, but each with an independent orbit of its own? what physical causes can have produced such separate accumulation or conso-

lidation of these portions of matter? Both analogy and the known laws of the mechanism of the heavens furnish a certain explanation of zones or rings, but we have no similar aid to our understanding of these insulated masses moving in space. Are they *residual* merely upon the consolidation of larger bodies? or must we regard them as detached by some unknown force from bodies already consolidated? The fragmentary character of aerolites, as well as the materials composing them, might suggest the latter idea, and the numerous group of excentric planetoids between Mars and Jupiter give sanction to it; but we have already followed out the argument derived from these sources, and seen how much is wanting to its certainty and completion.

Before closing our article we must make more particular mention of the valuable work composed by M. Saigey, but recording, in sequel to an Historical Introduction, those long series of observation by M. Coulvier-Gravier, in which latterly the writer himself took an important share. We prefer such separate notice, both because these researches are little known in this country; and because their purport will be better understood from the relation already given of the previous state of knowledge and opinion on the subject. We ought to begin with stating that M. Saigey acquiesces only very partially in the conclusions we have described, as adopted by the most eminent scientific men of the age. He contends that these conclusions are premature; based in many points on doubtful or insufficient observations, and pressed forward by the zeal of astronomers relying too much on analogies drawn from their own more certain science. He asserts that longer and closer research into facts is needful to all theory on the subject; and justifies this by the record of results which show at least that other and new conditions must be added to the theories of meteoric phenomena now received. Of the more remarkable of these results we shall give a short summary; such as may enable our readers to judge of their nature and bearing on the argument.

Observations on shooting-stars and other meteors were begun by M. Culvier-Gravier at Rheims as early as 1811; under electrical and other theories of their origin, which he afterwards abandoned. It was not, however, until 1841, that, at the suggestion of Arago, he began carefully to register their number, times of appearance, and direction in the heavens. In 1845 M. Saigey associated himself to his labours, and aided greatly in generalizing and giving method to the re-

sults. In a period of 42 months, between 1841 and 1845, there were 5302 shooting-stars recorded—seen during 1054 hours of observation. The number would doubtless have been much greater but for the interference of the moon, which, when full, effaces nearly three-fifths of the stars otherwise visible. An estimate made, with allowance for this cause, brings out the mean horary number of 6; the actual mean number seen per hour being 5.6. The passing obscuration by clouds makes another void in the calculation, the amount of which it is difficult to estimate.

But this general horary mean loses its interest in another more curious and unlooked-for result of these observations, viz. the variations found to exist at different hours. With rare exceptions, the number of visible meteors increases as the night advances; and this at all times of the year, and with regularity enough to furnish the basis of tables for each successive hour of the night. A few instances we give from different hours between evening and morning. In the evening from 6 to 7 o'clock the mean number of stars falling is 3.3—from 9 to 10 o'clock 4—from 11 to 12 o'clock 5—from 2 to 3 o'clock in the morning 7.1—from 5 to 6 o'clock 8.2. And this gradation is maintained as well at the times of periodical return of such meteors as on ordinary nights.

Equally remarkable is the result as to the monthly or annual variations of these phenomena. A laborious reduction of observations has furnished a table expressing the monthly mean of the horary number at midnight. This table shows a singular disparity between the first six months of the year and the last; the mean number of shooting-stars in the former being only 3.4 in the hour—in the latter rising as high as 8—that is, a smaller number when the earth is moving from perihelion to aphelion, or receding from the sun—a much greater number in the after six months, when it is advancing towards its perihelion. The transition is rapid from one of these conditions to the other. In December the mean number in the hour is 7.2—in January only 3.6. In June it is 3.2—in July 7.0. It is well worthy of note that the two maxima in the table occur in August and November—corresponding exactly in date with the periodical showers we have described—and with the further concurrence of fact that these maxima do not present themselves every year. In 1842 the mean for August was 11.9—in 1844 only 5.4. In 1842 the mean for November was 11.3—in 1843 it was 5.4.

Another part of the researches before us regards the *direction* of these shooting-stars.

Without entering into the details, which are also given tabularly, we may remark the general conclusion that almost exactly the same number come from the north and south conjointly, as from the east and west; but with this diversity in the two cases, that, while the number is nearly the same from north and south, the number coming from the east much more than doubles that from the west. The amount of this diversity, however, differs in different years. The copious accumulation of facts, and great exactitude in the manner of observation, afforded other curious results, as to the length of the visible trajectories, the position of the centre of the meteors, &c. The shooting-stars comprised between the N.N.E. and N.E. have the longest visible course, their mean line being upwards of 15 degrees—those between W.S.W. and S.W. are only seen through about 11 degrees. Whatever the time of year or hour of night the line is one of descent towards the horizon. Out of 5302 fifteen only were seen to describe curvedlines.

The estimate of our authors as to the height of shooting-stars places their point of appearance at from 20 to 50 or 60 miles above the earth. Their relative size, colour, and manner of apparition were carefully observed. Of *Bolides* (luminous globes) eight were noted during the 42 months, three only of which burst, and these without any noise of explosion. Of the proper shooting-stars 80 were registered of the first magnitude, that is, having the apparent size and lustre of Venus or Jupiter. The others were classed down to the sixth magnitude, corresponding to the fifth of the fixed stars. The colour, especially of the largest, is generally a pure white. Those of reddish tint are rarer; but they are remarkable as seeming to be slower in movement, and not leaving trains of light behind. Some occur of bluish colour, but still more rarely.

We find it necessary to abstain from further details, but we believe we have said enough to show the value of these new researches. They clearly suggest many important considerations hitherto little regarded; and some of these, as we have already remarked, at variance with the conclusions generally adopted before. We must needs admit that a revision of those conclusions is required; and their adaptation, if such be possible, to the new facts brought before us. Assuming the authenticity of the latter, we are bound to say that no theory of meteoric phenomena can be valid or complete which does not include and explain the horary and annual variations



just described. They are problems of high interest, but doubtless of great difficulty. And while recording the most recent researches in this part of science, we must repeat our opinion, that a much larger basis of observation is required before we can raise the phenomena to the class of astronomical facts. Time alone is capable of affording this. We cannot follow the fleeting meteor as we do the planet, or even the more eccentric comet, night after night, on their paths. But modern science has taught us to derive certainty from averages as well as from more direct observation; and the multiplication of insulated facts, if exact and authentic in kind, is sure in the end to conduct us to the truth desired, or as near to it as human powers are permitted to approach. Happy those who can detach themselves at times from the turmoil and troubles of the busy world we inhabit, and find repose among the more silent wonders of the universe without!—a contemplation scarcely disturbed even by these flaming ministers of the sky, which now no longer come to affright mankind, but to enlighten and enlarge their intelligence and power.

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ART. V.—*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By W. Stirling, M.P. 8vo. 1852.

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note—Lord John Russell we believe excepted—had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene:—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tones like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly

becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. History thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemners of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, 'placed elephants instead of towns' in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. 'Oh! read me not history,' exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, 'for *that* I know to be false'—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, 'took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Castile*—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians.' He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling, 'the respectable names of Sandoval, Vera, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time.' This Italian, like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four Duos., published at Amsterdam, A.D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen Professor just re-echoed the elegant Principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a due quietus in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Hand-book, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some



day 'publish it as his own.' M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that this MS. was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavoured in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favour with President Buonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in 'getting the order obeyed by the unwilling officials,' our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled 'Memoir of Charles at Yuste,' Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actors to tell their own tale in their own words—in short he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling's lips by his not being allowed to 'transcribe any of the original documents, the French Government [M. Mignet?] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;'—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime, until the MS. Memoir be printed *in extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling's volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles of Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Sigüenza's comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the Emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escorial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. 'Of the existence of Sigüenza,' says Mr. Stirling, 'Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;'—but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once scheduled to a convent, was *civilliter mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Sigüenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significative hint that his had none;—and, fortune, when a King of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favour his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate and illegitimate, that we must place our

selves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones, exchanging carelined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigour of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders 'a load would sink a navy,' and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncracies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonsu IV., surnamed the Monk, followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondriacism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister, the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane), the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escorial; his son, Philip III., vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy recluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain

the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royalties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world-weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train;—then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a life of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Viezos and Montserrats of the Péninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

to mourn o'er sin,

And find, for outward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved Empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lents he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Sisla, and when at Valladolid to a monastery near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception: nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The Emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisiting and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a 'little Rome,' and the district under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administrative neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countrymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the

'diggings' of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*abait omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronomite convent so extolled to the Emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from 'pleasant' Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the 'St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent,' of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional buildings necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson's assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the Emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to the hymeneals simultaneously illumined by the *autos de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion

as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandise his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudences at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain's worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cesar:—'*L'œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l'haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu'à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu'à sa garde-robe.*' The hand that once wielded the lance and jereed so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men—the repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity and pathos: weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.\*

Ill-health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the Doctor's diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from having appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country 'always in want of everything at the critical moment:'—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and can-

\* See the paper in Mr. Burgon's industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74.)

ning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain—through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodations for man or beast, as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—‘Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!’ Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic Majesty was ‘cribbed, cabined, and confined,’ during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armeria at Madrid; something between a black trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honoured capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination: here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson’s moving ‘tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son’s ingratitude,’ and the forced residence at Burgos for ‘some weeks’ before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezon he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana ‘an unsparing use of the rod;’ the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakable symptoms ‘of a sullen passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father’s court.’ Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father’s wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance, though adopted and revived of late by the Alfieris, Schillers, and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing, without parade, but by the usual gate. ‘It would be a shame,’ said he, ‘not to let his people see him’—a cause and monument of his country’s greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet councils. On resuming his journey, he ‘thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach

of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone.’ He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia to which Dr. Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamois or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Inspruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia: ‘Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyme, sæviante frigore, atque imbris verberatus, morbum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lecticâ plurimum vehabatur.’—(*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rasselas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—‘this is indeed the *Vera*,’ exclaimed Charles, ‘to reach which surely some suffering might be borne.’ Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him for ever: ‘Now,’ added he, ‘I shall never go through *pass* again.’ He reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen Paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of a hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed

as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Coccagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savoury snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

*Tel maître tels valets*—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser ‘had bidden him beware of fish’—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—‘*cuesta abajo*.’ The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

‘Roger Ascham, standing “hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece,” watched with wonder the Emperor’s progress through “sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;” after which, “he fed well of a capon,” drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John’s, “the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.” Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

‘The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish, (*pescado grueso*) for Friday’s fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small: the olives, on the other hand, were too large—and the Emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the Emperor remembers that the Count of Osorno once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted “of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,” and for the receipt for which the Secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the Emperor

said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The Emperor’s weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Friars were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

Luis Quixada, who knew the Emperor’s habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency His Majesty’s fondness for plovvers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.’

So much for ‘his table neat and plain’—according to Dr. Robertson—(sheep-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero-worshippers other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the polentas and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his *senna-leaves*, ‘the best from Alexandria,’ were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the general of the Hieronomites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho’s terrible Doctor de Tírtiafuera (*Anglicè*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont,

when his physicians ('the wise Baersdorp and the great Vesalius') disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was 'eat and drink what you like,' as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day's repetition of the sin and cause: so weak was the imperial flesh; so unfailing the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor's visit and gossip—all the concentrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings, that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of retainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson's 24th—the Emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson's 'twelve domestics only'—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

An old man broken with the storms of state  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque Principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the 'humble retreat' prepared for fallen Cæsar as 'hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!' Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastan, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Escorial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul's, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fire-places, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diapry and surface wall decoration. The Emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when

confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—'a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty.' The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple tastes, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which however he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still; whilst his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English name, imperfectly Castilianised, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamoured Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been worn by our Great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian; among them the portrait of his gentle graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son's English prize, reminded him of what horrors he had himself escaped. At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—'a red-headed son of—:' an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, 'certainly savouring more of the camp than the cloister.'

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty pace to dusty death. The order of the course

was this: at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa*; his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious: meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun: while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, 'a meal much like the dinner,' which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his 'chamber,' has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quizada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quizada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria: the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Louis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his Majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

'one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favour of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."'

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him

the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bed-chamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and 'Dominie' of the society. He rendered to Charles, in the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial *French* (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation *Hernando de Acuna*, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his Majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We most reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureate by the 'windy Spaniards,' who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the emperor it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with overworked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., frightened gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health also broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the emperor as Van



Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his Letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet. The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his benefited and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch or man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,  
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with 'singular dullness and prolixity,' are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanic of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted King George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson's story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expres-

sions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of God's dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the Doctor's statement that Charles only 'admitted a few neighbours to visits—and entertained them at table;' an honour so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favour of Alva, the great and iron duke of his day. As respects the Principal's rarity of visitors, even from the neighbourhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex duke of Gandia, the 'miracle of princes,' a saint among grandees and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world, his rank, and riches: accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died in 1562 general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day when there, the 'most approved dish' from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's *Life of the ex-duke*—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbour, for he lived in 'lettered and laurelled ease' at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the 'great hook-nosed fellow of Rome' himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room,



from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honour so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wonted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fooled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronomite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers were astounded at their master's affability and good humour, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of 'unendurable blockheads,' at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematised the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, 'of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;' who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even 'suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world.' Watson tells that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he dreaded the contest;—both Doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that 'he was no longer a monarch,' and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pit-tance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before

his death, of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip so perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication: for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—aye, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about £1500 a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less free from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

'Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip's character; his father was the one wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill.'

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

'The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigning power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up but little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.'

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gazetlu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courtier arrived with a dispatch in cypher concealed in his stirrup-leather, he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever

were put to the damsel Theodora'—the much interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip dispatch from Flanders the great *Rye Gomez de Silva* himself, the playmate of his youth, the most favoured of his ministers, and the husband of his most favoured mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters and tuft-hunters of every hue—we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that, on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to 'life's fitful fever' could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

That convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalides* for a good, prematurely old Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice. Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licenses, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's rope, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment: not the now-a-days routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popularity, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favour, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish in-

terests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own Secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates of St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate*; nor did he even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a doctard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favourite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide them; to impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone?—or that as he lounged in his parterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odour of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to reassume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, 'Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire.'

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were—foils to such felicities—which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, 'were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera.' Although fattening on the crumbs and ducats which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the 'genus Salmo,' by which the neighbouring Hyader was peopled. The bumpkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid:—but ere sentence was passed—justice in Spain, like Chancery in England, is not to

be hurried—some bold monks of Yuste implored the Emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh—and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his Majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogyny: Charles observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate—as will happen in the best regulated celibacies—and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdes of Papal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by woman's approach—directed his orier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve 'found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes.' Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His Majesty's general health—hands and time thus agreeably occupied—improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication:—and already he was planning additional buildings—*secunda marmora sub ipsum funus!* The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favourite sister Eleanor, the 'gentlest and most guileless of beings.' 'There were but fifteen months between us,' sobbed he, 'and in less than that time I shall be with her once more.' Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man's hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain's short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanack, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—'the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.' *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool's paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor fry, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamour for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of

insurance. The *unexpected* loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary's hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. He had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by 'an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy.' His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that 'the reputation of the strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security,' and that 'with their white wands they would defend the place.' They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadiz was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

'France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the pœans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these poetasters, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion.'

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance:—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto—the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching

things through the 'loophole of retreat'—and is struck to his inner heart's core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish Cabinet. In vain he wrote, 'If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the King and to these realms.' His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles turned to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it, that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home 'in honour as he lived,' and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip's timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favourable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic King, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or skulking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum Dei* in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, craven and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of the Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance indeed she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference:—she adopts no sprinkling of

dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever 'quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur.' Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favourable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and 'backwardation' paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. Mc'Crie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the once moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the Emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism, 'Father,' said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, 'if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live.' He urged his son to cut the root of the evil with all rigour; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms: so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismund's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the Emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both

ties, who were seriously in earnest, and thrown away the scabbard, by his *terrors* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless, all his personal tincts, first and last, as well as all his seditary interests, were opposed to the formation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at *lamanca*, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—"Thou shalt have

Pope or King but Valloria!"—was loosed in after-life in the Union of Smal-de, which pitted the Protestant princes against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and, not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy of the *quistion*; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entered no plea for mercy. Even Masio, his favoured physician, was forced to read his translated Bible—then, as now, the most prohibited book in the *Liber Exegoristicus* of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical men had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to celebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This is incident—one of the disputed points in

history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

Gonzalez, says he, 'treats the story as an old tale: he laments the credulity displayed in the sober statement of Sigença, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-coloured picture of Robertson, of whose account the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Lefi. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. "The emperor was bent," says the historian, "on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit before our of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered eye. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. Domesticated marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service

for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

Sigença's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagancies far greater than the act which Sigença has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a mis-statement.'

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabella to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world.

He was roused from his protracted reverie by his Physician—felt chilled and fevered, 'and from that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more.' So soon were the anticipated rites realised; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.\* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of the soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of the Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, 'that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey.' His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The Emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

all that should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling.—

'Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathias remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, "His Majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for William. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in

bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur* :—My Lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain, Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power." For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor*—Now, Lord, I go!" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, *Ay, Jesus!* and expired.'

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escorial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was laid in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, 'a tomb for which e'en kings would wish to die,' was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

'As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor: the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of four-score winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honoured body), Don Louis." "Very honoured," replied the minister: words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has re-

\* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly—*τοῦ θεοῦ ἐπιμελειώτατος*. The progress of this case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Cæsar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevi manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

corded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion.'

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike with the bland prose of Sir Henry Hallford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

'Once again,' says Mr. Stirling, 'the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favour the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of *Vathek* asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian: the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.'

Mr. Stirling adds that,

'for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered.'

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of its narrator—surely the royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809 a party of Soult's soldiers, flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent;—the royal wing only escaped from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the Constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerome were

ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

'It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church; proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls: and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the colouring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of pot-herbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings.'

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ART. VI.—*Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris, 1852.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT is a man who, alike by his genius and his virtues, does honour to his order, his country, and his Church. The utterances of such a man must deserve at-



tenation at all times; and at the present time the utterances of any man may well be thought to have some claim to it, whose 'whereabout' is France, and whose tones are both adverse to the ruling power and dissonant from those of his own co-religionaries and habitual allies. These strong presumptive titles are not reduced, but heightened and confirmed, when we know that the avowed purpose of the work before us is to recommend to the clergy and the faithful of France that cause of constitutional liberty, upon which the world had until now conceived that they had unanimously turned their backs.

Yet another step upwards to our climax, from which we must too soon and wofully descend. That which M. de Montalembert recommends, he is certain to recommend with zeal, eloquence, and power. We read him with admiration, even when dissentient: with delight, when able to concur. And what Englishman will not in the main agree with his brilliant and just Apology for the thirty-four years of Constitutional Government in France?—

'On affirme que le système constitutionnel ne dure pas et ne produit rien. Réponse: il a duré en France trois fois plus longtemps que la monarchie absolue fondée par le plus grand génie des temps modernes. Il a régné en France de 1814 à 1848; et ces trente-quatre années—il ne faut pas se lasser de le répéter en présence des injures et des mensonges qu'on entasse chaque jour—ces trente-quatre années ont été, tout bien compensé, sinon les plus éclatantes, du moins les plus libres, les plus heureuses, les plus tranquilles de son histoire.

'Pendant ce tiers de siècle, le gouvernement représentatif a porté victorieusement les armes françaises en Espagne, affranchi la Grèce, sauvé la Belgique, conquis l'Algérie. Il a produit des créateurs et des hommes d'Etat du premier mérite. Il a donné une vie féconde et glorieuse à toutes les branches de l'intelligence nationale; il a ouvert un libre cours à toutes les forces, à toutes les industries, à toutes les doctrines, à toutes les idées, à toutes les études. Il a fait prévaloir partout le sentiment du droit, et de la modération dans l'exercice du droit. Enfin, ce qui doit être placé en première ligne par ceux à qui je m'adresse, il a imprimé à la foi catholique, à la réaction religieuse, un mouvement tel que le monde n'en avait point vu depuis deux siècles. Quand le régime qu'on veut lui substituer aura duré trente-cinq ans, alors, mais alors seulement, on pourra dresser son bilan, et comparer ses pertes et ces profits à ceux du régime que l'on insulte.'

'Il faudra, en outre, voir comment se comportera la nation sous le régime qui pourra remplacer le système actuel; car, on l'a souvent remarqué, pour bien juger l'influence d'un gouvernement sur une société, il faut pouvoir apprécier la conduite de cette société après que ce gouvernement a disparu. De 1789 à 1795, au

sortir du régime énervant de l'ancienne monarchie, la France s'est livrée à des attentats sans exemple dans l'histoire. En 1848, au sortir de trente ans de luttes parlementaires, et quoique plongée à l'improviste dans l'anarchie, elle a su se préserver de ces crimes qui déshonorent un peuple. Le sentiment de la justice et de la liberté ne s'est point éteint. Le soleil s'était couché: mais on a continué à vivre et à combattre dans le crépuscule.'—pp. 122-3-4.

Who will not feel the force of the contrast which he draws between that period and the stage of torpor and retroaction at which France had arrived when he penned his reflections?—

'A l'heure qu'il est, la France a peut-être encore plus de liberté qu'elle n'en veut; elle irait jusqu'à supporter l'oppression. Cette oppression n'existe pas, et ne saurait exister, car on n'opprime que ce qui vit. A l'heure qu'il est, rien n'est gêné, car rien ne se meut; rien n'est comprimé, car rien ne résiste. Tout dort, tout se repose, tout se renouvelle peut-être. Mais quand l'heure du réveil sonnera, quand cette France aura goûté dix, vingt années de repos, de calme, de prospérité, de sécurité complète; quand elle sera tentée de se dire qu'elle s'ennuie; quand éclatera le besoin de respirer, de voir, de parler, de juger, de critiquer, qui n'a jamais pu être extirpé de ce pays, pas plus sous l'ancien régime que sous Napoléon: c'est alors qu'il faudra bien donner quelque issue à cet instinct impérieux, à cette force latente mais irrésistible. C'est alors qu'on verra si les nouvelles institutions de la France sont assez élastiques pour se prêter à ce retour de la vie, du bruit, de la lutte. Je veux le croire; mais si elles ne s'y prêtent pas, je suis convaincu que le souverain que la France s'est donné, avec l'habileté qui le caractérise, ne permettra pas à l'orage de grossir. Autrement l'orage l'emporterait, lui et son œuvre.'—p. 182.

Who will not thank our author for the following masterly description of universal suffrage? We, indeed, have not learnt it so; and probably no man among us could have so described it:—

'Le suffrage universel peut être regardé comme le plus grand danger de la liberté. C'est un mécanisme par lequel la foule, maîtresse pour un jour, peut se rendre esclave pour des siècles, et rendre tout esclave comme elle.

'Il serait insensé de méconnaître la valeur de ce mécanisme. On peut dire que la suffrage universel jouera désormais en politique le même rôle que la poudre à canon dans l'art de la guerre, ou la vapeur dans l'industrie. L'introduction de cette arme nouvelle et formidable change toutes les conditions de la lutte. Elle met à la disposition du pouvoir, qui finira toujours par s'en emparer, une force jusqu'à présent inconnue. C'est un levier qui peut être manié par la main la moins habile et la moins scrupuleuse, mais qui donne à cette main un ascendant irrésistible. C'est, en outre, un masque immense, derrière lequel toutes les servilités,



toutes les bassesses, toutes les défaillances peuvent chercher un abri commode et sûr. C'est une mer où vont se perdre toutes les combinaisons et toutes les règles de la politique ancienne, mais où le mensonge, le préjugé, l'ignorance, peuvent aussi centupler leur énergie. La sagesse et la dignité humaines y sont toutes deux condamnées à de rudes épreuves. Talent, vertu, renommée, courage, intégrité, expérience, tous ces titres à l'ancienne popularité, toutes ces forces diversement énergiques, tout cela est noyé dans les flots du suffrage universel, comme le serait un flacon de vin généreux versé dans un étang.'—pp. 185-6.

After all this, our readers will not be ill prepared for the telling description which M. Montalembert gives of his own position, in relation to liberty and religion:—'*La devise de ma vie a été celle de ce vieux Polonais de la confédération de Bar : j'ai aimé la Liberté plus que tout au monde, et la religion Catholique plus que la Liberté même.*' Or again, for another of his autographical portraits, which, perhaps owing to the nature of his subject, are, to say the truth, not few:—

'Je n'ai donc pas l'espoir de lutter contre le torrent avec quelque succès, comme il y a quatre ans. Mais je ne veux pas qu'on dise dans l'avenir, quand chaque acte, chaque parole sera relevée par des juges impitoyables, que cette, grande palinodie a eu lieu sans soulever aucune protestation. On saura qu'il y a eu au moins un *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté*, qui avant 1830 avait distingué la cause catholique de la cause royaliste; qui sous le régime de juillet a plaidé la cause de l'indépendance de l'Eglise à l'encontre du pouvoir civil; qui en 1848 a combattu de toutes ses forces la prétendue identité du christianisme et de la démocratie, et qui en 1852 a protesté contre le sacrifice de la liberté à la force sous prétexte de religion.'—p. 87.

Well said and done, *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté*! We are not, rely upon it, so shut up in our insularity, as to be incapable of a fervid thrill of joy at the thought that amidst a scene of wide-spread moral and social desolation one knightly banner yet waves aloft, on which are twined fraternally together the scrolls of Christian belief and of civil freedom. There it is: the words we hear are words of truth, in accents of sincerity; they are words, upon the combined, faithful, and effective use of which is hung the whole future welfare of mankind; and to him who utters them we are bound to say, 'The Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'

But after all, we must be upon our guard against imposture. Not that kind of imposture which a wilful cozening palms upon the world, but that subtler and more ensnaring

illusion which first takes captive and enlists in its service all the graces at once of character and of diction, and then, by their means disarming wholesome jealousy, gains a securer possession of the public mind. What then, let us ask, is all this about? Does this book proclaim the advent of a new and happy era, in which the Roman Church is to be the sincere ally of constitutional liberty; or, at any rate, the accession of a great convert to the cause of truth and freedom, or the revived activity of a champion who had seemed to slumber, and who now again has buckled on his armour?

This is a question of deep importance. Count Montalembert, with all other votaries of the same system who resemble him in their generous appreciation of English institutions, and in the value they set upon English opinion, should know that there perhaps never was a time when the Church of Rome, that vast incorporation which covers from one-third to one-half of Christendom, stood worse among us than at the present moment; and this not with reference to any momentary cause or any passing excitement; not even because in the depths of dogmatic controversy new sources of exasperation have been opened up; nor yet because we have found her, beyond doubt, an inconvenient neighbour, puzzling our people, deranging the action of our Church, and powerfully stimulating our intestine jealousies; but for a still deeper and more painful reason than any of these, namely, from the profound contrast, of which we as a people are conscious, between the living authorities of the Church of Rome and ourselves, in respect to the very elements of moral principle, and foundations of duty, as applied to public policy and transactions; those elements, to which Christianity itself is not too lofty to make its appeal; those foundations, those eternal laws of right, upon which, and upon which alone, discipline or ritual, hierarchy or dogma can securely rest. The vehement excitement occasioned among us by the Brief of 1850 and the Durham Letter has passed away: the mood of patience has resumed its accustomed sway over the nation less, after all, resembling bulls than oxen. But, as a people, we have marked from day to day the proceedings of the Roman Church—that is to say, of its ecclesiastical rulers—in Italy, in Belgium, in France; and those proceedings have left upon the mind of England an impression that is much more likely to be deepened than obliterated. The portrait that Church has drawn, and is drawing of herself in continental Europe at this moment, to say nothing of Ireland, is one whose lineaments cannot be forgotten;—tyranny, fraud,

base adulation, total insensibility not only to the worth of human freedom, but to the majesty of law and the sacredness of public and private right—these are the malignant and deadly features which we see stamped upon the conduct of the Roman hierarchy, and which have generated in the English mind a profound revulsion from them and all that seems to resemble them. With no small interest, therefore, do we ask, is there at least a beginning?—can we point to a part or section?—can we point to Count Montalembert, the lay leader of the Roman Catholics of France, and say, here at least is a man of pith and mark among them, who has registered his vow on behalf of human freedom in conjunction with Christian belief, and around whom its friends may rally?—We lament to say that the perusal of Count Montalembert's book leaves us with no choice but to return a negative answer. It leaves us, if possible, sadder than when we had not yet been informed that he had raised his eloquent voice on behalf of liberty; because it proves to us conclusively that he little knows what freedom means, or he would not so lisp and falter in its language, nor would he consent, as he does, to bear it allegiance only on equivocal, precarious, and even degrading terms. If this is the best tribute the veteran enthusiast of freedom (so he describes himself) can render, what must be the shortcomings of the raw and the unimpassioned? If this is the homage rendered to it among French Roman Catholics by its lovers, what in the wide world must its haters be?

Every charitable and rational Protestant—and even many who can perceive nothing at all beside Babylon, Antichrist, and the like in the Church of Rome—will feel disposed not to limit their wishes, nor in every case to address them, to departures from her communion, but rather earnestly to sympathise with every manifestation of good within, and not least with those manifestations which seem most conducive to the cure of her peculiar and besetting plagues.—Nor will the lover of historical truth—call himself what he may—follow the fanatical friends or foes of that Church in their assertion that she never changes. On the contrary, he will unhesitatingly admit that she has in her *practices* given no countenance to that boast or reproach;—he will, for example, carefully appreciate the wide differences—ecclesiastical, moral, and doctrinal—between Bossuet and De Maistre, between Clement XIV. and Pius IX. He will mourn, from his inmost soul, over the change of spirit that has passed upon the Papal See, between the day when it struck

a gallant stroke for mankind by putting down the Jesuits, and the day when it restored them—still more that yet darker day when its present occupant addressed a letter to the bishops of his communion, proclaiming the tenet of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and proposing that it should forthwith be declared an article of that Faith, outside of which there is no covenant of salvation.

We Christians, of whatever name, have an immense, an incalculable interest in the gains of that milder, and in the losses and defeats of that fiercer spirit. Nor is it only to the mere shell of doctrine that we should look. As long as the people of England remained under the delusion that the present Pope was a lover of liberty—although he never gave the slightest sign of doctrinal mitigation (being in fact, as is known, a more ultra-montane believer than his learned predecessor Pope Gregory)—English prepossessions against the See of Rome were wonderfully softened. All and any signs of improvement and approximation—civil, moral, social, as well as dogmatic—have been hailed by us with cordial joy, and will be so again. It is not, therefore, under adverse prejudice that we put Count Montalembert on his trial as a lover of freedom. If for a moment we felt tempted to depreciate sound political doctrine simply because he who teaches it has not renounced the Pope, the memory of Alfred, the thought of Magna Charta would flash across the mind, and we should stand rebuked. Certainly it is strange in this matter, too, to observe what marvellous varieties of reading the power of headstrong wilfulness can force into the majestic text of history. Count Montalembert, not unnaturally, tells us (p. 34) that the Revolution of 1688 only sanctioned, to the cost of Roman Catholics, the constitution that Roman Catholics had framed. But Chevalier Bunsen, speaking by the mouth of St. Hippolytus,\* says that our constitution is the work of the last three hundred years. One of these distinguished writers thinks we did nothing before the Reformation; the other, nothing since. A contrast somewhat strange; to omit the greater strangeness, that the Chevalier should reckon the Tudor period as one distinguished beyond others by constitutional development. But we Englishmen, in reckoning backwards through the long line of our political descent, are not accustomed, nor contented, to stop where he would have us. We never yet have disowned, but have ever highly prized, our relationship with the

\* Hippolytus and his Age, vol. iv. p. 17.

founders of our universities, the builders of our cathedrals, the early sages of our law, the patriarchs of our general and our local liberties; nor will M. de Montalembert meet injustice at our hands, because he is called, in matter of religion, by the same name at least that they are.

Exercising, then, our best judgement on the work before us, we fear that Count Montalembert is an ecclesiastical politician, and nothing else; that he deludes himself in supposing his own tone and spirit to be akin to that of the mediæval champions of freedom; that his love of liberty begins and ends precisely at the points where liberty seems useful or otherwise to the Roman domination; that in him we see a crucial instance of that fundamental antipathy between ultramontaniam and freedom, which at this moment constitutes one of the darkest omens for the future of Christendom. We will proceed to prove our case from his pages.

His first chapters are devoted to a review of the comparative condition of the Roman Catholic Church in various countries at the two periods of 1800 and 1852. An ample power of adroit and effective grouping aids his contrasts, and his conclusions are in the tone of triumph. But we will give instances which show that his prepossessions so distort his visual powers as to render him an untrustworthy witness in a synopsis of facts; and we will then point out the general fallacies that underlie his whole position. And yet he thinks he is drawing all the while a plain, prosaic delineation, and nothing else.

At the former of the two periods which he compares, says our author (p. 9), there was nowhere a trace of health or hope. Religion was either forgotten or extirpated, and seemed to have been wholly banished from the earth. Catholicism must have appeared to the worldly-wise a carcass that it only remained to inter. Half a century glides away: all is renovated and transformed, and everywhere the church soars over the destinies of the world.

Now, in what way does Count Montalembert draw out the balance-sheet, which yields him so brilliant a result? By processes like these which follow. In 1800, he says, Austria was stretched on the bed of Procrustes by the Josephine laws—a great item to the debit of that period; but in the review of 1852, where he touches the States of Italy, he quite forgets to notice that Piedmont, which then was exempt, has been put to similar torture by its most recent legislation. He finds the strongest evidence of life and vigour in the circumstance that the

Belgian Constitution has been conferred upon the country, with all its franchises, by the children, as he says, of the Church. He passes over the significant fact, that the Belgian Bishops have formally protested against the religious freedom which that Constitution guaranties. Again, while he refers exultingly to the new Concordat in Spain, he takes no notice at all of the spoliation of Church property, and expulsion of the monks, that preceded it. In short, his whole survey reminds us of a description we have lately read of the judicious conduct of a police officer among the Jews in Houndsditch on Sunday, who contrives not to see that the houses of entertainment are open, and all the machinery of week-day life in full motion. Nothing, however, in the eyes of our author, more signally illustrates the ecclesiastical *renaissance*, than the magnificent position which Rome and the Papedom have resumed in the world. But if there be a man, who can see anything but future peril and present degradation in the position of the pontiff as a civil power at this moment, his case is past argument—at least with Englishmen. Does he blind his eyes to the fact, that, alone of all the Sovereigns of the earth, Pius IX. is without even a party (the paid holders of office, lay or clerical, cannot be so called) among his subjects, is unable to win them by gold to bear arms in his defence, and is maintained upon a despotic and hated throne exclusively by overwhelming foreign force, amidst tokens of aversion that continually emerge, and overbear their still great, though diminished and diminishing, reverence for his spiritual office? Count Montalembert must be aware that this was not always so; that when the Pope was dethroned by Napoleon, and again when he was restored by the continental powers with England at their head—the first and the last time, we venture to predict, of her participation in such an enterprise—his people mourned for his removal, and rejoiced at his return? This ominous and significant alteration in the feelings of the Papal subjects is entirely overlooked by Count Montalembert, as well it may, or surely he would hesitate to describe the restoration of the Pope to a reign of violence unredeemed by a particle of love, as the very crown of the Catholic revival.

We will give one or two more instances of the singular faculty, displayed by this imaginative philosopher, of misreading, cross-reading, and reading backwards, even his own plainest statements. In his steeplechase argument he leaps over everything in his way, including the very facts that he

himself has told us ; and in his claims on behalf of the Church of Rome, he seems as manifestly to include a prerogative of forming and transforming historic truth at will, as Molière's doctor reckoned, among the legitimate ordinances of the profession, the transplantation of the heart from the left side to the right. Thus, when (in p. 154) it suits his argument to throw dirt upon the period of the Reformation, he tells us that under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the Parliament of England was no more than a simple office of registry for the despotic edicts of the Sovereign ; forgetting apparently, that in p. 133, where it was convenient to refer our modern freedom back by derivation to the middle age, he informs us that in England, and in England only, 'the limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had been transmitted inviolate to the seventeenth.' When he proceeds to contend that popular institutions may be made conducive to the purposes of his Church, and has to anticipate an objection founded on our legislation of 1851, he informs us (p. 154) that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was smitten with the brand of reprobation before it passed, by the eloquent remonstrances of the Aberdeens and the Grahams, and that it has remained up to this present moment in the condition of a dead letter. And yet, will it be believed that, with a hardihood that if exhibited by one we less cordially respected we must designate by a stronger phrase, he had, not so very long before as that it should wholly have escaped his memory or ours, treated us to the following specimen of historic precision, and of that scrupulous bashfulness which a love of truth cannot but inspire ?

'Ce ne sont certes pas aujourd'hui les Catholiques qui proscrivent, qui exilent, qui empêchent la prédication, qui traînent au prétoire leurs adversaires : ce sont eux au contraire contre lesquels à Stockholm, à Londres, à Schwerin, à Genève, il faut employer ces moyens pour arrêter la triomphante expansion de leur foi.'—p. 100.

What a specimen of the value of contemporary observation ! In London, forsooth, it is that these enormities have happened. We cannot complain of his saying so ; for it is quite in keeping with this statement, that the same writer who advances it should forget to drop into the itching ears of his countrymen the names of Florence and the Madiai, who are now expiating as galley-slaves the crime of religious proselytism, exercised, we believe, in forms sufficiently modest and restrained. Nor, after this, can our wonder rise one tittle higher when our

author, wrapped up in infinite and impenetrable contentment, exclaims near the close of his work :—

'Voilà l'histoire !—non pas l'histoire travestie au gré de certaines théories, et d'un enseignement déloyal et superficiel, mais l'histoire prise sur le fait, et recueillie par les témoins les moins suspects.'—p. 171.

From an author who, in perfect good faith we doubt not, deals thus with events, what are we to expect when he comes to arguments ? If he can find quicksands in the solid ground of fact, how shall he tread for a single moment with security, or how can we accept him for a guide, in the swampy regions of speculation, sentiment and opinion ?

The Count Montalembert has too much goodness knowingly to attempt a fraud, and too much acuteness, were he seduced into such an endeavour, to make choice of deceptions egregiously clumsy and transparent. Deception there indeed is ; but he, we are persuaded, is first its unresisting victim, and then its unwilling instrument. *Vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la Liberté !* So he says, and so he thinks : but as the bread was to the sack in Falstaff's bill, such, or less than such, is the *Liberté* relatively to the *Catholicisme* in the vows, the affections, and the performances of this old soldier ; for Rome indeed a veteran, but for liberty only a cripple.

The ostensible purpose of our author is to establish the proposition, that representative government is favourable to Roman Catholic interests : and on this ground he claims to rank among the votaries of freedom.

Now, in our view, the real lover of freedom is he, and he only, who prizes it as an attribute in which our nature may approximate to its Divine original, and who firmly believes in its efficacy and necessity, as an ordained condition of the highest forms of human thought and action. It is Truth, indeed, which is the essential nectar and ambrosia of the soul of man ; but truth is only half-truth to us, unless it be accepted freely. It thoroughly enters into and moulds our composition, not when driven in by the hammer or the screw, but only when grasped by the vigorous action of the affections, the understanding, and the will. The value of authority, and its place among the laws of human thought, are found in this, that it is a help and instrument for the attainment of truth ; but both in the final appropriation of the end, and in the prior choice and application of the means, the process, to be in the highest degree effectual, must be intelligent and free. Freedom mis-

used is the path of death: but without the right use of freedom, life can attain but a stunted and sickly development. We therefore love and cherish freedom for its legitimate place in the Divine economy, as a grand determining element of the normal state of man: but the form in which Count Montalembert conceives of this august function, the reason, the whole and sole reason, which induces him to recommend that space be reserved for liberty in public institutions, is not because freedom appertains to the charter of our nature, nor because of the social blessings that institutions truly free procure, but simply because he thinks that under the circumstances of the day liberty may be made a serviceable tool for advancing the views and policy of the Court and Church of Rome. Accordingly, after drawing his comparison between 1800 and 1852, he spends the remainder of his work in showing that on the whole, and at the present moment, free or constitutional governments are less dangerous to the Church of Rome than such as are despotic. We doubt his making many converts; but let that pass.

We shall consider briefly both the measure and the ground of this love and homage, which Freedom is receiving at the hands of her distinguished admirer; and the measure of it both as to place and as to time. First of all as to time. Although he writes with the view of recording an emphatic protest against the destruction of liberty in France (p. 181), it is nevertheless only the indefinite duration of despotic power to which our author declares himself opposed. For a certain time he conceives it might very well be endured, nay, could not be objected to. And what, may it be supposed, is the term of grace for which he thinks France might very well acquiesce in it? For ten years—for twenty years—ay, for thirty years—such are his marvellous words—so that it be only a temporary remedy, a provisional discipline. One generation of human beings is quietly given over to it by this great and experienced champion, this self-dubbed hero and confessor in the conflict against arbitrary power; who, with a forethought at least that cannot be too highly praised, now draws a bill on behalf of French liberty which is to fall due in 1882. Would the 'old soldier of Catholicism' be as accommodating, and consent to as long a suspension of his favourite system in that branch, as the 'old soldier of Freedom' has thus shown himself?

But neither is Count Montalembert's theory less elastic as to place. He quotes indeed, with commendation, a manful and

vigorous definition of liberty, and of the main forms of its application to human society, from the present Bishop of Annecy (p. 75). That prelate does not scruple to teach, that liberty means, man such as he came from the hands of his Maker; and amidst its forms he unequivocally includes religious freedom, which he defines to be made up of liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, and liberty of proselytism (p. 76). Let us see how his admirer applies the doctrine thus laid down. When we come to M. de Montalembert's own defence of his view, we find him hold that the principle both of political and of religious liberty ought to be accepted;—but he immediately goes on to say (p. 99)—

'Sans doute il serait insensé de le proclamer dans les pays où il n'existe pas, et où il n'est réclamé par personne.'

Such is his limitation of the doctrine of freedom as to place. Yet he means less than he says. He does not, cannot, intend that religious liberty ought not to be introduced into Sweden, where Lutheranism is dominant and a free profession is not permitted to the Roman Church. He only means that it would be madness to introduce religious freedom in Spain, in Naples, in Tuscany; in short, wherever the Church of Rome is in actual occupation of the ground, and has force enough to keep it.

Nor have we yet done with the restraints and reserves that accompany M. de Montalembert's confession of the faith of freedom. Where it does not exist already—if Rome asks it, he would join in the request: if Rome refuses it, he would re-echo the refusal. But further, where it does exist, and where he has a hope that the Church of Rome may prove strong enough to put it down, it is perfectly plain that he is ready for that course. '*Je n'hésite pas à le dire, si on pouvait supprimer la liberté de l'erreur et du mal, ce serait un devoir.*' We are to put it down if we can: but how are we to know what we can do, until we have tried? Plainly, as long as there is a hope of success attending an Albigensian crusade, it ought as matter of duty to be steadily persevered in, according to the doctrine of this *vieux soldat du Catholicisme—et de la Liberté*.

Such are the limitations of Count Montalembert's love of freedom. As to the ground of it, there is no disguise whatever. It is put simply upon the narrowest and 'most straitest' view of its conduciveness to the purposes of the Roman Church. That he gives it a value beyond this conduciveness, we find not the slightest evidence. He may say, and we agree with him, freedom

is only a good when it is used for good. But what is good? 'Evil, be thou my good,' says the Satan of Milton. 'Rome, be thou my good,' says Count Montalembert. The See of Rome and its policy for him are not only good, but the form and model of good, the Alpha and Omega of good; for them and them only 'all things are, and were created.'

One more testimony alone it was in his power to render of his devotion to the Roman See. He had postponed his demand for political liberty to the next generation; he had averred that religious liberty should not be permitted as long as it could be opposed: he had reduced his profession of freedom to such a state of hollowness and attenuation as to make it border on the ludicrous: and to crown all he covers himself against any suspicion of heterodox tendencies with these closing words—

'Telle est ma foi politique, et—hors qu'un commandement du Pape exprès ne vienne—j'y compte persévérer.'—p. 192.

Heartily do we wish that, as Englishmen grateful for his love of England, we could welcome M. de Montalembert as either teacher or pupil in the school of rational freedom. But the truth, the mournful and painful truth is this:—Ultramontanism seems to be rapidly absorbing into itself whatever of vital action is to be found within the limits of the Church of Rome: and with Ultramontanism, unless by some strange freak and vagary of our nature—some of those elaborate intellectual delusions which only the most ingenious of men can weave, and which never catch the masses—with Ultramontanism no true love of liberty can coexist. We do not say no liberty can coexist with it. In a given state of society, be it in France, be it in Ireland, be it elsewhere, wherever the foot of power is still on the neck of the Roman Church, or wherever it finds the pressure of civil control inconvenient and the moment favourable, Ultramontanism will speak, ay, if need be will roar, on the side of liberty. But, founded upon ideas of perfect slavery as applicable to the spiritual part of man, it never can be other than a false and hypocritical worshipper of political and external freedom. For, valuable and well adapted as is freedom for the lower forms and spheres of human life, it is the very vital air of the higher: and the system which wrenches our nature from its appointed course by repudiating its claim to the liberty within, is essentially and profoundly the enemy of the liberty without, and never can be its professing friend except by accident; except in the false position of which Count

Montalembert now exhibits to the world so egregious an instance: except with reservations, which do much more than destroy the whole value of its adhesion: except with principles, which must in due season betray their thoroughly and incurably servile tone, and drag religion itself into contempt, through the indignation of mankind at the political insincerity with which it thus unhappily comes to be associated.

Ultramontanism and liberty may coexist: ultramontanism and the slang of liberty may go together: but ultramontanism and the true love of liberty stand in a reciprocal repulsion never to be overcome. Ultramontanism can never use Liberty, except as vice uses its victim: first to enjoy, and then to spurn her.

And this ultramontanism has laid its withering hand on Count Montalembert. But let us, to obviate misapprehension, explain what we mean by Ultramontanism. We do not mean the mere opinion of the Pope's power in temporals in *ordine ad spiritualia*, nor even that opinion which holds his authority to be paramount to that of the Councils of the Church. We mean, along with these opinions, many others of like tendency—we mean above all a frame of mind, a tone and direction of thought, which, continually exalting the hierarchical elements of the Christian system, and the mystical next to them, and, on the other hand, continually depressing those counterbalancing ingredients which are so fully exhibited in Holy Scripture and in the early history of the Church—namely, the doctrine of inward freedom, the rights and responsibilities of individuality, the mixed and tempered organization of ecclesiastical government—has at length well-nigh reduced the latter elements of the Christian system to zero, and installed the first in exclusive possession of the sacred domain; a process too nearly analogous to that of other and opposite corruptions, which never work by the assertion of absolute falsehood, but by undervaluing, and by throwing first into the shadow, then into impenetrable darkness, certain aspects of the truth. As to the means by which this baleful spirit works, they are many. Sometimes it strikes right at the moral personality of the man—as in the system of what is called Direction, and is now represented as the normal regulator of the relation between the pastor and the private Christian. Sometimes it works under the guise of a reverence for the religious life—as when (an almost unvarying note of its presence) it extols the Jesuits: sometimes it pushes into mischievous extravagance the mystical points of Christianity—

improving, forsooth, upon what its Author ordained—as in that deadly project, for the moment arrested, but not we fear abandoned, for declaring from the highest authority of the Church of Rome that all Christians are bound on pain of damnation to believe that the blessed Mother of our Lord shared His divine prerogative in being exempt from original sin.

There are, indeed, particular passages of the work, from which, taken alone, it might be inferred that M. de Montalembert did not belong to this noxious school. For instance, where he tells us (p. 93) that the Pope no doubt is monarch of the Church, but not an absolute monarch; that he can do nothing except according to the constitution of the Church, in which he governs with the assistance of the bishops, and in which the bishops, clergy, and faithful have each of them their rights, inherited and imprescriptible. He gives us no details, nor illustrations, except a reference to Bellarmine, who says the Pope may be disobeyed under certain circumstances, and who, he alleges, is held to be the most extreme of Ultramontanes. But here Count Montalembert is by far too modest. Whatever Bellarmine might have been, or have been thought, in his own day, he would out no figure now by the side of the Count himself or of his idol De Maistre. The Count talks of limited monarchy, government by consent of bishops, and imprescriptible rights. Is he ignorant that that question has already been solemnly tried out, and that it stands decided by practice that the Pope of Rome may contravene every canon of the Church upon the ground of necessity—a necessity of which he and he only is the judge? Has he forgotten that in his own fair France, during this very period which he describes as the period of renovated youth and hope for the Church, the Pope in concert with the civil power—(represented by Napoleon)—extinguished many ancient sees, abolished their jurisdictions, and deposed the holders, for no offence real or pretended, but upon grounds of over-ruling expediency alone? The Papal Monarchy is limited by the Papal will, and by nothing else on the face of the earth; there is no authority in the world, we say it without doubt, that, according to the now fashionable Roman doctrines, can correct or arrest the Pope, whatever he may do, or whatever he may decree, in regard to the Christian religion.

In the letter, however, M. Montalembert comes before us as a teacher of the doctrine that even the papal power is restrained by bounds, and that constitutional government is most conducive to human happiness. We

may well smile, or do something else than smile, at the ardent worshipper of constitutional government, who ventures to hold up that monstrous medley of violence and fraud, the French expedition to Rome, as among the most precious recollections of the nation, nay, among the noblest trophies of the Church (pp. 29 and 37). But we will try him by another test—the writings of M. De Maistre, which the Count himself describes, and which his whole party notoriously regard, as the great fountain of the regenerating influence that has been exercised on the French mind. What says De Maistre upon these great subjects of ecclesiastical and civil freedom? We turn to his pages at least with the satisfaction of reflecting that, whatever be the tendency of his doctrines, there is no difficulty in ascertaining them: he throws dust in no man's eyes. '*Le Christianisme*,' says De Maistre, in his Preliminary Discourse, '*repose entièrement sur le Souverain Pontife*.' Again: '*Admettez une fois l'appel de ses décrets, il n'y a plus de gouvernement, plus d'unité, plus d'Eglise visible*.' (B. i. ch. i.) Councils of the Church are but the Pope's advisers: and their entire title either to advise or to exist depends upon him. As to the civil power, while Count Montalembert boasts that the Roman Church of history has sympathised with freedom, and that the despotic theory was due to the Reformation, the language of his teacher and model is diametrically opposite. Constitutions are with him a sheer imposture. England alone '*a pu faire quelque chose dans ce genre, mais sa constitution n'a point encore subi l'épreuve du temps* . . . *Le dogme Catholique, comme tout le monde sait, proscriit toute espèce de révolte sans distinction. Le Protestantisme, au contraire, partant de la souveraineté du peuple*'—and so forth. (B. ii. ch. ii.) How sad that what 'all the world knows,' in a matter so elementary, should be still unknown to Count Montalembert!

But let us try the Count Montalembert of to-day by comparison with the Count Montalembert of yesterday: whom, be it recollected, he does not in any degree repudiate or disavow; on the contrary, he everywhere takes credit for his consistent love of human liberty.

This is not the first appearance of M. de Montalembert in connection with the Revolution of December, 1851, and the destruction of the last vestiges of liberty in France. He took upon himself a very prominent office when, on the 12th of that month, he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Univers*, published in that incendiary Journal on the 14th, and in the *Times* on the 16th. He



there exults in the *coup d'état* as having been also a *coup de grace* to all Socialists, Revolutionists, and Bandits throughout France and Europe—a sufficient reason, he fairly adds, for all honest men to rejoice. On the one side he lauds the Dictatorship “of a Prince who has rendered for three years incomparable services to the cause of order and Catholicism.” On the other hand he pours his contempt on ‘that tower of Babel called the National Assembly.’ It is Louis Napoleon that ‘restored order and security in 1848’—rather a strong assertion: and who ‘can alone preserve us from anarchy in 1852.’ Surely he has done it, and with a vengeance. The country, he proceeds, had before been ‘mad for liberty and Parliamentary institutions’—well done, *vieux soldat de la liberté!*—it was now ‘hungering for silence, calm, and authority;’ and he marvels at the folly of the men who ‘would impose the sovereignty of the tribune and of discussion,’ and declares himself to be ‘for the possible freedom of good against the certain liberty of evil.’ In point of fact, Victor Hugo is entirely justified, so far as Montalembert is concerned, when he says of Louis Napoleon—*Il a fait de M. Changarnier une dupe, de M. Thiers une bouchée, de M. de Montalembert un complice.*”—and after the great actor himself, scarcely any man in France has been more deeply responsible than our author for the state of things which now exists there.

What the ‘possible freedom of good’ means we know by this time: it is the hope he had conceived that the unlimited ascendancy of the Roman Church might be the consideration returnable for a multitude of favourable votes in the election then approaching. And in truth, on this side the water, we imagined that Louis Napoleon had done pretty well in that particular; but it seems M. Montalembert is not satisfied: for no pledge has yet been given that the Papal throne shall be upheld by French arms as long as France has arms at her command, and as long as there are human hearts in Rome on which the iron heel may trample.

At the present moment, Count Montalembert is, we fear, a person of infinitely small importance to Louis Napoleon, who may properly consider his opposition, especially since it is made ludicrous by its reserves, as among the minutest of things that are. But when Count Montalembert wrote the letter to which we have referred, his influence was the turning-point which determined the course of the religious party in France in

the election of the President, which was then impending, and which at once consummated and solemnized the downfall of liberty, and of the hope of liberty in France. To that downfall, as we see, he was a willing, nay an eager accessory. Was he inconsistent then with his present course? No. The only inconsistency is that which he commits when he assures us of his sympathy, and the sympathy of the Roman Church, with freedom. He acted then as he acts now, upon one and the same principle. About the parties or the alternatives before him he asks himself one, and only one, set of questions: which of them will most exalt the Pope; which of them will most effectually preclude the revival of Gallican or nationalising opinions; which of them will most extend liberty of conscience in France where the Roman Church cannot do without it, and narrow it in Italy and Spain, where she would lose by it; which of them will best insure the influence and sway of that pure and glorious order of the Jesuits, to whose virtues the wickedness of this world so obstinately refuses to pay unconditional homage; which of them will be most likely to accelerate that most glorious epoch, which Pius IX. in his exile so meritoriously endeavoured to accelerate, the epoch when another star shall be added to the galaxy of Roman dogmas, and ‘the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception shall be erected into an article of faith?’ (p. 37.) These are the objects of the Count’s pious care, and these only; but the man whose mind works in this train of thought has no more knowledge of the real value of the principle of freedom as an element in human action, and in public laws and institutions, than a new-born infant of the differential calculus; and much less chance of acquiring any.

Upon the whole, we rise with much pain from the perusal of this interesting book. There have been at times gleams and indications in the writings of divines, in the administrations of bishops and even of popes, to say nothing of the noble alliance so familiar to the middle age between freedom and religion, which have warmed the heart of the hopeful observer with the idea that a spirit of spontaneous and healthy reform might, in the Providence of God, gradually permeate the mighty mass of Roman Catholic Christendom. The urgent necessities of these times, the undermining of positive and traditional attachments, the gradual decomposition in so many and such various quarters of the fabric of dogmatic belief, the improved tactics of infidelity, the refinement which its tone has acquired, and its specious association with a warm religious phraseology, all

\* ‘Napoléon le Petit,’ p. 49.



remind us that now, if ever, those who have faith in Christianity as a creed definitely and unchangeably revealed, a firm, deep-seated anchorage for the soul, ought to be at least drawing nigh to one another, under the strong sympathetic attractions of a common interest and cause. So it ought to be; but let us not follow the wilful philosopher before us, who, in the busy workshop of his imagination, stamps upon something that he calls the world the image he would have it bear. That approximation, or the sense of the need of it, may be growing in individual minds. But as regards the public tone of communities, the case is otherwise. The spirit of unity, the only effective preparation for its form, does not grow in Protestant bodies relatively to one another, nor between them and the great Churches of the East and West, nor between these last in regard to one another. Never were their reciprocal aspects more hostile; and yet, while this is so, while the wave from without is sapping the foundations of the common faith, while the once omnipotent idea of an historical and collective religion, incorporated in a visible society, is receding from the general mind, there may yet be heard continually, mocking heaven and bewildering and deluding earth, the loud hollow vaunts of the Roman Church, and of her hot and sanguine votaries.

They tell us of the immortal fidelity of Ireland, when their Church is giving these signs quite unprecedented alike of numerical losses and of moral weakness. They announce the re-conquest of England, when year by year the tone of English society jars more harshly with that of Romish policy and teaching, the course of English thought and feeling removes farther and farther beyond their reach. More cool and rational than most of his fellow-labourers on this last point, yet Count Montalembert, too, can draw his boastful contrasts between the middle of the century and its beginning—when yet, if his reasons for so glorifying the era be examined, they seem mainly to be these—that the Jesuits are everywhere restored, everywhere increasing—and that the Immaculate Conception is, after 1800 years, about to be declared an essential part of that religion whose proud privilege it is, in common with its Author, to be without variableness or shadow of turning. Could they, would they but have done with their skin-deep surveys, and look a little beneath the surface! No doubt the army of the Roman priesthood is under better, far better, discipline than it was: its various corps are concentrated: one watchword only passes through the camp, the 'Chair of Peter': it has been purged well

nigh of all who scrupled at the orders to deny quarter to any milder form of Christian association or belief. In short, if we consent to judge of that body by the standard of a soldiery or a police alone, its state is one of the highest efficiency, its prospects are of the brightest colour. But how wide is here the deviation from ancient ideas! They indeed contemplated the church as an army amidst the world; but the modern view is of the clergy as an army amidst the people, the shepherds as an army amidst the flock. In its young vigour and its virgin purity, Christianity prospered not by propagating anti-social dogmas and winding up to the highest point the spirit of caste, but by cultivating and expanding while it sanctified the individual soul—by blending together the reverence for authority and the passion for freedom—by founding itself on the whole nature of man—by joining hands with every influence and every agent that could elevate him as a moral, a social, a responsible being—by marching at the head of art, science, and education, and enlisting into its service every new form of knowledge as it came to light: in a word, by collectively and systematically following in all its breadth and depth that wondrous precept of St. Paul, who bids us individually embrace and make our own 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report' (Phil. iv. 8.) Thus it was on man at large, and on society at large, that Christianity fixed its grasp. But can M. de Montalembert fail to see that the most fatal of all signs in regard to the future relation between mankind and the Gospel is a permanent and growing divergency between the general course of temper, thought, and action of Christian nations on the one side, and the spirit of the sacerdotal caste and its immediate adherents on the other? Has the Church of Rome done what justice and truth demanded towards averting this frightful evil, and is it not, has it not long been steadily on the increase? He has reasoned like the man who vigorously plies his skiff against a stream of irresistible rapidity and power: his eye is on the water, he sees it shoot away from him, and he thinks that he advances because it recedes: he lifts his gay streamer to the breeze, and exults in his success; but all the while the mighty mass is bearing him and it inevitably downwards, farther and farther from the haven of his hope.

Such is the case of Count Montalembert. No one will dispute the zeal and vigour either of himself or of those whom he represents;

none will question the gigantic force of that current which we familiarly call the spirit of the age, and which not merely by its grosser elements, but by its best-reasoned and most deep-seated attributes, is in the sharpest conflict with the system of modern Rome. Well, he sees a good concordat with some ephemeral government here, a successful intrigue there, civil speeches from a man all whose words are mined under, some poor Madiai put in prison, more Jesuits, winking images of the Madonna, and great hopes of the Immaculate Conception for a new article of faith: what successes, what glories, what assurances of final triumph! But all this time the slow divorce is being prepared; the severance of that union yet more slow in its formation, the union which it required some thirteen hundred years of the Church's incessant labour to consolidate, between Divine Revelation and human thought and action, between the invisible and the visible kingdoms of God, the dispensation of heaven and the dispensation of earth. And the more perfect the organisation of the Roman Catholic clergy shall become, the more rigid the proscription of variance in opinion, the more exact its military discipline, the more precise, elaborate, and perfect its manœuvring, the more glaring, on the other hand, to all except itself, will it be, that all the successes of that army are far more than counterbalanced by the simple fact, that it is an army and nothing else, a fortified camp in the midst of Christian society: the more evident will it become that for others and not for them, for others less equipped in high pretension but better grounded upon homely truth, is reserved the solution, or the best approach to solution, of the great and world-wide problem, how, under the multiplying demands and thickening difficulties of the time coming upon us, to maintain a true harmony between the Church of Christ and the nations it has swayed so long, to reconcile the changeful world and that unchanging faith on which all its undeceptive hopes are hung.

M.A., F.S.A., Assistant in the Department of Antiquities. 1852.

3. COPY of all COMMUNICATIONS made by the Architect and Officers of the BRITISH MUSEUM to the Trustees, respecting the Enlargement of the Building, and of all Communications between the Trustees and the Treasury, subsequent to the period when the Commissioners upon the Constitution and Management of the British Museum presented their Report to HER MAJESTY. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852.

OUR article of January, 1851, has sufficiently acquainted our readers with the variety of criticisms and hyper-criticisms—the regrets and the complaints—of which the British Museum has been so long, and on the whole so undeservedly, the object. We are not about to go over that debated ground—all the most important points of which the ‘Report of the Royal Commission’ of 1848 has cleared and settled, much to the credit of the whole internal administration of the Museum, and more especially as to the management of the Library, which had been the object of the loudest, but, as it has turned out, the most groundless, the most ignorant, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, in some remarkable instances, the most malicious complaints. We shall hear no more, we presume—at least from any one who has read and weighed the evidence—of forcing the Trustees to attempt that *physical impossibility*, a general printed catalogue for current use—a proposition so long and so pertinaciously urged by some, as a covert mode of personal censure on the officers of the library department, and by a few respectable persons who, with little practical experience of the manipulation of the library, were deluded by the ideal facilities of a printed catalogue—an object no doubt extremely captivating, and to which certainly we ourselves see but one objection—viz., that no power of men or money could ever complete one. The only really practicable proposition suggested in the Report for a printed catalogue would be of some class or period which could be considered as *completed and closed*—such as the collection of works connected with the Great Rebellion, or of the books possessed by the Museum printed in the fifteenth century: but of these the first would be of little general use, and hardly worth the cost; and the second, if now executed, would, *we hope*, very soon become imperfect. The only mode of carrying out this latter idea that could be considered as complete, should embrace not what any single library may happen to possess *at the*

ART. VII.—1. *Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement.* By James Fergusson, M. R.B.A., &c. &c. 1849.

2. *Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum; being a description of the remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art preserved there.* By W. I. Vaux,

moment, but all the great libraries of Europe should be invited to contribute to a general catalogue of ALL books known to have been printed prior to 1501; and to each title might be affixed an initial to designate in what libraries the book might be found,—as ‘M. L.’ for *Museum, London*; ‘B. O.’, *Bodleian, Oxford*; ‘N. P.’, *National, Paris*; ‘I. P.’, *Institute, Paris, &c.* So that, whenever any of these libraries became possessed of a work they had not before, the addition, by a hand-stamp, of this distinguishing mark would keep *each* catalogue and (by easy intercommunication) all the catalogues complete; and even individuals who might purchase a catalogue could keep their own complete by reference to that of the nearest public library. This would be a valuable addition to the literature of the world.

The Commission has also set at rest many other captious complaints against the Museum. We shall not be again insulted by injurious comparisons—bolstered up by evidence most scandalously deceptive—of our Museum with similar establishments abroad—of our inferiority in material riches, in scientific distribution, in general accessibility, and in the intelligence and personal courtesy of its officers and servants. The gross injustice of such imputations is now indisputable. It has been proved beyond all further question, that there is not in the world another collection so various, so rich, so promptly, so lucidly, and so extensively accessible.

The *Edifice* itself, it must be admitted, does not come quite so well out of the discussion. Mr. Fergusson’s pamphlet contains a minute and merciless criticism on the whole and every part of it. We have no intention of entering on that proverbial inutilité—a disputation on mere points of taste:—but we are bound to say that we think Sir Robert Smirke has been treated, on matters both of taste and accommodation, with a degree of severity which the facts do not warrant. Our readers are aware that we ourselves are no great admirers of the edifice. It must, we fear, be admitted to be inferior to what its destination, its site, and, above all, its cost, might have led us to expect; but we cannot assent to Mr. Fergusson’s sweeping and unconditional (but oddly worded) censure, that ‘the Museum is as bad and as extravagant a building as could be *well* designed.’ In truth, though we concur in two or three of his leading criticisms, we think that most of his objections to the details are either altogether fanciful or much exaggerated; and we cannot but think that the criticisms of so ingenious a mind would have produced more ef-

fect on the public if they had been less indiscriminate.

We are glad, however, that, amidst so much censure, Mr. Fergusson does justice to Sir Robert Smirke’s general reputation in that style of art which he has more peculiarly followed. He says—

‘I do not know of anything in the works of classic architecture on the Continent superior to Sir Robert Smirke’s: I am certain it is not either the Berlin Museum, nor the Munich<sup>\*</sup> Walhalla or Glyptothek, nor the Paris Madeleine or Bourse, which, considering the difficulties of the subject, either show more taste or more knowledge of the style.’—*Ferg.*, p. 11.

And he even adds a kind of apology for Sir Robert Smirke, by laying, as he phrases it, ‘the blame on the right shoulders’—viz. the Trustees—who, he intimates, had imposed not only the style of the edifice on Sir Robert under pain of not being employed, but even dictated to him some of the individual blemishes with which Mr. Fergusson is most offended. Now we know not whether the Trustees had any predilection (which Mr. Fergusson seems to consider a kind of insanity) for Greek architecture; we ourselves so far concur in his opinion that we should not have chosen that rigid and unaccommodating style for so complicated and diversified an object as a Museum; but we cannot therefore presume to censure persons of perhaps a purer taste, who preferred the Greek style for an edifice dedicated to the arts and literature of which Greece was the illustrious parent; and especially when some of the richest treasures of the collection were derived from the noblest remains of Grecian architecture. And when the Trustees made that, as we think, not unnatural, though perhaps unlucky, choice, they surely did well in selecting to execute it the architect whom Mr. Fergusson admits to have surpassed in that style all the architects of the Continent.

As to the apologetical insinuation that Sir Robert Smirke sacrificed his own opinions and taste—that is his *duty*—to the unreasonable suggestions of individual trustees—it is an excuse which we are satisfied that the integrity and spirit of Sir Robert Smirke’s character would reject. We have no doubt that he accepts the whole responsibility of his work, and he may do so with honest pride; for we think, in spite of indi-

\* Why does Mr. Fergusson place the Walhalla at Munich? It is near Ratisbon, above thirty miles from Munich. He perhaps had in his mind’s eye another edifice of the Doric style at Munich, called the Rumphshalle.

vidual criticisms, that no impartial eye can be blind to the grandeur of its external aspect, or the appropriate beauty of its internal arrangement and decoration. For its faults, considerable as they no doubt are, a fairer, and we have no doubt a truer apology would be found in the admission of the indulgent axiom,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be—

which, applicable as it is to all works of art, is peculiarly so to that complicated class of architectural cases in which old and established rules of external form, proportion, and decoration are to be combined and reconciled with the exigencies of a species of internal accommodation unknown to the creators of the classic styles. Instances of such failures crowd on our memories and even on our eyes. The *Buckingham Palace* of Mr. Nash has been completely and happily masked by a new façade of an entirely different character. Mr. Soane's *Council Office* in Whitehall has been elevated, decorated, and indeed wholly and happily metamorphosed. The *Courts of Law*, near Westminster Hall, have been built and altered, and destroyed and rebuilt again, without, we fear, giving much greater satisfaction at last than at first. The *National Gallery*, the most prominent failure of all, stands, or rather hangs, in jeopardy between essential transformation and entire demolition. We fear that the latter must prevail; for we know not what else can be done to get rid—to say nothing of other external and internal defects—of the absurdity of making, in our climate, four flights (two at each side) of *unsheltered steps* the access to our two great galleries—a blunder and inconvenience which the Royal Academy is forced, every year, even in the *summer months*, to endeavour to remedy by a canvass awning, which strongly contrasts with its pretentious portico, and very imperfectly performs the office of sheltering the visitors. Well might Horace Walpole deprecate the monstrous fashion of making us 'go up and down stairs in the open air,' and unlucky it is for us that his denunciation of that absurdity has been disregarded. The artistic necessity of these external stairs is one of many reasons that would have deterred us from choosing the Grecian style for the Museum—though there, the inconvenience is not half the amount of that at the National Gallery.

However we may question the justice of much of Mr. Fergusson's architectural criticism, there is one great point—in our opinion the most important defect and difficulty of the whole case—on which his animadver-

sions are no more—perhaps even less—than the circumstances appear to deserve: namely, that there seems to have been in the original design *no provision whatsoever for the future*. We see no trace of the architect's having contemplated any serious addition to any department of the Museum; the vast but indispensable extensions lately made, or still in progress, are all external patches—internally convenient enough, as far as they go, and handsome too, but quite—not only independent of, but—inconsistent with, all possibility of external symmetry.

It is, we think, equally to be regretted and wondered at that both the architect and his employers should not have been struck, in the very first instance, by the peculiar character and obvious requirements of such an institution as the Museum, whose annual, monthly, nay, daily, growth was then even portentous, and clearly promised exactly what has happened—that before the buildings could be finished they would be already too small for the objects they were intended to contain. This neglect of so indispensable a preliminary is the more surprising, because we know that about the period when the matter was in discussion the attention of Sir Robert Peel—an ever active Trustee of the Museum, and an especial friend and patron of Sir Robert Smirke's—was called to this very point of the difficulty of constructing such edifices as Museums, Picture Galleries, and Record Offices, which should include, within a limited space, present adequacy with the means of gradual extension; and a plan was submitted to him of a building, behind the adequate façade of which should be accumulated, as time and circumstances might require, a series of—if we may use the expression—concentric galleries.\*

Whether that plan, or even the general problem which it was meant to solve, was brought to the notice of the other Trustees or the architect of the Museum, we know not. The difficulty indeed is so obvious that they should not have required a *flapper*; but certain it is that the absence of any provision for future extension is a radical, and,

\* Mr. Fergusson saw a room, or series of rooms, at Mr. Marshall's mills at Leeds, constructed on something of this principle, and recommends it as the best and cheapest plan for a largely increasing library. It might serve equally well, we suppose, for a growing collection of pictures—but unluckily, being exclusively adapted for a ground floor and, as it seems, an unlimited space, it could never satisfy some of the conditions most requisite in a public edifice occupying a conspicuous site in a crowded capital. The plan mentioned in the text as laid before Sir Robert Peel was of more general applicability, and, if we remember right, was especially directed to the employment of the space (then vacant) on which the National Gallery was afterwards built.

as it seems, irremediable error in the design of the Museum, and the main—we really might say the only real—cause of all the complaints that are made about it: complaints not merely of professional critics and of literary and artistical grumblers, but of all the intelligent and experienced officers of the institution. ‘Room! room!’ is the general cry; all the departments are ‘daughters of the horse-leech, crying Give! give!’—and various are the schemes which have been proposed for remedying an evil which is everywhere more or less felt; but in the Antiquities it is stated to be already serious—in Natural History perhaps more so—and in the Library overwhelming.

The first project we shall examine is a general one, advocated by Mr. Fergusson. He very justly says that the Library must be the first object, and to it, as we understand him, he would dedicate the whole existing building, and dismiss all the other departments, which he considers as interlopers, to other receptacles. Now, we admit at once the *paramount* claims of the *Book and Manuscript* departments. They are the first objects, and should be amply provided for, both at present and in future, by the allocation of any parts, or even, if we should arrive at such a happy necessity, of the *whole* of the building. We are, however, we think, still very far from being reduced to any such extremity. It would be, according to our estimate, some centuries before these two classes could fill the existing edifice. But the dispersion of the general collection is recommended—not merely on the urgent necessity of making *room*, but also on the principle of homogeneity and systematic classification. This proposition would send the sculptures and other specimens of Art to an amended edition of the National Gallery in *Trafalgar-square*—or, of course, to the far grander Palace of Art now announced for *Kensington Gore*: extend the new Geological Museum in *Piccadilly* as far as St. James’s churchyard for the accommodation of the minerals and fossils; arrange the remains of animated nature in a receptacle to be erected in the neighbourhood of the living specimens in the *Zoological Gardens*—or in *Devonshire* or *Burlington Houses*, to be bought for the occasion—or where some lucky fire might produce a vacant space—or ‘by taking advantage of a new *street* in a *worthless neighbourhood*’—or finally, by appropriating *St. James’s Palace* as a chapel of ease to the Museum.

We need not dwell on the merely practical objections to these bold schemes—the difficulty of making any classified separation and division of such an infinity of objects

acquired from so many different sources and under such a variety of legal and honourable conditions—the vast, immediate cost of the proposed sites and edifices—and the additional and ever-growing expense of such multiplied establishments. But even if the separation and dislocation of the various collections were easy and the result economical, we should strenuously protest against it on higher considerations. Whether we consider the convenience of the studious or the amusement of the curious, we should equally regret such a general dispersion; though we might not object to a limited dislocation of one or two special classes, if the space they occupy could be more advantageously employed—such, for instance, as the sending of the osteological and anatomical collections to the College of Surgeons in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. But on the general subject of classification, we must observe that the dispersion would not produce a more perfect one (except only as to *room*) than now exists. The departments are for all useful purposes as well separated by a wall or a door as they could be by the intervention of half a dozen miles of streets or nursery-gardens. But in truth the history of the formation of the Museum, and our daily experience as to collections made by private individuals, prove that all these different departments are intimately connected with each other. They are the objects of nearly allied, though not always identical, tastes and studies—various, but not dissimilar—

—*facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum.*

They are all exercises of congenial intellects; and though men’s minds will have a special preference for *scientific*, *antiquarian*, *artistic*, or *literary* pursuits, we know from experience that he who is accomplished in any one of these branches has, generally speaking, a natural disposition, and sometimes a practical necessity, for cultivating the others; the one mind that is capable of pursuing these various objects is most convenience and benefited by finding them in one building accessible within the same half-hour.

Let us examine this delusive principle of homogeneity in one or two practical instances. Mr. Smirke, the present—and brother, we believe, of the original—architect of the Museum, objected to the opening a door between one of the galleries of sculptured stones and a proposed *Print-room*, merely because he thought the subjects of a ‘dissimilar character.’ (*Parl. Return*, p. 1.) But what is the whole Museum but a collection into one edifice of the most miscellaneous,

and what some think the most incongruous objects? And after all, are not these supposed incongruities classed in the same school of art? It turns out that, in fact, the intended Print Gallery would have been only separated by a wall from the Elgin Gallery. Now open a portfolio of outline sketches by some of the great masters; how do they, in principle, differ from the beautiful outlines—for they are little more—of the frieze of the Parthenon, that highest specimen of lithography? What are all those numerous artists about that we see every day so busy in the Sculpture Galleries? Making drawings, destined perhaps to find their ultimate resting-place in the print-room. What are a great mass of the prints but a reproduction of sculpture and architecture? They are in a different material, indeed, but so are *statues* and *pictures*; yet who ever pronounced these of characters so ‘dissimilar’ as not even fit to be kept in adjoining apartments? Let us go a step further.

All the specimens that we have of Grecian Sculpture, and most of what we have of Roman, belong as much to *Art* (properly so called) as prints, drawings, or pictures. But the Egyptian, and, not less so surely, the Assyrian monuments, whatever they may be as to *art*, have a still more peculiar and serious character; they are a resurrection of buried nations, and belong as essentially to *history*, as the *Herodotus* or the *Diodorus*, or even the *Books of Moses, Kings, or Chronicles* in the library. What a short-sighted pretence at classification it would be to separate them—and what an adroit consultation of convenience to send the reader of the *books* to look for the *marbles* in some ‘worthless neighbourhood,’ perhaps a couple of miles distant! Similar observations as regards *bonâ fide* students might be made as to the connexion of all the various departments of the Museum. They are so obvious that we need not further insist on the advantage of the concentration of all the objects of artistic, antiquarian, or literary study.

And now for the *Sight-seers*—a class in whom we do not hesitate to say we take fully as great an interest as in the more deliberate visitors. The latter are already instructed persons, have an anxiety as to some particular object, and know, or ought to know, or at worst will have little difficulty in learning, where it is to be found. But we look upon the crowds that saunter through those galleries as coming to school—a holiday-school—as good for the taste, as a Sunday-school for the morals, of those who can go to no others. They enter them, we may admit, not know-

ing the rudiments, not even the A B C of art, of form, proportion, beauty, grandeur—they have never seen or thought of such things—’tis a new and a strange, and for a time an unintelligible world; the Athenian or Townley marbles are, at first sight, as much hieroglyphics to them as the Egyptian;—but who can presume to measure the feelings, the intelligence, the taste, that may be awakened and developed in their minds and hearts? On some, on many, on the majority perhaps, little impression may be made—though we hardly think that there is any one with curiosity enough to visit these things in whom may not be developed something of that appetite for knowledge with which God has endowed the human mind as certainly as he has the human body with an appetite for food: but who can doubt that with those—even if only a favoured few—who have a predisposition for arts or literature, these visits to *all* the various departments will help to develop their tastes and direct their studies? Here is *popular education* on a large scale; and if we were to reduce this influence so low as to treat it as a mere pastime, it is one that is, at least innocent, with a strong probability of being useful. Why, then, should all these objects of popular curiosity—the sources, probably, of popular instruction—be dispersed and divided? Why, instead of a visit to the BRITISH MUSEUM, where all these incentives to intellectual improvement are concentrated, should the inquirer be sent to one place to see a collection of books; to another a mile off, for a collection of bones; to a third four miles distant, for a collection of sculpture; to a fourth to look for insects; to another for minerals; and so on, till—what with the distance, the loss of time, and the monotony of each of the separated exhibitions—we should see them comparatively neglected and deserted by a careless or a perplexed public? It requires the diversified and combined attractions of the Museum to bring a somewhat inert and *cui bono* people like ours to this great *National School* of literary and artistic taste.

These are some of the reasons which induce us to deprecate, unless in the last extremity, any dispersion of the contents of the Museum.

The essential question, therefore, that now presses for consideration is, whether, short of the extradition of any class of the collection, additional space can be obtained within or contiguous to the existing site;—and to this point the recent batch of Parliamentary papers is altogether directed—though, by another of those strange contradictions to which all Museum matters seem peculiarly

liable, the proposition on which this new discussion is founded tends directly to increase the difficulty that it proposes to relieve. The case is really curious for what we presume to think its extravagant absurdities.

When every department of the institution is, we are told, suffocating for want of room, and especially the two most important of all—when the keeper of the Printed Books complains that he does not venture to expend the sum allowed for necessary additions because he has no place for them—when we find the keeper of the Antiquities deprecating the necessity of burying the colossal sculpture lately added to the Museum in ‘cellars’ and ‘closets’—it has startled us, we confess, to find some special admirers of *calcography* proposing that space should be found or made for the gallery we have just mentioned of ‘*Framed and Glazed Prints*’ to be exhibited as specimens of the progress of copper-plate engraving, and of the riches of the Museum in that line of art.

This proposition, reasonable enough if the Museum had unoccupied walls to spare, appears to us, under the circumstances of the case, peculiarly preposterous, and little better than if it had been for an exhibition of tapestry—a branch of the art of design older, and, as some persons might think, now more curious than engraving;—but it seems to have had the luck that strange fancies sometimes have. The Trustees, so long and so loudly (and, we believe, so undeservedly) accused of being obstinately sluggish in all real and even necessary improvements, seem—under the *Fine-Arts* impulse of our day—to have jumped at this—to say the best of it—untimely and supererogative proposal, and to have directed plans and estimates to be made for its immediate execution. And even the Royal Commissioners of 1848, departing widely from their usual good sense and sobriety of expression, hasten—under the same inconsiderate impulse—to declare their ‘satisfaction at this determination of the Trustees.’ They acknowledge its ‘advantages’ and ‘*desire to express their strong concurrence*’—adding, however, a reason for their recommendation, which if it were to prevail, would extend to the framing and glazing of *all* the engravings that the Museum may contain, in order that they may be

‘brought to public notice without the injury that they must inevitably suffer from the frequent turning over of portfolios.’—*Rep.* 35.

Now, if portfolios were to be abolished

(as they certainly should be if *inevitably injurious* to what they are meant to preserve), and their contents *framed and glazed* for public inspection—the *whole* Museum would not suffice for their exhibition—no, not even if the books, manuscripts, and sculptures were all turned out of doors! Or if, as no doubt the Commissioners really meant, a select number, say five hundred or a thousand selected prints, were to be thus exhibited to the holiday-folks, how would that prevent ‘the *inevitable injury*’ to the *hundred thousand* other engravings which must still be looked at by ‘turning over’ the destructive portfolios.

The Commissioners, it is true, modify their assent by the following proviso:—

‘We have reason to believe that a place for this new gallery may be found—without interfering with the *wants of the other departments.*’

If this were so, all would be well; and we should be as glad as they to see such a gallery of Engravings: but the Commissioners were misinformed. We find from the plans laid before Parliament that this intended print-gallery, and a new room proposed to be added to it, happen to be immediately adjoining to, and might at each end *open* into, the very two departments whose *wants* are the most urgent—the Library and the Antiquities; to either of which, or to both, if divided between them, this space would afford the most essential and the most commodious relief.

Without a diagram our readers can hardly imagine how completely the Commissioners were misinformed, and how essential this space would be to the Antiquities on the one side and the Library on the other. They will see presently that, besides the obvious misappropriation of this special space, the Print-room project—so apparently trifling in itself—has led to questions of much higher and more extensive importance.

No sooner had this unexpected concession of the erection of a ‘Gallery of *Framed and Glazed Prints*’ been announced than it very naturally aggravated all the real wants and excited all the jealous susceptibilities of every individual department. The daughters of the horse-leech became more greedy than ever. The Books and the Antiquities reproduced with increased and increasing force their acknowledged claims. *Geology* and *Mineralogy* ask for double the space in which they are now confined (p. 12). *Zoology* wants more than half as much again (*ib.*) The *Herbarium* is more crowded and less distinguishable in the Museum than it ever was in any natural meadow. And ‘if



any new building is undertaken. *Osteology* submits its claim for 'an exhibition of the skeletons of *all vertebrated animals*'—(*all!*)—but with most strenuous urgency, for a special exhibition of *skulls*—which, it seems, are, in the commercial phrase, 'much inquired after.'

We do not wonder at, still less blame, his emulative ambition of the Heads of these Departments. It is an *esprit de corps* which stimulates their zeal, improves their talents, and supports them under the tedium of their somewhat monotonous daily occupations. They are as proud of their collections and as anxious to increase and *parade* them as a Colonel is of his regiment, or a Captain of his ship—but it is a zeal which the governing power must moderate and guide, not by the emulative feelings of individual officers, but by the general convenience of the service, and by a judicious distribution of the narrow space and limited means at their disposal. Exhibitions of 'Framed and Glazed Prints' and galleries of '*all the vertebrated animals*' of creation might be very well if, instead of Great Russell Street, the Museum stood on Hounslow Heath, and that in digging its foundations a mine of gold had been discovered. Even as to the Book department—though we are friends to a certain ostentation of our literary treasures in a few *fine* rooms—it is not to be denied that, beyond that partial (but still very extensive) *display*, it is of no real importance where the great mass of the books may be placed, provided they are *safe from the risk of fire or damp, and are easily accessible to the hands of the servants* of the Museum—indeed, subject to these indispensable conditions, the closer they can be packed the better. This principle has already been very ingeniously and usefully applied in the little gallery behind the King's Library, and in other parts, we believe, of the building.

In discussing this complaint of want of room—one, perhaps, a little exaggerated by the feeling of departmental rivalry just alluded to—we must not omit to notice the interesting victims who come to the Reading-rooms to study, and find (in addition to other disappointments) nothing but a new disease, which they have appropriately designated in their *synopsis morborum* as the *Museum Headache*. We confess ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the prevalence, and even as to the existence, of this malady. It has been our lot to feel what might be called the *House-of-Commons headache*, and the *Opera-house headache*, and, in earlier days, the *Ball headache*, and the *Supper headache*, but we must own

that, after many years' acquaintance with the reading-room, we never felt and never saw a credible instance of the *Museum headache*; nor indeed has it ever happened to us to find the reading-rooms more inconveniently crowded, nor hotter or colder, than might be naturally, reasonably, and we might say inevitably, expected under all its circumstances. There may be, of course, at the British Museum, as in every other place where a limited area is liable to the occasional inroad of unlimited numbers, periods of inconvenient pressure and heat. The House of Commons, after all the experiments it has undergone, will be cold and windy when forty or fifty members shiver through an uninteresting debate, and will be oppressive to suffocation when six hundred crowd suddenly in to some important division. All that human skill can do is to make reasonable provision for average circumstances, and *that*, according to our own experience, has been hitherto satisfactorily done at the Museum. The size and height of the reading-rooms have been greatly increased of late. They are now about 100 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 30 high, and are lighted from the north and the east—the best aspects for the purpose—by 10 large and lofty windows. But whatever they may be, no one doubts that they must be further and further enlarged as circumstances may require—though we do not expect that anything will cure that class of visitors who talk of the *Museum headache*. When Boswell complained to Johnson that he used to have a headache from sitting up with him during their early acquaintance, the sage replied, 'No, sir, it was not the sitting up that made your head ache, but the *sense* I put in it;' and so, if there have really been any sufferers from the *Museum headache*, we suspect that they belong to that unlucky class whose brains are rather too weak for their studies. But after making all abatement for the exaggeration of such *malades imaginaires*, it is obvious that the reading-room is of the first importance—it is, in fact, the channel—may we venture to say the *tap*?—by which the accumulated stores of the library are to be distributed for general use; and as the readers are likely to increase in at least equal proportion with the other extensions of the Museum, the space for their accommodation will soon be, if it is not already, one of the pressing exigencies of the case.

In this general want of room it is impossible not to regret the loss of the valuable space *thrown away on the central court*; which is of the grand proportions of 320 feet long, by 230 wide. Digitized by Google



We know that in any large quadrilateral habitation there must be interior spaces for light and air, and so we find them in all such edifices from the court of the Louvre to the quadrangle of a college—where they also serve many other indispensable secondary purposes. But such habitable buildings are no precedents for a Museum, and we agree with Mr. Fergusson that such a plan was a radical mistake, and that, instead of a design at once so commonplace and inappropriate, one ought to have been found which should at least have economized to the utmost the limited space at the architect's disposal.

The Museum Court has not even the secondary utilities of those in palaces and colleges, for it is not merely inaccessible but almost invisible; it was indeed entirely so until two glass panels were inserted about 5 feet from the floor in a massive door, which before offered *visage de bois* at the further end of the great hall, through which loopholes men of ordinary and women of extraordinary stature and of unusual curiosity may obtain a glimpse (which we never did until within the last six months) of two sad-looking grass plots, and three of the four severe hewn-stone façades that form its sides. It is not visible from any accessible window of the edifice, and in fact its existence was as utterly unknown to ourselves, though frequent visitors to the Museum, as the courts of Nineveh were before the discoveries of Layard. But there it is; and having been by special indulgence permitted to enter it, it certainly struck us as one of the most unexpected sights which the Museum affords. Very considerable differences of opinion as to its effect exist, however, as we find, amongst the few who have seen it. Mr. Fergusson says—

'By some it is supposed to be beautiful—but others think it cold, lean, and wretched—as all courts are, more or less, in our climate, and especially a pure Greek court as this professes to be.'—(30.)

Others, not less critical, and no better disposed towards the Museum in general, see the court with more favouring eyes. An ingenious writer in *The Times* (29th September, 1852) pronounces it 'one of the grandest things in London:' but adds:—

'It is, however, never seen except by such curious persons as choose to walk up to the glazed door opposite the chief entrance and peep in to see what they can.'

We do not altogether agree with either of these judgments—its architectural aspect is

severe indeed, as Mr. Fergusson seems to admit a Greek court ought to be, but it is not *lean and wretched*. Nor can we, on the other hand, call it *the grandest thing in London*—for we remember nothing of its kind in London but the court of Somerset House, to which it is inferior in size, and, as we think, in architectural effect; it can hardly, however, be denied that it is impressive, and even grand, in its naked severity. But, whatever its sides may be, its surface now constitutes its chief interest. How can it be made available to the exigencies of the Museum? Mr. Fergusson leads the way, by proposing to construct in its centre a building for a reading-room, of about 175 feet by 105 feet—a structure which, says he, 'though it would of course interfere with the effect which the architect wished to produce when he designed the court, would *not do so*, I conceive, to any *material extent*—as it would be only 30 feet high, while the buildings around it are more than double that height; so that the capitals and columns would be seen *over it*, and a space of 60 feet would be left all round between the two buildings, which is *amply sufficient* for the effect of a façade of the same height.'—58.

This passage is a curious one to have fallen from the pen of so fastidious an architectural critic; and we shall say a few words on it, because our objections to Mr. Fergusson's proposition apply equally, or indeed still more, to another plan for occupying the court, which it seems, much to our astonishment, the Trustees have adopted and recommended to the Treasury.

In the first place, we are startled at Mr. Fergusson's assertion that an erection as big as a church—an incumbrance 175 feet long, 105 wide, and 30 feet high—'would not interfere with the effect of the Court in *any material degree*.' Of all the various awkwardnesses, disproportions, and anomalies, which Mr. Fergusson complains of in all the other public buildings of London, nothing, we will venture to assert, would at all equal this. Such an edifice in that place may be advisable or not—that we shall discuss hereafter—but to say that it will not *interfere to any material extent* with the effect the architect of the court wished to produce, only shows with what indulgence the severest critic will contemplate his own ideas. Secondly, he informs us that it is *amply sufficient* for the effect of any architectural building to be seen from a distance *equal to its own height*—a position so untenable that he himself had just before thought it necessary to say that the architectural effect of the court would not be materially injured *because* the capitals and columns of the present

façades would be seen *over the new building*—meaning, of course, from the extreme point of view that the court affords—which is five or six times the height of the object. His third assertion, however, is still more unfortunate than either of the others—since, besides the paradox of asserting that the effect of an architectural façade is not impaired if you can catch sight of its attic story, the supposed fact is impossible in *rerum naturâ*—for there is no spot in the court in which the capitals and columns could be seen *over* the proposed building—as our readers will perceive by a diagram formed on Mr. Fergusson's own data.

Mr. Fergusson's practical proposition may, we say, be right or wrong, but (to use a new-fangled word of which he is very fond) his *æsthetic* reasons appear to us singularly unfortunate. Its principle, however, has been taken up—as it appears from one of the Parliamentary plans—by Mr. Panizzi (the active and intelligent librarian), who professes not to discuss the architectural question, but whose laudable zeal to find space for his *Books* and his *Readers* induced him to imagine a very ingenious scheme for occupying the court with a kind of *panopticon* reading-room and library. This would certainly, considered *per se*, be an admirable addition to the *printed book department*—but it would be, in our opinion, not merely out of keeping with the rest of the edifice, but seriously injurious to it. Mr. Panizzi's suggestive sketch has, it seems, been with some variations adopted by Mr. Smirke, the present architect of the Museum, and by the Trustees submitted to the approbation of the Treasury. This readiness to sacrifice so important a feature of a building for which he must feel a fraternal interest is creditable to Mr. Smirke's candour, and we think that his having for a moment admitted such a suggestion is a strong proof both of the exigencies of the Museum and the difficulty of supplying them.

But if we can praise the candour of Mr. Smirke's proposition, we cannot applaud either the taste or judgment of his design. We are reluctant, as we have said, to raise idle questions of taste—but in this case, when it seems we are menaced with an amendment which is, in every point of view, infinitely worse than any existing evil, or than all put together, we deem it our duty to state shortly the reasons of our protest against any such, as we think, monstrous scheme. We can appreciate and sympathise with Mr. Panizzi's anxiety for book-room—*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse*—but we confess we are surprised at an *architect's* concurrence. In the first place, this plan

proposes to occupy twice as much of the court in height, and four times as much in area, as even Mr. Fergusson's proposition. In fact, the height is to be, in the centre, the full height of the existing building; and the utter obscuration of the principal and lower floors is only, and still imperfectly, obviated by sloping off the central mass into four circles of gradually diminishing cupola-roofs, supported on iron pillars, and all—centre and circles—partaking of an arabesque character—so that the published design looks as if a gigantic birdcage were to be let down into the court of the Museum. We need say nothing of the ridiculous incongruity of architectural aspects implied in such a design. The disposal of the area seems, if possible, worse. It occupies the whole surface of the court, except a 'cartway 8½ feet wide,' which is to be preserved all round between the new and the old building. A cartway!—where by no possibility could any cart ever arrive any more than into the choir of St. Paul's. This pretended cartway seems to us no more than a device to conceal one of the radical defects of the whole scheme—namely, the further darkening the lower story; but 8½ feet is but a miserable compensation for the total area of which it is to be deprived. For the same purpose of preserving some degree, not of the light, but of the 'darkness visible' of the lower floor, this plan breaks up the surface of the area into three or four levels.

We wish we could have exhibited a copy of this singular design, but, besides the strange deficiency of a *scale* to work by, which the Blue Book does not afford us, the birdcage itself is of such minute and complicated construction that it could not be intelligibly copied within the size of our page. If ever executed, we venture to predict that the monstrosity will excite more surprise than all the sphinxes of Egypt or the winged bulls of Nineveh.

In short, architecturally considered, this scheme seems infinitely the most exceptionable of any we have ever seen; but it nevertheless was, as we understand the papers, so warmly adopted by the Trustees, that on the 5th of June last—the *very day the plans bear date*—they transmitted them to the Treasury, with an urgent request that the Government should obtain from Parliament, before the close of the then far-advanced Session, *the means of commencing the works* (p. 34). The Government did not, and no Government, we trust, ever will sanction any such scheme, modestly estimated at 56,000*l*.

We therefore consider all the plans yet produced for the utilization of the central court as not merely indefensible on the

score of good taste, but altogether inadequate to the general difficulties of the case, and likely to leave in every department—except that of the printed books—as much reasonable cause of complaint as now exists.

What then is to be done? Are we to purchase—according to an alternative plan also submitted to the Treasury by the Trustees and Mr. Smirke—one whole side of Montague-street, consisting of twelve houses, and half a side of Russell-square, over which we are to extend some additional offices of the Museum?—a scheme that, it is obvious from the plan in the Parliamentary papers, must inevitably lead to the future purchase and appropriation to the Museum of half Montague-place, half Charlotte-street, part of Great Russell-street, and one whole side of Bedford-square.

In this sketch the Museum building as originally designed is marked by a strong black line, the recent additions are slightly shaded. On the original plan the street houses are *individually delineated and numbered* as follows:—

	Houses.
Montague Street - - -	13
Russell Square - - -	5
Montague Place - - -	20
Bedford Square - - -	10
Charlotte Street - - -	18
Great Russell Street - - -	5

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Of these it is proposed to purchase those in Montague Street and Russell Square immediately, or perhaps in some kind of succession. The explanatory letter of the Trustees, which would explain this point, is not given; but it is clear from the general context of the papers, and the very significant features of the plan itself, and indeed, we may add, from the reason of the case, that—if this proposal of pushing the additions to the Museum into Montague Street and Russell Square be adopted—all the rest must follow;—and it is evident that in the possibility of any such design it would be absolutely necessary (unless we mean to be the victims of still greater blunders, difficulties, and expense) that whatever should be now done in Montague Street and Russell Square should be part of a general plan—including the eventual possession of about seventy first and second rate houses, of which the eighteen wanted for more immediate use are estimated at 67,000*l.*; so that the whole of the extended site may be estimated at little or nothing short of 300,000*l.*

Before we make the first step towards a design which must incur so great, and may eventually lead to such an enormous expense,

we should look carefully to see whether some expedient of less difficulty and magnitude may not suffice for our present embarrassments; and we are glad to be able to say that there appears at hand, and quite within reach, a very simple, effectual, and comparatively cheap and easy remedy—or at least an important palliative—for much the greater part of the real difficulties and imperfections of the case, and even of those more exaggerated and captious complaints made by that fault-finding class who, like honest Iago, are nothing if not critical. That remedy, in a word, is covering the whole court with a GLASS ROOF—and thus obtaining at once, without purchase, without brick and mortar, with little or no disturbance even of the current service, 72,000 square feet of *floor*;—to say (for the present) nothing of *its walls*—infinitely better suited for the most cumbersome and extensive department of the Museum—the Egyptian and Oriental antiquities—than their present much criticised locality.

We need not, we presume, trouble ourselves with any details on the practicability of constructing such a roof, nor of its sufficient transmission of light. The Crystal Palace has settled all such questions. We believe that even the success of that grand experiment is about to be surpassed at Sydenham;—but even if no better be done, the light that answered for the exhibition of enamelled miniatures and filagree trinkets will more than suffice for the colossal monuments of Egypt, Lycia, and Assyria. On the less prominent but equally essential points of providing for ventilation, and for cleaning and repairing such a roof, there can be no more difficulty than at the Crystal Palace—not so much—as this roof will be more accessible, and the constructor will, of course, suit the frame-work to the more permanent character of the work, and its more especial objects. We purposely abstain from details:—but we believe that the loss of light by mere transmission through good glass is imperceptible:—no doubt there would be some from the framing of the roof—but we are inclined to think that even that would be compensated by the difference between the colour of the Portland stone in a dry warm interior, and that dingy shade under which it now appears in the open London atmosphere. We may add also that Messrs. Panizzi and Smirke's plans propose to cover very nearly the same surface with glass, and Mr. Smirke's plans for chimney flues, ventilation, and the like internal arrangements, are equally applicable to our proposal.\* In

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\* One of Mr. Panizzi's preferences for Mr. Smirke's

short, it is evident that there can be no material or constructive impediment to the adoption of this proposition. When Michael Angelo conceived the idea of lifting the Pantheon into the skies, his success might well have been doubted; but after the dome of St. Peter's had stood a century, nobody despaired of Sir Christopher Wren's design for St. Paul's. And so we who saw the height of forest-trees and the spread of eighteen acres of ground covered with glass in Hyde Park, can have no doubt that the court of the Museum can be converted into a glass-roofed hall. We now proceed to offer some of the more general and more prominent advantages of this proposition.

1. Whatever of beauty or grandeur there may be in the architecture of the court would be preserved—for the glass roof would be above, and independent of, all its architectural aspects. In fact it would be an artificial sky.

2. On the other hand, those who think it *severe and naked*—and the whole world who see it at present entirely vacant—would find those objections obviated by its being filled with objects of interest, for which even the severity of its architectural forms must seem peculiarly appropriate.

3. All those gigantic sculptures now incongruously shut up, and, as the critics tell us, imperfectly lighted, in decorated rooms and 'closets,' like lions and elephants in booths at a fair, would be brought out into their natural light ranged in avenues and aisles, and thus restored to something approaching to the effect which they were originally intended to produce. We might hesitate as to placing the Townley collection and other smaller sculptures in the great court—but we may venture to appeal to Mr. Vaux's useful and instructive *handbook*, whether nine-tenths, in dimensions, of the sculptures would not be as well, if not better, placed in that more expanded and better lighted position.

The four façades of the court, so criticised for their *useless* cost and *invisible* pretensions, would assume a different aspect, and afford appropriate terminations to the avenues of sculpture that would intersect the court. This seems so fortunate, we had almost said so natural, that we might suppose that Sir Robert Smirke had originally designed some such application of the court—to of

course he never thought of a glass roof, but he may have imagined that some of the larger and weather-braving antiquities might be so disposed.

5. The access to the library and reading-rooms, the most frequented and most important portion of the institution, instead of being, as at present, in a remote, dark, and even dirty external corner of the premises, would be at once through the great entrance, across the great hall, and thence across the court, through the magnificent avenue of ancient sculptures. Whatever be the value of what the moderns call *æsthetics*, assuredly such an approach to the literary treasures of the Museum would of itself be a striking improvement.

So far as to architectural propriety and æsthetic effect.

Let us now observe on the consequences of this change in the Museum itself.

1. The first and most important result would be the immediate relief it might be made to afford to the whole establishment: like the safety-valve of an engine, or the sluices of a flood-gate, it would suddenly but safely remove the internal pressure—the plethora—under which the whole Museum is represented as suffering, by more than doubling the space given in the *original* plan to the Library and Antiquities both together, and very nearly doubling their *present* extent, including the six or seven sculpture galleries that have been added on to the first design.

2. We do not presume to anticipate the details of the distribution of the spaces thus acquired, but it is obvious that, the Egyptian sculptures being better provided for in the court, that gallery—which is on the *west* side, exactly similar to the King's Library on the *east*—might naturally fall into the Book department, and indeed seems necessary to complete its symmetry; and if an increase of the Reading-room be required, we know not where it can so conveniently be attained, as by removing it, *next door* as it were, into the great central apartment, where it would be really in the centre of the whole library; and one or both of the reading-rooms, which would be in this case added to the general library, might hereafter, if necessary, afford extension to the reading-room. The only objection to this plan that we can foresee is, that it would be requisite to make a communication between the east and west libraries for the *interior* service without passing through the new Reading-room; but that might be easily provided, by adding a corridor, or even a room on the external north, where there is fortunately a vacant space—here the trap-window

plan is, that it affords such *early* relief—but it seems probable that ours would be much sooner ready—particularly as it is proposed to encircle the *birdcage* with a solid brick wall 16 feet high, between it and the main building, which would, we surmise, take at least thrice as long in drying as the construction of the glass roof.

and counter for the receipt of tickets and the delivery of the books might be placed, and the messengers for the books dispatched east and west with more ease and rapidity than at present. The Egyptian gallery, if fitted up on the plan of *loggie*, or recesses, each with a window, as is now partially adopted in the central and west rooms of the library, could be made to hold at least 150,000 volumes, and be still, we believe, the finest room in the Museum. This *loggie* plan is that of the libraries of Trinity Colleges in Cambridge and Dublin—both beautiful rooms, but the latter especially, which is the most perfect we ever saw, not merely in capacity and convenience, but in picturesque effect. The proposed room at the Museum might be still finer—at least its dimensions and capacity would be greater. We have heard some very competent judges express surprise that this *loggie* plan, undoubtedly the most economical of space, was not adopted originally for the King's Library. But, perhaps, Sir Robert Smirke was right. The royal donation\* deserved to be exhibited in its full extent, with what we may call a *parade* of its wealth—for this, mere economy of space was the contrary of desirable. The room itself, in spite of Mr. Fergusson's objections to it, is to the public eye a suitable vestibule, as well as a magnificent specimen of the library of the British Museum.

3. We say nothing of the British, Roman, Athenian, and Phigalian Sculpture Galleries—the two latter (though also very much criticised) seem sufficiently handsome and convenient, and we see no reason why they should be at present disturbed. They would all, and especially the two former, we believe, be much better exhibited in the great court than in their present position, of which many, and some not unreasonable, complaints are made; but as the room gained by the removal of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Lycian Antiquities to the court would probably meet all the wants of the departments now most in need of room, for many years to come, we do not think it necessary to push our present proposals any further

\* We have received a strong remonstrance, accompanied with, as it seems to us, very strong evidence, against the whole and every part of the anecdote related in our Number for January 1851 (Q. R. v. 88, p. 74), relative to the motives and manner of the transfer by George IV. of his father's library to the Museum. We took the anecdote from the original and full edition of the Handbook for Spain; but think Mr. Ford must have been misled by some of the loose talkers among his Majesty's Whig ex-friends. We are, however, making strict inquiries into the business, and shall take an opportunity of acquainting our readers with the result.

than to repeat that the superficial size of the court is considerably greater than the whole space now assigned to *all* the sculptures put together. Ought any petty objections to prevent our opening to the Museum this new world of space?

4. There is another alteration, which, though not essential to our plan, would improve it both in extent and effect, and be advantageous to the rest of the Museum. There is a basement-story to the whole building;—why there should have been a buried story we cannot guess—but there it is, sunk in an *area*\* like the offices of a street-house, and its windows, already two-thirds masked by the *area* wall, are further obscured, like the said street offices, by strong iron bars—obscured, not secured; for why these bars are thought necessary as safeguards on the side of a court-yard absolutely inaccessible except through three doors opening into the interior, we are again at a loss to imagine: but there is the buried story—and a striking defect and copious cause of complaint it is! It seems to us that, instead of exaggerating the evil, as proposed in Mr. Smirke's plan, by raising the level of the centre of the court higher than the ceiling of the basement, it would be much better if the whole court, or at least two-thirds of it, were to be lowered for its new destination to the level of the present *area*—when the window-bars being removed, the basement would have the advantage of all the light and air of which it is susceptible—would less deserve the opprobrious name of *cellars* now too justly bestowed on it—and, what is more important, would become much more available to the purposes of the Museum. It may be objected to this proposition, that it would alter the architectural proportion of the inner façades of the court. We admit that it would in theory, but not sensibly in fact, for the theoretical base-line of the architectural elevations is the terrace of the flight of steps that descended into the court, which is several feet higher than the line of sight, so that on every side of the court, except that single spot, the theoretic base vanishes, and, the basement and its *area* being visible to every eye, the supposed architectural proportion is really little better than a sham, and may, we think, be disregarded, in consideration of the general improvement.

We have said that this lowering of the level—whether carried throughout or limited to widening the *area* on each side to 40 or

\* Where we use the term *area* in its vulgar sense of a *street area* we print it in italics. It is necessary to note this to distinguish it from the general *area* or surface of the court.

50 feet—is not indispensable to the success of our plan for the appropriation of the court, but it would certainly be an important improvement—first, because the *area* itself is not only mean and unsightly, but a wanton introduction of a vulgar expedient only pardonable in a London street because it is inevitable, but which becomes ridiculously, we might say offensively, useless in the interior court of the Museum. And, as we think that the slabs of *Egyptian and Assyrian* sculpture, and by and bye, perhaps, *all* the bas-reliefs, which are now affixed to the *inner* side of the walls, and imperfectly lighted, might be as well or indeed better fixed to the *court* side of the same wall, and lighted from the sky, it would be desirable that the spectator should be able to examine them more conveniently than across the *area*.

5. But there is another consideration. One of the complaints against the existing galleries is, that the sculptures originally designed to be viewed from and at different heights are now only visible from one level. The defect—be it greater or less—exists in every gallery we ever saw, and is, generally speaking, inevitable. We have, therefore, been always inclined to rank this complaint amongst the hyper-criticisms; but when an opportunity occurs of remedying a defect, however slight it may appear, it is as well to avail ourselves of it. It is therefore an additional recommendation of our proposed use of the court, and still more of partly or wholly lowering its level, that the three flights of steps by which visitors are to descend into it would afford a succession of elevations near which the works that are supposed to require various points of view might be placed. Let us add, that, if there be anything really serious in this complaint of the uniform level of the present galleries, the surface of the court might be, as we have above intimated, broken into two or three different levels, as proposed by Mr. Smirke, but with different dimensions and for a very different object from his: the centre one, at, or above, or below, the present level, as might be ultimately decided, and two lateral ones on that of the present *area*. The space, indeed, would afford *five* such terraces—a centre one of 60 feet wide, and two lateral ones at each side 40 feet wide—the width of the present Egyptian Gallery—the space of which by the new appropriation of the court would be thus more than *quintupled*. But again, we say, these details of distribution, which we only throw out to meet complaints that have been made, do no otherwise affect our general proposition than by affording prospects of additional advantage.

There is now but one principal entrance into the court—that from the Great Hall; and although the idea of a similar one in the opposite façade is very tempting, we are of opinion that it would be necessary to limit ourselves to the two lesser and lateral entrances already existing in the two northern angles—for these, amongst other reasons—that they *are* there; and that their removal would be not merely unnecessarily expensive, but injurious to, and indeed incompatible with, the internal arrangements of the building, and particularly if the new Reading-room be placed in the central library; for not only would it be extremely inconvenient to have the Reading-room opening at once upon the court, but the ante-rooms, through which it is *indispensable* that the *Readers* should pass, can nowhere be so well obtained as in the spaces between these lateral entrances and the central room. The absence of a decent entrance, corridors, and ante-rooms, is, as every officer and reading visitor feels, one of the greatest discomforts of the existing arrangement. It really deserves the epithet of *disgraceful*.

On the whole, after the fullest consideration that we have been able to give to this interesting subject, we do not hesitate to recommend the covering and appropriating the central court in the manner we have sketched—not merely as a temporary or economical expedient, nor as removing the most serious and well-founded objection that can be made to the edifice, but as being *in itself* a great and permanent improvement. Some such device ought to have been originally adopted—and this will now only complete the existing edifice without in any degree interfering with any future or external plans either of accommodation or architecture. We do not propose to block up a single window, nor break a single door. The fitting the Egyptian and Assyrian and two unfurnished and unappropriated Galleries for whatever purposes may be found most advisable—the exchange of the Reading-rooms with the adjoining compartment of the Library—and the levelling, flooring, and glass-roofing the court—is all that we contemplate; and these changes, so easy and simple, would probably satisfy all the wants of the Museum for the present, and we believe, the two next, generations. By that time, perhaps, our successors may be disposed to extend a *circumambient* edifice over the whole space designated on the plan we have reproduced. We do not deny that it is a grand idea, and that individually we should be glad to see it adequately carried into effect; but as the case stands, we must be satisfied to bequeath to our grandchildren

the honour, the pleasure, the *cost*, and the *criticism* of such a monument.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.
2. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic sources.* By January Searle, Author of *Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott, &c.* 12mo., pp. 312. 1852.

It was a frequent saying of the subject of these memoirs that 'a poet's life is written in his works.' The Canon of Westminster tells us that it is especially just as to his uncle himself, and adds, in language far too magisterial to be spoken out of a school-room, 'Let no other Life of Wordsworth be composed besides what has thus been written with his own hand.' Two volumes in large octavo are a singular commentary upon this prohibitory ordinance. In fact, the position is abandoned the instant it is taken up. The logical Doctor confesses that the personal incidents in his great kinsman's verse can only be fully understood through a narrative in prose, and that even the sentiments will be better appreciated when they are shown to have been in harmony with the poet's practice. He therefore follows up his absolute decree, 'Let no other Life be composed,' with the counter-declaration that 'a biographical manual to illustrate the poems ought to exist.' He still professes, it is true, to exclude everything relating to the man except what is connected with something in his works: this, however, is a vague principle, of which he has not attempted to define the limits, and which he has applied—so capriciously that it becomes additionally hard to guess what meaning he attaches to it. In the strictest use of the words it might be understood to shut out all that was not explanatory of the actual sense of the poems; in its widest signification it might comprise whatever influenced the genius of the author, whatever related to his mode of conceiving and executing his works, and whatever in his life, habits, or conversation, was either in contrast or in keeping with his verse. The latter latitudinarian interpretation would seem to have found some favour with Dr. Wordsworth, for he has touched upon every branch of the subject, though in most cases, in his fear of plucking forbidden fruit, he

has mainly served up the leaves. The volumes comprise not a few interesting letters and memoranda—but they are scattered among many more which have neither life of their own, nor any proper connexion with the life of the poet;—while the portion of the text which proceeds from the Canon himself is almost without exception, as *vapid* as *verbose*. His example is ill-calculated to recommend his theory, which we believe to be altogether unmanageable in practice. The perplexity of distinguishing between the author and the man, of deciding whether facts had any bearing upon the writings, would soon induce a biographer, worthy of the name, to break through the cobwebs which fettered his pen, and adopt 'the good old rule, the simple plan' of giving a full-length portrait of the original. If the Wordsworth system were possible, it would, at best, be undesirable:—it would produce a deceptive as well as an imperfect narrative—it would take from biographies what has always been felt to be the larger half of their use and entertainment, and, in a word, would deteriorate and nearly destroy a department of literature which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the most delightful of any.

The signal failure of Dr. Wordsworth to convey an adequate idea of his uncle's character and career left the stage empty for Mr. January Searle. Again the performer has proved unequal to his part. Mr. Searle—whose life of Ebenezer Elliott we never met with—seems never to have set eyes upon his new and greater hero, nor even to have conversed with any one who had. His 'authentic sources' are the materials already before the public—some of them exceedingly apocryphal—and in the process of 'compilation,' as he may well call it, he has used his scissors more than his pen. 'Instead of vitality,' he says of the official Memoirs, 'we have dry facts—which are the mere bones of biography—and these are often strung together with very indifferent tendons.' Mr. Searle's tendons are likewise indifferent. What narrative belongs to him is feeble to silliness, and his occasional remarks are made doubly absurd by ostentatious accompaniments of which his predecessor had set him no example—most pitiable affectation and most laughable egotism.

A family of Wordsworths were anciently landowners at Penistone, near Doncaster, and from them the poet supposed himself to be descended. The particular branch from which he was inclined to derive his origin was that of William Wordsworth of Falthwaite, in Yorkshire, who, in a will dated



1665, styles himself *yeoman*, and a year later *gent.*; but the genealogy was conjectural, and his authentic pedigree terminates with his grandfather. His father was John Wordsworth, an attorney, apparently much esteemed, who superintended part of the Lowther estates, and occupied an old manor-house of that family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland:—His mother was Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer at Penrith. The poet, their second child, was born April 7, 1770. Mrs. Wordsworth was not one of those nervous mothers who conjure up dangers ghostly and bodily when their children stray beyond the tether of the apron-string. At five years old he was allowed to range at will from dewy morn to dewy eve over the surrounding country, and among other amusements of that tender age, indulged largely in bathing. Porson, who hated water in all its applications, inward and outward, and who used to say that bathing was supposed to be healthy because there were people who survived it, would have looked with wonder upon the infant Laker, whose custom it was to make 'one long bathing of a summer's day,' only leaving the stream to bask, dressed in nature's livery, upon the bank, and then plunging back into the cooling current. His fifth was probably the most amphibious year of his life, for he was soon after put to a school at Cockermouth, kept by a clergyman. The school-house stood by the church; and a woman one week-day being sentenced to do penance in a white sheet, young William was praised by his mother for his virtuous zeal in attending the spectacle. He had been enticed by a rumour that he would be paid a penny for his services in looking on, and when he proceeded to complain that the fee was not forthcoming, 'Oh,' said Mrs. Wordsworth, 'if that was your motive, you were very properly disappointed.' It is a proof of the fondness with which men dwell upon their earliest recollections, that when the venerable Laureate dictated half-a-dozen pages of autobiographical memoranda for the public eye, he thought this anecdote worthy to be included in so brief a chronicle of his long existence.

At eight years of age he lost his mother, who died from the effects of a cold brought on by sleeping at a friend's house in London, amid the damp dignity of 'a best bed room.' The only one of her children about whom she was anxious was our worthy William, whose indomitable self-will and violent temper led her to predict that he would be steady in good, or headstrong in evil. Among other wanton freaks to show his courageous contempt of authority, he asked

his eldest brother Richard, as they were whipping tops in the drawing-room of their maternal grandfather, which was hung round with portraits, whether he dare strike his whip through a hooped petticoat of peculiar stiffness. Richard, who considered that the pleasure of insulting the old lady's dignity would be dearly purchased by a flogging to himself, replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then here goes,' said the gallant and ungallant William, and he lashed his whip through the canvas. Revengeful children occasionally commit suicide in the fits of spleen stirred up by punishment—and once, it seems, our future poet-moralist, when smarting from mortification, retired to his grandfather's garret to stab himself with a foil. His courage, or more properly his conscience, failed him, and he continued to brave the slings and arrows produced by his own ill-conditioned temper. He soon acquired a Spartan feeling, and thought the heroism of endurance an ample recompense for the humiliation of chastisement. No one could have detected in the wilful and wayward boy the father of the man, but what was common to the two was the force of character, which, however disorderly it may be shown in childhood, is the real element of future power.

In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, and here is opened to us a scene unlike anything of which most English boys of the present generation have heard or read before, and which will make them look back with envy to the good old times when Wordsworth wore a jacket and carried a satchel. The scholars, instead of being housed under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. Bounds were unknown. Out of school-hours they went where they liked and did as they pleased. In the summer they played in Hawkshead market-place, till 'heaven waked with all his eyes,' and every soul, but themselves, was asleep; or they angled in the pools of the mountain-brooks; or boated on the Lakes of Esthwaite and Windermere; or landed at an excellent tavern on the banks of the latter to recreate themselves with bowls, and strawberries and cream. Picnics were a favourite pastime upon sunny days—and with the verdant ground for their table, a rippling stream at their feet, and a canopy of leaves above their heads, these fortunate youths enjoyed a banquet rendered doubly delicious by the contrast with the frugal cottage fare of their ordinary experience. Riding was too expensive to be frequent, but when they did get into the saddle, they managed, before getting down again, to extract work for a week



out of the costly animal—to which end they employed ‘sly subterfuge with courteous inn-keeper’ (poeta loquitur), and persuaded him that some *half-way* house was their *goal*. In winter Hawkshead saw another sight. The jovial crew, if it was wild weather, gathered over the peat fire to play whist and loo; or if it was clear and frosty, buckled on their skates and played hunt-the-hare upon the ice by the glimmer of the stars; or wandered half the night upon the surrounding heights, setting springes for woodcocks. Wordsworth in his retrospect says, that the sun of heaven did not shine upon a band who were richer in joy, or worthier of the beautiful vales they trod. Of the joy there can be little doubt; and a lad who was educated at Hawkshead might very possibly have re-echoed with truth the insincere adage, that school-days are the happiest days of life; but as to the worth, we suppose they had neither more nor less than any other chance-medley of boys whose sole qualification is that their parents can afford to pay at a certain rate per quarter.

The pedagogic government seems to have been nearly as mild within doors as without. But if Wordsworth was little troubled with Greek and Latin, he read English largely for his own amusement. When told by one of his school-fellows that his copy of the Arabian Nights was but a meagre abridgment—a block from the quarry—the prospect of obtaining the complete collection seemed to him ‘a promise scarcely earthly.’ He immediately entered into a covenant with a kindred spirit to save up their pocket-money, and make a joint-purchase of fairyland. For several months they persevered in their vow; but, as their hoard increased, so did the temptation to spend it—and, finally, it went to the tavern-keeper or pastry-cook; nor did he ever possess the coveted treasure while his imagination could be led captive by conjuring genii. He found full compensation in the more masculine fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage, which were among his father’s stores. His love of verse he dates from the age of nine or ten, and describes himself as rising early and strolling with a companion for two delightful hours before morning school, repeating rhymes with an ecstasy that bordered upon intoxication. In after days he condemned the ‘objects of his early love’ as mostly ‘false from their overwrought splendour;’ and poems which never failed to entrance him in boyhood seemed in his manhood ‘dead as a theatre, fresh emptied of spectators.’ Perchance he too readily took for granted that his latest taste

was his best—at all events, among these discarded favourites we find the honoured names of Goldsmith, Gray, and Pope. In his fifteenth year he composed a school-exercise, upon the completion of the second centenary of their foundation. ‘The verses,’ he says, ‘were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope’s versification, and a little in his style.’ In truth, they are a cento from the works of that master. Out of all our prodigies there is not one we believe, who, at the age of fifteen, has fairly written from his own mind. Two years later Wordsworth wrote a long poem on his own adventures and the surrounding scenery, which we may conclude was of no other value than to practise him in his art, since he has only preserved a dozen, and these rather ordinary lines.

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. A rover by day and night in a romantic country, many a casual and unsought prospect won his attention in the midst of his sports, and extorted a brief, involuntary homage. While yet a little boy, he took an Irish urchin, who served an itinerant conjuror, to a particular spot commanding Esthwaite Lake and its islands, for the sole satisfaction of witnessing the emotion of the lad on first beholding fields and groves intermingled with water. Soon, he tells us, the pleasures of scenery were collaterally attached to every holiday scheme. A year or two later and rural objects were advanced from a secondary to a primary pursuit. He used to rise before a smoke-wreath issued from a single chimney, or the earliest song of birds could be heard, to sit alone upon some jutting eminence, and meditate the still and lovely landscape. Often on these occasions he became so wrapt in contemplation, that what he saw ‘appeared like something in himself—a prospect in the mind.’ His imagination, indeed, never failed to heighten the picture presented to his eyes, bestowing, as he says, ‘new splendour on the setting sun,’ and ‘deepening the darkness of the midnight storm.’ He was only in his seventeenth year when the intensity of his sympathy with inanimate nature suggested that pervading principle of his poetry which he summed up in the lines—

‘And ’tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.’

Such passionate communion with the wonders of creation is rare at any age—extraordinary, indeed, in boyhood, when all impressions of the kind are mostly transitory and subordinate.

Whatever may have been the usual fruits of the Hawkshead system, we cannot doubt that it was favourable to Wordsworth. Had he been cooped up within the walls of a play-ground, his dawning sensibility to the aspects of nature must have been checked, and might perhaps have been extinguished. His miscellaneous reading, pursued with an eager and entire mind, made rich amends for the loss of lessons in schoolboy lore, and the stock of English which he then acquired was the more important, that, from combined physical and mental causes, he was in after life no great student of books. His faults of temper fared at Hawkshead as they would have done amidst any other congregation of the sort: everybody knows that in all the weaknesses which affect their mutual relations school-lads are the least ceremonious and most untiring of disciplinarians. It was there, too—he is careful to record—that, taught ‘by competition in athletic sports,’ he acquired his ‘diffidence and modesty.’ To what happy circumstances Parson Adams supposed himself indebted for these virtues we are not informed. We only know that he held vanity to be the worst of vices, and seized the occasion, when it was mentioned, to dwell unctuously upon the excellence of his own sermon against it. But though Wordsworth was not free from the unconscious inconsistency which beset good Abraham Adams, he justly contended that the system of his day was less provocative of conceit than the modern fashion which attempts, and for all good purposes, attempts in vain, to put old heads upon young shoulders. It is with mountainous pride that the sapient stripling adds each fresh grain of learned jargon to his mole-hill heap; but the child who condescends to Jack the Giant Killer, Wordsworth well remarks, has at least this advantage over the philosopher in petticoats—that he forgets himself. In his own vacations he would sometimes lie reading for the better part of a day on the bank of the Derwent, while his rod and line were left neglected at his side, and with such a happy ignorance of studious conceit, that, jumping up suddenly, in very shame at what he deemed his idleness, he betook himself to the nobler occupation of angling!

Wordsworth's father never regained his cheerfulness after the death of his helpmate, and followed her to the grave in 1783, when his celebrated son was only in his fourteenth year. The bulk of his property at his decease consisted of considerable arrears due to him from Sir James Lowther, soon afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. The lifelong eccentricity of that self-willed gentleman took ultimately, it seems, a parsimonious turn, and he refused to liquidate the debt—

of which, in fact, not one shilling was paid until after his demise in 1802—a long and cruel interval of nineteen years! In the meanwhile the care of the orphans devolved on their uncles. One of them, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thither William was sent in October, 1787, when in the eighteenth year of his age. Hitherto his whole experience of the world was confined to northern villages, and his first impressions on the change were much what would have been produced by the transformations in his favourite Arabian Nights, where men go to sleep in a hut and wake in a palace. He roamed delighted among the imposing buildings and their swarm of students, hardly believing that the enchanting scene was real, and felt that he was clothed in his own person with the dignity of the place. He thought it ‘an honour’ to have ‘interviews with his tutor and tailor,’ and, though his attentions to the former quickly ceased he had extensive dealings with the latter. He condescends to elaborate in blank verse a full length portraiture of himself as an academical exquisite, airily clad and carefully frizzled and powdered, which must amuse all, and has surprised many, from the contrast it presents to the rustic tone of his poetry and his subsequent negligence of dress. But the transition is one of every day occurrence. Sir Matthew Hale equipped himself when at Oxford like the gay gallants of his time, and in his riper years wore such raiment that Baxter, who was himself thought culpably remiss, remonstrated with the homelier Lord Chief Justice of England. Different periods of life have their characteristic vanities, and to a village youth the dazzling novelty of full-blown fashion is peculiarly seducing.

Few dress with the finish of a Brummel to sit down to mathematics, and, in the technical language of the University, our self-painted dandy was not ‘a reading man.’ Wine-parties and suppers, riding and boating, lounging and sauntering, were his ordinary occupations. No enjoyment of the kind could have been more complete, for his animal spirits were high, and he never drugged his pleasures with vice. He says that even before the first flush of gratification was past he was disturbed at intervals by compunctious reflections that he had his way to make in the world, and, instead of giving himself up to the recreations of life, ought to be steadily training for its struggles. As often, however, as these shadows flitted across his mind they were chased away by the buoyant levity of youth, and he always professed that his residence at Cambridge was ‘a gladsome time.’ Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of

Euclid, and had arrived at quadratic equations in algebra, which in those easy days gave him a twelvemonth's start of his fellow-freshmen; and in advanced age he ascribed his heedlessness at the University to the natural propensities of the hare to sleep while the tortoises were in the distance. In 'The Prelude,' written when his recollections were fresh, he assigns a different, and manifestly a truer, cause for his neglect to join in the mathematical race. Bred up, he said, amid nature's bounties, free as the wind to range where he listed, he could ill submit to mental restraint and bodily captivity. He loved solitude, but only in lonely places, and if a throng was near he had an irresistible longing to mingle with it. Repulsion and attraction, therefore, both combined to throw him into the circle of merry idlers. But minds such as his are never utterly idle:—and the free hours of unguarded intercourse afforded him valuable lessons in human nature.

Drifted along by the babbling stream of society, he had almost ceased to look for 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones.' Whenever, as a freshman, he betrayed by involuntary gestures his latent sympathies for the appearances of earth and sky, his boon companions whispered among themselves that there 'must be a screw loose.' They looked at natural objects after the fashion of men unable to read, who see the form of the letters and have no conception of their meaning. Wordsworth in their presence kept a veil on his better mind; and it was only on the rare occasions when he stole away into solitude, that he indulged his propensities. So passed the first academic year, at the end of which he returned to Hawkshead for the summer vacation. He returned unspoilt by the vanities of his Cambridge life, to greet with affection his schoolboy dame—overjoyed to lodge again beneath her lowly roof and partake her humble fare. Old scenes brought back old recollections, and woods and lakes were again in the ascendant. He nevertheless imported into Hawkshead some of his new Cambridge tastes. His silken hose and brilliant buckles astonished rural eyes. He was much at feasts and dances, and felt 'slight shocks of love-liking' for his buxom partners. He afterwards spoke of these companionable evenings as 'a heartless chase of trivial pleasures,' and wished he had spent the time in study and meditation. We question, in his particular case, the wisdom of the wish. He was too prone, except when in cities, to live upon himself, and it humanised him to mingle in domestic merry-makings.

Upon his return to the university his renewed love of nature showed itself in his giving most of his winter evenings to the college-gardens by the Cam—gazing at the trees, and peopling the walks with visionary fairies, till summoned within walls by the nine o'clock bell. He now broke loose a little from his idle companions, and spent more of his hours among his books. He dipped into the classics, made himself master of Italian, and extended his acquaintance with the English poets. He ascribes to this period the growing belief that he might one day be admitted into that proud choir. He started with the excellent creed that there were four models that he must have continually before his eyes—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare—and the three first were constantly in his hands. He sat in the hawthorn shade by Trompington Mill, and laughed over Chaucer, and he paid to the temperate and puritanical Milton the singular homage of getting tipsy in his honour. At a wine-party in that room of Christ's College which tradition reports to have once been tenanted by the author of *Paradise Lost*, young Wordsworth drank libations to his memory; and being late for his own chapel, sailed proudly up the aisle, after service had begun, in a state of vinous and poetic exaltation, fondly dreaming that the mantle of Milton had fallen upon him. What makes this tribute especially memorable is, that in drinking days, and among festive associates, he could charge himself with no other trespass against sobriety. Having now begun to train for his high vocation, he had probably not much reason to regret his Euclid and algebra. Often, in the retrospect of neglected opportunities and wasted hours, a self-reproaching idea is entertained that the appointed studies of the place might easily, after all, have been combined with the pursuits of choice:—but where there is one predominating taste, it is impossible long to serve two masters. If Wordsworth could have lived his Cambridge life again, his diligence would doubtless have been greater, but in all probability it would have been bestowed upon Spenser, Milton, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

The next long vacation was signalled by the renewal of his intercourse with his admirable sister. The Wordsworths, scattered by the death of their parents, had no common home to which they could gather at intervals. Miss Dorothy chanced to be domesticated for a time with her relations in the neighbourhood of Penrith, and in the course of his autumnal ramblings he had frequent opportunities of sharing her society. In one of his poems he speaks of 'the shoot-

ing lights of her wild eyes,' and the bright impulsive gleams they sent forth were a true index of her quick genius and fervid sensibility. But with a masculine power of mind she had every womanly virtue, and presented with these blended gifts such a rare combination, that even the enthusiastic strains in which her brother sang her praise borrowed no aid from his poetic imagination. It was she who in childhood moderated the sternness of his moody temper, and she now carried on the work which was then begun. His chief delight had hitherto been in scenes which were distinguished by terror and grandeur, and she taught him the beauty of the humblest products and mildest graces of nature. While she was softening his mind he was elevating hers, and out of this interchange of gifts grew an absolute harmony of thought and feeling. It was at the same period that he formed an attachment for his sister's friend, Miss Hutchinson, of Penrith, whom he afterwards married. She became, he says, endeared to him by her radiant look of youth, conjoined to a placidity of expression, the reflection of one of the most benignant tempers that ever diffused peace and cheerfulness through a home.

His third and last long vacation was another epoch in his life. In July, 1790, he started with a brother-under-graduate, Mr. Jones, on a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy. This, common as it is at present, he acknowledges to have been a hardy slight of university studies, and, sensible that his friends would remonstrate, he departed without communicating his design. His college acquaintances, who had nothing to say against his preference of travelling to mathematics, thought the scheme Quixotic, from the difficulties which must beset tourists so little versed in the languages of the Continent, and so scantily provided with funds. But all considerations with Wordsworth were lighter than air compared to his passion for scenery and his sympathy with the French people, then in the early or boisterously merry stage of political intoxication. Jones was an admirable associate for such an expedition, being a sturdy native of Wales, accustomed to climb mountains, and noted not only for quick intelligence but for a happy, winning disposition. They were absent fourteen weeks, and the money they took allowed them four shillings a day each for all expenses. Their luggage was as light as their purse. They tied up the whole of it in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried their bundles on their heads, exciting a smile wherever they went. They reached Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to

swear fidelity to the new constitution, and witnessed the festal abandonment which attended the event. They continued their course amidst the roar of what they supposed to be liberated France, and did their best to swell the chorus. In the fervour of their hearts they drank and danced with frantic patriots, who paid them especial honour as natives of a land which had set an example of liberty. Wordsworth's eye, much more practised to scan landscapes than men, nowhere penetrated beneath the surface. He concluded that the zealots of the revolution were as good as they were gay, and that a king and his courtiers were the only Frenchmen by whom power could be abused. The poet was in his sphere when he got beyond the Swiss frontier, and he passed the remainder of the journey in a perpetual hurry of delight at the succession of sublime and beautiful objects.

After taking his degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth lodged for four months in London, with no other purpose than that personal gratification which had governed all his previous proceedings. He spent his time in seeing every manner of sight, and was often at the House of Commons to hear the debates on the French revolution. There he listened to the majestic wisdom of Burke with involuntary admiration, but with no present profit—for in the autumn of the year his sympathising spirit once more carried him across the channel. Nothing could have been cruder than his political notions, which were mainly founded upon the defects of his personal temperament. His predominant characteristic was a headstrong will, a wild impatience of subordination, which made him even shake off regulations of his own as a tame restraint upon freedom. In this anarchy of a rebellious mind he had not waited for the outbreak of the French commotion to learn his levelling creed. It found him a hater of kings, and sighing for what he calls 'a government of equal rights and individual worth!' What he meant by these, how he considered they were to be obtained, and how secured, he has not explained—and indeed the entire narrative which he wrote some years afterwards of his political fever is compounded of fallacies so shallow and transparent, couched in language so vague and obscure, that a want of all clear thinking upon the subject seems to have outlasted the period of rash, refractory youth. It was with very little knowledge of history, and with absolutely none of the science of government, beyond the disjointed notions picked up from pamphlets and newspapers, that he started on his second pilgrimage to France. He remained a few days at Paris,

and then moved on to Orleans, that the society of the English might not impede his progress in mastering the language. He lived much with royalist officers, who fretted for the hour to draw the sword, but his principal intimate was a General Beauvais, who belonged to the opposite faction. They held incessant conversations on patriotic themes, and once meeting a poor and pallid girl, who knitted while a heifer tied to her arm cropped the grass on the bank, the General exclaimed, 'It is against *that* we are fighting.' Wordsworth adds that he, on his part, equally believed that they were the apostles of a benevolence which was to banish want from the earth. This is an epitome of the whole of his early political philosophy. It went no deeper than a random confidence that, if existing institutions could be swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge out of the ruin. When every hope had been falsified, he clung resentfully to his tenets in the endeavour (as he some time afterwards says) 'to hide what nothing could heal—the wounds of a mortified presumption.' It is seldom, however, that the recantation of an error is complete. While penning this penitential confession he speaks with the same scorn of all the proceedings of Mr. Pitt and his party, as though events had refuted *their* predictions and verified *his*.

From Orleans he went to Blois, and while there the king was dethroned and imprisoned. Next came the massacres of September, 1792, and a month afterwards Wordsworth bent his steps towards Paris. The massacres he believed to have been a casual ebullition of fury, till he was left alone on the night of his arrival in the garret of an hotel, when his proximity to the scene of slaughter begot some fears for his safety, and suggested the high probability that there might be a second act to the tragedy. Closer observation confirmed his suspicion, and convinced him that the bloodiest hands had the strongest arms. He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation, and conduct the revolution to a happy issue. With all the gravity of Don Quixote he sets it down among the justifications of his scheme, that

'Objects, even as they are great, thereby  
Do come within the reach of humblest eyes.'

How far the eyes were humble is needless to be said, and the only palliation is that they were utterly blind. The difficulty is to believe that they could have belonged to a man of genius in his twenty-third year. Had

he made the slightest attempt to realise his project, he confesses that he would have paid for his presumption with his head. But what he then thought a harsh necessity, and afterwards acknowledged to be a gracious Providence, compelled him to return to England just in time to save him from the guillotine. No doubt his friends at home had become aware of his peril, and refused to answer any more drafts from Paris.

His mind boiling over with political passions, he had no relish for sylvan solitudes, and fixed his head-quarters in London. To vindicate his talents, which his Cambridge career had brought into question, he, in 1793, produced to the world,—hurriedly, he says, though reluctantly—two little poems, 'The Evening Walk,' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' If the Evening Walk was hastily corrected it had not been hastily composed, for it was begun in 1787, and continued through the two succeeding years. The metre and language are in the school of Pope, but they are the work of a promising scholar, and not of a master. There is an incongruous mixture of poverty and richness in the diction, and often, instead of being suggested by the sentiment, it has been culled and adapted to it. The verse does not flow on with easy strength, but is laboured, and frequently feeble, and the structure of the sentence is distorted beyond the limits of poetic licence to meet the exigencies of rhyme. For the topics of the piece Wordsworth drew upon his individual tastes, but even here he has not been particularly happy. The rural objects he describes are minute and disconnected, neither chosen for their general association with evening, nor possessing, for the most part, an independent interest. Brief as the work is, it leaves a drowsy impression—but the poet breaks out in occasional touches, and the four lines on the swan present a picture he could not have surpassed in the maturity of his powers:—

The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings  
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:  
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees  
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic ease.'

The Descriptive Sketches had been penned at Orleans and Blois, in 1791 and 1792. They are the versified recollections of some of the scenes which struck him most in the pedestrian tour with Jones. In spite of the horrors of that season he concludes with an unqualified panegyric on the Revolution, and a prayer that 'every sceptred child of clay' who presumed to withstand it might be swept away by the flood. The execution is of the same school as *The Evening Walk*, but the language is simpler, and so far supe-

rior. Though he had Goldsmith's 'Traveller' much in his mind, and has copied the turn of many of his lines, there is an increasing ascendancy of the original over the imitative element. In one instance he has borrowed both broadly and clumsily from the magnificent couplet in which Gray depicts the overflowing Nile under the figure of a brooding bird:—

'From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings.'

Wordsworth, speaking of the 'mighty stream' of the French Revolution, asks that it may

'Brood o'er the long-parch'd lands with Nile-like wings.'

Here the comparison is between stream and stream instead of between stream and bird, and there is consequently no propriety in the expressions 'brood' and 'wings.' These involve a prior simile which Wordsworth leaves the reader to supply, and what mind could extemporize for itself the noble image of Gray? The germs of thought in one writer when developed by another, often differ as much as the seed and the flower, but whenever the singular beauty of the passage is the temptation to reproduce it, the effort to vary what is exquisite already, ends in a faded, distorted copy.

Even at the quietest period the Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches would hardly have attracted much attention—and slender indeed was the chance of their still small voice being heard amid the thunders of national strife. Of the few criticisms in contemporary journals none were at all satisfactory to the author. Some blew too hot and some blew too cold, and the indiscriminating praise, which betrayed a want of real appreciation, pleased him little better than undisguised contempt. In revising these juvenile pieces long afterwards for the collective edition of his works, he altered them enough to destroy their historical, without materially increasing their poetical value.

Disappointed of his ambition to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm abroad, Wordsworth took up his pen to enlighten his countrymen. The compendious method for scattering plenty over a smiling land, which he expounded under the form of 'A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff,' was to abolish the monarchy and the peerage. No better criticism can be pronounced upon his panacea than his own, in later life, upon the far more moderate views of Mr. Fox:—'It is extraordinary that the naked absurdity of the means did not raise a doubt as to the attainableness of the end.' The proceedings,

however, of his French allies, began to teach him the dangers of precipitance. He wrote to a friend that he recoiled from the very idea of a revolution, and that he feared the destruction of vicious institutions was hastening on too fast. The Letter to Bishop Watson was restored to his desk—and has never been published. Yet he clung tenaciously to his republican tenets, and between love for his abstract theories, and horror at their practical fruits, there was a perpetual conflict in his mind, and not a little inconsistency in his conduct. While he spoke with disgust of the miserable outrages which desolated France, while his sleep was nightly disturbed by ghostly dreams of dungeons and scaffolds, while he constantly pictured himself in these hideous visions as a terror-stricken victim, pleading in vain for life before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was not the less indignant that England should array herself against the perpetrators of such crimes. Her interposition—though not warlike, as we all know, until the gauntlet was flung in her face—is declared by him to have been the first shock that was ever given to his *moral* nature! The assassinations had moved him, but what especially scandalised him was the attempt to tie up the hands of the assassins. So fanatical did he grow on the point, that he rejoiced when our soldiers fell by thousands, and mourned when we triumphed, allaying his grief with the reasonable hope that the enemy would hereafter have their day of vengeance. Long after it became apparent even to him that the sword of France was, like her guillotine, the bloody instrument of scoundrels who only talked of liberty to facilitate oppression, he went on asserting that Mr. Pitt was accountable for alienating him from his country. It might be supposed on his own showing that William Wordsworth, who helped, *pro puerili*, to let out the waters, had even more to answer for than William Pitt, who raised a dam to stop the progress of the deluge. In the course of a few years he became, in his own language, 'as active a member of the war party as his industry and abilities would allow.' To vindicate his consistency he then professed to remain persuaded that the war, however identified ultimately with righteous objects, was at the outset one of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition. It is needless now to vindicate Mr. Pitt against such perversions of fact and motive. By 1818 Wordsworth himself had come to speak and write in a far different strain.

Meanwhile, one good effect of the war was to set him labouring in his proper vocation. He had strayed to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793, and saw with an

evil eye the equipment of the fleet. From thence he turned towards Wales, and while pacing over Salisbury Plain the dreary scene was connected in his imagination with the roving of disbanded sailors and of the widows of the slain. He at once commenced, and in 1794 completed, the story of 'Guilt and Sorrow,' which did not appear entire till 1842, but of which he published an extract in 1798, under the title of 'The Female Vagrant.' In regard to time it is separated from the Descriptive Sketches by a span, but in respect of merit they are parted by a gulf. He had ceased to walk in the train of Pope, and composed in the stanza of his later favourite Spenser. In no other hands has it proved so little cumbrous. It runs on with a light facility—never laboured, never harsh, and never cloying. There is an exquisite simplicity and polish in the language, equally removed from the bald prattle of many of the Lyrical Ballads and the turgid verbosity of many pages in the *Excursion*. The landscape-painting has a bright transparency, very unlike the misty crudeness of his earlier efforts; and in the human part of the poem there is a deep and genuine pathos, unalloyed by a taint of morbid exaggeration. The plot is badly contrived, but the interest is in the details. To be appreciated it must be read with patient tranquillity, for its beauties are of that quiet order which escape a hasty eye.

While Wordsworth was thus dissatisfied with public events, his private circumstances were full as gloomy. Of the little available property his father left, part had been expended in the fruitless endeavour to compel Lord Lonsdale to pay his debt, and the remainder devoted to the education of the children. William was designed for the law or the church; but, for the former, he said he had not strength of constitution, mind, or purse; and the latter must have been incompatible with his present opinions, both political and theological. It was part of his special satisfaction with the French Revolution that it had stripped the clergy of their 'guilty splendour.' His vagrancy and indolence, his turbulent intermeddling with the affairs of nations and total neglect of his own, justly alarmed and displeased his friends. He began to look anxiously for employment, and thought of establishing a monthly journal, to be called 'The Philanthropist.' Finding the scheme impracticable, he contemplated a connection with an opposition newspaper—a department of letters in which, being nowise remarkable either for flexibility of talent or piquancy of style, he could never have attained much success. The question was pending when an event

occurred which changed his destiny. Raisley Calvert, of a Cumberland family, and son of a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was in a rapid decline, and our roving hero, whose previous acquaintance with him had been but slight, meeting him accidentally towards the close of 1794, and compassionating his solitary position, remained with him till his death, at Penrith, in January, 1795. The benevolence which prompted Wordsworth to give himself up to cheering the last few lonely weeks of a sick youth's life met with an instant and unexpected reward. The invalid imbibed a high opinion of his poetic powers, and to secure him, for a while at least, the free exercise of an unmarketable genius, bequeathed him nine hundred pounds. 'Poor fellow!' moralises Mr. Searle, 'he seems to have been born for this special purpose. I would not be thought to speak ungenerously of poor Calvert:—God forbid!—but still I cannot help thinking about Providence, and his dark, inscrutable ways, how he smites one frail child to the grave that another may have leisure to sing songs.' We are at a loss to say whether this comment is more ludicrous from its helpless silliness, or offensive from its conceited contempt. If Raisley Calvert was only created that he might leave a legacy to Wordsworth, for what does Mr. Searle suppose that myriads are born into the world who live no longer, accomplish no more, and have not a farthing to bequeath? Immortal beings are of some consideration on their own account, although they may neither sing mortal songs, nor endow the singers with worldly goods.

It was not the least advantage of the legacy that it was the indirect cause of extricating Wordsworth from the maze of speculations into which he had been drawn by the French Revolution. Meeting no government to his mind, he had arrived at the conclusion that every man should be a law to himself. He resolved to spurn the restraints of established rules, and recognise no other ground of action than what his varying circumstances suggested, as they arose, to his individual understanding. The next step in his new path was the endeavour to discover by that understanding, henceforth to be the sole light to his feet, what constituted good and evil, and what was the obligation to perform the one and shun the other. These propositions, however, proved too hard for even his unassisted reason, and the result was his abandoning moral questions in despair. Depressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, with sails



full set, and without compass or rudder, his sister came to his aid, and conducted him back to the quiet harbour from which he started. His visits to her had latterly been short and far between, until his brightening fortunes enabled them to indulge the wish of their hearts to live together, and then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet, and had no call to lose himself in the endless labyrinth of theoretical puzzles. The calm of a home would alone have done much towards sobering his mind. While he roamed restlessly about the world he was drawn in by every eddy, and obeyed the influence of every wind; but when once he had escaped from the turmoil into the pure and peaceful pleasures of domestic existence, he felt the vanity and vexation of his previous course.

The autumn of 1795 found him and his sister settled in a house at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. It is a remarkable feature of his history, that all the time he was a hot-headed, intractable rover, he had lived a life of Spartan virtue. His Hawkshead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, and the temptations of London and Paris had failed to allure him to extravagance or vice. His temperance and economy enabled him to derive more benefit from Calvert's bequest than would have accrued to poets in general from five times the sum. According to the Greek saying, he was rich in all the things he did not want; and it is a memorable fact that he and his sister lived together in happy independence for nearly eight years upon an income—Godsends included—which amounted to barely one hundred a year. His example—a dangerous one he often in the sequel called it—will not lead many astray if it is followed by none but those who possess the prudence, perseverance, and powers, which were the basis of his prosperity. Some victims there will always be, because there will always be some who mistake ambition for genius, or strong tastes for corresponding talent.

Wordsworth now entered upon his poetical profession by paraphrasing several of the satires of Juvenal and applying them to the abuses which he conceived to reign in high places. The undertaking showed that the cask retained a scent of its late contents, but he soon desisted, and would never publish even a specimen. There is no Juvenalian vein in his own poetry, and, besides his subsequent objection to the sentiments, he was probably aware that he had failed to transfuse the point and energy of the Roman. His second experiment was equally foreign to his genius. He began his Tragedy of 'The Borderers' at the close of 1795, and bestowed upon it an immensity of time

and thought for many succeeding months. Coleridge wrote to Cottle that it was 'absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of human heart which I find three or four times in *The Robbers* of Schiller, and often in *Shakspeare*, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' It is idle to say that Coleridge often displayed exquisite critical acumen; but he is no safe authority—for to the partiality which is ordinarily engendered by personal affection, he superadded a propensity, which clung to him through life, for lending imaginary perfections to commonplace books. The Wordsworthian drama was kept back for nearly five times the period prescribed by Horace, and when it appeared at last was considered, we believe, by all who read it, an unqualified failure. The plot has neither probability nor ingenuity. We can discover nothing individual in the personages, and no traits or manners in the least distinctive of their age and nation. As to the diction of the piece, a mawkish monotony pervades it, and a beggar-woman is the single character who utters a line or two of worthy verse. The cunning of the hand which penned '*Guilt and Sorrow*' is nowhere apparent. The play was not intended for representation, nor could even excellent poetry have concealed its unfitness for the stage, since it is destitute of passion, movement, and incident. It was submitted, notwithstanding, to one of the actors at Covent Garden, and he, expressing strong approbation, advised Wordsworth to come up to London. He went with the conviction that it was a bootless journey, and when the managers rejected his MS. he signified a perfect acquiescence in their judgment.

It was in June, 1797, when this tragedy was on the verge of completion, that its first critic arrived at Racedown. Coleridge had met with the *Descriptive Sketches* in 1794, and discerned amid the faults of an immature understanding the promise of an original poetic genius. He, on his part, needed no other voucher for the possession of the richest intellectual gifts than what proceeded from his own most eloquent tongue. His mind, as yet undimmed by the fumes of opium, was now in its fullest and freshest bloom. Transcendental metaphysics had not monopolised his thoughts. His sympathies had a wider range than afterwards, and, if his discourse sometimes lost itself in clouds, they were clouds which glowed with gorgeous hues. All who saw him in his early prime are agreed that his finest works convey a feeble notion of the profusion of ideas, the brilliancy of imagery, the subtlety of speculation, the sweep of knowledge,



which then distinguished his inexhaustible colloquial displays. Each poet had traversed regions of thought to which the other was comparatively a stranger: Wordsworth full of original contemplations upon nature—Coleridge more conversant with systems of philosophy, and all the varieties of general literature. Coleridge was astonished to find a man who, out of the common appearances of the world, could evolve new and unexpected feelings—Wordsworth was dazzled with the splendour of apparently boundless intellectual hoards. There sprang up between them on the instant the strongest sentiments of admiration and affection. ‘I feel myself,’ writes Coleridge, ‘a little man by his side.’ Of Miss Wordsworth he speaks with equal enthusiasm. ‘His exquisite sister is a woman indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary—if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say—

“Guilt was a thing impossible in her.”

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer—it bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtle beauties and most recondite faults.’ What Wordsworth thought of his guest may be summed up in his well-known saying that other men of the age had done wonderful things, but Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. Coleridge then resided at Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where the Wordsworths soon repaid his visit; and a house being to let in the neighbouring village of Alfoxden, they hired it forthwith, for the sole purpose of enjoying the daily converse of the ‘noticeable man.’

The alliance was soon productive of important consequences. In November, 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister started on a pedestrian tour through the surrounding country. Their united funds being small, the poets resolved that their wits should pay for their pleasure, and they began a joint composition, to be sold for five pounds to the publisher of a Magazine. Thus was commenced the celebrated ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. A friend of Coleridge had dreamt of a person who laboured under a curse for the commission of some crime, and upon this slight hint was built one of the most original and imaginative poems in the language. Wordsworth suggested, from a

passage he had recently read in Shelvocke’s *Voyages*, that the navigator’s offence should be the shooting of the albatross—an incident which Coleridge turned to grand account. His partner in the venture started one or two other ideas, and assisted him here and there to a line, but they struck their notes in different keys, and Wordsworth, perceiving that he was only encumbering him with help, left him to chant by himself the whole of the mariner’s ‘wild and wondrous song.’ Incident gave birth to incident, stanza to stanza, till there was too much verse for the money, and they thought of making up a volume. The result of the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment was sufficient to satisfy them that the natural was the stronghold of the one, and the supernatural of the other. It was therefore agreed that Coleridge should take for his groundwork superstitious agencies, and deduce from them the emotions which would really arise if the events were true; while Wordsworth was to exhibit under fresh aspects the most ordinary characters and the most familiar objects. The essence of the system of Coleridge was to bring unearthly subjects within the range of earthly feelings; and that of Wordsworth to make manifest that lowly things had a high and spiritual significance. Acting in contrary directions, the combined effect was to place two worlds at the command of the reader—the first nearly closed to him, because it lay beyond the range of his daily experience; the second lost upon him, because it had grown too common to invite attention. Coleridge, after a fit of literary exertion, usually paused a long while to take breath, and he did nothing more to advance the scheme than frame a few fragments of *Christabel* and *The Dark Ladie*. While he was dreaming, his brother bard was doing, and there was no day without its line. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, had offered, before the tour, to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny. He said at the close of his life that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities. When the vague imaginings of the mind are reduced into shape and substance, there is the same difference as between castles in the air and houses on earth, and the artist is unwilling to be judged by what he considers inadequate specimens of his power. The urgent need for five pounds having passed, it is doubtful whether Wordsworth might not again have postponed the publishing

day, if another event had not occurred to quicken his decision.

Coleridge was visited at Stowey by Thelwall, who, though not quite forgotten as a lecturer on elocution, is chiefly remembered from his trial for high treason. He had thrown up the dangerous game of politics, and applied himself to farming. As he sat with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the glen of Alfoxden, the latter exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said the new agriculturist, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The Government, judging Thelwall by his antecedents, had no conception of the pastoral turn he had taken, and conjectured that his business was to hold treasonable counsels with the two minstrels. A spy was sent to dog the pair, and detect their deep designs. He hid behind a bank near their favourite seat by the sea-side, and heard them speak of *Spinosa*, which to his plebeian ears sounded like *Spy Nosey*. He thought for an instant that they had discovered his mission, and were making merry with his 'human face divine.' Their talk proving innocent, where it was not unintelligible, he joined Coleridge on the road, and feigned himself a revolutionist to draw him out. The 'noticeable' rose up, 'terrible in reasoning,' and demonstrated Jacobins to be so silly, as well as wicked, that the spy felt humbled to be even in seeming this contemptible character. His antagonist marked his discomfiture, and congratulated himself on having converted a disaffected democrat into a faithful subject of his sovereign lord the King. The less eloquent bard, however, though he, as it happened, had ceased to care about politics, was the most mistrusted by the villagers. 'As to Coleridge,' said one of them, 'there is not much harm in him, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear him say a syllable on the subject.' His habits helped to aid the delusion. He was seen prowling about by moonlight in lonely places, and was overheard muttering to himself. At Hawkshead he had enjoyed the advantage of a sagacious dog, who returned to give him notice when any one approached. Rustics know nothing of the fine frenzy of poets, and to the opportunity afforded him of hushing his voice and composing his gait he ascribed his escape at that epoch from the imputation of being crazed. He had no advanced guard to warn him at Alfoxden when the enemy was coming; and the broken murmurs, which in quieter times would have been thought symptomatic of insanity, were understood in 1798 to indicate treason.

According to Mr. Cottle's grave narrative—(which reflects perhaps, *inter alia*, some bardic dreams)—opinion was not altogether unanimous, for a small minority maintained, from his mostly haunting the sea-shore, that W. W. was only a smuggler. The practical effect of the rumours was, that the agent of the landlord at Alfoxden refused to let the house any longer to so dangerous a character, and there was no other residence to be had in the neighbourhood. 'This determined the trio to spend a few months in Germany, and it was to raise cash for the expedition that Wordsworth screwed up his courage to publish the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The first idea was that he and Coleridge should print their respective tragedies, and Cottle was willing to give thirty guineas for each; but a revived expectation of getting them brought upon the stage induced both bards to fall back upon their minor pieces, and the Bristol bibliopole was invited to Alfoxden that he might hear, admire, and purchase. He readily proffered his standing fee of thirty guineas for Wordsworth's part of the volume, and made a separate bargain with Coleridge for the *Ancient Mariner*. The publisher has preserved no memorials of his professional visit; but some particulars he has recorded of a former jaunt afford an amusing glimpse of the simplicity of living, and ignorance of common things, which then distinguished the gifted pair. Cottle drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist. Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handly Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever been got on. 'La, master,' said the servant-girl, who was passing by, 'you don't go the right way to work;' and turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and W. W. have spent

nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

After a preliminary tour on the Wye, the three friends sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburgh on the 16th of September, 1798, and about the same time the volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was published. The reviewers spoke of it with great severity, and its progress from ridicule to oblivion appeared so certain to Cottle, that he sold the larger part of the impression at a loss to a London brother of the craft, who complained in his turn that he had made a bad bargain. Not long after the Bristol bibliopole retired from business, and disposed of his copyrights to Longman, who telling him that the valuer had reckoned the *Lyrical Ballads* as *nothing*, the author, at Cottle's request, was complimented with the return of his property in the work. The failure was imputed by Wordsworth to the abuse of the critics and the introduction of the *Ancient Mariner*—long since allowed to have been the gem of the collection—which no one, he said, was able to comprehend. Southey, in a letter to William Taylor, calls it, 'the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw,' or we should have thought it impossible that any lover of poetry could have been for an instant insensible to the power of the descriptions, the beauty of the language, and the varied music of the verse, or, above all, to the intensity of human feeling which gives soul and purpose to the supernatural incidents. But Wordsworth was at least mistaken in his supposition that the weight of Coleridge's contribution to the cargo had sunk his own more buoyant ballads. The subjects he selected, and his manner of treating them, had a full share in the unfavourable result, which nobody can now believe would have been different if the adventures of Peter Bell had been substituted for those of the *Ancient Mariner*.

The matter and manner of Wordsworth's verse were not suggested, as used to be asserted, by the ambition to found, at all hazards, a new school of poetry. It was the honest reflection of his natural feelings as they had been finally formed by the current of events. When he turned at intervals from the distractions of politics to rural wanderings, his mind, accustomed to excitement, required to be fed by stimulating scenes. He could not be satisfied, as formerly, with the ordinary exhibitions of sweet nature's grace. His enjoyment of lesser beauties was marred by his recollection of greater, and, the same spot growing

stale, he was in perpetual pursuit of novel prospects. The fermentation worked itself off, and in a quieter mood he regarded these cravings as half a sensual passion. He reflected that nature had made nothing in vain, that every object had its appropriate excellence—and concluded that, if the mind exerted its perceptions as perfectly as the eye, the most barren localities would be instinct with meaning. He went further still. Were there, in truth, any deficiency of inherent interest, it ought, he considered, to be supplied out of the artist's intellectual resources. The actual qualities were to be endowed with properties, or associated with circumstances, not strictly belonging to them, though such as would appear to be natural and in keeping. This, in his sense of the word, was the office of the imagination, the highest faculty of the poet, which, not servilely copying mere appearances, modifies and creates, and from the bare materials presented to observation compounds a picture which shall surpass the literal landscape. The notion he had imbibed of the latent capabilities of insignificant objects led him, in the true spirit of system, to select them in preference. Hence sprung some of the merits and many of the defects of his verse. He brought into prominence numerous neglected sources of delight, but—convinced that he possessed that poetic stone the touch of which would turn lead to gold—he not unfrequently adopted trivialities which it was beyond his alchemy to transmute.

It is not the inanimate part of creation alone which he subjected to his principle. At the period when he published the original volume of *Lyrical Ballads* the world of humankind was predominant in his contemplations. Here again his choice of materials was directed by the action of circumstances upon himself. Independently of relations and friends, man for him, in his early youth, had little other interest than as a figure in the landscape. The picturesque appearance of the shepherds tending their flocks among his native hills invested them in his mind with exalted attributes, but what they were in actual life he saw, he says, little and cared less. The breaking out of the French Revolution led him to consider the brethren of his race in their social capacities. He expected to see the combatants emerge from the conflict hardly lower than the angels, and when they proved a profane and brutal herd he looked for that worth in the component parts which was wanting in the mass. On settling in the west of England his attention was turned to the villagers around him. It seemed to him improbable that what was

best in humanity should be the prerogative of a favoured few, and he examined how far the finer feelings were dulled by manual labour and vulgar wants. From daily intercourse with his neighbours he learnt that blunt manners were not incompatible with lively affections, and he lamented that books should mislead the higher classes into thinking that a rude outside was the symptom of a hardened heart. Then he resolved that he would stand forth the champion of the misconceived poor, that to their praise he would dedicate his muse, and endeavour to do them right in the eyes of the world. He fell into precisely the same mistake as before. Because much that deserved admiration had been too commonly overlooked, he went into the opposite error and demanded sympathy for the pettiest traits.

The staple of the author being to an unusual degree identical with that of his everyday observation and reflection as a man, it was upon the feelings themselves, more than upon the mode of expressing them, that he believed his poetry to depend. His aim was not to dazzle by ornate and pointed language, but to bring home the conceptions which filled his own heart to the hearts of other. He might consider that plain words would yield the clearest sense, that a homely style was best adapted for homely topics, and his preference for unadorned English might be increased by his disgust for the tawdry phraseology which was often a substitute for ideas. It was his fate, however, to carry every portion of his system to extremes, and not stopping at the point of strong and simple English he embraced in his vocabulary the feeble forms of common talk.

The volume which first attracted the notice of the world to his name contained very few poems. Of these three or four were in Wordsworth's finest manner—about the same number partly good, partly puerile;—and the remainder belong to a class all but universally condemned. The longest, and, perhaps with the exception of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, the absurdest of the pieces, was *The Idiot Boy*, in which the design was 'to trace the maternal passion through many of its subtlest windings.' No one could have divined the author's purpose from the tale itself, and in his triumphant confidence in his theories he throughout selects the circumstances which are most remote from general sympathy. His model-mother is nearly as silly as the object of her solicitude;—the whole train of adventures are so mean and even grotesque, and the style and metre so grovelling, that the uninitiated might be pardoned for doubting whether he wrote in earnest or in jest. Nevertheless, when he sent

a copy of the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* to Charles Fox, out of four pieces which the statesman selected for commendation, two were *Goody Blake* and *The Idiot Boy*. Cottle comes forward with a further testimonial in favour of the first of these rural romances. He read several of the ballads to some ladies at the house of Hannah More, to their 'great amusement,' which is not, to be sure, the emotion that Wordsworth meant to excite, and Hannah herself encored *Goody Blake*, lifting up her hands 'in smiling horror' at the imprecation upon *Harry Gill*,—'Oh, may he never more be warm!' Horror is in a hopeful way when it begins to smile, and we cannot help suspecting that the lively guest of Garrick retained enough of her old fun to divert herself with the simplicity of Wordsworth's rhymes as well as of Cottle's rapture.

The knowledge we now possess of the formation of the poet's opinions enables us in part to understand what beguiled him into stretching his system till it snapped—or at worst we may with Scott express our surprise that he should sometimes 'choose to crawl upon all fours when God had given him, a noble countenance to lift up to heaven'—but the preponderance of childish pieces must inevitably at the outset have reflected suspicion on the few happier accompaniments, lent support to the critics who broadly questioned his capacity, and in short sealed the fate of the publication.

At Hamburg he had two or three interviews with Klopstock, and made notes of the conversation. Klopstock commended Wieland's *Oberon*, and Wordsworth objected that the interest was based upon the animal appetite instead of the mental passion of love. Klopstock replying that this was the way to please, Wordsworth rejoined that the province of a poet was to raise people up to his own level, and not to descend to theirs. It is the principle by which he always professed to be governed—and the early expression of it, before he was aware of the reception of his *Lyrical Ballads*, is a proof that it was not an after-thought to solace himself for neglect. It was Klopstock's turn to be critical upon English authors, and he complained of the Fool in *Lear*—which drew from Wordsworth the acute observation that 'he imparted a terrible wildness to the distress.' The 'German Milton' rated high the faculty of drawing tears, but his visitor maintained that nothing was easier, and that the meanest writers did it every day. In England—to say nothing of Germany—attention to this undeniable truth would prevent an immense amount of misplaced admiration. There are certain topics—death—

bel scenes especially—which never fail to move, and the more morbid and melodramatic the description, the more the writer is praised for pathetic power.

From Hamburgh Coleridge proceeded to Ratzeburgh and the Wordsworths to Goslar, where they remained till the February of 1799. Their main object was to learn the language, but they chose their abiding city ill. There was no society, and their only opportunities of conversing were with the people of the house, whose casual talk was not very classic. They were both glad to make their way back to England in the spring, and went to pass a few weeks with some old friends at Stockburn-on-Tees. During his residence abroad, Wordsworth had continued the composition of minor pieces, and, according to his sister, hurt his health by over-activity of mind. Having exercised his wings in short preparatory flights, he now felt ambitious to hazard a wider sweep. He had a strong inclination to try an epic, but was beset by the usual difficulty—the choice of a subject—and not being able to hit upon any which united every advantage, he at length determined to take himself for his theme. He mistrusted his present capacity of composing worthily an invented narrative, and here he had only to tell what he had felt and done. *The Prelude* was commenced in consequence in 1799, and completed in May 1805. This metrical autobiography—never published in full till after his death—is valuable because it preserves many facts and opinions which might otherwise have gone unrecorded; but the matter would have been much better said than sung. In such a scheme there must inevitably be a compromise between poetry and prose, which ends in something that is neither. Completeness and perspicuity must bend on the one hand to the constraint of verse, and a concession must be made on the other of many of the elegances of verse to the commonplaces of life. There are a few poetical passages in *The Prelude*, and many poetical lines and expressions, but, upon the whole, it is bald and cumbrous as a poem, and as a narrative it frequently tantalizes by its generalities and perplexes by its obscurity. Upon the artistical execution of his blank verse Wordsworth bestowed unusual pains. He had elaborate ideas of regulating the pauses and cadences of every line for some special effect of harmony and emphasis, and he was equally solicitous that there should be a linked sweetness in the general movement of the paragraph. Yet, strange to say, none of our great poets have in the main written that arduous measure with less felicity. With him it has ordinarily neither

majesty nor freedom—neither a full swell nor a mellifluous flow—but there is very often a painful harshness, and almost always a flimsiness of structure, which yields a flat and meagre sound. Many parts of *The Prelude* consist of bare prose cut up into lengths. Nearly the same—in spite of whatever exceptional felicities—may indeed be said of almost all who have encountered the difficulties of our blank verse. Can it be asserted that any besides Shakspeare and Milton—in their widely different uses of it—have entirely triumphed?

In September, 1799, Coleridge and Wordsworth made a tour through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were specially enchanted with Grasmere. A cottage was vacant in that lovely vale:—it had previously been a public house, with the sign of The Dove and Olive Bough—Wordsworth hired it—and there he and his sister found rest for the soles of their feet on the 21st of December. When they went to reside they performed most of the journey from Stockburn on foot, and one day accomplished twenty miles over uneven roads frozen into rocks, in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow. Once only they got a lift in an empty cart, but their spirits were as high as the thermometer was low, and Shakspeare tells us that a merry heart can go all the day. They lived at Grasmere in the same simplicity with which they travelled there. When the poet's circumstances were more flourishing his establishment is described as having the air of a comfortable vicarage; at Grasmere it must have been more in the style of the curate. In later life the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. They assembled at eight in the morning, dined at two, and drank tea at seven. In every essential respect his habits continued unchanged from his prime to his decline; and the portrait of one period will serve for all. The saying of the great and good Lord Falkland that a house was only for shelter from the rain was improved on by the Wordsworths, who braved all weathers to indulge their love of nature. The poet was not a saunterer, but used on all occasions—sometimes to the dismay of attendant admirers—that bold and sturdy step, in which native vigour and abundant practice had made him indomitable. One day he was showing an Eastern traveller the beauties of the country at a time when the torrents were swollen with rain. 'I hope,' said he, 'you like your companions,—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.' 'No,' replied the pompous guest; 'I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect

with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert.' The lover of the Lakes was indignant at the slight, and resolved to be revenged on the bigoted Orientalist, who to his misfortune was dressed in boots and a thick greatcoat. 'I am sorry you don't like this,' rejoined W. W.; 'perhaps I can show you what will please you more;' and with these words he strode away from crag to vale, from vale to crag, for six consecutive hours, till the vaunting wanderer over the Desert was reduced to perfect submission of body and mind. 'I thought,' said his host, 'I should have had to carry him home.'

In his rambles Wordsworth contracted an extensive acquaintance with yeomen and peasants, and mingled much in what he expressively calls their '*slow* and familiar chat.' Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose *Reminiscences* are the most valuable portion of the *Memoirs*, says that it was impossible to go a mile in his company without observing his affectionate interest in simple natures: with what easy, hearty kindness he addressed all he met; and how full was their demeanour towards him of cordiality and respect, of love and honour. His particular delight was to detect traits in the poor which denoted sensibility of heart. 'I like,' said a shepherd to him, as they went along the bank of a murmuring stream, 'I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a beck.' 'I cannot but think,' comments Wordsworth, always eager to give a worthy sentiment its widest scope, 'that this man has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment, and that the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being.' Mr. Justice Coleridge was with him when they met a humble neighbour with a string of trout, which Wordsworth wished to buy. 'Nay,' replied the man, 'I cannot sell them; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can't disappoint them;'—an answer which charmed the poet. The juniors had an abundant share of his attention. Mr. Robinson observed him at the Amphitheatre of Nîmes absorbed in the least imposing part of the prospect. They were two young children playing with flowers which had captivated his eye, and his fellow-traveller overheard him murmuring, 'Oh, you darlings! how I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal mount!'

It was in the open air that he found the materials for his poems, and it was, he says, in the open air that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant of Rydal to see the study. 'This,' said she, as she showed the room, 'is my

master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.' The poor neighbours, on catching the sound of his humming in the act of verse-making after some prolonged absence, were wont to exclaim, 'There he is; we are glad to hear him *booning* about again.' From the time of his settlement at Grasmere he had a physical infirmity which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at the desk his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he had usually recourse to some of the inmates of his house to commit them to paper.

The misfortune which hindered his writing must have been a check upon reading—but in truth he had not the inclination to be a '*helluo librorum*.' He cared for no modern works except travels and records of fact, and he wrote to Archdeacon Wrangham, in 1819, that he had not spent five shillings on new publications in as many years. Even of old books his circumstances allowed him to buy but few—and yet, 'small and paltry,' he adds, 'as is my collection, I have not read a fifth of it.' Dr. Johnson himself was hardly more careless in his mode of handling a volume:—the neat and careful Southey compared Wordsworth in a library to a bear in a tulip-garden. The Elizabethan dramas were, with a few selected poets, his principal favourites, and what he read at all was perused with thoughtful deliberation. His sister, without any of the airs of learned ladies, had a refined perception of the beauties of literature, and her glowing sympathy and delicate comments cast a new light upon the most luminous page. Wordsworth always acknowledged that it was from her and Coleridge that his otherwise very independent intellect had derived the greatest assistance.

Nature, he held, had gifted him with qualifications for two other callings besides that of a poet—landscape gardening and criticism on works of art. His ear was not musical, and smell he may be said to have had none whatever—in both which deficiencies he resembled Scott—but his eye, in compensation, was endowed with the acutest sense of form and colour, to which he owed much of his boundless gratification in the ever-varying hues and outlines of nature. He had not only a sensitive feeling for the beautiful, but he knew by what combination of circumstances the beauty was produced. It is a necessary inference that he should pay particular attention to the arrangement of his garden,

and that he should be successful in his efforts. The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonise with the shrubs is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge.—‘James and I are in a puzzle here,’ said the poet to the judge. ‘The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. That, he says, will make the green there darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do in reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said; to which he replies, You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.’—How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprang, upon the beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns which ornamented the rim of the well at Rydal. ‘What a nice well that would be,’ he said to Wordsworth in person, ‘if all that rubbish was cleared away!’

Walking, reading, and gardening were the recreations of life at the Dove and Olive Bough. The business was to write poetry, and Wordsworth immediately commenced preparing a new volume of Lyrical Ballads, to be joined to a second edition of the first. He has related that all his pieces were founded upon fact, and it is now apparent from the published fragments of his sister’s journal that it was she who supplied him with many of his materials—often, indeed, with merely hints which owed their value to his own embellishment, but sometimes, also, with everything except the rhyme. She was a poet by nature, though she wrote her poetry in prose. Wordsworth’s pretty stanzas on the Daffodils are only an enfeebled paraphrase of a magical entry in her journal:—‘There was a long belt of daffodils close to the water-side. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.’ Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are scenes, and something more.

‘Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book  
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree.’

The enlarged edition of the Ballads was published in 1800. Thirty-seven pieces were added to the twenty he contributed to the original collection, and the supplement materially increased the proportion of good to bad. The doubtful lyrics were few and brief, and the humblest in a higher strain

than Goody Blake had the Idiot Boy. In their new form they had no contemptible sale, for without lowering the price, as before, to effect a clearance, there was a reprint in 1802 and another in 1805, and Jeffrey speaks of them in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1807, as having been ‘unquestionably popular.’ The author sent a copy to Mr. Fox, with a complimentary letter, in which he told him that if, since his entrance into public life, there had existed a single true poet in England, that poet must have loved him for his sensibility of heart. The true poet in the present instance still continued to be a true Whig, and the sympathy was much more political than poetic. *Michael* and *The Brothers*, which were written ‘to show that men can feel deeply who do not wear fine clothes,’ he particularly recommended to the notice of the statesman, because they had a bearing upon the legislative measures for the relief of the poor. Mr. Fox replied briefly that he had read the poems with the greatest pleasure, but that, disliking blank verse for subjects which are treated with simplicity, *The Brothers* and *Michael* had failed to impress him. A more favourable judgment might have been expected from that sensibility of heart which Wordsworth justly ascribed to him, for both the pieces are extremely touching. A striking novelty in the book was the celebrated preface in which the author laid down his poetical creed. The theories he advanced were not altogether the cause of his practice, but had been devised in part to meet the objections of his critics.

The year 1802 was an eventful one to the poet. The stubborn old Lord of Lowther Castle was summoned by a creditor who takes no denial, and the kinsman on whom the estates devolved was conspicuous for every virtue and grace of character which had been wanting in his predecessor. He immediately paid the Wordsworths the original debt of 5000*l.* and 3500*l.* more for interest. There were five children, and the two shares which went to ‘The Dove and Olive Bough’ enabled the poet to add, among other domestic comforts, the chiefest of all—an excellent wife. He was married at Brompton, October 4, 1802, to Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood, for they had learnt to spell together at the dame’s school at Penrith. ‘Wedlock,’ says Jeremy Taylor, ‘hath greater joys and greater sorrows,’ but no marriage could have had more of the first greater, or less of the second.

In the following year he made three notable friendships—with Walter Scott, whom he met in the course of a tour through Scot-



land; with Southey, who was residing with Coleridge at Keswick; and with Sir George Beaumont, who had also fallen in Coleridge's way. That great colloquial orator had set forth with his utmost zeal the high qualities of his friend at Grasmere, and the ardent sympathy, personal and poetical, which existed between them. The glowing picture moved the amiable Baronet before he had seen Wordsworth to purchase him a site for a house in a romantic spot on the confines of Keswick. It was his ardent desire, he wrote to the stranger, to bring him and Coleridge together, conceiving that their intellectual enjoyments would be invigorated by interchange, and both stimulated to increased exertion. Wordsworth's gratitude was great, but for two months he kept it to himself, without one word of acknowledgment to the donor, content, he says, to 'breathe forth solitary thanksgivings.' The trait is curiously characteristic. The excess of kindness which would have moved most men to give vent on the instant to the gushing and unstudied impulses of their hearts, was by him considered a reason for performing the duty with elaborate care in 'his best, purest, and happiest moments.' The mental labour with which he composed a letter, and the physical difficulty with which he wrote it, continued the procrastination, till it grew painful to himself and puzzling to his benefactor. The main design proved abortive, for Coleridge soon went abroad again in search of health, and Wordsworth's money was disposed in ways which made it inconvenient for him to build—but a lasting intimacy with the Beaumonts was the consequence. Besides the bond of worth and intelligence, the poet and painter had a thorough appreciation of each other's art, and a common enthusiasm for landscape gardening and scenery. Wordsworth used to say that unless poverty had prevented it he should have been a ceaseless Rambler. When he had settled down into domestic life, to travel continued to be his principal luxury, and at the death of the gentle and accomplished Sir George, in 1827, he bequeathed his friend an annuity of 100*l.* to enable him to indulge in a yearly tour.

The first serious sorrow which fell upon the circle at Grasmere was the shipwreck in 1805 of Wordsworth's brother John, a captain in the East India Company's naval service. The brothers had only seen each other by glimpses since they were at school together at Hawkshead till they met in the Cumberland and Westmoreland tour of 1799, and then the genius of the Lakes was delighted to find in the navigator of the seas a person whose taste for scenery and poetry

was not less acute and refined than his own. 'Your brother John,' wrote Coleridge to Miss Wordsworth, 'is one of you—a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtle tact, and swift instinct of truth and beauty.' He had none of the vices, nor even the manners, of his profession, but was meek, shy, and meditative, and went among his crew by the name of 'The Philosopher.' John admired what William had written, and was thoroughly persuaded that, notwithstanding the clouds which obscured his rising, he was destined to shine among the stars of song. He did not expect his brother's poems to become rapidly popular. He said they required frequent perusal to be fully appreciated, and that the majority of readers were too little interested to look at them twice, but that people of sense would be gradually won, and the thinking few would carry the unthinking many in their train. The Captain's ambition, meanwhile, was to complete what Raisley Calvert had begun, and secure a more bountiful independence for his brother and sister. *He* would work for *them*, he said, and William should work for the world. With these hopes he made a voyage in 1801, and returned poorer than he went. He tried his luck once more in 1803, and fortune again withheld her favour. In 1805 he sailed for the third time, carrying with him his share of his father's property and 1200*l.* belonging to William and Dorothy, which, if his speculation had been prosperous, would have realized sufficient to put them all at ease. He had a dread of pilots, and used to say that it was a joyful hour when he got rid of them. The catastrophe justified his mistrust. It was an incompetent pilot that ran his ship, the *Abergavenny*, on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, and, though she was got off, she filled with water and sank while they were trying to run her upon Weymouth sands. The Captain, who had remained cool and cheerful to the last, perished with the larger part of the crew. 'A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep the loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.\*' The news reached them when they were conjecturing that the vessel must have touched Madeira, and nothing could exceed the bitterness of their grief. The poet, in his letters, exhausted panegyric on the affectionate sailor, and makes it the climax of his praise that he



was worthy to be the brother of Dorothy and the friend of Coleridge.

In 1807 Wordsworth published two new volumes, which contained the Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, and many more of his choicest pieces. Here appeared his first sonnets, and several of them are still ranked among his happiest efforts in that department. He had long admired the sonnets of Milton, but, when his sister read them to him one afternoon in 1801, he was so profoundly impressed with their dignified simplicity and majestic harmony, that he immediately tried to imitate the soul-animating strains. He held in regard to matter that the excellence of the sonnet consisted in a pervading unity of sense, and in regard to metre that it should have something of the combined effect of rhyme and blank verse—an admirable description, which would enable many to enjoy this species of poetry who are balked from a false expectation of epigrammatic point and a more marked confluence of similar sounds. Intermingled with the wheat were a few tares, such as the unfortunate Alice Fell and the lines to Wilkinson's Spade—but altogether it will not now be denied that the volumes were equal, if not superior, to their predecessors. Jeffrey, however, maintained that they were miserably inferior, and his Article put an absolute stop to the sale. The paper which worked this sad effect is not an elaborate production. There is little disquisition, and no wicked wit. The censor spoke of the poems with brief and quiet contempt, and left it to the extracts he subjoined to justify his words. How came it, then, that a man of genius could be felled by so faint a blow? Undoubtedly because he persisted in putting forth pieces which were quite unworthy of him, and which, when brought together in a few pages by a dexterous journalist, were sufficient to convince the lazy public that the man who wrote so badly could by no possibility write well. The lances of the critics would have been but straws if he had not perversely doffed his helmet for the barber's bason. As Jeffrey's own judgment was not based upon a partial knowledge of the volumes, contrariety of taste can alone explain the heartiness of his condemnation, and the coldness of his praise. In several cases he has set his heel upon a flower. He calls *Yarrow Unvisited*, for instance, 'a very tedious, affected performance, of which the drift is that the poet refused to visit this celebrated stream, because he had a vision of his own about it which the reality might undo.' Jeffrey was, as well as Wordsworth, a lover of nature, though he looked upon the

world with a less imaginative eye, and he might have been expected to sympathise with a sentiment which, in some form or other, must have been felt by everybody, and which was never so sweetly expressed before:

'For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow.

The insensibility shown to his poetry, led Wordsworth to extol the advantages of a catholic taste. He objected to his detractors that they had never had the patience to enter into the spirit of his works, and he was even intolerant of admirers who took exception to the barren spots in the prospect. Such was his demand upon the perceptions of others, that, when himself and Sir George Beaumont were watching the unsavoury undulations of smoke from a blown-out tallow candle, he thought it indicated a defect of imagination in Crabbe that he put on the extinguisher. Unhappily for the romance of the sight, the sense of smell which nature had denied to Wordsworth was entire in his brother bard. But the universality of taste which the Lake poet preached he was the last to practise. He had deprived himself of all right to complain, for his harshest reviewer did him more justice than he was wont to deal out to his greatest contemporaries. His mind was not merely dead to their beauties and alive to their faults, but he sometimes indulged in an extravagance of censure which had no foundation whatsoever. He respected the decrees of that posterity to which he was accustomed to appeal no more than the judgments of the passing day. Posterity has ranked Gray among our happiest poets, and Wordsworth denied that he was a poet at all. He once related that he had never felt envy but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race. Some little jealousy of the poets who ran, or were esteemed to run, better than himself, might have operated unknowingly in after-life; but the principal cause of the rash opinions he pronounced was the very narrowness of taste which he charged upon his critics. Verse which stirred the most cultivated minds like the sound of a trumpet found no echo in his, because he was bound up in the thralldom of a system—that is in the eternal contemplation of his own theories as exemplified in his own performances. When he quotes two or three lines from his poem on the Wye, to show their superiority to the celebrated passage of Lord Byron on Solitude, he adds, that he does it for the sake of truth, and not from the disgusting motive of commending himself

at the expense of a rival genius. He was sincere in his disclaimer; but nothing can evince so strongly the evil consequences of brooding too exclusively over his own sweet notes as that he should have come to the conclusion that these complacent comparisons were identical with the sacred cause of truth. The lofty station that he claimed among poets, and the low place he assigned to others whom the public had bid to go up higher, were notorious in every literary circle, and did him no good among the northern fraternity.

A second principle which he enforced and violated was, that nobody's opinion upon a work could be so valuable as an author's own, because *he* is sure to have pondered it with a hundred times the care of any one else. If the rule was just, what became of his dogmatic denial of the excellence of many of his fellow-poets? By his own confession he was an incompetent judge, and ought to have submissively received the law he presumed to give. But a doctrine more belied by daily experience was never delivered. Pope says that genius is claimed by every mother for her booby son, and whole troops of boobies claim it for themselves. Nay, our very Miltons, who could hardly over-estimate the sublimity of their genius, form the falsest estimate of the relative value of their works, and put *Paradise Regained* above *Paradise Lost*. The excess of meditation which an author bestows upon his productions is vitiated by an ingredient which Wordsworth ignores—an equal excess of self-love, which converts blots into beauties. He might, in his own particular case, have profited by the critics to whom he turned a deaf ear, for the faults they branded were in general real, and the mistake was in overlooking the merits which redeemed them.

On the appearance of the volumes of 1807 Lady Beaumont wrote expressing her anxiety for their success. Wordsworth replied that she must moderate her expectations, for the generation was stiff-necked, and would never bow down before him. London wits and party-goes led, he assured her, too heartless an existence to have any love for nature, human or inanimate, and even the kindly portion of the world had allowed that imagination to droop and die, without which he could not be tasted or even comprehended. It was the young he hoped to influence—to teach them the worthy use of their faculties, and make them feel the power of a universe upon which the majority looked with languid eyes. He believed that it was the spirit of his poetry to calm them in affliction, and to put life into their happiness—to add sunshine to daylight,

and to show them that there were stars for the night. His hopes and his ambition have not been disappointed; and it is pleasant to observe that the more popular he became the humbler he grew. In a letter of 1839 he speaks with abated assurance of the destiny of his works, and says that, standing on the brink of the vast ocean he was about to cross, it troubled him little how long he should remain in sight of the multitude who were left behind upon the shore. The reaction of conscious power against the undue attempt to keep it down is some apology for self-exaltation—and the general recognition of his genius, coupled with the effects of age in dimming the vanities of life, could not be lost upon so good and great a man.

Wordsworth's next publication was in prose. His indignation rose at the grasping tyranny of Napoleon, and in May, 1809, he put forth a pamphlet against the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra, in which he delivered at large his opinions on the war. The sentiments were spirit-stirring, but the manner of conveying them was the reverse, and his protest passed unheeded. It was an article of his literary creed, that all good poets, without a single exception, write good prose,—but he has himself broken in upon the uniformity of the rule. The phraseology of his sentences is heavy and frigid; the construction involved; and, though he grudges not space, the loose and circumlocutory diction constantly leaves his meaning dark. But what was least to be expected, there is a poverty of thought even upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. An epistle or rather dissertation, in the *Memoirs*, addressed to Sir George Beaumont, upon laying out grounds, is nothing more than a pompous paraphrase of a single dictum of Coleridge—and a very large share of the correspondence is of the same forbidding description. There are, indeed, specimens of a far different kind. An early letter to his sister, for example, during the tour with Jones, contains some charmingly fresh descriptions of scenery—and the letter to Scott upon Dryden—which is not the least in his usual manner—is admirable altogether. Southey imputed his want of perspicuity to his habit of dictating and his enthusiasm for Milton's stately prose. Wordsworth ascribed it himself to his little practice in the art. He confessed that he had a lack of words, or to speak more correctly, of the *right* words, and a deficiency of skill in the arrangement of them, which he thought use would remove. The admiration of Milton may account for the cumbrousness, and the want of practice for the awkwardness of his style, but neither will explain why a teeming mind should

have shown upon paper such sterility of ideas.

By the birth of three children the circle had outgrown the accommodations of The Dove and Olive Bough, and in the spring of 1808 the family shifted to Allan Bank, a newly-built house, with inveterately smoky chimneys. From this misery they were delivered by the determination of the proprietor to enjoy his own smoke, and the Wordsworths removed in 1811 to Grasmere Parsonage. Here, however, in the following year, two of the children died—and the parents became anxious to escape from a place where every object reminded them of their loss. In the spring of 1813 they quitted the vale of Grasmere, and found their final establishment at Rydal Mount—a modest but most comfortable residence, the usual jointure-house, we believe, of the Le Fleming family, an ancient line of baronets, whose principal seat and its fine old woods stand hard by. The view from the terrace is most beautiful—including not only the small lake of Rydal but part of Windermere: and the grounds and gardens were by degrees most skilfully embellished under the poet's direction.

A piece of rare prosperity came to cheer him in his new abode. On the 27th of March he was made 'distributor of stamps' for the county of Westmoreland, an office which produced between five and six hundred a-year. He owed the appointment to the interest of Lord Lonsdale, whom he gratefully acknowledged to have been 'the best benefactor of himself and his children.' That excellent nobleman had previously offered to purchase for him a small property at Ulleswater, which he desired to possess. The estate was to be sold for a thousand pounds, which being two hundred more than Wordsworth thought it prudent to give, he allowed Lord Lonsdale to pay this portion of the cost, though he declined to avail himself, to the full extent, of his patron's munificence. The Poet ever after took great delight in carrying friends from a distance to spend a holiday with him at his own little outlying domain of Patterdale, where the farmer's cottage, if we recollect rightly, bore also some ensign of public hospitality, though certainly neither the Wordsworth Arms nor the Wordsworth Head.

The Canon of Westminster has a theory to explain why the period of sojourn at Allan Bank was not prolific in verse. The family went in before the workmen were out, and the biographer conjectures that his uncle's repose was disturbed by the noise of hammers and saws. The workmen must soon

have departed, but the smoke remained, and that, we are told, nearly-extinguished his imagination for the remainder of the term. There is an objection to the theory which its ingenious parent has overlooked. These three years were so far from being unproductive, that they were among the most important and laborious of his uncle's life, for it was then that *The Excursion* was chiefly composed. It was not committed to the press till the summer of 1814, and, as the poet predicted, its progress to notice was slow. His nephew says that Jeffrey 'boasted he had crushed it.' Jeffrey was never the noodle to expose himself by such a vaunt. It was the Ettrick Shepherd who called the article, in a letter to Southey, 'a crushing review,' and Southey retorted—'Jeffrey crush *the Excursion*! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.' On this grave affair both Southey's Correspondence and the Autobiographical Preface to Roderick are in direct contradiction to the Canon's statement. The poet, on his part, was not slow to boast in the opposite direction. 'I am delighted,' he wrote, 'to learn that the Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against *The Excursion*, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation to which he has not contributed.' The author has proved a better prophet than his critic, but it is impossible to gainsay many of the remarks which followed the redoubtable Editor's inimitable proclamation—'*This will never do!*' The *Excursion* was designed for the second part of a philosophical poem upon 'Man, Nature, and Society'—and for any philosophical purpose is altogether a failure. Many difficulties are propounded, and many answers given, but in a style as verbosely mystical as the ideas are shadowy. Much of the obscurity is produced by the endeavour to discover in the book of God's works what is only to be found in the book of his Word. Wordsworth's apology late in life was, that, fearing he might err in articles of faith, he had purposely confined himself to inferior influences. Any one who reads *The Excursion* deliberately must feel that the defence is insufficient. There was no call to descant upon disputed doctrines, but there is many a page in which some allusion to the recognised truths of Christianity was demanded by the subject, and where the substitution of unsatisfactory, and often fanciful, inferences from Nature is like shutting out the sun to grope in darkness. Wordsworth was an earnest member of the Church of England; and though doubtless his religious impressions deepened with age, the omissions in the *Excursion* were not the con-

sequence of a defective creed. They resulted from the circumstance that he had taken profound and original views of the visible world, and his peculiar system had assumed an importance in his mind beyond what belonged to it in relation to universal truth. The incongruity of putting the philosophy of the poem into the mouth of a Pedler arose from his rigid adherence to another part of his scheme—the desire to exhibit tenderness of heart and loftiness of thought in classes where they were supposed to exist in a very diminished degree. In vindication of his choice of a hero, he has related that he made him what he conceived he should have been himself if it had pleased God to place him in that state of life. The public could not be expected to follow him in his uncertain conjectures of the kind of person he might have become if his birth, education, and employment had been totally different, nor would critics be disposed to agree with him that, with all these diversities of circumstances, Wordsworth the Pedler would still have been Wordsworth the Poet.

In spite of the cloudy and unsubstantial philosophy, and its unsuitability to the condition of the principal speaker, in spite too of long and frequent paragraphs of dreary prosing, *The Excursion* was yet a noble addition to the English Library. It owes its now universal recognition as such to the beauty of the pictures of rustic life and rural scenes with their exquisite accompaniment of natural feeling. The story of *Margaret*—originally an independent piece, composed at Racedown and Alfoxden—is the most pathetic of his productions, and the one which displays the greatest knowledge of the human heart. The *Church-yard in the Mountains* is another admirable poem in itself; and, besides the numerous passages of sustained excellence, there are atoning lines and images in the duller portions of the work.

In the following year (1815) appeared *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In conception the author considered that it held the highest place among his poems. 'Everything,' he said, 'attempted by the principal personages failed in its material effects and succeeded in its mental.' The idea is good; but, as is common with him, it is faintly brought out. A second feature upon which he prided himself was, that he had represented objects as deriving their influence not from properties which really belonged to them, but from qualities which the imagination of the human agents bestowed. His manner of applying this favourite maxim is, to our thinking, a capital defect in the poem.

The main purpose of the narrative is to show how Emily acquired passive fortitude after the violent death of her father and brothers. Nothing brings relief till the White Doe fawns upon her with a kind of loving intelligence. To be soothed by such an incident is according to nature, but to represent it as effectually restoring an agonised spirit, which had resisted the healing power of religion and time, is to subordinate fancy to reason—the visionary to the real—in a degree which can win no sympathy from those who wish to build their consolation for the trials of life upon a solid foundation. Another merit which the author claimed for his poem was, that it 'began and ended with pure and lofty imagination'—the starting instance being the visits which the Doe pays every Sabbath to the grave of Emily, and the concluding example the apotheosis of the animal. This seems to us not imagination but extravagance. It has no support from even the superstitions of mankind; it shows no richness of invention, and has no allegorical import. The very objection is that it *fails* to enlist the imagination, while it shocks our belief. In execution the first canto is, on the whole, very beautiful. There is a gentle music in much of the verse, a holy calm in the tone, a witchery in the local descriptions, which diffuse over the mind the full spirit of the sacred, soft, and sunny scene. The transition to the military narrative in the second canto shows the limit of his powers. Less interesting incidents, more tamely told, could nowhere be found. Representations for which a meditative and didactic manner was suited were his only province—energy of character and hurry of action were beyond his compass. The poet in the sequel acknowledged that he thought there was a 'feebleness in the versification.' The opening canto is not amenable to the censure, but the rhythm and composition both degenerate in those which follow.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of the *Æneid* in rhyme. He had read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the Mantuan he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination. Wordsworth's performance was read in MS. by Coleridge, who told him frankly that, though no original writer since Milton had produced happier lines, his version of the *Æneid* contained

page upon page without one brilliant stroke. A specimen appeared in 1832 in the Philological Museum, and nothing could well be more stiff and prosaic. Wordsworth had resolved upon a verbal translation, and he ultimately agreed with Coleridge that he had wasted his time on an impracticable task. Many a Virgilian beauty of phrase had no equivalent in our tongue; and unless an English flower was engrafted in its stead, the stem was left bare. Horace was with our poet the greatest favourite of all, and he understood him too well to attempt to naturalise him. There is no possibility of disembodiment of thoughts which are inextricably bound up with his own easy and graceful idioms.

*Peter Bell* was published in 1819—and received with a shout of ridicule. The hi-crophant had neglected no precaution to provoke the sneers of the profane. He stated in the Dedication that the work had been completed twenty years, and that he had continued correcting it in the interval to render it worthy of a permanent place in our national literature. An announcement so well calculated to awaken the highest expectation was followed by a Prologue more puerile than anything which ever proceeded from a man with a fiftieth part of his powers. The groundwork of the story—that of a lawless rover, conscience-stricken and ultimately reformed by a series of startling and affecting circumstances occurring at night—is not in itself unpoetic;—but in the management of the theme the author repeated the error which pervades *The Idiot Boy*. The work is meant to be serious, and is certainly not facetious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the mind is revolted; and though some isolated stanzas are exquisite, *Peter Bell* as a whole is given up by all except the few idolaters who maintain the inspiration of every word which proceeded from their poet's pen. *The Waggoner* came close upon the heels of *Peter*, and put another weapon into the hands of the enemy. Wordsworth said, apologetically, that his object in it had been misunderstood—that it was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident and a lowly character. Whatever might be the design, the fact remains unalterable—that it is almost exclusively a collection of trivial circumstances very diffusely and feebly related. It has nothing to support it—not weight of sentiment, or elegance of expression, or harmony of numbers.

The stream of life flowed on with the poet in its usual tranquil course, diversified by occasional visits to London, tours at home and abroad, and the publication from time to time of a budget of poems. In the later

volumes he has eschewed the class of effusions which on earlier occasions exposed him to ridicule, but on the other hand the pieces of distinguished excellence are not so numerous as before. With politics he meddled little except in periods of extraordinary excitement. His sentiments, however, like Southey's, had gradually settled down into steady Conservatism in Church and State. He was firmly opposed to Roman Catholic Emancipation—from the conviction that all the freedom given to papists would be employed in forging chains for their liberators. He was equally earnest in his hostility to the Reform Bill. He believed that if such a measure were once adopted on the proposition of a Cabinet, no succeeding Cabinets, assuming to represent whatever parties in the State, could avoid proceeding in such a course of practical concession to the Democracy as must finally be fatal for the Church, and consequently the Monarchy. He felt for the lower orders with no less ardour of benevolence than in the days of the French Revolution, but he had ceased to look for a wisdom in multitudes which was not to be found in the units. Like Southey, ever a strenuous advocate for popular education, he was also among the earliest to proclaim that moral training was of more importance than any other—and that those would be disappointed who expected reading and writing to produce a golden age. The persons who suppose that a little instruction will have potent effects in removing the vices of the poor should inquire how far it has eradicated their own.

Wordsworth's whole returns from his literary labours up to 1819 had not amounted to 140*l.*; and he remarks even in 1829 that he had worked hard through a long life for less pecuniary emolument than a public performer gets for two or three songs. But there is a tide in the affairs of poets, and it was between 1830 and 1840 that the flood which floated him into favour rose to its height. Scott and Byron had in succession entranced the world. They had now withdrawn—and no third king arose to demand recognition. It was in the lull which ensued that the less thrilling notes of the Lake bard obtained a hearing. His adherents were a small but able and zealous band, and they advocated his merits in many eloquent contributions to critical journals that now questioned and rivalled the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*. When the public atones for neglect, it commonly, like good Lord Lonsdale, pays off principle and interest; and though Wordsworth's works have never become popular in the widest sense of the word, he met at last

with a larger allowance of praise than if he had never been unduly depreciated. Honours gathered round him thick in his old age. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unusually crowded Theatre. In 1842 he was permitted to resign his Stamp Distributorship in favour of his second son, William, and two months afterwards Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him one of the few pensions conceded to the claims of literature. The next year the same minister (who always when he visited London showed him the kindest attention in Whitehall Gardens) informed him that he had been selected for the Laureateship, vacated by the death of Southey, 'as a tribute due to the first of living poets.' On coming to town upon this occasion he had the honour to be received in a very distinguished manner by her Majesty. Being invited to a Court ball, the perfect, manly tranquillity of his demeanour in the to him novel equipments of sword, bag-wig, &c., was observed with surprise by many who had been accustomed to smile over the old jocularities about philosophical pedlars and penitential smugglers.

While everything prospered without, evening was casting some of its long shadows over his happy home. His admirable sister became in 1832 a confirmed invalid, and he could never mention her afterwards without a change in his voice, which assumed a gentle and solemn tone. Her loving-kindness in health had known no bounds, and the sympathy she had ever felt for the sorrows of others was now rivalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The poet's only surviving daughter, Dora, was married in 1841 to an amiable and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward Quillinan; and her account of a little tour in Portugal with him showed the public that she had inherited no trivial measure of her aunt's tastes and talents. But here too the knell was not deep in the distance. She died in 1847, and her father wrote that the loss was inestimable, and the sorrow for life.\*

That honourable life was not itself to be much longer protracted. On the 7th of April, 1850, Wordsworth attained his eightieth year. He had been attacked a few days before with inflammation of the chest. The acute symptoms gave way to medical treatment, but, unable to rally from the shock, he was now quietly sinking from the after weakness. On the 20th he was asked

by his eldest son (the Reverend John Wordsworth) if he would receive the sacrament, and he replied 'That is just what I want.' Two days later his notice was attracted by the noise of his niece drawing aside his curtain, and he inquired 'Is that Dora?' His memory was receding into its ancient strongholds, and it was amid the visionary reproduction of his happiest hours that he was about to pass into a world where his dream would be more than realised. He expired almost imperceptibly at 12 o'clock on the 23rd of April, and on the 27th he was buried by the side of his children in Grasmere churchyard. From his earliest youth he had never written one solitary line which could jar upon the mind if remembered at his grave.

Wordsworth was about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not imposing, but his countenance had a strikingly intellectual expression. It did not, as frequently happens, derive this character from the eyes, for they were wanting in lustre—in fact, through life more or less diseased. His cheeks, moreover, hung loose, his chin was both small and retreating, and his mouth was neither handsome, nor, strange to say, in any degree suggestive of the refined qualities that belonged to him. But all was redeemed by the noble expanse of forehead, and a nose worthy of a Trajan or an Antonine. In Chantry's bust the lower part of the face is embellished with a delicacy of skill which no other modern sculptor could have approached. Perhaps the best pictorial likeness of his prime is that introduced into Haydon's early but masterly piece, the Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem—and undoubtedly a head of him, taken long afterwards by the same artist, is the most satisfactory representation of his venerable age. His manners were those of a plain, unaffected English gentleman—easy, but always with a back-ground of dignity. His animal spirits throughout his vigorous years were unusually high, and communicated to his movements and conversation a vivacity which would not be suspected from the tone of his poetry. Even when his jovial time was gone by, a cordial laugh,—a 'genuine grunting laugh' as one friend is not afraid to call it—evinced his appreciation of fun. He has protested in some well-known sonnets that he preferred silence to personalities, and talked of Una and Desdemona—not of his neighbours. He might write thus in a moralising mood, but in practice the social influence prevailed, and he took his share in the ordinary gossip about persons as well as things. His works of themselves would indicate the fact. Such an immense collection

\* Mr. Quillinan also is now dead. He was the author of some very elegant verses, and probably the first Portuguese scholar in this country.

of versified traits and incidents, mostly drawn, by his own confession, from the surrounding inhabitants, could only have been collected by a mind on the alert to hear all that went on. But he had another vein. He liked to unfold his thoughts in solemn dissertations, which were not unfrequently monotonous and heavy. The homage of admiring disciples invites and almost compels the habit, which naturally grows to be carried on out of school. Jeffrey, after meeting him at dinner in 1831, reports that he seemed the very reverse of Lakish or poetical—a hard, sensible, worldly kind of man. This is to be received merely for a testimony of Wordsworth's tact. He would have considered sentiment thrown away upon the author of the *crushing* Article, and he would be gratified to show that the recluse poet could meet the shrewd and adroit critic and jurist on his own ground. He often, indeed, revealed, during his little holydays of London life, a command of conversational dexterity for which there was not much opening at the Lakes. He would now and then return wit for wit with the greatest masters in the art; and if his lot had been cast in the focus of society, and he had cultivated the talent, he might have joined, perhaps, to his better fame the traditionary reputation of a sayer of good things. To add that he was conspicuous among the doers of good deeds, that he was in every relation of life one of the most kind and generous as well as one of the most upright and prudent of men, is only to repeat what is known as widely as his name.

Wordsworth's poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third era, when the majority of readers are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in *The Pre-*

lude how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so light and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been for ever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of *The Thorn*:—

'And to the left, *three yards beyond*,  
You see a little muddy pond  
Of water never dry;  
*I've measured it from side to side,*  
*'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.'*

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements: they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his Wanderer the sentimental sort of pedler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his characters than to what he



should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and colour everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his peculiarities—that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their hearts into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly history of Margaret, in *The Excursion*, that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervour in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in *The Excursion*. In the *Ballads* the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a two-fold claim to pre-eminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which the actual scene creates in the beholder, but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

'To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,  
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,  
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,  
Or linked them to some feeling.'

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of Peter Bell:—

'A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more!—

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of

nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execution. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Staël, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets.' In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton's model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honour, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is not an unusual defect in the best for the end to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The Sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth's compositions. In *Guilt and Sorrow*, and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious, but his ear was not exacting, and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has



been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said that he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off labouring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the sake of eking out the metre or providing a rhyme.

'On a fair prospect some have looked,  
And felt, as *I have heard them say*,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away!'

The 'I have heard them say,' which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one, and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to 'They will say,' and 'You'd have said,' occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another resource to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive.

'For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.'

Some of the minor pieces, as *The Thorn*, are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplussage of colloquial common-places.

Though he termed the frequent inversions in the works of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of the most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste, is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction, and that they were not faults of impetuosity is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigour and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery composers.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small, but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only popular bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child and not the father of a reaction, which after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Goldsmith was the most celebrated of Cowper's immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the wonderful Peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself: were they not already far more popular than the Lake-poet's have ever been—or ever will be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning

the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*. Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for Nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of *Childe Harold* composed at the period. The style of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lake bard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to glean from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in accordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his Tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation, and with just so much greater power and effect as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the Dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a

Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our ploughboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak. The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its 'self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells:—

'But from the arms of silence—list! O list!  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
With sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.'

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Wordsworth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose; and as prose has a wide range and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defence of the homely style of the *Lyrical Ballads*. But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

'Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light,'

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of

evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

'And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go, or she must stay!  
—She's in a sad *quandary*;

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets, as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amidst that illustrious group.

ART. IX.—*The Financial Statements of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M. P., delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, 3rd December, 1852.* Piper & Co.

THIS Number of our Journal was nearly due before the late Chancellor of the Exchequer produced his 'Financial Statement.' However therefore we might dissent from a very large proportion of the views therein indicated as to a variety of subjects, we at once perceived that it would be impossible for us to go immediately into the general detail of our objections, without an inconvenient delay of our publication: and we might the more readily submit to what we felt to be beyond our choice, as the more properly *financial* topics were discussed with ability both in the long debate that followed the ministerial exposition and simultaneously by the most influential of the daily newspapers. It so happens, however, that neither speakers in the House nor writers out of doors enlarged on one particular class of subjects—and that in our own opinion the most important—which the 'Statement' had embraced; and under these circumstances, it seemed to us that we could not, without an absolute dereliction of our own recorded principles, and a neglect of what we consider the best

interests of the country, allow it to be supposed even for a moment that we acquiesced in either the propositions or the reasoning of Mr. Disraeli as to several points of our *Maritime administration and policy*. Accordingly, we hastened to prepare a review of that portion of his speech, on the chance of its being published in time to suggest some modification, or at least a reconsideration, of matters which we thought had been dealt with too hastily, and on very imperfect information. With that view, the greater part of the following pages was already in type before the fall of the Government. The more striking *political* consequences of the wholesale defeat of the Budget have, indeed, thrown into the background all its details, and will have deprived our criticisms of any *immediate* interest they might otherwise have had; but they do not, as it appears to us, and as we hope our readers will think, render less necessary some *protest* against its being hereafter assumed that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was on those subjects expressing the matured and deliberate sentiments of the Conservative party. On the contrary, we believe that his statements were heard by the majority of the independent members of that party in the House of Commons with as much surprise and dissent as we, and every Conservative out of doors that we have happened to meet, felt at reading them. We therefore adhere to our original design, with the addition only of a very few general observations on the new crisis in public affairs which the Budget has, if not produced, at least accelerated.

If any of our readers might have forgotten, the Peelite journalists have, since the Cabinet catastrophe, taken pains enough to refresh their memories as to the earnestness with which, in the closing article of our September number, we deprecated the premature, and as we thought, unnecessary and impolitic experiment, of a *budget before Christmas*. With a flourishing exchequer, an actual surplus, and the prospect of a still better one at the close of the financial year, we did not conceive it at all probable that the graver and more experienced members of the late Cabinet would sanction so great a departure, not only from parliamentary precedent and the common sense of the case, but from the obvious policy of the circumstances in which that cabinet was *peculiarly* placed.

We were prepared, we then said, to see the motley Opposition endeavouring to concoct some vague insult to the Government on which all their discordant sections could have united; and we were equally prepared for seeing that any factious combination

would give the Ministers a great advantage, and would probably have turned the scale in their favour; and with this view—which we are still convinced was the true one—we took the liberty of expressing what we believe was the general wish and hope of the Conservative party, that the Ministers would not volunteer to play the game of their adversaries, and spontaneously, not merely afford, but create, an occasion in which the latter might fairly, and with no disapprobation of the country at large, combine to resist. The result has unfortunately proved that our judgment was correct and our fears prophetic. Of all questions, a budget was the most perilous for such an experiment, and, above all, a budget involving a great variety of antagonist interests, on each of which the staunchest member of the Conservative party might naturally have special views of his own, and would probably have to consult those of a local constituency. It has, we believe, seldom if ever happened that a budget has been passed in its original integrity. In adjusting its details, we always expect objections, alterations, and compromises,—it is the nature of the case, and it is for that reason that they are discussed in committee. It is therefore that a budget (unless where it rests altogether on some great principle—the income-tax, for instance, or the corn-laws) is as unsatisfactory a form for testing the feelings of either the House or the country as can be imagined. *This* budget had not even the excuse of opening any such new principle as called for so special an appeal to Parliament. It was in substance, after all, as *common-place* a budget as ever was propounded. The speech by which it was introduced was indeed sufficiently original; of the budget itself, however, the three main features were no more than *halving* two existing taxes, *doubling* another, and *extending* a fourth—a mere shuffling of the same cards; but this *very simple* process was executed with such a *curiosa infelicitas*, that it combined all the opponents of the Ministry, while not one of their supporters could, or, at least, did, venture to adopt it as a whole. \*

On a full reconsideration of the whole case, we willingly acknowledge our entire belief that the Government adopted this unusual and unlucky course in a sincere though mistaken spirit of courage and good faith. They were anxious to ascertain their position, and were induced, for motives no doubt honourable and, in their own judg-

ment, weighty, to adopt a vote on the budget as one of confidence. It is impossible to dispute the propriety of the object, but we still must regret that a clearer, a more appropriate, and even earlier occasion was not taken for that, no doubt, necessary trial of strength—for instance, by meeting Mr. Villiers's motion with the old Parliamentary test of the *previous question*. That would have brought the question to its real issue—a vote of confidence in the good intentions of the Government; and on that question we have little doubt they would have had, as they deserved, a majority; but, if they had not had such a majority on that simple question, how could they hope for one on the more complicated and antagonistic details of a budget, concerning which their own supporters might be expected to feel such a variety of doubts and scruples? The tampering with Mr. Villiers's motion was considered by the House and the Country as a confession of weakness—the bringing forward the budget at so unusual a period of the session was a still more direct one. The battle, thus injudiciously provoked, was fought, and especially by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with distinguished gallantry and, on some detached points, with admirable skill; but, on the whole, the ground was ill chosen—the moment inopportune, and the upshot—what we ventured three months ago to forebode.

It is not with a view of claiming for ourselves any peculiar sagacity—God knows, it needed little to foresee the result—that we make these observations; but a regard to the true and permanent interests of the Conservative party, or at least of that section of it with whose countenance we have been so long honoured, obliges us to lay before our readers what we conceive to be the truth of the case—not a merely retrospective, reproachful, and barren truth—but one calculated—intended at least—to serve as a beacon to guide us hereafter to a safer and more permanent anchorage. Honesty is the best policy, but next to it is Courage—without which, as Johnson wisely said, there is no security for honesty or any other virtue, moral or political.

In that spirit of sincerity, then, we are bound to say that, if we regretted the untimely introduction of the Budget, we still more strongly dissent from many of the principles of the speech by which it was introduced. No one, of whatever political creed, can now affect to doubt or disparage the many high parliamentary qualities of Mr. Disraeli. His resolute spirit has been conspicuously displayed under very extraordinary difficulties. He has combined an in-

\* The two most powerful supporters of the Government, Sir Edward Bulwer and Mr. Cayley, would, in fact, have annihilated the budget, by the repeal of the *whole* malt-tax.

domitable perseverance with great fertility of resource. In opposition he has been and, if he does himself justice, he must again be most formidably influential: he may yet acquire whatever he needs for the discharge of the high functions of a minister. He has shown himself at once a brilliant orator and, what is still rarer, a powerful debater, but he has not as yet, we think, earned the reputation of a Statesman. Of his Budget, properly so called, any minute examination on our part (even if we had time and room for it) would be now idle, and could tend to no practical result. We will only remark generally that its most judicious portions were so unfortunately linked with others of an opposite character as to defeat themselves. He might, for instance, have extended the House-tax without doubling it, and the Income-tax without hampering it with fresh exemptions and *distinctions*.

On one of his financial details, however, which is of more permanent importance, and of which the danger may not perhaps be passed, we think it right to repeat and record the objections we have heretofore made—we mean the *repeal of the Malt-Tax*—which, when formerly proposed, we denounced as a most injudicious and dangerous measure, but which may, we fear, have derived some additional countenance from Mr. Disraeli's proposition to reduce it by one-half. The reduction, we think, would not have fulfilled any of his intentions, and could only have served as an argument for its abolition. Our readers will find in our 79th volume, p. 143, the reasons of our protest against that proposition. We need not say more than that they appear to us to be stronger than ever. We understand and appreciate the motive of the proposition—the desire of doing something favourable, or at least conciliatory, to the landed interest—but even that it would not have done. The benefit to the land would have been at best very partial—in our fixed opinion, next to nothing—but at all events wholly insignificant compared with the loss of *two millions and a half of revenue*, which must have been replaced by direct taxation. Nor would the measure have had even the partial success of gratifying the agricultural body. Barley is a comparatively small portion of our produce—but even the growers of barley, we believe, and certainly the country gentlemen and farmers in general, are now very well aware of what an infinitesimal share of any reduction of the duty on malt would find its way into *their* pockets.

But waiving these and other equally pregnant topics of the Statement, our present unwelcome business is with that partic-

ular class of subjects which had very little relation to what is usually called a *budget*, and upon which, as we have already intimated, we have the misfortune of differing from the late Chancellor of the Exchequer *to toto celo*,—we mean that portion of the speech which relates to various branches of our *Maritime Policy*.

It is far indeed from our intention to question the motives which induced the Cabinet to authorize the measures opened in this part of Mr. Disraeli's *programme*, and still less to make them responsible for the language in which it was produced. In their objects and intentions we entirely sympathise. They had heard so much of the losses of the Shipping Interest, and were so convinced of the national danger as well as the commercial injury produced by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, that they readily listened to the complaints of an injured class, and were anxious to make them whatever reparation could be afforded without trenching on the principles of the 'recent legislation' which they had pledged themselves to respect. The fact, however, as we confidently believe, is this:—that the only *real* grievance and danger consisted in the very *essence* of that 'recent legislation,' and that when the gentlemen of the Shipping Interest were *brought to book* (to use one of their own phrases) they could specify nothing that it was in the power of the Government to redress, *save* some petty grievances which, in the impossibility of obtaining any relief from the real pressure, they put forward with much show of importance and urgency; and the Government, willing to do all that was in their power, consented to undertake the cure of these alleged mischiefs, the true extent of which—probably from their natural desire to keep the details of the Budget secret to the last moment—they were unable to examine by wider inquiries and to test by any antagonist evidence. Their ingenious orator spoke, no doubt, from the *brief* of his informants, and, without, it may be supposed, having gone very sedulously into details which did not belong to his department, was probably not sorry to have a prospect of gratifying the Shipping Interest by what seem at first sight very moderate concessions—though, when more closely sifted, these moderate concessions will be found to involve very serious consequences.

We shall notice successively the different points in the words and in the order in which we find them in what is, we presume, an authorised copy of Mr. Disraeli's 'Statement;' and if we enter into more detail than the occasion may seem to call for, it is because in the present juncture of af-

fairs it is not impossible that, under the imputed authority of a conservative Administration, the same principles and the same measures may be hereafter reproduced.

In opening the general question of relief to the Shipping Interest, Mr. Disraeli said:

'As the recommendations we are about to make are founded, I think, on a very impartial and liberal consideration of the whole case, we believe that, if those recommendations are adopted by Parliament, we may fairly say that the just claims of the Shipping Interest will be satisfied, and that in our future legislation, so far as that interest is concerned, we shall not be disturbed by appeals of a class nature.'

We notice this exordium for the purpose of protesting against the invidious introduction of the word *class*, which has been growing into use or rather abuse ever since the Corn Laws were stigmatised as '*class legislation*.' The word involves a principle—in finance a dangerous one, and as in the case before us an absurd one. Ships are a *class* of things *sui generis*—and how can any legislation upon ships, or on coaches, or railroads, or any other matter *sui generis*, be other than *sui generis*—a *class* legislation? You subject the ship for the sake of its own safety, to *lighthouse dues*: you subject the carriage for the same reason to *turnpike tolls*. You have *county-rates* for roads and bridges to facilitate and improve *land-travelling*: you must have *shipping-rates* for pilotage, ballasting, buoys, lights, &c., to facilitate and improve *navigation*. All this is equally *class* taxation, because the objects to be attained belong to the special classes. What are the duties on *licences*, *game-certificates*, *hair-powder*, *armorial bearings*, &c.? Nay, what are the various *exemptions* from taxation, but *class* legislation? Are they all to be abrogated? We shall come to details presently; here we only insist on the abuse as we think it, of the term *class*. Those who abjure the fallacious tenets of a school had better not adopt its deceptive phrases. But, this throughout his speech, Mr. Disraeli seems but too much inclined to do.

Coming, then, to the details of his relief from '*class* legislation,' he proceeds to treat of *Light Dues*:—

'With respect to the *light dues*, we have examined the subject, and it is our opinion that in a great degree the complaints of the Shipping Interest are founded on fact. It certainly seems quite *indefensible* that, irrespective of the dues which they pay for the advantage of lighthouses, which are amply and properly supplied in this country, they should be paying in the form of dues a large sum of money, which is, in fact, the interest paid to the Trinity-House for the purchase of private lights, which were improvi-

dently granted by the Crown or by the Parliament many years ago.—(Hear, Hear!') As far as that portion of the light dues, which consists of the interest paid on sums advanced by the Trinity-House for the purchase of these private lights, it seems to us *indefensible*, when the principle of *unrestricted competition* is established, that the Shipping Interest of this country should be paying a tax not for the lights supplied for their benefit (because for them they pay sufficiently), but in order that improvident grants of former Sovereigns and Parliaments should be counteracted by a peculiar tax raised from them, and in respect to which they get no return whatever.—(Hear!')

We are afraid that any one, and above all a Minister of the Crown, who talks of the '*indefensible* and *improvident*' imposts of Sovereigns and Governments is in these days but too certain of being greeted with a *hear, hear!* Such epithets would be in any case unseemly, but here they want any palliation on the score of fact or justice. The grants alluded to were neither '*improvident* nor *indefensible*'—but strongly the reverse. Early in the last century, when there was no general system of lighthouses, some individuals who happened to be the owners of points of the coast peculiarly dangerous to navigation, erected at their own private cost certain lighthouses—works undertaken, no doubt, in the first instance, with a view to private profit, but which were also a great public benefit. The Sovereign and Parliaments of the day gave to these meritorious enterprises the encouragement they required and deserved, just as they have in our own days granted privileges to private speculations which involve consequential public benefits, such as bridges, canals, railroads, and the like.\* A retrospective theorist may regret that King James and his Parliament did not make the *New River* for the supply of London, but he will scarcely call the charter to Sir Hugh Middleton '*improvident* and *indefensible*;' nor will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be now disposed to buy up the interests of the New River Company and all the other companies that have grown up by its example, in order to afford the inhabitants of the metropolis an absolutely *gratuitous* supply of water. These *Private Lights* were, like the New River, a doubtful speculation, and at first, like it, not a very productive one; but in process of time the increase of trade and shipping made them extremely profitable, and then they began to be complained of, just as people now complain of the prices of water. It was urged, as against the private lights, first, that the profits were

\* Of the six great bridges of our metropolis, four were and three still are *toll* bridges; so are the dozen bridges between London and Windsor.

not only inordinate, but troublesome to the shipping interest in their collection; and secondly, that for many reasons both of economy and better administration, they ought to be in the same hands as the public lighthouses, which, after their instructive and beneficial example, had grown up on all sides of them. Lord Melbourne's and Lord John Russell's Governments, feeling that these objections were reasonable, set about remedying them, and on the wise principle of combining justice with policy, they purchased out the private proprietors, and absorbed the *private* lighthouses into the general system, charging to the general system—not the former vexatious rates, but only—and that for a limited time—the *interest* of the sum that in compliance with the wishes of the shipping interest had been employed in the desired transfer. That purchase-money (incurred between 1836 and 1841) amounted altogether to about 1,250,000*l.*; but by the economy and activity of the Trinity-House this sum is already reduced to 108,000*l.* (not *one-fourth* of the value of *one* of the private lights)—and will be speedily paid off altogether. What could be fairer? Let us add, in order to prevent misrepresentation of our opinions, that we fully not merely concede, but insist that no higher *permanent* rate of dues should be levied than will defray the efficient and liberal charges of the general establishment. But we especially object to any approach to the principle (implied in Mr. Disraeli's argument) of charging any such special expenditure on the revenues of the country at large—of burthening those who pay for lighting the streets of our towns and cities with the additional and incongruous expense of lighting the Channel and the North Sea.

Mr. Disraeli proceeds to announce some other measures of the same kind, which seems to us very questionable both in fact and in argument:—

'We would relieve the Shipping Interest from the contribution to the *charities* of a Corporation which, however laudable they may be, ought not to be maintained under present circumstances by taxing a British ship.'

The words '*charities* of a Corporation' seem to have been invidiously suggested to Mr. Disraeli as if they were something with which the shipping interest has no peculiar concern—whereas the 'Corporation'—the Trinity-House—is only the representative and agent of the Shipping Interests, to which all its charities are exclusively applied. They are no other than superannuations, compensations for injuries, or rewards for special exertions, to worn-out merchant seamen,

pilots, boatmen and the like, or pensions to their widows and orphans—objects which 'former sovereigns and governments' thought it both politic and humane to promote, and which, we believe, have most beneficially influenced the progress of British shipping. We admit that the detail of these charities should be jealously watched, but on what principle can it be alleged that, honestly applied, they are not a duty for which the shipping interest is as much bound to provide as any parish for its poor? A pilot is lost in endeavouring to save a ship on the Goodwin—has his widow no claim on the Shipping Interest? or when a man is disabled in saving a wreck, or even worn out in long and arduous service—has he himself no claim on the Shipping Interest in the service of which he has expended his strength and all the working days of his perilous life? The highest rate of pension to an old destitute master of a merchantman is 6*s.*—to a mate, 4*s.* 6*d.*—to a seaman, 3*s.*—all per month!—and no one can receive this worse-than-work-house pittance who is not seventy years old, or disabled from work. Be as rigid as you please in the examination of each case, but can it be denied that these are *charities* for which the Shipping Interest is, in all justice and policy, bound to provide? Nor do we see how they could be more justly or economically managed than by the Trinity-House.

We next come to what are called *Passing Tolls*:—

'We think also that all that which is levied from the Shipping Interest under the name of *Passing Tolls* is a vexation, a grievance, and a burden to which the shipping of this country, under present circumstances, ought not to be subjected.—(Hear, hear!) And, therefore, we would relieve the Shipping Interest from all *passing tolls*.—(Hear, hear!)

From all that has been said about the hardship of paying for *passing tolls*, that is, tolls to certain harbours which the ship has *passed* and not entered, who would believe that these harbours are only *four*? The case is this: for a hundred miles on either side of the mouth of the Thames there is no natural harbour for a ship of any tonnage. To diminish this great evil, four harbours of refuge—two to the north, Whitby and Bridlington, and two to the south, Ramsgate and Dover—were constructed at a great expense,—not as ports of trade, but as places of *refuge*, where vessels bound to or from the Thames may find shelter in those emergencies of which every season affords such awful instances. These harbours are, we admit, of little avail to the general trade in fine weather, but of inestimable value in the frequent hour of danger. In the terrible



weather which has been raging while we write, and which has strewed our shores with such disastrous wrecks, we learn that a merchant-fleet of not less than 300 sail (!) have taken refuge in Ramsgate alone, besides numerous other vessels that, unable to find room in the harbour, have anchored in the Downs, as near to it as they could, for the sake of assistance in anchors, cable, and boat-help, which are not elsewhere within reach. Ships in ordinary weather would have only *passed* these harbours; but can it be contended that they are not a *benefit* which the ships, for whose special safety they are provided and are maintained, are justly bound to pay for? Would a householder be justified in refusing to pay his Midsummer rate for the parish fire-engine, on the score that his own house had not been on fire since last winter? But again; are not these passing tolls a kind of *insurance* pro tanto on the whole voyage? and we believe that if these *ports of refuge* did not exist, the shipowners would find the insurance of their ships in the North Sea, or round the Forelands, a very different matter. We say nothing of what we believe to be the *illusory* nature of the boon. On the free-trade principle, the diminution, whatever it may be, ought to reach the public in the lowering of freight; the ship-owner would gain nothing, and the public something infinitely small. We could, we believe, establish the utter insignificance of *all* these propositions as measures of *relief* in any quarter, but that is no immediate concern of ours; we are only dealing with principles of which we dread the pernicious consequences.

We next come to the boon offered to the Shipping Interest under the head of *Pilotage*:

'I will not enter into the question of the anomalies of our system of Pilotage. The House, I am sure, knows well that a Thames pilot can *steer* a ship to a Cinque port, but may not *steer* it back. Another pilot connected with another *corporation* performs the duty of returning; and of course, the Shipping Interest *having to employ two men to perform a duty which one man could discharge*, the expense is proportionately increased.'

The boon is not distinctly announced—but a committee of inquiry is promised, with an intimation that a former committee on the subject was in what we suppose we must now call the *bad* old times, and that the new committee would be

'animated by those views, with respect to *commercial affairs especially, which probably had not so great an influence some years ago.*'

The Conservative and Protectionist parties will not fail to observe this, scarcely

veiled, compliment to 'recent legislation.' We cannot venture to deny Mr. Disraeli's suggestion that Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington, the three last Wardens of the Cinque Ports during a space of now sixty years, were 'animated by views of commercial affairs' different from those of Mr. Disraeli; but we shall show that they probably understood the matter a little better. Mr. Disraeli has not even understood the complaint of his own grievance-monger.

'A Thames pilot,' it seems, 'may steer a ship to one of the Cinque-ports, but not back; the pilot of another *corporation* must bring her back, and the Shipping Interests will have to *employ two men at a double expense, when one would suffice.*' The fact is, that if a Thames pilot took a vessel to a Cinque or *any other* port, he would not, even if the regulation complained of did not exist, bring her back at the *one charge*—the voyages would still be distinct adventures, and the same man would have to be paid *for each* separate voyage. So vanishes at once the supposed boon to the Shipping Interest, which would have to pay for both voyages, as it does now, and probably *more*; for besides paying for the two voyages, the owner would have to maintain the original pilot during the interval, which might be considerable, between the two trips. What the grievance-monger probably meant to state to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was an imaginary case, so improbable, and—if it could have happened—so insignificant, that we are almost ashamed to occupy half-a-dozen lines in guessing at it. It only shows how hard put he must have been to find a grievance when he produced this absurdity. The complaint perhaps was, that if a London owner had a favourite pilot entrusted to take one of his ships—say to Cowes—who should there *happen* to meet another of the same owner's ships homeward bound, the favourite pilot could not bring her back. True; but if he could, nothing would be saved to his employer. The two voyages would be equally and distinctly paid for; but the favourite pilot would be paid for one, and a Cowes pilot for the other. The shipowner's charge would be just the same. Thus this great *national question* is reduced to the accidental rivalry of two individual pilots. This is simply ridiculous; but Mr. Disraeli's comment upon it involves a much graver difficulty and, we may add, public danger. The case is put only one way—from the Thames *out and home*: such a case must be exceedingly rare. But much more frequent—indeed of *hourly* occurrence—is the case of ships *coming down* the North sea, or up

channel into the Thames. For their use every port, from Lerwick to Harwich, and from Cork to Dover, has a body of local pilots, acquainted with the whole channel, who take up, in their several districts, the duty of pilotage. If, according to Mr. Disraeli's argument, these local people are to be displaced by Thames pilots—if they are not to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the demands occurring within their own districts, what is to become of the whole race of pilots beyond the mouth of the Thames: the finest, hardiest, most intelligent, and most useful class of mariners on the face of the waters—not merely discouraged, but annihilated? Let us take the very instance of these poor Cinque Port pilots whom Mr. Disraeli would thus displace. In the 18th Section of the General Pilot Act we find—

'A sufficient number of the pilots of the Cinque ports, not less than eighteen at any time, and in unremitting succession from time to time by day and night, shall constantly ply at sea or be afloat between the south Foreland and Dungeness to take charge of ships and vessels coming from the westward, and shall not allow any ship having a signal for a pilot flying, without attempting to board.'

Eighteen full-manned pilot-boats, at the least, always at sea and in constant succession day and night, within a space of thirty miles—these are the people and this is the service which Mr. Disraeli proposes to annihilate on the imaginary grievance of some imaginary Thames pilot. But his whole view of the case is a radical mistake. Pilotage is a *specialty*, depending on local knowledge and constant practice—instead of endeavouring to generalize the employment, and employ one man instead of two, all the great public interests, as well as that of the shipowners, require that the service should be localized, and two men employed in preference to one. The principle announced by Mr. Disraeli would, in the most favourable case, not save a penny to the shipowner; and if it had the remotest chance of being even attempted, would be, by the extinction of local pilotage, of the greatest peril to the commerce, and eventually to the safety of the country. Such is the danger of inaccurate or interested information on a great practical subject.\*

Mr. Disraeli next proposes to relieve the

Shipping Interests from what he calls *Admiralty Grievances*—a phrase which he certainly did not learn from any of his naval colleagues, but by which he designates grievances which trade is supposed to suffer from certain *exclusive privileges* given to the royal navy. He has the goodness to mitigate the censure implied in this statement of *grievances* by the following compliments—which we think will hardly be swallowed as sugarplums:—

'Salvage.—

'I think we ought not, however, for a moment to indulge in a feeling that the royal navy is to be charged with reprehensible conduct in this matter.—(Hear, hear!) I have no doubt myself, from all I can observe and learn from inquiry, that the conduct of the officers of the royal navy, especially of LATE YEARS, is distinguished by a generous sympathy with all classes of their countrymen, which cannot be too highly praised.—(Hear, hear!) I have no doubt that in the navy, as well as in all departments of life, much more humanizing tendencies are exerting their influence than there did twenty-five or forty, or fifty years ago.—(Hear!) But the system remains, notwithstanding the increased civilization of man, and in its operation it will be found that instances will occur when the oppression is considerable.—(Hear!)

This is no doubt very complimentary to the increased civilization of mankind in all the departments of life within the last fifty years, which has placed Mr. Disraeli in the position formerly occupied by such uncivilized or imperfectly civilized men as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Addington, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Perceval, and Mr. Canning! For the present race of naval officers we have the greatest respect, and for some individually the greatest regard, admiration and affection; but we cannot indorse, and they, we think, will not accept this compliment at the expense of such men as Lord Howe, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Duncan, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Lord Bridport, Lord Hood, Lord Keith, Lord Gambier, Lord Exmouth, Lord Saumarez, Sir Roger Curtis, Sir William Young, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir John Duckworth, Sir John Warren, Sir Samuel Hood, Sir Richard Keates, Sir Thomas Thompson, Sir Harry Neale, Sir Graham Moore, and fifty others of that *ungenerous and uncivilized* age and class whose memories, names, and deeds are still fresh and dear to us—or of Sir Byam Martin and Sir George Cockburn, still happily preserved to us as specimens of the gallant seamen and accomplished gentlemen of those vituperated times! Most of the distinguished officers of the present day were bred in their school, and we will ven-

\* The only improvement we can imagine in the present system would be to place the Cinque Port pilotage under the direction of the Trinity House; but even to that we know that the Duke of Wellington was decidedly opposed, as doing no practical good, and as likely to diminish the direct surveillance over and encouragement of the local pilots.

ture to say that there is not one of them who will accept as a compliment Mr. Disraeli's distinction between them and their illustrious predecessors. Mr. Disraeli would probably reply to this remark that he meant to censure not the officers, but the system. To this we reply, that he need not in that case have, as we think, invidiously contrasted 'officers of late years' with those of a former day, and dwelt upon 'the increased generosity and civilization of man' as peculiarly exhibited in the Royal Navy—but let us concede to him that his tongue was in fault, and that he only meant the *system*; we rejoin that this is what we most seriously complain of—the characters of the officers of the last two generations needed no other defence than is afforded by the mere enumeration of their names—but the inuendo on the *system* is more serious, because these vague reproaches tend to discredit a line of naval policy on which, as we believe, the very existence of this empire depends. Mr. Disraeli does not expressly mention *Impressment*, but his language is of the same complexion with that which has been used by those who have been very active of late in attacking that palladium of our national safety, and all this general allusion to the *uncivilized* and *oppressive* practices of thirty and fifty years ago, has a tendency—very alarming from the mouth of a minister—to countenance the prejudices which that other class of persons have endeavoured to create. We believe that there was no one who heard Mr. Disraeli's speech who did not believe that amongst the *grievances* of the mercantile navy he had *Impressment* 'looming' in his distant thought, and some even expected that he would conclude with an express proposition on that point.

We shall return to this vital question presently, but we will first observe on the minor grievances which he enumerated and proposes to remedy. They are called, he says, *Admiralty grievances*. We have never happened to hear the phrase, which would be a gross misnomer—for the matters, be they grievances or not, are enacted by *law* and not of any mere *Admiralty* authority.

'I come now to those grievances which I have described as *Admiralty Grievances*.

'The House is aware that when a merchant ship finds herself on a foreign station, one of the crew, without any ceremony, quits the captain without any notice, and often without any cause, and immediately enlists in a ship belonging to the Royal navy that happens to be upon that station. At present he can, at a moment's notice, notwithstanding his engagement with his master, hoist his red shirt, enlist in the Royal ship that may be in the offing, and demand his wages, and the captain of the mer-

chant ship not only loses one of his crew, but is called upon immediately to pay wages which are not due till arrival in port. This right and privilege acts very injuriously upon the discipline and general conduct of the merchant shipping.—(*Hear, hear!*)'

We are not at all surprised that Mr. Disraeli, on receiving such a statement, should pronounce it to be a grievance deserving serious consideration. But we think that a closer examination will materially alter the aspect of the question. The existing enactment on this subject is above 130 years old—the 2nd Geo. II., c. 3., an Act passed for the protection of both the Shipping Interest and the Merchant Seamen. This Act concludes with this Clause—

'§ 13. Provided, That nothing in this Act contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to debar any seaman or mariner belonging to any merchant ship or vessel from entering, or being entered into the service of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, on board any of his or their ships or vessels; nor shall such seaman or mariner, for such entry, forfeit the wages due to him during the term of his service in such merchant ship or vessel; nor shall such entry be deemed a desertion.'

This law gives no power to naval officers to *claim* any man, but only to *accept* their services, and provides that a man so entering shall not be considered a deserter, and shall therefore not forfeit his wages; from which it follows as a legal consequence, that the master is bound to pay as if the man had been ordinarily discharged. The Act was passed and has been in fact executed for *the benefit of the seamen*; it is a check on the conduct of the master, and almost the only check on his treatment of his crew. In foreign parts there could hardly be any other; and we think we may assert, that in point of fact few such cases occur, except when the sailor had complaints against the master, and sought for redress by appealing to the captain of the Royal ship. We have inquired of distinguished officers of the present day as to the extent of the practice in their experience. We transcribe the answer of one of the highest in rank, character, and experience.

'The grievance is of little amount. I have certainly seen instances of merchant seamen hoisting the red shirt, and on inquiry I found that the men had, in most cases, just cause of complaint against the master for ill-treatment or the badness of provisions, but I never saw in my own ships, nor heard of any in the many squadrons in which I have served, of the masters being compelled to pay the men's wages in *cash*—an *order* on the owners at home was invariably tendered and accepted. I have ever

taken care, before I accepted a man, to see that it would not distress the merchant vessel—on the contrary, when I found merchant vessels short of men and none to be procured, they have been lent from her Majesty's ship for the completion of the voyage. A case once occurred to me in India of a number of the crew of a large vessel, 1600 tons, with a valuable cargo, coming to enter, giving as their reason the severity with which they were treated. On inquiry I found the complaints were true, but considering the size and value of the ship, I was unwilling to remove them, and I thought it most prudent to lecture the officers of the merchant-ship on the impropriety of their punishments and to leave the men in her, but the Master insisted on my taking three of them, fearing their example might create a mutiny. I did so. They proved themselves worthy of being made *first class-petty officers*, and were paid off eventually—the most exemplary men I had in the ship.'

All our other inquiries have produced similar replies, and all treat the matter rather as a measure of police and protection both for the Masters and the men: that it is an acceptable resource towards keeping up the strength of the Queen's ships on foreign stations is true, but this, in the state of good order and good health which generally prevails, happens to a very small extent; but in any case, such entries are voluntary; and we should be sorry to deprive either the Queen's service of this accidental resource or the merchant seaman of the only kind of appeal or refuge that he can have in foreign parts against ill treatment—it is virtually their *Habeas Corpus* in foreign countries. The maintaining the police of the sea, and the affording justice and protection to all entitled to claim them, is one of the first reasons why in time of peace we spread our flag all over the world: and if this appeal were cut off from the dissatisfied seaman, we should find that he would, as he now sometimes does when a royal ship is not at hand, desert to some foreign service, or, perhaps, eventually to an enemy.

Mr. Disraeli no doubt sees this, though perhaps not in its full light, for he does not propose to alter the main feature of the alleged grievance. 'We propose that, if he avails himself of this privilege of enlisting in the Royal navy, he shall not receive his wages until the rest of the crew are paid off.'

Moonshine! What possible benefit can this be to the shipowner?—what does it signify to him whether he is called upon to pay the wages when the *order* arrives in England or when his ship arrives? In frequent, perhaps in most cases, the ship will have arrived in England before the *order* given to the seaman: and even in the rare case of a payment in cash on the spot, the master could have no more difficulty about that small sum

than he has for the numerous greater disbursements he must be in the habit of making at every port where he touches. The only possible boon, therefore, that this measure could be to the Shipping Interest is one that they would repudiate with indignation—the chance of never paying at all. For see what the position of the *seaman* would be. How is he, after he has left his merchant-ship, to know where and when she is to be paid?—He has, perhaps, entered at Rio a Queen's ship on her way round Cape Horn—the merchant ship gets back to England in a couple of months, and her crew is paid off in the Thames. The Queen's ship does not return for two or three years, and then is paid off at Plymouth—how is the sailor to proceed to recover his wages? He must take a journey to London to look for the owners, of whom he knows, perhaps, not even the names; he must probably employ some agent to find them out, to prove his own identity, and to establish this, as it will then be, obsolete debt. And when all this is done, how much of the wages will remain to the poor unprotected seaman? Can any one doubt that this pretended boon would be wholly illusory to the Shipping Interest, and a source of grievous injustice and even ruin to the seaman?

But there is a further proposal on this point at which we look with still more alarm:—

'We propose, further, that if by the royal navy availing itself of this *privilege* any injury is done to the captains of merchant ships, the country must be prepared to compensate the captain for the injury he may thus receive.—(Hear, hear!)

We must first observe that the word *privilege* is another mistake. It is no privilege to the *Royal Navy*; and never was claimed or used as such. It is simply a privilege—and so Mr. Disraeli had just before called it—to the *merchant seaman*, conferred by the statute. No part of the affair rests on *Admiralty* or any other authority but the statute and its *common-law* consequences. How is it possible, then, to make the officers of the Navy responsible for the voluntary act of a seaman on whom the statute confers that privilege? If the man presents himself, and there happen to be a vacancy—a single vacancy in the complement of the Queen's ship—the Queen's officers have, in strict *legality*, no right to reject him—though they do, as we have shown, exercise a discretion in the matter, so far as to refuse to cripple the necessary strength of the merchant vessel; and there are, as we have also shown, instances in which the Queen's officers endeavour to reconcile differ-

ences, and to persuade the merchant seaman to remain in his ship.

And then as to the proposed remedy by *compensation* for consequential damages—consider what an incalculable and interminable series of litigation would be thus opened. How is what a merchant master or owner would call *injury* to be measured; where and when is the question to be tried; how are all the witnesses, *pro* and *con.*, to be collected from all quarters of the globe; and who is to suffer the penalty? The question would not even be, whether the seaman had a justifiable motive for quitting his ship, and the Queen's officer a justifiable reason for accepting him. No; but some eventual, generally doubtful and contested, question of *contingent and consequential injury*, in all the infinite variety of shapes that such problematical allegations may take. And on what principle of law or equity can either the naval officer be made *personally*, or the public Treasury *pecuniarily*, responsible for their simple acquiescence in the privilege granted to the merchant seaman by the statute? We confidently assert that any such incentive to litigation would be most mischievous, and that there could be no ex-*trication* from it but by the *total repeal* of that provision of the statute, and a positive prohibition of any merchant seaman's entering a Queen's ship under *any* circumstance. To this extremity Mr. Disraeli very properly declines to go, though it is, in truth, the only remedy for the alleged grievance. In fine, we believe that the advantages of the law and custom, as they at present exist, very much overbalance the alleged inconvenience, and we are sure that the proposed remedy would be found altogether unsatisfactory.

He next proceeds to state:—

'There is no doubt that in this country, notwithstanding our boasted panegyric of the mercantile marine, notwithstanding the readiness of orators at all times to descant upon the mercantile marine being the nursery of our navy, the mercantile marine has been treated as an inferior service—(hear!)—has not certainly, I may say without exaggeration been treated in the spirit which becomes a commercial people.—(Hear!)

We are sorry to see these provoking distinctions brought forward by such high authority. Such a protest against considering the mercantile navy as an inferior service—may obtain a thoughtless *Hear, hear!* but is the inference politic? is it conciliatory? is it just? The Merchant service is a most meritorious, important, and, we may say, vital portion of our national system, and has a right to be treated with equal fairness, in all

respects, with the Royal Navy; and we may appeal, not to the '*boasted panegyrics of orators*,' but to the statute-book, for the unceasing solicitude of the legislature for the protection and well-being of the merchant seamen; but Mr. Disraeli thinks them essentially injured and oppressed by being considered an '*inferior service*;' but why bring forward as a source of humiliation and discontent a fact that exists in the nature of things, and which no legislation can alter? Is it not so in all the conditions and occupations of mankind, that there is necessarily a class which, equally meritorious, equally, or perhaps in a great degree useful, is, and must be, considered as inferior? Are not the boys who drive the horses an inferior class to the skilful hands that guide the plough? are not workmen and artisans an inferior class to architects and engineers? Do not the Queen's Guards look upon themselves as of a somewhat superior service to the train-bands? and so in all the ranks and conditions of life. We have dwelt on this expression as not only invidious in itself, but because the false principle that it inculcates seems to us to pervade all this portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech, and to have misled his judgment. It is absolutely inconsistent either with the common sense of mankind, with the safety of the empire, or with the very nature of human society, to build any practical system of maritime legislation on an assumption that the mercantile service shall not be deemed inferior in duty, in distinction, and in political consideration, to the Royal Navy. And *cui bono*? Does Mr. Disraeli expect that such observations as these are to reverse the whole course of human opinions and feelings—to convince mankind that the *Battle of Trafalgar* was not a superior service to a run to New York, and that it is not a higher distinction to have belonged to Nelson's '*Victory*' than to poor Tom Hood's '*Mary-Anne of Shields*'?

The next *Admiralty Grievance* which is proposed to be redressed is *Salvage*. This, as in the former case, is an invidious misnomer. The *Admiralty* has nothing to do with *Salvage*. It is not collected under their authority, nor in any way subject to their jurisdiction. It is a branch not only of our own most ancient statute-law, but of the law of nations. And it is singular enough that the only trace we find in the '*ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS for Her Majesty's service at SEA*'—is a provision,—not that the Queen's ships should receive salvage, but that they should pay it to merchant ships in case of assistance. But let that pass—the misnomer is of no consequence except as creating an injurious

impression against the Royal Navy, which, in truth, has no other claim to salvage as against the mercantile navy, than the mercantile navy has against it.

But Mr. Disraeli has opened this topic with a repetition of grave insinuations against the old officers of the navy, sharpened rather than mitigated by a half compliment to the present race.

‘But I have no doubt myself that in this affair of *Salvage*, if you contrast the conduct of the royal navy with what the conduct of the royal navy was many years ago, you will find that their conduct has been extremely improved, has been much more considerate, has been often distinguished by great generosity.—(Hear, Hear!) But the fact remains, that at the present moment even there are instances of the effect of the system of salvage upon our mercantile marine, which I have before me now, but with which I will not trouble the House—if I were only speaking upon the question of salvage I would—which convince her Majesty’s Government that the present system of salvage ought not to be encouraged, and therefore we are prepared to recommend that it should entirely cease.—(Cries of “Hear, Hear!”)’

We cannot but wish that such grave imputations had been accompanied by one or two samples of the instances both of former and recent abuses. We should be very much surprised that there were any that could justify the entire abrogation of this ancient, and, in general, most reasonable principle. Salvage is the reward paid voluntarily, or, if contested, adjudicated by the proper tribunals, for the preservation of ships or goods in danger of being lost; and the amount ought to be, and is when legally adjudicated, proportioned to the value of the property saved, and to the danger, damage, or labour which the salvors may have incurred. There is no class of legal cases so various or so liable to conflicting estimates as salvage; it is a more frequent source of contest between merchantmen than between them and Queen’s ships. We do not doubt that naval officers, like other men employed in such services, may have sometimes overrated the value of their services, but there have been always tribunals to decide such claims in the first instance, and if either party be dissatisfied, there is a superior court of appeal at which some eminent lawyer presides, assisted, when the case happens to involve naval technicalities, by two merchant-seamen assessors, and sometimes, we believe, by a jury. Nor would individual cases even of exorbitant demands, or, if we could suppose them, of unreasonable adjudications, justify the total abrogation of the system as regards the Royal Navy. We must therefore

suppose that Mr. Disraeli proceeds on some more general principle—that principle probably is, that, as the Queen’s ships are found and their officers and crews paid by the State, the assistance to ships or property in danger is a public duty, and as such not entitled to private remuneration.

Now we at once admit that a private salvor and a public officer in a Queen’s ship are in very different circumstances—the private salvor has a right to charge, in addition to his personal risk or exertions, for his loss of time, and the risk or damage to his vessel—for these a public officer can have no claim; we should doubt that it ever was claimed: we more than doubt that any court of appeal ever allowed it. But for the personal exertions or risk of her Majesty’s officers or men in performing services not contemplated in their stipulated conditions of service, and not more incumbent on them than on the rest of her Majesty’s subjects, we cannot conceive why they should not be remunerated as any other of her Majesty’s subjects would be.

We believe that the general law of salvage is of public policy, founded in justice and a due appreciation of human motives; and without any reflection on the individual man—whether a Deal pilot or a lieutenant of a guard-ship—we do not believe that the Shipping Interest will be in any degree benefited by the total exclusion of her Majesty’s officers and men from the same right of appealing to the salvage courts that all the rest of the world possesses—the court always having the right and the duty of limiting the reward of the claimant to his individual and personal exertions. Mr. Disraeli has not stated any of the cases that have induced him to recommend so sweeping a repeal; but several instances have come to our recent knowledge which confirm us in a contrary opinion. A vessel struck the other day, in extremely bad weather, on one of the banks at the mouth of the Thames; her danger was visible from both shores; several boats from the Essex coast immediately put off—to—save—no, we are sorry to say, but to plunder her—and they were doing so, when one of the Queen’s coast-guard officers, stationed on the Kentish shore, observing through the storm that something extraordinary was passing, manned a boat, though he had no official obligation to do so, pushed off for the wreck, rescued her from the plunderers, saved the cargo and stores, and finally, as it was hoped, would save the ship. Would it be either justice or policy to debar that officer and his boat’s crew from the salvage of the recovered vessel? But such is the only

result that we can imagine of Mr. Disraeli's measure. Neither trusting our own memory, nor relying on our own opinion, we, here again, have had recourse to those of some distinguished officers—not men to whom it can be reproached that they belong to the *ungenerous, uncivilized*, and obsolete old school, as they have been lately employed in important commands, and to whom for that reason we preferred applying for their testimony. Here is one of the statements with which we have been favoured. —

‘I have been much engaged in rescuing the crews and cargoes of merchant-vessels, and I will state two or three cases which show the principle on which salvage is granted, and how little it would benefit the shipping interest if it were abolished. In the first case in which I received salvage money the admiral on the station claimed to participate, as if it had been prize-money. We appealed to Sir William Scott, whose judgment entered at large into the character of salvage, and the rights of those entitled to share in it; and decided that salvage money was the reward of *personal exertion*—no one being entitled but those personally aiding and assisting. In another case a lieutenant and 100 men were dispatched to assist the agent of Lloyd's in the recovery of a cargo wrecked at some distance from where the ship lay; many other officers and men of the ship thought they were entitled to share in the salvage money awarded by the underwriters. Here again recourse was had to a legal opinion, and it was given against them, as belonging only to the officers and men *actually engaged in the service*; which was a most hazardous one, and we actually lost one of the best men of the ship, who was washed overboard out of the wreck. I have even known instances in which owners and underwriters have offered rewards *beyond* the amount of the salvage, as a mark of their satisfaction at the services of the party employed. And I must add that, in all my service, I never saw an instance in which an unreasonable salvage was sought. I have known the amount questioned, but in all such cases (as far as my memory serves) the court decided in favour of the claimants.’

We have similar answers from other officers, equally experienced and distinguished, furnishing us with instances, varying of course in circumstances, but so similar as to the point in question to those stated in the foregoing extract, that we need not trouble our readers with their details.

There is another and a still more important question involved in this matter—namely, the good faith of the Government towards the seamen. If Mr. Disraeli's proposition be that the Queen's seamen may be expected to perform the *extra duty* of salvage without remuneration, we assert that any such principle is contrary to all law, as well as to all policy. So scrupulous have all Governments been not to claim from the Royal seamen

any gratuitous extra duty, that in the standing ‘Instructions for Her Majesty's Service at Sea,’ from the earliest date we can trace them, a *special pay* is assigned to both officers and men for any works they may be accidentally required to do in any of the *dock-yards*, or in *any of Her Majesty's ships but their own*! Is this ancient privilege and boon to be taken from the seamen, and if not, on what principle can their still older and still stronger claims of extra work done for private ships be abrogated? Is this a specimen of the conciliatory and ‘civilized’ measures promised by another portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech for rendering the Queen's service more popular?

On the whole, therefore, we must enter our protest—if such was Mr. Disraeli's intention—and we can gather no other from his expressions—against charging the officers and men of the Royal Navy with new responsibilities and more hazardous duties, wholly extraneous from their original engagements, and at the same time debarring them, and *them alone*, from the accidental and contingent rewards provided by law for their gallantry and humanity, which they, as well as *all the rest of mankind*, have enjoyed from the earliest times of maritime history.

The next head of Mr. Disraeli's speech is *Anchorage*.

‘I need say very little on the subject of *Anchorage*. That is a regulation that, like salvage, depends, I believe, entirely upon the Admiralty: and the Admiralty are prepared to say that all vexations of that kind shall also be concluded (*hear, hear*); and from henceforth, if our propositions are favourably received, no merchant's vessel will be disturbed in its anchorage by the superior claim of a ship belonging to the Royal Navy.—(*Hear, hear.*)’

All this is a mistake. Mr. Disraeli says ‘it is a regulation that, like salvage, depends entirely on the Admiralty.’ We have just shown that the Admiralty has no more to do with salvage than with sewage. And what is the grievance strangely epitomised by the term ‘anchorage?’ We gather from the word *disturb* in the last lines of the paragraph that he alludes to a supposed right in the royal ships of detruding a merchant vessel from her anchorage. Now we never heard of any such right being claimed, and therefore we do not understand how the *favourable reception* of the House of Commons can be needed to extinguish a right that does not exist. The Queen's ship has, as far as we know, no right of anchorage that does not equally exist in the merchantman. There is, in truth, no *right* in the case; both take up the anchorages most convenient to them, but if danger should arise to either from too



great a proximity, the smaller vessel will naturally get out of the way of the heavier body, as a tilbury will get out of the way of a brewer's dray, or a hackney cab avoid collision with an *omnibus*. If an Indiaman of 1600 tons should accidentally or from necessity give what is called a *foul berth* to a coasting sloop, the little coaster will shift to another, and the bigger vessel, if only for her own sake, will generally help her, if necessary, to do so. Questions of anchorage, when they arise, are, in general, decided by the local authorities, not by any special law or privilege, but by the customs of the sea and the circumstances of the case. We have no doubt that practically it may sometimes happen that a merchantman finds it prudent or necessary to shift her berth to avoid collision with a Queen's ship, but such instances are so rare that one officer whom we have consulted never saw an instance of it in his long service; and another calls the complaint 'equally unjust and frivolous.' But we go a step further. There is, we repeat, no absolute *right* in the matter; but there can be no doubt that there ought to be, and that there is, whenever the case occurs, such a *practice*, and that a Queen's ship would be entitled to precedence on such an occasion for reasons so many and so obvious that we need not specify them; but what will our readers think of this having been represented to Mr. Disraeli as an *Admiralty grievance*, when we tell them that the only interference of the Admiralty in the matter has been to prevent any abuse? In the ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS for the general conduct of the Naval Service, we find this article:—

'Ch. V. § 39. Whenever the Captain of one of H. M. ships shall have occasion to anchor, he is to be *extremely careful* to place the ship in a safe berth, and so as not to *endanger* ANY OTHER SHIP which may be already anchored.'

When Mr. Disraeli spoke of the readiness of the Admiralty to abolish the alleged grievance, if Parliament should receive the proposition favourably, he could hardly have been aware that the Admiralty had already done all that need be or *could* be done in such a matter. And this is the stranger as there were two experienced sea officers in the Cabinet to whom this article of the Naval Instructions must be familiar. This looks as if Mr. Disraeli's information was from some private source, and that neither the Cabinet at large nor even the first Lord of the Admiralty was consulted on the subject of this '*Admiralty grievance*.'

The next division is entitled—*The manning the Mercantile Navy*.

'Sir, there is a subject of paramount importance connected with the shipping interest to which I must now refer; and that is the *restrictions* which at present exist upon manning the merchant navy.—(Hear, hear!) In the opinion of her Majesty's Government they are *restrictions which, in principle, are indefensible*.—(Hear, hear!) They are very doubtful whether, even in practice, they are beneficial.—(Hear, hear!) They think that the time has arrived, or cannot be long postponed, when those restrictions must entirely cease.—(Hear, hear!)

Here again, we have to guess what are the grievance denounced or the remedy intended, and if we misunderstand them the fault is not ours. We know of no such *restrictions*—save the provision that the crew of a British ship shall consist of at least *two-thirds* British seamen. If that be the grievance which the late Ministry thought *indefensible*, it is another point of our wide difference from them. We admit at once that the restriction is an offset of our old navigation-laws, which 'recent legislation' had, as yet, spared; and that if Mr. Disraeli were Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell, he might feel a natural wish to carry out the disastrous principle; but why, professing to regret, though still bound to maintain, 'recent legislation,' he should think it necessary to push it still further than even his reckless predecessors ventured to do, we cannot imagine. What should we think of a surgeon, who, because a patient had lost his right arm, should in conformity with 'the recent amputation' propose to cut off his left? The Peelite policy most mischievously, as Mr. Disraeli thinks or thought, admitted foreign shipping into our domestic trade; Mr. Disraeli would complete the mischief by admitting foreign seamen. If he had advanced such a proposition as an argument *ad absurdum* against the extension of a fatal error, we could have understood it; but that he should spontaneously adopt it as a measure of mercantile policy seems unaccountable. We admit indeed that the relief contemplated by this change would not be, like all the others we have been dealing with, illusory to the shipowner. We know that *Danes, Swedes, and Germans* are to be had to navigate our ships at a cheaper rate than our native seamen, and that they would be so employed probably in large numbers, and of course to the immediate profit of the ship owners; and we dare say that it was some gentlemen especially connected with North-Sea interests that *cheered* the proposition so frequently and so loudly; but is the country, anxious as it just now appears about our naval defences, disposed to echo those *cheers*? We hear every day serious complaints that the

Atlantic trade is draining off our British seamen to America, and that they are only to be retained by the necessity in which the shipowners find themselves of competing with the American wages; but here is a proposition for doubling the evil and encouraging deserters to America by substituting for them the cheaper article from Denmark and Sweden—in short, burning the candle at both ends. If this was really the project of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, then we are constrained to say that his defeat is a national benefit. If he had any other meaning, we cannot but regret that a Minister with such decided views and such facility of expression did not more distinctly explain it.

This ominous announcement is, however, accompanied by another not less so:—

‘We cannot consider the question of manning the mercantile marine in an isolated manner; we must view it with reference to another subject of great importance—viz., the subject of manning the Royal Navy. (Hear.) We trust that we, in due time, shall have to submit to the House measures which will effect a VERY GREAT CHANGE in the system on which the Royal navy is manned. (Hear.) The House may be persuaded that the time cannot much longer be postponed when that question must be met. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, I would almost say more irrational, than the system upon which the Royal navy is manned (hear)—the system which dismisses the seasoned seaman (loud cries of “Hear, hear”) when he is most qualified to do his duty to his country. (Renewed cries of “Hear, hear.”) There is no REASON whatever that we should apply to the Royal navy other principles than those that we apply to the sister service. (Hear, hear.) Indeed, there is every reason why we should render the Royal navy the most efficient service in the world. (Hear.) The attention of her Majesty’s Government is anxiously directed to this question. We are awaiting now the report of a committee sitting upon this great subject.’

Here is what seems to us a great and alarming confusion of apocryphal fact and unsound principle. We begin with the latter because it pervades the whole statement, and is, as appears by the ‘renewed cheering,’ plausible enough to require the earliest correction. ‘There is no reason whatever,’ Mr. Disraeli says, ‘for applying to manning the Navy, any other system than is employed in the sister service—the Army.’ Now we say, at once, there is every reason! The services are sisters only in their end and object—the public defence—but they are, in every circumstance of their composition, their training, the scenes of their services, the specialties of their duties, and the habits of their lives, as dissimilar as a boat and a barrack—as the main-top and a troop-horse,

or, in short, as sea and land. The army recruit is nine times out of ten an agricultural labourer or a truant artisan, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, wholly ignorant of any particle of the profession in which he enters, who must of necessity be drilled, that is schooled, to acquire the rudiments of his new business, and to get rid of all his former habits, even to his air and his gait—to the motion of his limbs and the posture of his body: when after a year or two’s education, you have at last made him a SOLDIER, it is common sense as well as good policy to keep the costly instrument you have thus created in regular work and constant employ as long as it is capable of its duty.

What is the case of the SAILOR?

In a majority of cases the sea has been his first trade. What countless urchins of nine or ten, and even of seven or eight, are to be seen paddling about in all the ports of the kingdom! Watch the fishing-boats rounding the pier-head of any harbour in England, and you will see them swarming with what in any other business would be looked upon as almost children—

‘Seaboy’s

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,’

as Shakspeare—that greatest observer of nature, who writes volumes with a touch—emphatically calls them.

There is a pleasing illustration of this fact and of the public feeling upon it. We have all seen and admired the print from that picture in which the Queen’s good taste has had the Prince of Wales delineated as a ‘sailor-boy.’ It is graceful and popular, because it is natural and probable. What should we have said of it if a child of that age had been masqueraded as a *fusilier* or a *dragoon*?

Even those whose childhood has not been spent on the waters take to the sea so early that it becomes their natural element and their only trade; generally beginning in a fishing smack or coaster—a rude but profitable school, where the youth is not taught details of gait, dress, and deportment, but committed to a vital struggle with the elements, which requires animal courage, bodily strength, and technical dexterity beyond any other business of mankind. The bodily powers of the seaman are in constant and ilimitable exercise, and his technical dexterity, on which depends not merely his livelihood, but his life, and that of all his shipmates, is to be applied to such an infinity of minute and complicated matters as no man could ever master if he did not begin to learn them earlier by many years than any man is re-

ceived into the army. It is this peculiarity—this idiosyncrasy of the sailor's character, that has hitherto been, and ought to be, the first element of all regulation and legislation about them, and nothing but a total forgetfulness of these distinguishing circumstances could have induced Mr. Disraeli to make such an assertion as that there was '*no reason whatever*' why the Navy should be *manned* on any different principle from the Army.

From this false principle he naturally proceeds to false corollaries. Why pay off *ships* when no one thinks of paying off a *regiment*? One might as well ask why one changes one's shirt and never one's skin? A ship is a fabric, and a weak and perishable one. The material ship, if not periodically cleared, stripped, overhauled, and examined, even to the most hidden plank or trenail, would be in danger of foundering; but a Regiment is a kind of incorporeal hereditament which never wears out. How many Boynes, Blenheims, and Cullodens have perished, while the Coldstreams and the Blues are as fresh and fit for service as ever they were! And what would be thought of a proposition of *turning over* a company of the *Foot Guards* to the *Lancers*, or of *Highlanders* into the *Artillery*? We admit that the technical absurdity would be greater, and Mr. Disraeli would, no doubt, disclaim it; but as regards the feelings of the men it is really a test of the principle he has advanced that '*there is no reason whatever* for any difference of system between the two *sister services*;' and the practical application of it which Mr. Disraeli avows and advocates leads to the same conclusion. Why, he will ask, if it be necessary to change the ship, why also change the ship's company, and above all, why do so after such short service as three years? Instead of *no reason whatever*, we think we can produce many and cogent, nay, imperative ones. Let us suppose the sailors to be entered for twenty years, liable to be *turned over*, as may be thought advisable, from ship to ship—are the *captain* and the whole body of *officers* to be also permanently incorporated and attached to the same ship's company as in a *regiment*? We leave to any naval officer, or to any observer of the working of the naval service, whether that or anything like it, is possible, or would be, as regards either the officers or the men, tolerable. On the other hand, if a ship's company after coming home from a foreign station, were to see all their *officers* relieved while they were turned over to another for that or another foreign station, is it in nature—above all, is it in a sailor's nature—that anything should result but disaffection and danger? We use the words *disaffection* and *danger* designedly, and they

will suggest to every considerate mind another most important difference that Mr. Disraeli seems to have left out of his account between a *ship* and a *regiment*.

But let us examine the actual practice and the actual mischief as reprobated by the Minister and confirmed by the *cheers* of his auditors. Ships' companies are, it seems, paid off and dispersed 'just when they have become most capable of serving their country'—that is, *in time of peace* men are entered for a service of only three years, or till their ship is paid off, which is not expected to exceed that time to any serious degree. This practice, however, is established neither by law nor written regulation. It is not even a compact, but an *understanding*, amounting, we admit, to a virtual compact, but applying only to a *time of peace*—*war-service* is a wholly different case, to which we shall refer presently. Let us see, then, whether in *time of peace* there is *no reason whatever* for a practice as old as the Royal navy? We postpone for a moment the question of the *precise* period for which it is expedient that a ship's company should be kept together. Let us first examine the principle. Mr. Disraeli's assertion, that the man thus prematurely paid off is *lost to the country*, is founded in his original misapprehension of the seaman's habits and character as they exist in nature, and as we have just sketched them. He is *never lost* to the country. The seaman thus paid off generally indulges in a short relaxation, during which we admit that he is lost to the country, and too often to himself, but which is a natural, perhaps a necessary, consequence of the hardship and celibacy of his life at sea; but after that interval he, invariably and inevitably, does one or other of two things—he either re enters for the Royal navy—or returns to the school whence he came—the merchant service; where, instead of being *lost to the country*, he is perhaps improving, certainly not diminishing his power of serving it, whenever a season of war-danger may oblige the country to require his services. We have used the phrase '*perhaps improving*,' because in one respect the merchant service is a better practical *school* of thorough seamanship than even the Royal navy. The royal ship is full manned—*over manned* as far as seamanship is concerned—she is provided with appointed classes of petty officers and seamen, and even artificers for every imaginable duty. In a well-ordered ship there is, as we have heard a noble and gallant officer say, 'a place for everything, and everything in its place, and an appointed man for every place and thing.' But on board the merchant-ship—always sparingly and generally very scantily manned—*Jack* there must needs be *Jack* of

*all trades.* Every man must do everything, and one becomes charged with duties which in a Queen's ship would be distributed to a dozen. So that if, after indulging himself, as he may think it, in a trading voyage or two, *Jack* should return to the Royal service, he does so at least as efficient in point of seamanship as he had left it.

But whether he temporarily or wholly quits the Royal service, his place is soon supplied, and these periodical payings-off create a larger cultivation and more constant succession of that precious article—a thorough-bred man-of-war's man. Suppose of a ship's company 100 decline to re-enter, they must be replaced from the original nursery, and the shorter the period the greater will be the proportion of these choice men thus *circulated*, as it were, through the military and mercantile navies. Suppose 500 men entered for life—say 21 years; at the end of that period you would have to discharge 500 worn-out men, fit for nothing but Greenwich Hospital, and to enter 500 new, and according to Mr. Disraeli's hypothesis, untrained ones; but—suppose the 500 had been paid off every third year, you would have added in a regular succession of health and strength, 3000 or 3500 experienced men to the *general stock*, and more than quintupled in that respect our maritime resources. It is upon that *general stock*, and not merely on the number of men who may be serving in the *Royal navy* at any given day, that the permanent power and ultimate safety of the country must depend. The mercantile navy is not merely the *Nursery*, but also the *Reserve* of the Royal navy—the *Standing Navy*, we may call it, of the empire—of which in peace the Royal navy *in commission* is but a volunteer detachment—just as the fifteen or twenty line-of-battle ships now at sea are but the advance guard of the hundred line-of-battle ships which lie in our interior harbours, like, as Sir Francis Head said, '*lions asleep*,' ready to be roused at the first cry of public danger, and to be manned (as all experience shows) without the process of a ballot, in a quarter of the time that it takes to collect even the rudiments of a land *militia*.

This brings us to the vital principle of the whole case. It is evidently on the supposed abrogation of this great national power of IMPRESSMENT that all these questions about *manning the navy* are raised, and the portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech which has given us the most alarm, and which has prompted this endeavour to counteract its tendencies, is that it seems to countenance the idea that we ought, and that we *can*, find some substitute for that *ultima ratio* of national de-

fence. We will not here repeat the unanswered, and, we are satisfied, unanswerable, arguments by which we have heretofore proved the legality, the justice, and, in fine, the imperious necessity of impressment, and have deprecated all meddling with this vital question. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' for, if *evil* it be, it is only the alternative of greater evils. We subjoin references to our former discussions of it,\* and we most earnestly entreat all that may from their official or legislative duties or patriotic or professional feelings take an interest in the subject to turn to those reasonings—the results, at least, of an impartial study of all that (to our knowledge) has been said or written on the question.

There is, however, one additional illustration furnished so opportunely by the present moment that it deserves more particular notice than the slight allusion we have just made to it—we mean the *Militia*. At the very time at which these prophetic complaints against the dormant principle of Impressment were thus, we must say, encouraged by the late Government, all parties in the state vied with each other in imposing upon us a *land-impressment*—a measure, we grant, of equal prudence and justice, and an exercise of that paramount right of society, *salus populi suprema lex*—but how, we ask, in its principle does the Militia Ballot differ from Naval Impressment? They stand exactly on the same ground of public safety: but how much greater is the individual hardship in the militia case! You take a man—by ballot—without any regard to his trade or calling or personal aptitude—a ploughman—a gardener—an artisan—a shopkeeper—anybody—to make a soldier of him—you take him from his home, his family, and from the means of maintaining his family, and for a number of years, and you do it *now*, on the mere apprehension of a future, perhaps a distant, danger. And all this is done not only with the unanimous applause of statesmen, but, we are glad to say, with the ready acquiescence of the whole Country. Now see what Impressment is:—A seaman is exempted from the militia ballot, because he is deemed by law liable to do similar service at sea, but his ordinary life is not interrupted, his service is not anticipated, he pursues his trade till the last moment, till the actual and imperious danger arrives, and then he is not taken from either his trade or his home—he only changes one ship for another, and we may truly say—*sua si bona norint*—a

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxi., pp. 307-309; vol. lxxxviii., pp. 156-160; the latter particularly discusses its relation to the defence of the country at the present time.

harder service for a lighter—but, at all events—for one of the same character, and accordant with all the acquirements and habits of his life. We are utterly at a loss to see what reasonable answer can be made to this comparison and contrast. We conclude with an historical fact—one out of many that might be adduced. In 1790, 16,000 seamen only were voted for the service of the year. On the 5th of May, Mr. Pitt brought down the King's message announcing an expected rupture with Spain. On the same day press-warrants were issued, and with such effect that, within the month of June, sixteen sail of the line were ready under Admiral Barrington, and towards the close of July Lord Howe sailed from Torbay with *thirty-one* sail of the line, *nine* of them three-deckers! The sudden development of this great force decided the quarrel: Spain submitted. Our extra ships were paid off within a few months, the 20,000 additional hands were discharged to follow their ordinary occupations, and before the close of the year the force in commission was reduced to 19,000 seamen! Here was a combination of force, celerity, economy, and success, no other system ever could or can produce!

The sum of our opinion is this, that these new questions about *MANNING THE NAVY* are idle, unnecessary, and mischievous—that the present *system* is as perfect as any human institution of the kind is ever likely to be—that it has for it law, reason, and policy—that it has had centuries of success—that at this hour—in spite of a temporary difficulty occasioned by the sudden demand for merchant tonnage and, of course, crews for California and Australia—H.M.'s ships are manned with sufficient facility—that the paid-off men re-enter more readily, and that her Majesty's officers have a wider choice and exercise it more fastidiously than at former times, when not half the same number of men were required. Such we are informed is our present condition; and as to the future, there is no reason whatsoever to doubt that, on any new emergency, we could send fifty sail of the line to sea as expeditiously and with the same glorious prospects as on any former occasion.

Mr. Disraeli tells us that the Government have had a Committee sitting on this subject. We were sorry to hear it: the very appointment of such a committee is a kind of surrender—a confession that something is wrong, and made by those who ought rather—if they found public opinion running so strongly in a wrong direction as to require public inquiry—to have met it boldly as Ministers of the Crown, and endeavoured to correct it by their official and parliamentary

authority. The Cabinet and the Board of Admiralty ought to be the only *committees* in which such *fundamental* principles should be discussed; subaltern committees and commissions are everywhere only crutches for those who feel themselves too weak to walk alone.

The *period* of peace service is a different question. The practice has hitherto been three years—a limit probably suggested in old times as that during which a ship might be safely reckoned on as needing no considerable repair nor extensive examination; and some experienced officers still adhere to that opinion; but there can be little doubt that the science of construction has improved, that the practice of *coppering*, and the establishment of so many colonial dockyards, have considerably lengthened the time in which a ship may be reasonably expected to keep the sea: on that ground, therefore, the ship's service might, we think, be safely extended. We have heretofore expressed our opinion that three years may be too short a period, and that it might perhaps be extended to four, and in some special cases to five—but we speak with some degree of doubt. Two advantages of a longer period seem obvious—the diminution of the very considerable expense, trouble, and damage of dismantling a ship in complete order—reducing her to a hulk, then next day beginning to fit out another in her stead. That however is a mere question of dockyard economy, on the extent of which we have heard that the practical authorities are by no means agreed.

The second *prima facie* advantage of a longer period is that which we presume Mr. Disraeli must have had in his eye when he lamented that a ship's company was paid off just as she had attained her most perfect state—this is true, in most cases, as to the *ship's company*; they are, or ought to be, at the end of three years in a most efficient state, but as we have just said, it may not be so of the *ship*. She is certainly the worse for the wear, and whatever average time may be safely taken for the efficiency of the ship, that period cannot be exceeded for the service of the *men*; for it would never do, as part of a general system, to subject the same crew to fit out another ship—the work of all that they most dislike—so much so that the greatest delay now felt in manning our ships is, that the men hold off till they are nearly fitted.

Nor do we think the keeping together a good ship's company of so much importance as may not unnaturally be assumed by a theorist. Are we sure that it would continue equally good in temper and spirit if its service were to be prolonged? Is the term of

three years of *such a life as sailors lead, and of absence from wife and children*, too short?—do even the officers find it so? Let it be recollected that the whole ship's company, officers and men, keep watch every day and night in the year, one-half relieving the other in successive watches; but so that they have each no more than four hours and eight hours *alternately* in bed, to say nothing of accidental disturbances—that there can be neither absence nor relaxation—that for months, perhaps for the whole period of service, they never set their foot ashore—and that the only variety in their existence is some additional trouble: what would the *sister service* say to this?\*

The dire necessities of war may force us to continue the hardships of the sailor's life longer than, if there were any option, we ought, but we compensate them for this additional length of service by pay and pension; but in time of peace we hesitate about any considerable extension of their service without the *option* of an interval. We have said that we see no objection to the extension from three years to four, because in truth it is of no great importance either way; it will add but little to the seaman's period of service, or infringe on his habits, while it must, we think, tend to economy in the dockyards, without impairing the trustworthiness of the ship. There is another most important consideration involved in this question of time—how, without a quick succession and circulation, are the number and quality of officers fit to serve afloat to be maintained? This is already felt to be a serious difficulty; what will it be if we diminish the opportunities of service by lengthening its period?

As to the dispersing a smart ship's company—we must recollect that they *must*, sooner or later, be separated, and that it is much better done *too soon* than *too late*; if they really are smart, *cheerful*, and not *over-wearied* men-of-war's men, they will soon carry their good spirit and discipline into some other of her Majesty's ships. We have taken the trouble of inquiring, as a practical test, the numbers of *re-entered* men in a ship lately commissioned and now about to put to sea, and we find that of a complement of a little more than 150, 112 are old men-of-war's men and only 43 new entries—we confess that, *on general principles*, we had rather (though, no doubt, the Captain would not) that there had been a larger proportion of *new entries*; and, to conclude this topic, we may add that for peace ser-

vice a good officer ought to have a new ship's company, such as now commonly enter the service, in perfect efficiency at the end of three months—not perhaps so smart, so dandy, but in excellent working order.

The only point on which a doubt might arise is as to proficiency in *gunnery*, which is a *specialty* not to be acquired in the merchant service, and which we think deserves, and may even require, a distinct system and a limited protraction of the services of men trained to that particular object. But here again, we must remark that anything that a man can learn may be learned in *three years'* schooling, and after that time their acquirements are perhaps better distributed amongst new ships' companies. What should we think of keeping an Etonian at school or an Oxonian at college four or five years longer than usual, only because they had already mastered all the objects of their study?

On the whole of this question we are of opinion that the present period of three years for peace-service is generally satisfactory; that its extension to four years would save something in dockyard expenses, and probably not be complained of by the men, nor, *perhaps*, by the officers. But *that* we think is the greatest extent to which the present system can be safely altered; except that—as we proposed two years ago (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 163-4)—a limited number, say 5000 men, might be entered for five, or even seven years, and specially trained and instructed in gunnery and some higher parts of seamanship, in order to their being distributed, on the breaking out of a war, through the newly raised ships' companies as petty officers, and those who should have been found the best marksmen, as captains of guns.

This system, or something like it—and its *extension to a special corps of steam engineers*—seems to be rendered expedient, if not necessary, by the new species of warfare with which we are threatened; and it may be adopted rather in aid than in diminution of the two great principles on which we think our naval power is founded—a *moderately quick succession of new hands in time of peace*, and an *absolute claim on all hands in the event of war*!

Such are the observations which the ex-minister's method of dealing with one most important class of questions has driven us most reluctantly to lay before our readers. In the ordinary course of legislation, such propositions would have been submitted to the test of parliamentary discussion, where Mr. Disraeli might have qualified, or perhaps justified, the passages which, in the shape

\* The Troops on foreign service are no doubt subject to something of the same kind of domestic privation, though to nothing like the same extent as the Navy.

they have reached us, appear so objectionable; but under the circumstances in which we are now placed they seem to stand on record as the acknowledged principles of the Conservative party.\* Against that inference we think ourselves entitled to protest, in justice to the illustrious statesmen of the last fifty or sixty years, in whose principles the Conservatives of our day were bred, to whose party it is their pride to belong, and whose administration on all the important points that we have enumerated, as well as their general policy, several remarkable expressions of Mr. Disraeli's speech seem to have been calculated studiously—we had almost said wantonly—to disparage. But we have had a yet higher motive. We believe the whole spirit of that speech, and many of the details, to be at variance with the best interests of the country. We believe it to be a strong incentive to that unhappy appetite for innovation and change in all our institutions which the *Reform Bill* had already excited, and which, instead of endeavouring to allay or moderate as a Conservative leader might have been expected to do, he has encouraged and eulogized, by telling us that it is time that those old practices—which he calls *grievances*, but which we have shown he had very imperfectly considered—should be 'submitted to the feelings' of what he *significantly* terms 'a modern House of Commons.' No doubt every minister must consult the reason and even the feelings of the House of Commons which he addresses, but we will venture to assert that the old House of Commons showed a good deal more solicitude about the shipping interests than its 'modern' successors have done; nor can we help adding, in justice to modern Houses of Commons, our conviction that if any one of those alleged grievances had been real, they would not have been left for twenty years unredressed by the reformed Parliament. Whether the late division has at all impaired Mr. Disraeli's defence for a modern House of Commons, we know not; but we confess that his speech has gone a good way toward reconciling us to that event—for we certainly do not expect to hear from any successor he may have, a programme of more disorganizing tendencies.

But we will do Mr. Disraeli more justice than he has done himself. We are satisfied that if he had not been appealing to 'the feelings of a modern House of Commons'—had he been addressing the *reason* of an

assembly less broken into factions, and of a less unsettled and innovating spirit, he would not have condescended to adopt the *ad captandum* tone and tenets of which we have been forced to exhibit some specimens—and the result would have been that his budget, when its proper season had arrived, would have been discussed as a budget should be, and as all former budgets have been, on its merits, and not taken as a battle-field for a grand *mêlée* of discordant opinions, pretensions, and principles.

As to the new Government which is announced while we are writing, we can say no more than that our confidence in them will be measured by their resistance to further revolution, whatever shape it may assume. The list includes some names not only generally respectable, but for which this Journal has often professed individual regard and confidence, and others for whom we have always had a very contrary feeling. We might, in other circumstances, have thought ourselves justified in expressing our surprise at, and distrust of, such a discordance of opinions united by the mere amalgam of *place*; but this objection, so far as it applies to the mere formation of the Government, we feel that we are at this moment precluded from urging, for assuredly it was the late Ministry that, by its resolution to stand or fall by the Budget—and such a Budget!—mainly contributed to consolidate the various oppositions. We have no doubt—indeed, there is abundant evidence—that there was already a secret understanding, a virtual coalition, which was only waiting an ostensible occasion to act in open concert. We foresaw and foretold it, and, as far as our humble voice might reach, endeavoured to avert it. But it was anticipated by the unhappy impatience of the Ministry. Their opponents, instead of being put to the shifts of finding a pretence, were invited—nothing loth—to a trial of strength. They were victorious—and we cannot, under the usually admitted latitude of *political* morality, complain that the combined victors should divide the common spoils. So much we are bound in justice to say of the *primâ facie* composition of the new Ministry, though we are, we confess, at a loss to foresee how, in the interior of their cabinet, they are to reconcile their antecedent principles with a unity of ministerial measures.

If it was impolitic in the late ministers to afford their antagonists the opportunity of coalescing, it was, we think, more so in that portion of the new administration that calls itself Conservative to accept it. Their doing so has placed them in what the French

\* The Times of the 1st January takes the whole of Mr. Disraeli's Statement *pro concessio*, and reasons as if it was to be adopted without opposition or exception. It is such an impression that we wish to counteract.



call a false position. From the time—now near three years since—that it became evident that Lord John Russell's Government had not a leg of its own to stand on, they should, we think, have looked towards a reunion with the great Conservative party, to which, by feelings, connexions, and principles, they naturally belonged, and from which they had separated on a question of which, in truth, all that really remained was a mere verbal dispute whether it was only dormant or absolutely defunct—the result being for all present and practical purposes just the same. Instead of this they have approached by degrees, and at length allied themselves with those, in conflict with whom and whose principles they had spent all the distinguished portion of their former political lives, and with whom they had, and even now have, as far as we can see, nothing in common but the accident of having been both out of place. What reasonable expectation can we have of their stability? As an *existing Government*, chosen by the crown in the legitimate exercise of its authority, it is entitled to a fair, and even indulgent trial; but our readers know that we have long since doubted, almost despaired, of the possibility of any effective Government to be administered subject to 'the feelings of a modern House of Commons'—and it is obvious that a ministry constructed on the temporary concert of three, or indeed four, distinct and widely differing parties, is in a position of very peculiar difficulty, embarrassment, and, we must add, of suspicion. We confess that we do not see how it is to obtain sufficient numerical strength in the House of Commons without such a sacrifice of individual character as would deprive it of all moral support; and we must regret that a more homogeneous combination of all the political elements that are or profess to be Conservative, had not afforded the country a better prospect of extrication from the discredit and danger of *Governments on sufferance*.

We are as strongly as ever convinced that the great Conservative party, comprising a large majority in the Lords, nearly half the House of Commons, and fully, we believe, three-fourths of the property and intelligence of the United Kingdom, is really our sheet-anchor against the current and the storm of revolution. It has failed, indeed, to maintain itself in power, but more, we believe, from want of Parliamentary tact and authority than even of the Parliamentary strength which a short lapse of time might probably have improved, for it really possessed the approbation and goodwill, if not

the confidence, of the country at large. It is not denied that the *administrative* duties of the several departments were never better executed—all with zeal, courtesy, and candour, some with distinguished ability; but it must be admitted that in Parliament they were inferior in discipline, tactics, power of debate, and personal influence to the veterans—the *vieille garde* of Lord Grey and Sir Robert—who were banded against them. Whether under better strategy—by bolder movements at first, or more *Pabian* caution at last—they might not have broken that formidable but incoherent array, can only be conjectured; but, one thing is certain, that they now compose the most powerful Opposition that ever was assembled in the House of Commons, and that it is stronger, not merely in numbers, but essentially in character, authority, influence, and power in the country, than any two together of the three or four parties whose coalition has outnumbered it. They hold in their honest and independent hands the balance of the state, and they will, we are confident, be guided in the exercise of that great and delicate trust by the prospective policy sketched out for them by Lord Derby in his address to the Conservative members of both Houses at their meeting on the 20th of December:—

'He hoped that, if the new Government brought forward truly Conservative measures, it would receive, if he could not say the cordial, at least the sincere support of the Conservative party, uninfluenced by pique or resentment; but if the Government about to be formed should not bring forward Conservative measures—if, influenced by the men with whom they were now associated, they brought forward democratic measures, the great Conservative party should remember that, even out of office, they had immense influence in the country, and that they should use that influence to stop the downward course that the Government would be urged to pursue. Thus they would be enabled successfully to defend and preserve the INSTITUTIONS OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY.'

—Standard, Dec. 21.

In these general sentiments we humbly concur; but we must be allowed to regret, in the same spirit of frankness and freedom which we trust has always characterised the Quarterly Review, that there were two prominent and important points of Lord Derby's administration from which we are obliged to record our unqualified dissent. First, the want of statesmanlike reserve and of national dignity in the tone and style in which the recognition of the French Emperor was announced. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*; and on such an occasion it would have been natural to remember the remarkable

instructions given by the first Buonaparte to Talleyrand for his deportment towards Lord Whitworth—'*Mattez vous y froid, altier et même un peu fier.*' The acquiescence in the choice of the *French people* should have been wholly, or at least as much as possible kept distinct from all *personal* allusions, and the most extravagant and despotic usurpation the world has ever seen should not have been treated in so encomiastic and *fraternizing* a style. Our second regret is, that the Government should have gone out—on what principle or even point we really know not—without having shown any sympathy with the feeling that was most prominent and decided at the late elections—the vindication and maintenance of the PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION; and that the *ostentatious violation of the law* by Dr. MacHale and his fellows has been not only sanctioned by impunity, but crowned with the very triumph which his audacity foretold.

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\* \* NOTE to No. 182—Article on Dr. Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*.

THE REV. DR. LEISHMAN, minister of Govan,

near Glasgow, complains that the account given in our October Number (p. 239) of some communications between a certain section of the Scotch clergy and the Government, towards the crisis of the Free-Kirk controversy, is inaccurate, and, as he thinks, injurious to his own character. We are well aware that Dr. Leishman merits entire respect, and do not for a moment doubt that the statement he objects to is incorrect as far as it concerns him individually. But we must inform Dr. Leishman that we merely endeavoured to condense in that passage the substance of *Dr. Hanna's* full and detailed statement of transactions with which we could not but suppose him to have been thoroughly acquainted at the date of their occurrence. Dr. Hanna's extensive and elaborate work had been for a considerable time before the world: we had never heard of any reclamation against that particular portion of his narrative; and we cannot now discover the possibility of extracting from it (see especially *Memoirs of Chalmers*, vol. iv. p. 302) any other sense than that which our article expressed. Dr. Leishman should have appealed to his brother divine—not to the reviewer.

THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXXIV.

FOR APRIL, 1853.

ART. I.—*History of the Ancient Barony of Castle Combe in the County of Wilts, chiefly compiled from original MSS.—with Memoirs of the Families of Dunstanville, Badlesmere, Tiptoft, Scrope, Fastolf, &c.* By George Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P. 1852. 4to. pp. 404. (Not published.)

Nothing could be more true or philosophical than certain remarks of Sir Francis Palgrave's in his Preface to the Parliamentary Writs; and nothing in better taste, or more indicative of his knowing what he was undertaking than Mr. Scrope's adopting them as the first paragraph of his own Preface:—

'The genuine history of a country can never be well understood without a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community, as well as the country. Genealogical inquiries and local topography, so far from being unworthy the attention of the philosophical inquirer, are amongst the best materials he can use; and the fortunes and changes of one family, or the events of one upland township, may explain the darkest and most dubious portions of the annals of a realm.'

There is no doubt of this; and no need of anything like an apology for any gentleman who, possessing 'a large collection of well-preserved documents' relating to a manor and ancient barony, conceives an idea that a narrative compiled from such materials may be 'not devoid of value as a contribution to the topography of the country.' He will have a right to consider it as something higher; as a contribution—if not a great, yet a genuine one—to the materials which, if such a fabric is ever to be raised, must lie at the foundation of the History of England.

And we are not without hope on this point. Certainly it will be very odd to have such a thing, and we shall wonder, as we do with gas-light and railways—not to mention cabs and busses—how we ever contrived to do without it: but undoubtedly the materials for English history, and history in general, have been for many years past rapidly, though quietly, accumulating. Brickmaking is a quiet business, and the quarry and the sawpit are places of hard work without much noise. The materials which they furnish make no show till they are properly put together; and, in the mean time, the best that we can do is to keep them safe, and so arranged as that we may know what we have got, what we want, and where to put what we may get next. Already, we must think, it is time that something should be done as to that point of arrangement;—but we have no room at this moment for a proper discussion of the subject. We only state the fact that such an accumulation of materials is rapidly taking place, and beg leave to suggest to the distinguished men of letters now in office that the educated public expects some serious attempt to prevent our being actually embarrassed by our riches—a calamity which never arises from quantity, but from bad management.

If we talk of history at all, we should consider—though many do not—how much laborious research, recondite learning, and rare accomplishment must be set to work before we can have the most superficial sixpenny History of England—the slightest sketch that any respectable governess could put into the hands of her young pupils. It matters not how much of the book, as it comes under their little thumbs, has been borrowed from other books, or how much

it may owe to intermediate sources of any kind. Its mere existence proves that persons have been engaged in its production who understood languages, and could read writings, now unintelligible to all but professed antiquaries. There must, moreover, have been men who were able to discriminate between what is genuine and what is spurious in such matters, and for that purpose acquainted with such diplomatic, numismatic, and technical criteria as are mastered only by long study and experience. And beside all this—for we are supposing the History, however slight and small, to be true—it must be indebted, mediately or immediately, to the skill and labour of men not only competent to form an opinion respecting the honesty of purpose, the extent of knowledge, and the liability to prejudice, in each original writer who is used as an authority, but also familiar with the manners, habits, turns of thought and feeling, the state of science, art, and literature, the conventional use of phrases and images—in short, with all the characteristic circumstances of the generation to which he belonged and for which he wrote.

Some readers may feel as Rasselas did, and exclaim 'Enough! you have convinced me that no man can be an historian.' How far the Prince was right as to poetry we do not inquire; but as to history, it is true enough, if we conceive of it as a thing to be made by any one man. Take up any early volume of Hume. We have opened the second at random; and turning over the pages with the simple view of finding one with references, we lighted on these at the bottom of page 16:—'Hoveden, p. 665; Nkyghton, p. 2403; W. Heming, p. 528; Hoveden, p. 680; Bened. Abb., p. 626-700; Brompton, p. 1193.'—Now here are five ancients quoted as authorities—no matter for what—we did not take the trouble to inquire. Without prejudice to any opinion which we may hold respecting Hume's authorities, we will take it for granted that these are a sufficient warrant for the statements which they are cited to attest; for our question at present is not whether Hume's History is to be relied on, but how he came by it. In the first place, nobody dreams that he received the autographs from the men themselves; but we may be about as certain that if he had he could not have read them. He would have found it as necessary to call in the help of professed antiquaries, as Belshazzar did to summon astrologers and Chaldeans to decipher the writing on the wall. A curious illustration on this point may be found in p. lxx. of Palgrave's Introduction to the Rotuli

Curiae Regis; and it is the more apposite, because, as far as date is concerned, these rolls of the King's Court, belonging to the period 1194-1200, might have been in the handwriting of three of Hume's five authorities. Sir Francis tells us that in the extracts previously made from these documents the transcriber had been misled by 'the similarity between the letters *t* and *c* in the record;' and, in consequence, had confounded the Archbishop of Canterbury (*Cant.*) with the Chancellor (*Canc.*). We can imagine, even from what we have known in our own days, that an historian might very much perplex posterity by confounding the acts and judgments of Lambeth and Lincoln's Inn. Nor is this a peculiarity belonging only to the handwriting of these rolls. We have before us another book (one of the most valuable antiquarian works, edited by one of the best editors of our age), in which the *incuria* of a transcriber has manifested itself in the very same form, though with a less solemn result. We learn from it that the authorities of a certain city consented that a certain King should build a fortress within their city; and, for access thereto, should be at liberty to perforate their walls to make gates wherever he pleased:—'*pro portis ubi sibi placuerit faciendis*'—it was, no doubt, written, but it stands in print, '*pro porcis*,' as if his majesty was not to do it to please himself but the pigs.

To return, however, to Hume—suppose (absurd as the supposition is) that Roger Hoveden, John Brompton, and Abbot Benedict could have returned to the world after an absence of five hundred years. Suppose that they could have personally waited on the elegant penman of a century ago, and placed in his hands their original manuscripts, even without his being able to read one word of them. Suppose only each of these authors to have formally delivered his autograph as his act and deed, what a world of time and thought and labor had been saved and superseded! Extend this supposition, for we do not mean that it has any special or particular application to these authors or to this case, and imagine what controversies and collations, what doubts and fancies, what expense of time and trouble and money, in editing and printing, and re-editing and reprinting, would have been saved by the mere knowledge—that is, the unquestionable certainty—that there was a *genuine text* to begin with!

But though Hume did not get what may be strictly called the originals, yet he got the works of these writers (and we will suppose quite sufficiently) in print. Who

can say what dangers they had passed through in their manuscript state? We need not do more than allude generally to the merciless destruction and hairbreadth escapes of MSS.; but were we called on to give a specific case in illustration, we could perhaps hardly offer a better than that of one of the mediæval chroniclers thus accidentally brought under our notice. Benedictus Abbas—that is, Benedict, who became Abbot of Peterborough in the year 1177—wrote the Lives and Acts of Henry II. and Richard I. Probably the copies of that performance were never very numerous; but be this as it may, we believe that on the 23rd October, 1731, only two old manuscripts of the still unprinted work were known to be in existence, both in one library, and that library on fire. A tenth part of its contents was utterly destroyed; a still greater number were reduced to the scorched, shrivelled, and mutilated condition of what are technically described in the catalogue as ‘bundles in cases.’ Of the two codices of the Abbot’s History, one escaped unhurt; the other, or what remains of it (for it is noted in the catalogue of the Cotton MSS. as *incendio corrugatus et mutilus*), is among the ‘bundles in cases.’ It was a costly torch, that tenth that Vulcan seized; but who can say how much light it cast on the arcana and anecdota of the Cotton Library—how much light that has been reflected to us, and is shining round us? Of course, we do not pretend to say that, but for the stir and bustle occasioned by this fire in Little Dean’s Yard, with Mr. Speaker Onslow on the spot personally assisting in the rescue, Father Benedict might have kept his *latitavit* through the second half a millennium; for it is known that some detectives (Humphrey Wanley, Henry Wharton, perhaps others) had an eye upon him; but, at the same time, who will venture to affirm that, if the good Abbot had not been all but burned in 1731, he would have emerged printed and published by Tom Hearne in 1735?

Garrick made a great mistake when he set his wit against that odd little antiquary. It was not amiss to represent Time as saying

to Thomas Hearne—  
‘Whatever I forget you learn;’

for certainly, in the game of hide-and-seek, Time seldom encountered so indefatigable and baffling a playmate. But it was quite a mistake to represent the antiquary as answering

in furious fret—  
‘Whate’er I learn you soon forget.’

If Garrick had said that Time would soon forget his obligation to Thomas Hearne, or even that Thomas had ever existed, it might have been fair enough, and not very far from the truth. When once such and such facts—although not perhaps ascertained without long research and controversy—have passed through a few processes of distillation from older and duller books into some more popular and engaging form, the instructed orders are apt to lose all notion that the said facts were ever unknown to anybody; or, at least, to despise the ignorance of those who are unacquainted with what is now so notorious. If the reader could be thrown back into a chat with Roger Ascham and his royal pupil, he would peradventure be ashamed to quote such schoolboy books as *Æsop*, *Phædrus*, and the rest’ before a learned queen and a more learned pedagogue—not imagining that it might be news to both to hear that such a person as *Phædrus* had ever lived. The world has become so knowing, is so far aware of what it does and does not know, and its knowledge has been so far sifted, sorted, and arranged, that anything new (that is, new to us) is put in its place at once, just as the recovered leaf of a book is slipped into its place between the others. The volume may be still imperfect: but such integrity as it has at once absorbs the long-lost fragment, and from that moment none but careful virtuosi are aware that the scrap in question had ever been missing. Late in the sixteenth century *Phædrus* walked in and took his place among the classics, like a gentleman whose seat has been kept till the play is half over. How are those who come in still later to know that he has not been there ever since it began? Time scarcely remembers François Pithou, but the *Phædrus* poked up in the library at Rheims he will never lose sight of; and without disputing that Scott’s Novels may have had a greater run of late years, yet those of Justinian are in no danger of being wholly forgotten, though some at least of the few who read them may not know how they came by them. And so with regard to little Hearne. Time, if he forgot Thomas, did not forget what Thomas had learned, but seized it, stamped it for eternity, and gave it wings for all space. Time carried it to Edinburgh, where he found David Hume on a sofa writing the History of England. Time took it to Paternoster-row, and put it in the trade-edition of one of the most-read books in our language. Time has never ceased to disperse it in every quarter of the globe. Time still repeats, and while Time endures what the small decyphered of yellow rolls

picked out of them will continue to be repeated in every edition of Hume, and in every petty publication for which the larger History of England has furnished materials; though probably not one reader in an hundred has any idea of being indebted to Thomas Hearne, or that any such person as Thomas Hearne ever existed. In short, it matters not how often, or how much, the results may have been modernized and popularized—as surely as it is the produce of the dark and dirty mine, grubbed up, and ground down, and elaborated by the hands of unwashed, unthanked, unknown artificers, that glows on the canvasses of Rubens, and is living beauty when it has flowed from the pencil of Titian, so surely is it the dry and distasteful labor of the antiquary that furnishes the material for polite literature, and specially for History. To make, to preserve, to enrich history—history in the widest sense of that wide word—not merely as the chronicle of wars and revolutions, of the setting up and pulling down of kingdoms, but as the record and testimony of all that has been in religion and morals, in arts and letters, and the only hold which the mind of man has on the past—to enlarge this, and to make it truth, and to preserve with careful diligence for all generations every voucher for what is known, and every evidence that may help to carry on the inquiry—this is the true business of the antiquary.

But whoever employs himself in this business will find that a great part of the most valuable materials for his purpose are things provided with no such intention. It may seem like a reflection on human nature to say so:—but, in such matters at least, we generally learn best and most securely where the writer meant to teach us nothing, or nothing like what we want to know and do actually learn from him. The truth of this is so obvious as not to require any illustration; but the volume before us furnishes a remarkably good one—for undoubtedly, the seneschal, bailiff, tything-man, and so forth of Castle Combe, no more expected that after five hundred years their proceedings would be pondered and illustrated by a studious lord of that barony, than they anticipated that after a little more than one century, a something would be invented to which the world would give the name of a printing-press.

As Mr. P. Scrope's History of his residence, though printed, is not published, and the spot itself is an unobtrusive one, there can be no offence either to Castle Combe or our readers in supposing that they may require a few words of introduction to each other.

We find quoted on the title-page the brief notice penned three centuries ago by Leland—'There is a place in Wyleshir caullid Combe Castelle, a four miles west from Chippenham; and to this place longe diverse knights' services and liberties. And this Lordship now longgith to one Scrope.' This is pithy and to the purpose as far as it goes, but does not dispense with our author's own more picturesque description:

'It lies deeply embosomed among steep, and generally wooded, slopes; in an angle of one of those narrow cleft-like valleys that intersect and drain the flat-topped range of limestone hills, called in Gloucestershire the Cotswolds, and which extend southwards across the north-east corner of Wiltshire, as far as Bath. A small but rapid stream runs through the village, and after a course of some miles joins the Avon near the town of Box, whence it is known as Box Brook.

'The position here described gave occasion to the name of Combe, by which in the Saxon æra, and for sometime afterwards, the place was alone designated. The prefix was subsequently added from the *Castl*, the meagre remains of which still crown the extremity of a hill about a quarter of a mile west of the town; but which, when entire, must have proudly overlooked the *combe*, or narrow valley, where the church and the principal part of the village are built. In the centre of the latter, and close to the church, stands the ancient market-cross, designating the market place, from whence the three main streets of the village diverge. The houses which compose it, built of the rubbly limestone of the surrounding hills, generally retain the gable-fronts, labelled and mullioned windows, and often the wide stone-arched fire-places, characteristic of ancient English architecture. On the other side of the church, and at the termination of *West Street*, the old road to the castle, stands the gabled manor-house. Another secondary manor, or dowry-house, of equally primitive appearance, borders the High Street, or road which leads up the hill to the north. A few other houses are scattered on the side of this hill; and on the level top, beside the high road (now a turnpike) leading from Chippenham to Sodbury, are several farm houses and cottages which go by the name of Upper, or *Over Combe*. The latter phrase is found thus applied in all the old documents concerning the manor, that of *Nether Combe* distinguishing the lower part of the place—distinctions of Saxon origin, no doubt, being almost exactly the *Ober* and *Nieder* still prefixed to the names of villages similarly situated in Germany. This difference of position in the two divisions of the town had its origin, of course, in motives of convenience, suggested by the different occupations of their inhabitants, as is well explained in an ancient Chartulary, or Book of Evidence, chiefly in the handwriting of William of Worcester, surveyor of this manor between 1430 and 1465.'

The passage alluded to is as follows:

"In the said manor are two towns, one called

Over Combe, in which reside the yeomen, who are occupied in the culture and working of the land which lies upon the hill, and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwell the men who use to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen."

A little farther on Mr. Scrope adds :

"These features give to the scenery of the parish much beauty, and to some parts an air of romantic seclusion. The immediate neighbourhood of the village is especially striking. The old grey church-tower rising from among trees and low roofs in the bottom, the river rushing over stony shallows or tumbling over weirs, the gabled manor-house, at an angle of the broadest meadow, overhung by its terraced gardens, and the wooded castle-hill, jutting into the vale in the near distance, combine to form an interesting picture."—p. 5.

As to the elder lords of this happy valley, our readers may think that we go back quite far enough, if, omitting any allusion to Domesday or the Conquest, we state that Reginald de Dunstanville, Earl of Cornwall, was Baron of Castle Combe from the year 1140 to 1175. Speaking with reference to the national troubles in the days of Stephen, our author says:—

"It was probably at the commencement of this disastrous season of civil warfare that the castle of Combe was built, whether by Earl Reginald or by one of the other Reginalds de Dunstanville. The district immediately surrounding it was for a long time the principal theatre of contention, the most important battles and sieges of the war having been fought at Marlborough, Salisbury, Devizes, Malmesbury, Bristol, Gloucester, Tetbury, Cricklade, and Faringdon. The possession of a fortress in so central a spot must therefore have been desirable to both parties; and there can be little doubt that the castle of Combe shared the fate of its neighbours in being frequently and fiercely contested."—p. 22.

The barony was held by several generations of this family; and in the reign of Henry II., Walter de Dunstanville, the first of that name, obtained a market for the town. Walter, third of the name dying in 1270, left an only daughter and heiress, Petronilla or Parnell, then twenty-two years of age, and married to Sir Robert de Montfort, who thus became Baron of Castle Combe. He died shortly after, leaving only one son by the marriage. The widow Petronilla did homage for the estates, had livery of them, and enjoyed them until her death. When that took place does not appear, but she had in the interval married Sir John De la Mare. He therefore, by the courtesy of England, took a life interest, which lasted until 1313. Meanwhile, in 1309, William

de Montfort the son, being thus excluded from the possession of the property, had sold all his reversionary interests in it to Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere for one thousand pounds sterling.

Thus the dynasty of Dunstanville ended, and that of Badlesmere began. Those who have given any study to the period will be aware how soon this and all the other possessions of the wealthy lord of Leedes Castle were forfeited to the crown. He was executed for high treason in the year 1322, and his estates went (we might almost say of course) to the De Spensers. Castle Combe was among those which fell to the elder of the favourites, and we need scarcely add that he did not hold it long.

'In 1326,' says Mr. Scrope, 'the landing of the queen with Mortimer and Prince Edward was speedily followed by the destruction of the De Spensers and the deposition of the king. . . The first consequence of the revolution thus effected was the reversal of the attainders of the families of those barons who had suffered at Boroughbridge. Among these Lord Badlesmere ranked high, and the earliest occasion was seized to restore his widow to the position which her noble birth and inheritance should command. Even before the deposition of Edward II. a grant was issued, giving "into her custody" the manors of Castle Combe.'

The like occurred as to many other estates in twelve different counties. This lady's brave defence of her husband's castle of Leedes is matter of history. The natural consequence of that, and her lord's arrest, was, that she was sent to the Tower: and—such were the cruel usages of the time—her children with her. She had one son and four daughters—all these daughters being married, though the eldest of them, and of the whole family, was under seventeen. Giles the heir was about eight years old. On the accession of Edward III. his wardship was granted to his cousin, Henry de Burghersh, Bishop of Lincoln; he was himself taken into great favour by the young monarch; and, before he was quite of age, livery of his father's estates generally was granted to him. Castle Combe, however, being a part of his mother's dower, was re-assigned to her in the same character. She had by that time married a second husband; but on her death, in the year 1333, the manor of Castle Combe, and the other lands which she held, came to this son Giles. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; but leaving no children, the four sisters who had been his fellow-prisoners became co-heiresses of his estates. Our historian observes that the marriages which



their father had made for them while children were significant of his care to ally himself with persons in power. At the date of Giles's death, Margery, aged thirty-two, was the wife of William Lord Roos of Ham-lake; she afterwards married Thomas Lord Arundel. Maud, aged twenty-eight, was wife of John Earl of Oxford. Elizabeth, aged twenty-five (who had been previously married to Edmund de Mortimer, Earl of March), was wife of William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton. Margaret, the only one younger than her brother, and the only one whose fortunes concern us, was twenty-three years old, and the wife of John de Tibetot, or Tiptoft, the son of Payne or Pagan Lord Tybetot, who, after having been justice of Chester, governor of the Castle of Northampton, and warden of the forests beyond Trent, was killed in the battle of Stirling, in the year 1313. At that time John de Tibetot, his heir, was but one year and two months old. His inheritance consequently came into the king's hands; and, five years afterwards, his wardship was bought of the king, by Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere, for a thousand marks. What became of the young Tibetot couple (whose united ages might perhaps amount to somewhat less than ten years) in the mean time, we do not learn; but, as we have already said, in 1338 the lady was aged twenty-three, the wife of John de Tibetot, and what is more—everything in our view—queen of Castle Combe. So she continued until her death in 1344; after which her husband enjoyed his life estate until 1368.

His heir was his son, Sir Robert de Tybetot, aged twenty-four. He married the daughter of Lord D'Eyncourt; and in 1372 he died, leaving her with three daughters, aged respectively six, four, and two years. From these tiny damsels descended, no doubt, much that was noble and excellent; but the most important thing for us to notice is that to them, and to their circumstances, we are indebted for the volume before us. To them Castle Combe owes its History; and should it ever become a place of pilgrimage with a handbook of its own, it will have to thank them. If after their father's death Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, had not—we will not adopt the strong language which his grandson uses with regard to his own case, but will only say, without any simile—'bought' them of the King for a thousand marks, Castle Combe, in all probability, had never come into the Scrope family.

However, Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, did *buy* these three little ladies, because he had three little gentlemen of his

own, for whom it was his duty to make matches. And though to us there may seem something ridiculous, if not worse, in the nursery nuptials of these babes and sucklings, yet we may hope that the Lord of Bolton did as well for his sons as if he had left them to seek their own fortune in the matter. Certainly we have reason to think that he did so for his second son Stephen, who married the second little maiden—Milicent. It is our place to mention her because, on a division of her father's estates among the coheirresses, Castle Combe fell into her portion. But independently of this she seems to have been a lady worthy of remembrance. 'In the British Museum,' says Mr. Scrope, 'there exists a curious MS. eulogium of her, written by some contemporary.' Its scribe, having professed in his title to indite a 'Discourse upon the family of Tybetot,' begins it by calling on the reader to observe that the whole drift is to 'try out' the encomiums of the 'vertuose lady, called Milicent, second daughter of Robert;' and, after some slight notice of her father's merits, he goes on thus:—

'This Robert married with the daughter of one Lord of Deyncourt, by name also Margaret, by whom the said Robert had iij daughters of price, the first called Margaret, the second Milicenta, the third Elizabeth.

'O how noble was this generation! Come forth, thou triple virgynytye. Joyne yourself in mariage, and bring forth issue; let not this seede be lost nor hid. Behold the womanly company of sisters; behold upon you resteth the love of a brotherly knott, longynge and wyshyng to marry you!

'Now if a man should enquire who is the father-in-law to this virtuouse Milicent, I remember it was Richard Scroope, Tresurer of England, which had iij sonnes, Roger, Stephen, and Nicholas. which took to their wiffes the iij daughters aforesaid. Stevyn took Milicent, Roger had Margaret, and Nicholas was husband to Elizabeth. One masse said dyd surely knytt uppe this threhold bond of matrimony; laud and praise be to Christ thereof! For this tryple marriage had a prosperouse and complete end; great solemnytye with sensing of the high alters was had and done at that tyme of the Levytes. Then had King Edward the III. recovered his kingdome againe, and was in the xlv<sup>th</sup> year of his rayne. Now that we have passed on this progenies and matrimones aforesaid, lett us sett asjde all digressions, and speke only of Milicent, that was maryed unto Stevyn (as this writting has made mention to fore), which was Tresurer unto King Richard the Second. He begott of his wiff Milicent ij sonnes, the elder named Stevyn, a gentle esquier, and lyved many yeres, but his younger brother Robert died.'—p. 263.

But the Lady Milicent's claim to our no

tice rests much more on an encomium which Mr. Scrope has 'tried out' from Holinshed.

'In 1401 Sir Stephen Scrope returned to Ireland as deputy of Thomas of Lancaster, the King's son; and if the following anecdote be true, another instance is afforded of the admirable manner in which a woman sometimes uses her influence. It is said that his wife, the Lady Milicent, having heard the complaints which were made against him for his conduct whilst in Ireland some years before, refused to accompany him to that kingdom, except he would receive a solemn oath on the Bible, that wittingly he would wrong no Christian creature in that land, that truly and duly he should see payment made for all expenses; and hereof, she said, she had made a vow to Christ so determinately, that, unless it were on his part firmly promised, she could not, without peril of soul, go with him. Her husband assented, and accomplished her request effectually; recovered a good opinion for his upright dealing; reformed his caterers and purveyors; enriched the country; maintained a plentiful house. Remission of great offences; remedies for persons endangered to the Prince; pardons of land and lives he granted so charitably and so discreetly, that his name was never recited among them without many blessings and prayers; and so cheerfully they were ready to serve him against the Irish upon all necessary occasions.'—p. 133.

Our *anonymous* panegyrist proceeds to tell that 'Milicent lived with her first husband xxvj yeres, and after his decease was married unto John Fastolf, which was a valiant knyght and sharpe in bateyلة. The ij lyved together xxxviij yeres.' How far this warrior is to be accounted the original of Shakspeare's fat knight, is too wide a question to be entered on here; and we are the less bound to discuss it, because Sir John, though Lord of Castle Combe for half a century, does not appear ever to have seen the place, and probably, even if he observed its name among his multitudinous manors, knew less of its inhabitants than we do. One part of his conduct, however, has been already alluded to, and must be further noticed. When he married the Lady Milicent, she had one son by her former husband—Stephen Scrope—who appears to have been about twelve years of age;—and the historian says:—

'Fastolf, it seems, lost no time in selling his marriage and wardship for a round sum of money—a proceeding of which Scrope afterwards grievously complained. The purchaser was the celebrated Sir William Gascoigne, knight, then Chief Justice of England, and the price obtained by Fastolf was 450 marks, or 300*l*. The indenture of agreement between the parties is still extant at Castle Combe, with their signatures.'—p. 264.

There is something very pleasant in the

idea of those two parties meeting to settle such a bargain. One would like to know whether 'his lordship went abroad by advice' to seek it, and how far their conversation resembled that which Shakspeare has given as belonging to another interview. The historian adds, 'the marriage here contemplated did not take effect,—probably owing to the death of Sir William Gascoigne, in 1413, before Stephen Scrope was of age to complete the contract; and it may have been so;—but another very probable reason may be assigned. Certainly, poor Stephen seems to have been hardly used, and there might be some excuse for his saying in the bitterness of his wrath, when making out his 'General Bill of charges against the estate of Fastolf'—

'In the first yere that my fader Fastolf was married to my moder, he sold me for *v*<sup>e</sup> marks, withoute any titill or right, through which sale as in this worlde my persone was disfigured for ever. Wherefore I clayme the seid some of *v*<sup>e</sup> marks, withoute [that is, making no charge for] the hurt of my disfiguring. Item, he bought me agene;—[that is, in milder language, returned the five hundred marks when the match was broken off]—so he bought me and solde me as a beste, agens al ryght and law, to myn hurt more than *ml* marks.'—p. 281.

There might, we say, be some ground for this complaint of the unhappy Stephen, inasmuch as it does not appear that his inclination was at any time or in any degree consulted, or that any way of escape was provided for him. But it is only justice to the times, and to their odd ways, to observe that in the indenture express provision was made for the case of his being unacceptable to all the young ladies—and for putting an end to the matter, 'si, par disagreement des ditz files destre mariez a dit Stephen le fitz, ils soient mariez as auters persones.' It might, therefore, be upon some distaste of the Miss Gascoynes' that the match was broken off; and this is the more likely and excusable, perhaps, on account of the disfigurement to which he refers. The precise nature of it does not appear, though he alludes to it more fully in a 'Schedule of Grievances, which he seems to have drawn up and sent to Sir John about the year 1452.' He begins it by saying:—

'It is to remembre that in the first year that my moder was married to my fader Fastolf, he of his pleasure solde me to William Gascoyne, that tyme chief justice of this lande, for *v*. c. marke. The wich he had in his possession a *iiij*. yere. Thorough the wiche sale I tooke sekene that kept me a *xiiij*. or *xiiij*. yere swyng: whereby I am disfigured in my persone, and shall be whyles I lyve.'—p. 279.

Having thus fairly conveyed the barony to the Scrope family, we may trust it to float down the stream of modern time by itself, while we revert to its ancient state, and take a glance at it from another point of view.

'What constitutes a state?' After all that we have said about Castle Combe, what was it? Our readers of the Palgrave school, who would like to have 'a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community,' will not be satisfied if we answer that it was an ancient manor or barony, with 'diverse knights' services and liberties;' rejoicing in 'tol, them, sok, sak, infangthef,' &c.; and bringing with it all the seigniorities, royalties, jurisdictions, privileges, immunities, and a thousand other things which the manor of Dale brought to one 'I. S.,' his heirs and assigns. We grant that what they desire is a thing to be asked for, and aimed at; though we fear that the ample materials in Mr. Poulett Scrope's possession are insufficient to furnish it. But even the extracts which he has given us afford many interesting glimpses of what was going on in 'an upland township' during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and as these come chiefly from the records of judicial proceedings, it may be well, in the first place, to give our historian's brief account of the authorities and tribunals by which this little *imperium in imperio* (as it might almost be termed) was governed. This is worth while; not because the place was of peculiar historical interest in itself, but, on the contrary, because it was a little sequestered community, during the greater part, if not the whole, of the period to which we principally refer, without any resident lord or any admixture or connexion with public affairs; and, in these points, as well as many others, a fair specimen of hundreds of contemporary communities—a specimen chiefly valuable for its want of peculiarity—except indeed the very valuable peculiarity of having such records as those now drawn upon the member for Stroud. That gentleman says—

'The tenants and other inhabitants of the manor had the great advantage of local courts of justice at their own door, which held pleas of debt or damage arising among themselves or at their fair and markets, and adjudicated on all petty offences, they themselves composing the court, under the presidency of the seneschal or steward of the manor.

'These courts consisted of—

'1. The Court Baron, or Manor Court, usually in these rolls styled *Curia Intrinseca*, at which the customary tenants of the manor surrendered or were admitted to their holdings, paid their quit-rents, and transacted all business relating to their tenures, through a *homage*, or selected

body of them, chosen on the meeting of the court. The steward (*seneschallus*) presided, and looked to the lord's interests in these matters. The bailiff (*ballivus domini*) collected the fees (*pecunias domini*), fines and amerciaments which were imposed by the homage. The homage also heard and decided civil actions of debt or damage to the amount of 40s.; punished all trespassers on the lord's soil or waters, on the deer in his park, or the hares, conies, or *pheasants* in his warren—which latter class of offences were very numerous, although very heavily amerced. They likewise determined cases of waif and estray, and of villains absenting themselves or marrying their daughters without the lord's consent (*sine licentia*), &c.

'2. The Knights' Court (*Curia Militum*, sometimes in these rolls *Curia Extrinseca*), usually held at the same time with the Court Baron, but occasionally on separate days. At this court the noblemen and gentlemen (*nobiles sive generosi*) who held lands or manors by knight's service of the barony of Castle Combe were bound to attend, either in person or by proxy, to do their suit and service, and pay the rents, escheats, and reliefs due from them severally, as it might happen. They were generally, as a matter of course, essoigned, that is, excused from attendance, on payment of a fee, latterly of 2s. each, but which formerly appears to have been much higher—25s. or 30s. Against such as failed to pay, writs of *distringas* were issued, and on further failure pledges were required or distraint actually enforced.

'3. The Court Leet, or view of Frankpledge which was usually held twice in the year; sometimes even two were held within little more than three months. At this court the tything-man attended with the entire tything (*decennarius cum tota decennia*)—that is, the *dozein*, or twelve principal inhabitants, who acted as a grand jury. The absence of any inhabitant duly summoned to attend was reported, and he was fined 2d., as also was the tything-man for not producing him. The tything-man was bound to collect from the tenants and pay in at each of the two principal courts 1d. for each yardland and ½d. for each half-yardland and cottage, and each "Monday's thing." This amounted to 3s. *de certo*, a fixed sum. He also presented yearly a *capitagium garcionum*, sometimes called *cheva-gium*, or nominal list of foreign servants and artificers, who paid yearly 2d. each for the privilege of dwelling within the manor without belonging to the tything, for which payment their masters were pledged. The list varies in number from 20 to 70.

'The *tastatores* then reported all cases of breach of the assize of bread or beer; the tything-man breaches of the peace, frauds, unjust levying of toll, nuisances, and other offences either against the common or statute law, or in breach of the by-laws or orders made by themselves for the regulation of the community residing in the manor. Upon these cases the presentment of the *decennia* seems to have been usually final and conclusive; the petty jury, which in the later courts always appears, being in the fourteenth century only occasionally chosen and sworn in the more important cases.'

—p. 155.

It may be proper to state that the extracts which Mr. Scrope has given from the records of these courts are divided into three sets—the first referring to the period A. D. 1340–1400, and introduced as above; the second to 1408–1460; the third to 1460–1700. Those belonging to the *second* period are thus prefaced:—

‘The most frequent offences against the lord’s property recorded in the proceedings of his Courts Baron in the fifteenth as in the preceding century were of this character; namely, the cutting of timber, or taking deer, game, rabbits, &c., in his park, or fishing in his waters; others of usual occurrence were quarrying, or otherwise breaking his soil without leave, rescuing waifs or strays, villains absenting themselves without licence (for which a payment was exacted, usually of 12d. per annum, or a composition of 20s. for life), &c.

‘The offences of a public character adjudicated in the Court Leet were of the nature of affrays, assaults, blood-shedding, tippling in ale-houses, eavesdropping or night-walking, keeping bad houses, gaming or playing at forbidden games, barratry or disturbing the peace by false reports and quarrels, rescue, pound-breach, scolding or scandal, nuisances of all kinds, breaking hedges or neglecting to keep them or the highways in repair, using false or unstamped weights and measures, forestalling, regrating, and all the other numerous tribe of offences against the general statutes or by-laws of the leet made for the purpose of regulating the sale or quality of provisions or other goods—flesh, leather, bread, beer, wine, &c. The Leet does not appear to have determined cases of felony, but committed the prisoners to the county gaol to be tried at the general delivery; the steward acting as a justice of peace.

‘The officers of the Leet Court were on the increase in this latter period, as might be expected from the increase of their duties under new statutes, and also of the population of the place. Two constables were in the fifteenth century annually sworn, in addition to the tything man or “decennarius,” and besides the “tastatores” or “ale-conners,” we find now “viewers of flesche and vitealls” (carnarii), “searchers or sealers of leather” (sigillatores corii), “overlookers of the process of dyeing and fulling cloth” (conservatores artis tinctorum et fullatorum), “supervisores regie vie,” or highway surveyors, and a “numerator ovium,” or sheep-teller, to regulate the stint of pasture on the common.

“A very common offence, frequently mentioned, was the impleading or suing tenants of the manor in other courts, whereby the lord’s court was deprived of its due fees, and the tenants impoverished.”—p. 231.

Yes, and beside the fees on the one hand and the impoverishment on the other, it is clear, even from the glimpse which we get of their life and conversation, that the people of Castle Combe had a great idea of keeping themselves to themselves and mind-

ing their own business. Some, to be sure, could not get away without paying, because they were *the lord’s natives*; but, on the other hand, many who were in their view foreigners were paying for the privilege of living among them. Indeed it seems, looking upon the body generally, as if they were well off and knew it. William of Worcester—whom the readers of Thomas Hearne will be hardly able to imagine as a real live man, holding the office of secretary to Sir John Fastolf, and in that capacity acting as what Mr. Scrope calls surveyor, over-looker, supervisor, or auditor of the knight’s accounts at Castle Combe—William mentions as a principal reason of the prosperity of the place during the long lordship of his patron, that the tenants were not allowed to plead in other courts than their own—*quod non pladerent in aliis curiis*.

They kept in their own place, and minded their own business; and it is proper next to ascertain what that business was. The chief part has been stated in an extract already given; and it might perhaps be sufficient to repeat that one part was called Over Combe, and inhabited by those ‘occupied in the culture and working of the land, which lies upon the hill’—and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwelt the men used ‘to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen.’ On this Mr. Scrope, after copying some details from the book of evidences, observes—‘The clothing trade, which appears to have flourished here at so early a date, was favoured by the rapid stream that traverses the parish, admitting the erection of several fulling-mills upon it.’ This might mislead the reader, by seeming to refer to the time ‘between 1430 and 1465,’ which had just been mentioned as the period during which William of Worcester, whose statement is quoted, acted as supervisor of the manor. The clothing trade had, however, been established much earlier, and the same writer states, in one of his miscellaneous memoranda, that ‘William Toker [the obsolete German *Tucher*], Huchcock Toker, and Thomas Toker, were the first inhabitants who were artificers of wool and cloths here’—also that ‘Roger Young junior dwelt in Castel Combe as a clothier in the time of King Edward III.; and a certain knight, Sir Robert Yvelton, in the time of Richard II., came by force of arms to beat Roger Young; and the said knight fled into the church of that place for safety of his body.’ There is some latitude in speaking of ‘the time of Edward III.,” as it extended from 1326 to 1377; but one of Mr. Scrope’s extracts (p. 160) shows that a William Toker was re-

sident in the town at least as early as the 26th October, 1350.

Perhaps a more leisurely scrutiny of his documents may enable the historian of the manor to trace this manufacture to a still earlier period; and should he take that trouble, we cannot but think it possible that he may find some trace of another branch of business. Diaper is not so like to King Pepin as Spondel is to Spindle; and indeed it seems rather natural that a reader of the first word should think of the second; especially if he finds it as a proper name, after having read of whole generations of Tokers, Toukers, and Towkers deriving their name from the article which they manufactured. Now, as early as the year 1354 the *homage* presented that John *Spondel* was one of the *lord's natives*, and a sort of *habeas corpus* was issued, directing his brother, Adam *Spondel*, to produce the said John at the next court. Probably there may be something intermediate about him in the records of the court; but among the extracts given by Mr. Scrope we find nothing more until the year 1363, when the *homage* presented that 'Johannes *Spondele*, *nativus domini*,' was living at Tetbury; and measures were taken for bringing him to reside within the barony before next court-day. They seem, however, to have been ineffectual; and about three years later the *homage* were obliged to confess that they had not yet got 'Johannem *Spoundel*, dictum *Flexmangere*, *nativum domini*.' Does this indicate the manufacture of flax—and that the lord's natives laid their hands to the spindle? The proceedings of the court, as far as we can learn from the extracts, were inefficient; and long after—indeed after an interval of twenty years, so that we may perhaps have come upon another generation—we find the next notice, in a form very like that of the first, directing the next of kin 'Johannis *Flexman*, *nativi domini*, *manentis apud Tetbury*,' to produce him at the next court under a penalty of *xxs*. What came of this we know not; but seventy years afterwards there occurs in William of Worcester's list of natives 'Thomas *Spondell*, alias dictus *Flaxman*, *manens cum sequela sua apud Tetbury*'—p. 217. We recommend this case to Mr. Scrope's further attention, not merely on the ground already suggested, but because we suspect it to be a curious and rare instance of self-emancipation, and of a native setting the lord at defiance. No doubt the most difficult duty of such local tribunals and officials was, to 'comprehend all *vagrom men*' over whom they claimed jurisdiction. It was all well as long as the

offender obeyed the summons of the court; but 'how if he will not stand?' The authorities were not satisfied, we see, to follow Dogberry's advice, and 'take no note of him;' if at length they were summoned to meet for mutual congratulation on the riddance, there may be some trace of it on the Court-rolls. At all events, the case is worth looking into.

After work comes play, as a general rule; but it seems to us rather remarkable that we glean so little information on that point. Within the first period—A.D. 1340–1400—we observe no trace whatever of music, dancing, sports or pastimes of any description; unless one case, singular in every sense of the word, may be considered as an exception. At a court holden on the 25th October, 1367, a waif was presented, consisting of a horse, saddle, bridle, and wallet, value *iijs. vijd.*, and a certain instrument value *ivd.*, which had been abandoned in flight by some thief unknown—*quoddam instrumentum dictum baggepype pretio ivd.—wayviata per quendam latronem ignotum*. How they knew that the waiver was a thief, whether they caught him, and if they did how they treated him, is more than we can tell. It would be premature, and out of place, to mention the grounds which exist for surmising that those who kept the peace of Castle Combe thought it more charitable to suspect the man of stealing a chattel worth *ivd.*, than of playing on bagpipes; and humanely intended, if he should be caught, to deal with him as a thief rather than as a musician. This is the only hint that anything called or pretending to be music existed in these parts before A.D. 1400; not so very long before young Hal embarked for Azincourt, taking with him 'Snyth' his 'fydeler,' as one of the fifteen minstrels who attended him. What was done with the pipes does not appear. They were of course the property of the lord, but it is more than probable that he never got them; for he was away in Spain fighting under the Duke of Lancaster, and had just shared in the glories of Najarra. In fact, it is not until we reach A.D. 1428 that we meet with any notice of diversion; and then it appears in the form of gambling. In the November of that year John Niweton and Maurice ap David are presented at the court, not as men overtaken in a fault, but as *communes lusores ad talos*—common dicers—in an ale-house—and not a very well-conducted one either. We happen to know that John Reod and his wife Cecilia, who kept it, were not quite what they should have been. Within a twelvemonth after, they were presented and made to bring up the unsealed

vessels in which they had sold beer, contrary to the statute, which straitly charged that no measure should be in any town unless it agreed with the king's measure, and was marked with the seal of the shire-town—and also directed that if any should sell or buy by measures unsealed, and not examined by the mayor or bailiffs, he should be grievously amerced; and accordingly John Reed, having been made to produce his unsealed beer-measures, as well as a pottle, a quart, and a pint of tin, in which he had sold both red wine and sweet wine—(was this an offence before the time of Richard II., or was it only that he sold short measure?)—it was considered that he had forfeited the value of the beer and wine as well as his vessels; but through the leniency of the court he was amerced in the sum of two shillings only. This, however, by the way, and only to show what sort of a person John Reed was, and how he was going on: and, with the same view we might mention that only a few months before the presentment of these dicers, John Reed had paid a fine of *vjd.*, and forfeited a candlestick, value *jd.*, with which he had drawn blood from this very Maurice ap David. Perhaps it is not unfair to assume that where there were two common dicers there were more; but at the same time it is fair to remark that this is the only reference to anything of the kind which we have detected even in the second portion of Mr. Scrope's extracts; and the fact that, while the offenders were fined only *ijd.* each for their dicing, the host was fined *vjd.* for harbouring them, and ordered not to do so again under the heavy penalty of *xxs.*, looks as if the authorities had discovered a nascent evil, and determined to remedy it by strong measures.

This view is favoured by one or two subsequent extracts. The first is nineteen years later, and belongs to the month of May, 1447. It was then ordered, by the assent and consent of all the tenants, that no one should play at staff-ball, or foot-ball, under a penalty of *xld.*, to be paid to the lord. One cannot imagine that such recreations would have been forbidden under so heavy a penalty, unless as seen or thought to be inseparable from some serious mischief. This suspicion is confirmed by an extract under the date of September, 1452, which recites that the tenants had been repeatedly forbidden to play at hand-ball for money, under a penalty of *vjs. viijd.*, to be paid to the lord; and directs that from thenceforth no tenant should harbour any persons playing at tables or dice after nine o'clock, under a penalty of *xld.* for the harbourer, and of *vjs. viijd.* for the player.

This appears to have been found insufficient; and it was followed in the year 1455 by an order that none of the tenants should remain at a tavern at all after nine o'clock in the summer, or after eight o'clock between Midsummer and Easter, under a penalty of *vis. viijd.*, to be strictly enforced, as often as the lord's peace should be broken by them.

This is all that we discover down to A.D. 1460. Passing over rather more than a century, we find the subjects of Queen Elizabeth recreating themselves more freely and frequently: at least, what we grant is not quite the same thing, we find more frequent notice of their proceedings in that way. It is not, indeed, till the 13th or 14th year of her reign (1571) that we meet with any information; but then it comes upon us in rather a wholesale way—to wit, in the presentment of 'A list of the players at unlawful games for money—at nyne-holes, and rushe and bowles. These be comen doers.' The list itself our historian delicately omits; but subsequent extracts seem to indicate that the company of 'doers' in this kind had continued to call for notice both by their increased number and the greater variety of their diversions. In 1576 we find four card-players—(luserunt apud cartas pictas, videlicet, *Kuffe*); and these incurred a penalty of *vjs. viijd.*, which, however, was mitigated to *xijd.*; two offenders who played at 'nyne holes,' and were fined *xijd.* each; three at bowls (apud globos), for which each had to pay *ijd.* But it is not our business to meddle with these modern times, except just to remark that they do not seem to have mended; for among the latest presentments (in 1611—if it had been a little later we might have imagined that John Bunyan had had a hand in it) occurs that of John Churchey and another for playing at shift-groate on Sundays, at the house of John Hollydaie, 'ad malum exemplum aliorum.' And the bad example seems to have been followed; for the next year John Hollydaie himself, and two others, were presented as persons who habitually played at cards (*usi sunt ludere*) on Sundays. But these, we repeat, were modern fashions.

We are more desirous to gain from the slender, though interesting, materials before us, something like an idea of the interior life of Castle Combe in its earlier ages. Whoever reads Mr. Scrope's book with that view can hardly fail to observe that, beside what may be properly called business or amusement, two things lay near the hearts, and occupied much of the time and thoughts of the inhabitants. The first of these he will probably have noticed before he arrives at

p. 341; but if it has not struck him, he will there find the historian calling his attention to it.

'The regulations respecting the brewing and selling of ale and beer were specially various and perplexing. From divers entries in the rolls, it appears that no one was permitted to brew so long as any church ale (that is, ale made on account of the parish, and sold at the "church house" for the benefit of the common fund for the relief of the poor) remained unsold (1490); nor so long as the keeper of the park had any to sell (1530); nor at any time without license from the lord or the court (1589); nor to sell beer without a sign or (during the fair) an "ale stake" hung out (1464, 1478, 1553); nor refuse to sell so long as the sign was hung out (1464); nor ask a higher price for each quality than that fixed by the jury of assize (1557, 1580); nor lower the quality below what the "ale-tasters" approved of (1464); nor sell at the times of divine service, nor after nine o'clock at night (1590); nor sell at all without entering into a bond for 10*l*. and a surety in 5*l*. to keep order in their houses (1577, 1588); all these regulations to be strictly observed by brewers and ale-sellers under penalty of 10*s*. or upwards for each offence. But especially was the enforcing the assize of beer and ale ever a matter of great difficulty. It was found necessary from time to time both to vary the prices fixed, and to resort to all sort of expedients, in the vain endeavour to secure good liquor to be sold at low prices.'

Vain indeed;—as Mr. Scrope goes on to show by various extracts belonging to the reign of Elizabeth—the latest of them to its tenth year—after which date, so far as our information extends, there occurred nothing like a serious effort at local legislation on the subject. Well it might be given up;—for, at a court held on the 22nd May, it was the painful duty of the thything-man to state 'the ale-wyves had broken ALL the orders of the last lawe-daye.' The court, so far as appears, received the presentment in silence, and made no order. The despair of the thything-man may be imagined, as well as the triumph of the fair delinquents. One cannot help seeing them in high-crowned hats, with arms akimbo, making mouths at the court and jury sworn, and laughing outright at the thything-man and the rest of creation. On the 19th of July, in the same year, a feeble attempt at legislation was made; some orders about price and management were issued; but our historian sadly remarks, 'that even this was unsuccessful is shown by frequent convictions and repetitions of the same or similar injunctions.'

We will not, however, dwell longer on this point than just to notice one species of offence, which the historian has omitted in

his summary. We refer to the case of John Lautroppe, who was presented in April, 1462, for that 'brasiavit iij vicibus sub uno signo'—that is, we presume, that under one notice he had made three distinct brewings. But, to say the truth, we refer to the offence without clearly understanding its nature, not so much to increase the sad catalogue of crimes and troubles just quoted, as to introduce one of the *dramatis personæ* at Castle Combe, who must have had peculiar claims to the notice of the court, even if he had brewed fairly, or not at all. John Lautroppe seems to have been the very man whom the framers of the 'Statute for the View of Frankpledge,' in the year 1325, had an eye to, when, in enumerating 'what things Stewards in their Leets shall inquire about,' they particularly specified 'ceux qi dorment les jours et vielent les nuiz et mangent bien et hievent bien et nount nul bien.' John Lautroppe was, beyond all doubt, one of this ancient and inextinguishable family. At the same time that he was charged with the offence of furtive brewing, he was presented as a common night-walker and eaves-dropper—*communis noctivagus et auscultator ad fenestras*. He qualified himself as to the good eating which the statute requires, by 'hole-creeping' after his neighbours' geese and pigs—*est communis holecreppar anserum et porcellorum tenentium*—and as to the good drinking, we have seen the clandestine but thrice-abundant provision which he made for that.

The significant word by which Lautroppe's character and mode of doing business are indicated, is one which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere; and it affords an opportunity for remarking generally (for in this particular instance it may be merely our ignorance or forgetfulness) that such works as that now before us are highly valuable for the additions which they offer to our glossaries—that is, to the necessary materials for what we hope may some day exist—a real Dictionary of our whole mother-tongue. We only observe one other offender of this class, and that one, we are sorry to say, a female. Alice Shyme, who flourished six years later, does not seem to have particularly affected geese and pigs. She was in a more general way of business, and took whatever came to hand. William Bochor and Thomas Taillour, who harboured her, were ordered to remove her out of the barony before the next court-day, as '*communam* (sic) *holecropperam* *diversarum rerum vicinorum suorum*,' under a penalty of *xxs*. to the lord. P. 235.

But though these ever-brewing men of



Wiltshire were thus, perhaps unconsciously, and not without some self-seeking, laying a foundation for the imperishable fame of their county, let it not be thought that they were a drunken race. So far as we can judge from the imperfect evidence before us, they were quite the reverse. Looking at the author's Index to his Extracts, we find only, 'Drunk, penalty for being enforced, 1618, 1630' (which latter date ought, by the way, to be 1631); and, seeing that these extracts begin in 1340, it appears strange that none of an earlier date should record the commission and punishment of this crime. Here are only two references, with thirteen years between them; and, what is the oddest part of the matter, both seem to lead us to the same man. We say 'seem,' because, of course, there may have been two Richard Sarjants, and both may have got drunk—perhaps like father, like son; in any case, however, the presentments are instructive. In April, 1618, the jurors stated that Richard Sarjant had made an affray on David Owell and drawn his blood, and for that offence he was fined sixpence; they farther presented that he was drunk at the time, and for that he was fined five shillings, to be distributed among the poor according to the form of the statute. This was a severe punishment, and perhaps it kept him sober till 1631, when he was again presented as having been drunk about the 25th of September, and was once more fined five shillings. Our charitable view of the case is rather strengthened by the fact that, on this second occasion, the jurors also presented George Smarte for having been drunk about the 5th day of April, 1631. This was an old story, and looks as if a drunken man was not to be met with every day in Castle Combe; and on the whole we seem authorised to believe that, during the period to which our remarks generally relate, its inhabitants were a sober, industrious people, who consumed their home-brewed beer with moderation and advantage, though it cannot be denied that they made a great bustle about it.

In the midst of all this brewing and fermentation it seems strange, but it is peculiarly characteristic of the times, to find a Hermit quietly taking up his quarters. Who he was, or whence he came, we are not told. Were it not for the date we should feel sure at once that he was the 'hermit hoar' consulted and immortalized by our great moralist; but all that we really learn is that, at a court held on the 8th of May, 1358, the cottage, late Alice Redemayde's, was granted to John the Hermit, on condition that as long as he lived he should pray for the lord and his ancestors. The lord was Sir Rich-

ard Scrope, first Baron of Bolton. He was a warrior, and at this time, about thirty years of age. He fought in the battle of Crecy when only eighteen; and at the time of which we are speaking, had but recently returned from the campaign in Scotland—returned, that is, to England, for that he ever saw Castle Combe is more than we know. Neither can we tell whether he now for the first time set up a hermit on any of his territories. Those who are conversant with the details of French and Spanish history will know that the occurrence announced synchronizes very exactly with the retreat of some illustrious individuals into the mendicant orders; and perhaps it may contribute its mite towards illustrating the singular and mysterious state of religion at that period. It is an odd coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the will of a member of another branch of the same family contains some of the most curious information which we possess respecting hermits and the patronage that they received. By his will, dated June 23d, 1415, Henry, third Lord Scrope of Masham, made extraordinary provision for funeral pomp and the performance of his obsequies in various places. *Inter alia* this noble and pious peer bequeathed to John, the Anchorer of Westminster, Cs. and the pair of beads which he was himself accustomed to use; to Robert the Recluse (*Recluso*) of Beverly, xls.; to a certain chaplain dwelling in York, in a street called the Giligate, *in the church of St. Mary*, viijs. ivd.; to John the Hermit, who used to live at the hill near Pontefract, xiijs. ivd.; to Thomas the chaplain, dwelling (*commoranti continuo*) in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, xiijs. ivd.; to the Anchorer of Stafford, xiijs. ivd.; of Kurkebiske, xiijs. ivd.; of Wath, xxs.; of Peesholme, near York, xiijs. ivd.; to Elizabeth, late servant of the Anchorer at Hampole—the sum is left *blank*—but the entry is curious, partly because people do not generally conceive of hermits as keeping servants—especially maid-servants—and partly because it may not possibly refer to the only one of all these hermits whose name and works have descended to modern times. If this Elizabeth had been servant to Richard or St. Richard Hampole, she must either have been a very old woman in 1415, or a mere child when the hermit died in 1349. The Lord of Masham furthermore left to the recluse at Newcastle in the house of the Dominicans, xiijs. ivd.; to the recluse at Kexby Ferry, xiijs. ivd.; to the several anchorets of Wigton, of Castre, of Thorganby near Colyngwith, of Leek near Upsale, of Gainsburgh, of Kneesall near Southwell, of Staunford, living in the parish church there,

of Dertford, each xiijs. ivd. After these specific bequests the testator adds: Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in London or its suburbs, vjs. viijd. Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in York and its suburbs (except such as are already named), vis. viijd. To the anchoret of Shrewsbury at the Dominican convent there, xxs. Also to every other anchoret and anchoritess that can be found without much trouble (*potest leviter cognosci*) within three months after his decease, vjs. viijd. If any reader thinks that the money might have been better bestowed, he may comfort himself with the knowledge that the will never took effect, owing to the attainer and execution of the testator for high treason.

But in this crowd of hermits (though it may be worth while to show that a crowd might be collected in those days) we must not lose sight of our own hermit John, dimly visible as he is amid the steam of mash tuns and cooling-backs at Castle Combe. What became of him we do not know—but the mere fact that he there found out a 'peaceful hermitage' furnishes us with a convenient stepping-stone to the second of the two things which, as we have already intimated, lay near the hearts and engaged the thoughts and affections of his neighbours. They were, as we have seen, very particular about their beer, but they had the sense to know that even good beer was not good for much if they could not drink it in peace. The peace they would have kept; and, we apprehend, did keep with singular care and success. We do not mean merely that they had no Spa-fields riots, no Reform meetings, no Convocation; nor merely that there was as much concord and good neighbourhood as is compatible perhaps with the infirmities of human nature. Of course strife occasionally arose, and broke out into assaults and batteries, though probably not so frequent or so fierce as if the parties had exchanged their complacent ale for the viler liquors of modern times. There was Richard Spencer, in 1415, who had been in the rector's service. He not only, it seems, *fecit insultum* on that reverend divine—for which he was fined iij*d.*—but again beat him—*levavit hictus super dictum Rectorem*—and was therefore mulcted in another iij*d.* We are not told what led to the assault, but history shows that, even in the best regulated communities, there will generally be some unruly subjects; and, when there are, they are pretty sure to quarrel with 'the parson.' These fines were perhaps not light with reference to the means of the culprit. William Baate, who three years later was bound over to keep the peace towards the rector and all

the King's lieges under a penalty of *xxl.* with three sureties of *xl.* each, was, we may presume, an offender of more consideration and influence. But the most remarkable case, on account of the view which seems from the terms of the report to have been taken of it, was that of John le Tayllour, presented in like fashion—A. D. 1364—for beating the parson. If, as is probable, the great cause of 'Peebles v. Plainstanes' is not settled, this decision of the court of Castle Combe may be of singular value to 'old Pest' and his unfortunate client—

'And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, wilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest—ye ken him, Daddie Fairford!—old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—*said I!*—ugh!—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of *hamesucken* is to strike a man in his own dwelling-place—and so there's hope Plainstanes may be hanged, as many has for a less matter.'—*Redgaruntlet.*

How would poor Peter Peebles and his legal adviser have chuckled over a legal presentation in the year 1364, '*quod Johannes le Tayllour fecit homsokene super Personam in ecclesia et injuste levavit hictus super dictum Rectorem*;' followed by the statement that, though the criminal was not hanged, he was fined *vjd.*? For ourselves we wish to view it as an indication, or at least as a ground of hope, that there was one priest who was thought to have found him a home in the house of God, while all his brethren, as far as we learn, were abroad poaching.

These cases, and more which might be cited, show that the government would not allow the peace to be broken with impunity; but we cannot help seeing—and we wish to describe and suggest, as characteristic of the people and their times—something far beyond the mere prevention or punishment of violence. The authorities, and the lieges too, both disapproved of disturbance; of all men the most hateful in their eyes were the 'perturbators'—we use their word; of course we are aware that the men probably called themselves 'reformers'—but the authorities dealt in a very summary way with persons who were troublesome, litigious, and discontented, and wanted to make other people like themselves. So at least it appears to us who live under a somewhat different system of things, and, scanty as our materials for judgment are, we cannot help admiring it very much. It is almost enough to make one fall in love with an

arbitrary government. Of course we do not wish to see the fourteenth century return, or the seneschal of Castle Combe sitting in Downing Street; but we can well imagine that the constitution and administration of this and many another little *imperium in imperio* worked well. It is quite possible that in such a state of things, and with such circumstantial, common sense in the heads and somewhat undefined powers in the hands of honest men, who had familiar knowledge of the parties, very commonly led to substantial justice. Perhaps they were not as particular about statute-letter, or exact precedent, as Sir Vicary Gibbs or Lord Eldon might have been; but what then? Was Richard Symonds to go on making the place a bear-garden, just because nobody had done it before in precisely the same way, or because he had kept within the letter of such of their laws as had any letter at all? The reader may never have heard of him, but no doubt all the folks living at Upper Combe and Nether Combe on the 15th of April, 1387, knew what sort of a person Richard Symonds was. They had talked over his doings often enough, and had made up their minds that he was really too bad, and they felt quite certain that whatever brawls disturbed the street, he was, somehow or other, at the bottom of them. Well, then, when there had been 'numerous assaults committed by the lord's tenants one upon the other,' though no record is produced to show that Richard had assaulted anybody, yet it was probably very right, not only to fine him *xxs.*, but to stigmatize him with the worst brand which the good people of that time and place could set upon any delinquent—to denounce him to his contemporaries, and register him for posterity, as an habitual disturber of Castle Combe—yea, '*communis perturbator pacis in perturbationem totius domini.*'

Richard North, too, in the year 1413, was presented simply on the ground that he was a constant disturber and one who stirred up strife among his neighbors—'*communis perturbator pacis et motor litis et jurgii inter tenentes domini contra pacem domini Regis.*' Two years after the jurors prayed that Richard Riche, who seems to have been a kindred spirit, though probably a manufacturer in good circumstances, might be required to find sufficient security for his good behaviour. They complained that he interfered in all quarrels—'*intromittit de omni querelâ ad perturbationem pacis et totius communis tenentium domini hic*'—a termination worthy to stand beside Anstey's '*tunc.*' But to our own minds the leading case on this subject is that of an unlucky man whom we have

already had occasion to mention both as a sufferer and as a sinner. Maurice ap David, as we know, had his blood shed by the candlestick of John Reod. The thing was wrong, the candlestick was forfeited, and John Reod was fined *vjd.* That was in May 1428; and then, as we have seen, in the following November, Maurice ap David was presented as a common dicer, and fined *ijd.* We may now add that, in the next March, it became incumbent on the tythingman to present that Richard Waleys, lying in wait by night about nine o'clock—assaulted Maurice ap David at Castle Combe, and there with a cudgel of no value—'*cum uno baculo nullius valoris*'—beat, wounded, and ill-treated him so that his life was despaired of. Waleys could not deny the charge; and was happy to get off with paying a fine of *iijs. ivd.* on the spot, and giving security to keep the peace towards all the King's lieges under a penalty of *xl.* with two or three sureties of *vl.* each. This seems a severe punishment for beating (one knows not on what provocation) a convicted and twopence-fined dicer, who had probably been staying at the alehouse to the very last moment allowed by the law; for why else was he noctivagating about the town at the unnatural hour of nine? Is it not probable that the solution may be found in the matter of aggravation which the tything-man, brief and pithy as his presentments generally were, on this occasion so touchingly introduced? It was not merely that Richard Waleys had beaten one of the lord's tenants, or one of his own neighbours, but that he had done it to the great discomposure of the rest—'*perturbando et de somno suscitando tenentes domini circummorantes.*' What if Maurice had taken the beating quietly? or if Richard had beaten him out of hearing? It is vain to speculate; especially as the tything-man was forced to add the pregnant declaration '*quod est communis perturbator pacis.*'

Surely there is deep repose in this. The dew of peace fell heavily upon the happy valley—the restoring manna of night-rest that must be gathered up by sunrise and will not abide the noon. One is irresistibly carried away to Messina:—'You shall make no noise in the streets,' said Dogberry, 'for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.' No noise—not even to talk. 'If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her still it,' chimes in Verges. 'They are both in a tale'—a tale that had lasted, more or less, as truth in common life, to the days of Shakspeare; but which is now almost to be classed with old-world stories, and scarcely to be understood by a generation who,

even in our little towns, are (as Sir Thomas Browne expresses it) 'acting their antipodes,' and rampaging about, gas-lighted, and wide awake, at midnight.

While we are on the subject of assaults and breaches of the peace it may be worth while to make one other remark. Of course we do not know from what number of cases Mr. Scrope has made his selection, and we notice the matter rather as a suggestion to him, than as pretending to reason on, or even to state, a fact. We have seen that in the year 1428 Maurice ap David was beaten with a candlestick, and in the year after with a cudgel; but (with one single exception) we do not observe the use of any other weapon before the sixteenth century. Sometimes, indeed, it is not clear, as when, in 1415, Richard Spencer, already mentioned, 'levavit hictus' on the rector; or when, in 1481, supposing the parties to be real (for we are again haunted with a suspicion of Bunyanism), John Loverygge 'insultum fecit' on Thomas Church 'cum malis verbis,' where it seems probable, though it does not appear certain, that he added blows. In 1524, however, John Brewer killed William Bull with a sword. How he came to have one, and what he was doing with it on the Sunday after Candlemas, we are not told; but his evil example does not seem to have been followed, even in his own family, which, from circumstances already alluded to, we may presume to have been large. At least, in 1544 we find Robert Brewer reverting to the primitive candlestick, and fined *ixd.* for the use which he made of it. The weapon was on this occasion valued at *viii*d., whence we may infer that both candlesticks and assaults had become dearer since the days of Maurice ap David. The exception to which we have alluded seems, not only from its isolation, but from the name of the offender, to have been foreign, and not 'in a concatenation accordingly' with the manners and customs of the natives. It is the case of John Portyngale, who was presented on the 22nd of May, 1394, for drawing a hanger or wood-knife (*extraxit j. baselard*) on Robert Bokeler (p. 326). The names of Maurice ap David and Richard Waleys who beat him, as well as that of David Owell, the victim of the twice-drunk Richard Sarjant, (and perhaps others may occur in assault cases,) have likewise a somewhat foreign appearance, and lead to a suspicion that those who bore them were not genuine Wiltshire folk, but Welshmen by descent, if not by birth.

But we have gossiped long enough with these good people, whose acquaintance we are glad to have made. We have not en-

tered into anything like criticism of the volume containing their history, because when a gentleman sees fit to print a history of private property, from documents in private custody, and to limit his book to private circulation, it seems as if he had a right to do it in his own way, and was scarcely amenable to public criticism. Nor could that tribunal be tempted to exceed its powers, if, as in this case, he does it in a goodly quarto of 400 pages, exhibiting, along with unequivocal marks of knowledge and hard work, as much technical ornament as a good sense and a chaste love of art will sanction. There is little merit in passing by such trivial matters in the way of *errata* and *corrigenda* as have caught our eye in a cursory view of the work; but there is one mistake so important as to require specific notice. It will be obvious to all the author's friends who sympathize in his taste for antiquarian research. In his Preface Mr. Poulett Scrope says—

'Monuments rapidly decay; deeds and MSS. are continually destroyed or lost; libraries and collections of drawings, &c., are broken up and dispersed. Is there no spirit of antiquarian and local research left in the county [we will take the liberty to read country], that will struggle to save from oblivion what still remains decipherable of the relics of our past history? At all events, I have endeavoured to fulfil my share of a seemingly sacred duty in the following volume.'—p. vii.

The writer's question is a most important one, and we should like to put it seriously to the consciences of all those whom Providence has, by inheritance, purchase, office, or otherwise, made the trustees of unknown truth. Our own view of things leads us to answer that there is such a spirit; that it is struggling; that it has in some considerable degree succeeded—and that its success will be much promoted if those who are similarly circumstanced will do half as much as Mr. Poulett Scrope has done. But when that gentleman speaks of having fulfilled his share of what he justly esteems a sacred duty, we cannot help smiling at the odd delusion. Why, when he has set before the public, and placed within the reach of unknown students, and antiquaries who have more coins in their cabinets than in their purses, the curious and interesting information which he now circulates among his friends, accompanied by such other matter as his ample stores will furnish for its illustration—when he has done this, he will be only beginning. We certainly do feel that he has a great deal of work before him, but we have no fear of his doing it well. Indeed, unless the whole character of Castle

Combe is changed, he must speedily do something for his own sake and that of his neighbours. If he does not take some such precaution as we have suggested, what can be expected but to be overrun with antiquaries and archaeologists of all sorts, who will rush to the diggings which he has indicated 'in perturbationem totius domini?'

We hope to be pardoned for concluding with the expression of our regret that one great—perhaps the greatest—motive of our author in the undertaking of this costly volume has been negatived by a decree against which there is no appeal. Mr. George Poulett Thompson, brother to the late Lord Sydenham, assumed the name of Scrope a good many years ago, on marrying the only child of the last male of the most considerable then remaining branch of a family which had been in earlier days endowed not only with very great estates, but with two baronial coronets and an earldom. His father-in-law, the late amiable William Scrope, of Castle Combe in Wilts, and of Cotherington Hall in Lincolnshire, had been distinguished through a long life as a sportsman;—in his latter years he won no little honour as a writer on such pursuits—which had never interfered with the zeal and diligence of the scholar and student. His volumes on Deer-stalking and Salmon-fishing will not soon be forgotten. He was also about the first amateur painter of his time, and well known as a liberal patron of Art. He naturally took a deep interest in the records of his noble lineage, and it must be lamented by many besides ourselves, that his death occurred just soon enough to prevent him from tasting the gratification which his affectionate heir had designed especially for him in the completion of this History.

SINCE the world began hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room—while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough 'prigs' were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour whilst his mistress was 'putting her hair tidy,' or arranging the *golden grasshopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a 'polled' head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his 'dearly beloved brethren' without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly—for Hair in an ethnological point of view is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportions to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped,

#### ART. II.—1. *Diseases of the Human Hair.*

From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M. D. 1851.

2. *Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe : Basée sur des récentes découvertes physiologiques et médicales, indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu.* Par A. Debay. Paris, 1851.

boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion—in whatever proportion actually dark—would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to effect it. The indigenous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful grey rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled before the tenth century, and especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work, shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debatable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island—the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These

isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Taffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-haired type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced, very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of colour. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has naturally resulted from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive ampler proof that race alone determines the colour of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-coloured beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired—whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair—and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versa* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks—Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the colour and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of colour is entirely owing to the tinct of the fluid which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tinct or pigment shows through the cortical substance

in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns, and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honouring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile—and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather, with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she distangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettitoe, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is composed of three parts—the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted—the bulb or root of the hair—and the stalk or cortical partly filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass—with this difference that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or colouring matter directly from the blood—in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries—so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant, it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made of a vast number of little horny laminae:—or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other—and as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles below, she will get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their colour. His results may be thus tabularized:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	49-345	50-622	49-935
Hydrogen . .	6-876	6-613	6-681
Nitrogen . .	17-936	17-936	17-936
Oxygen and sulphur	26-143	24-829	24-498

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The colouring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the course blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. 'Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece'—so Bassanio describes Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself—'Her hair is auburn—mine is perfect yellow.' Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this colour, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one:—and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with those glorious 'Studies of Heads,' the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armouries of Venus, the hairdressers's windows. Whence come those magnificent head-



dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty? Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighbouring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his *Summer in Brittany*, gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collenée, he says—

‘What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a whisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable “mode” which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trips through the country.’

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who

come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favourite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant venturing boldly into a subject where-with ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself ‘when his nose was in’ could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring ‘a suitable helpmate’ for some blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil—and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment—an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals—such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels—in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of colouring matter; whilst white feathers and hairs are very common among birds and animals, and

in many of them indeed this colour—or rather negative of colour—is constant.

The grey hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few grey hairs—'pursuivants of Death'—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organized a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out 'Plus de Cheveux Gris'—and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with 'No more Grey Hairs.' White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become grey very young; we believe that many in the prime vigour of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned grey in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly grey, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its colour. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-coloured appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair dyes.

Women are quite as often grey as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture;

a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—'His crown it shon like any glass.' This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmetted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Cazenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished cannot but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and worn-out coats, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to 'insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head,' &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourish

ment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail—the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

R. Purified beef-marrow	. 3viij.
Acetate of lead	. 3j.
Peruvian balsam	. 3iij.
Alcohol	. 3i.
Tinct. of cantharides, cloves, and canella	. āā mxv.
Mix.	

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have had taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silver livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself; whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend *Punch*, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus:—

‘SCENE—A Barber’s Shop. Barber’s men en-

gaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.

*Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.*

*Jones.* I wish my hair cut.

*Oily.* Pray, Sir, take a seat.

[*OILY puts a chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue OILY continues cutting JONES’s hair.*]

*Oily.* We’ve had much wet, Sir.

*Jones.* Very much, indeed.

*Oily.* And yet November’s early days were fine.

*Jones.* They were.

*Oily.* I hoped fair weather might have lasted us Until the end.

*Jones.* At one time—so did I.

*Oily.* But we have had it very wet.

*Jones.* We have.

[*A pause of some minutes.*]

*Oily.* I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time;

But this I say, Sir, it was badly cut:

No doubt ’t was in the country.

*Jones.* No! in town!

*Oily.* Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

*Jones.* ’Twas cut in town—and in this very room.

*Oily.* Amazement!—but I now remember well.

We had an awkward new provincial hand,

A fellow from the country. Sir, he did

More damage to my business in a week

Than all my skill can in a year repair.

He must have cut your hair.

*Jones (looking at him).* No—’twas yourself.

*Oily.* Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

*Jones.* I don’t mistake—’twas you that cut my hair.

[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*]

*Oily.* Your hair is very dry, Sir.

*Jones.* Oh! indeed.

*Oily.* Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

*Jones.* I like it dry.

*Oily.* But, Sir, the hair when dry Turns quickly grey.

*Jones.* That colour I prefer.

*Oily.* But hair, when grey, will rapidly fall off,

And baldness will ensue.

*Jones.* I would be bald.

*Oily.* Perhaps you mean to say you’d like a wig.—

We’ve wigs so natural they can’t be told

From real hair.

*Jones.* Deception I detest.

[*Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES’s neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*]

*Oily.* We’ve brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (*Pays 6d.*) I think you'll find that right

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, Sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too.

That you may show me.

Oily.

Name it, Sir.

Jones.

The door.

[*Exit JONES.*]

Oily (*to his man*). That's a rum customer at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me,

How little hair upon his head would be!

But if kind friends will all our pains requite,

We'll hope for better luck another night.

[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*]

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—BEARS. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of 'another bear to be killed.' After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honour of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing scepticism as to hairdressers' bears, a worthy son of the craft in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's Church was long in the habit, when he slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve first gazing on a brook (not far from *the Tree*) discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statutes and reliefs show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib's captains and counsellors. A modern Truefitt with all his skill must wonder as he

gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curlings which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfection, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of 'the curled Antony,' sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and bye, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the Empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman—the most important of facts political being indicated—(we despise the vile imputation of a pun)—by the state of the poll. Long hair, during the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed *at least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who

wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honour of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following represents—in modernized form, of course—the terms in which the French Bishops anathematized it:—

‘Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu’il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piège les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu’on ne remarque plus en eux *aucuns restes de la malice du diable*. Si quelqu’un pêche contre ce canon, qu’il soit excommunié!’

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.’s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings’ heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method of wearing the hair

between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.’s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. ‘Did he not wear a great round beard like a glover’s paring-knife?’ asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, ‘On the Loathsomnesse of Long Hair,’ exclaims—

‘How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short like cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had foure eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging downe to their noses, like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber’s pleasure, or making a foole of the barber for having to make him such a foole.’

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure: for example, the worthy divine we

have just been quoting talks of plica polonica as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose that race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing: clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perruquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the re-invention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of these portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys's Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says—

'Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perruigg-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perruigg on, I paid him 3*l.*, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Besse.

'November 8, 1663. Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a perruigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.'

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the King and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master—*L'état c'est moi*. The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were 'perruques grandes et petites—en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux—perruques rondes, carrées, pointues; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,' &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural colour of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen grey; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked—another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex struggled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1780, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the thing was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the 'coiffure à la Grecque.' For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hair-dressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a law-suit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the 'Secret Memoirs' relates that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening—'des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruisseaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais.' From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778, it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures—a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such the detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day. Thus, when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the Queen's hair coming off during her accouchement. The court, out of compliment to her Majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant*; others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the colour of the cheeks, and added brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was

treating the face like a water-colored landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties gained by figuring in powder at the Court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether—and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later—but our Gallo-maniac Whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtales continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the 'parting spirit' of Protection. The very next day brought a counter-order:—but to the great joy of the rank and file at least it was too late—already the pigtales were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the 'Costume of the British Soldier' relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep* as well as they could *on their faces*! Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon—and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspects of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-wigs of the Judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive



and precise than the old flowing head-dresses—their exact little curls and sternly cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of the law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other white, pretty ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park—latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal peruke befel at the same era of change and alarm—being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords: and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's *μεγα θάυμα*, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas—that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls? At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in 'bands'—nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug-nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is

a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called 'good-natured hair.' There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture—it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of *the malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender threadlike locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis-work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking 'band' and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the *κόρυμβος*—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the

atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—'blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair'—and the Greek islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as 'fixature' allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauliflower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—'half in storm, half in calm'—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it?—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

'It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we

are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colour tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.\*

Again, art can never match even the colour of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of a man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbour, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In colour and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright-coloured haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw 'a great future' in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write.

\* See Essays by the Authoress of *Letters from the Baltic*, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail*.

The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

'The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomena which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honour her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.'

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much

might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtilty in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of Art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth, and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Dutchess and Countess sweep along the canvass with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundancy of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few monstrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced, *peruke* of Brother Briefless or Bro-

ther Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

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- ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond.* By Hon. Horace Walpole. Strawberry Hill, 1758.  
 2. *Historic Doubts as to the Character and Person of Richard III.* 1767.  
 3. *Letter from Mr. Meyrick.* MS. 1775.  
 4. *Notes and Queries.* Vols. iv.—v. 1851-2.

HORACE WALPOLE, while engaged in investigating the documents concerning Richard the Third, preparatory to his *Historic Doubts*, found that one important fragment of evidence depended solely on the traditional testimony of an apocryphal witness. He had 'often heard that the aged Lady Desmond lived to 162 or 163 years'—and a story was current in some noble families that 'she had danced with Richard III., and always affirmed he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and was very well made.' A certain Sir Walter St. John and a certain 'old Lady Dacre' were said to have conversed with our ultra-venerable Countess, and, from her oral declaration, to have handed down this *judicium*—in refutation of the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the calumniated prince—through 'old Lord St. John,' his sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and a host of their posterity. Such a description of evidence, though inadmissible at the bar of a legal tribunal, might be brought forward in a High Court of Literature, before which the ingenious advocate was about to plead for the defendant in the cause of *Lancastrian Historians v. Richard Plantagenet*. Yet the learned counsel saw that, before he could expect the hearsay of these witnesses to be received, it would be requisite to identify the principal one. Little credit was likely to be attached to the garrulities of such elderly ladies and gentlemen, the remotest of whom was an almost fabulous personage, a myth, a 'Mrs. Harris' of the middle ages. The longevity ascribed to her was not less open to scepticism than the singular opinion she was quoted for as to the symmetry of a prince known in nursery tales as 'Crook-backed Richard.' Did this

Irish phenomenon—who lived so long—ever exist at all? And how came she at a court ball in London under Edward IV.? Accordingly, the Lord of Strawberry Hill commenced 'an Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond;' and, although he at first confounded another who bore that title with the veritable object of his investigation, he arrived at a correct conclusion as to her identity:—and in short ought to have for ever set at rest the controversial question, still agitated in that occasionally useful resuscitant of dead knowledge yclept *Notes and Queries*—the antiquary's news-paper. Walpole's starting mistake is hardly worth adverting to now, further than that it is amusing to see the gay manner in which so agreeable a writer unravels a somewhat dull antiquarian entanglement. He says:—

'Having a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprised to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person: neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition.'

By and bye he received a distinct statement that 'she was buried at Sligo;' and, on further inquiry, an inscription in that Irish Abbey certainly indicated that a lady of the designation had been interred there. Walpole applied to a friend in the neighbourhood to procure a copy of it. The gentleman written to was 'the O'Connor Don,' already supposed to be well versed in the antiquities of his nation, and still mentioned with general respect as the 'venerable Charles O'Connor.' A chieftain of that regal race had been the second husband of the entombed Countess, and the monument, which set forth his titles and emblazonments, was commonly called 'O'Connor's tomb.' The representative of the Kings of Connaught eagerly deciphered the almost obliterated epitaph, acting the part of Old Mortality for, as he declares, 'many hours on a high ladder, it costing much time to clear the letters.' He also traced the figures sculptured on the tablets—the effigies of O'Connor, clad in armour, with his helmet by his side, and of *Eleanora, Comitissa Desmonia*, with her coronet and coat of arms—those of Butler impaled with Fitzgerald and O'Connor. But, by the inscription, the memorial had been erected by the lady herself, in 1624, on the death of her second husband; and on referring to a recent Peerage-book, it appeared that, having bequeathed the sum of 300*l.* for the building of a chapel and the completion

of this monument, she died so late as 1636. Could she be identical with a dame whose *dancing* days were so remote as to imply an interval in life of more than a century and a half? After due reflexion, Walpole, in an elaborate letter, declared he doubted whether Eleanor of Sligo could be the Desmonian Countess reported to have reached such an immense age.

Before entering into these doubts, a sketch may be given of the fortunes of this Sligo claimant, in illustration of the downfall of the house of Desmond, and of the history of its dangers.

Eleanor Butler, the Sligo lady, was second wife to Garrett, the 16th Earl of Desmond—head of that great second branch of the Irish Geraldines which for a long period fully equalled the renown and influence of the elder line of Offally, Kildare, and Leinster. The death of his father, James 15th Earl, known in pedigrees as *the traitor*, occurred in 1558. The earldom extended over 110 miles, and contained more than half a million acres, with many strong castles and walled towns; its revenues were computed by a Baron of the Exchequer, *anno* 1515, at 10,000*l.*, and, in Garrett's own time, at 40,000 gold pieces. In Kerry he exercised royal authority as Count Palatine;—he boasted higher privileges and immunities than any other peer in Ireland, and—his ancestors having for centuries assumed the rude sway of a Celtic dynasty over many inferior lords—domineered with the combined powers of feudality and chieftainry, the ruling systems of the Norman and Celtic races. On raising his banner he was at once leader of 600 horse and 2000 foot—but this force he could readily double by an unlimited custom of quartering mercenary auxiliaries upon his vassals. The extensive forests and mountain fastnesses of his remote principality inspired a confidence that he might not only revenge an hereditary quarrel, but even defy the hostility of the Crown. Such dominion proved fatal to a man of haughty and intractable character, at a time when the growing authority of monarchy and law was opposed to the barbarous rule of clanship—and he became the *ingens rebellibus exemplar* of Irish history. The black Earl of Ormond—between whose house and the Geraldines there was ancient and deadly feud—laid claim to the Desmond estates in right of his mother, who was the heiress of a deceased Palatine—(*viz.* James 11th Earl of Desmond, *ob.* 1529)—and moreover was the *first* wife of this Garrett;—and there is reason to believe that the vindictive enmity of that great nobleman to his stepfather—together with the unrelenting policy

pursued towards Earl Garrett—(whose vast possessions were an inducement to make, or proclaim, him a rebel)—were the actual causes of the sixteenth Desmond's destruction—and that, to use his own expressive phrase, he was 'wrung into undutifulness.' His life was one of contradiction and vicissitude. Born a younger son, the bequest of his *traitor* father (who had divorced a former wife on pretence of consanguinity) was his weak title to peerage and estates—until confirmed by the Queen, on condition of his furthering the Protestant interest: yet, in after times, his power was employed in advancing Romanism. When at the head of 5000 men, confronting a superior force under Ormond, he was only restrained from falling upon him by the entreaties of his own wife—the mother of his enemy; and, one short month after her death, was attacked by that same Ormond—when attended only by his usual retinue, some nine score men, and carried off in a wounded condition. At one time, he feasted the chiefs of a province in the great hall of Askeaton; at another, starved with a few 'wretched kerne' in a hollow tree: and gave chase to the red deer and the wolf on his own wild mountains; or was immured for many years in Leeds Castle, Kent, or in the Tower of London.

During Earl Garrett's incarceration, James Fitz-Maurice, a near relative,\* acted as seneschal, or lieutenant, over his estates. The patrimony of this man, a fertile barony south of the city of Cork, called Kerrycurrihy, had passed by mortgage to a Kentish knight, who had the custody of the Earl's person. The captive secretly sent an intimation to his seneschal to assume the leadership of the clan; on this hint Fitz-Maurice raised, with some difficulty, a sanguinary insurrection—ravaged the lost paradise of Kerrycurrihy—aroused, *for the first time*, the war-cry of religion—and carried on for several years a guerilla warfare, only to be appeased by the liberation of his politic chief. In reward of this exploit, the Palatine of Desmond granted him the manor of Carrickfoyle; but, on the Countess remonstrating at such an alien-

\* Fitz-Maurice was apparently adopted very generally as a surname among the wide-spread descendants of Maurice Fitzgerald, first Earl of Desmond. Another great branch of the Geraldines, that of which the Marquis of Lansdowne is chief, seems also to have favoured the same patronymic, which is still retained, in memory of an earlier Maurice, common ancestor of all the Irish lines. We need hardly observe that the use of surnames, in our sense of that term, was extremely lax and irregular among the Anglo-Irish, long after it had been pretty well settled in England. Many Geraldines, it is plain, were designated merely as Fitz-John or Fitz-William, according to the baptismal name of their own immediate progenitors.

ation of the domains of the earldom, the gift was revoked. The enraged desperado fled to the continent, ostensibly in quest of 'aid for the persecuted Catholics;' but intent on recovering his paternal estate, and, perhaps, supplanting his chief, whose title he assumed when abroad. At Madrid he fell in with a ruined *Sassenach* adventurer, Tom Stukely, and the congenial pair proceeded to Rome, where they were 'prince-like entertained,' and succeeded in imposing upon Gregory XIII. with a plan for invading the Green Isle. The infatuated pontiff had promised to confer all the British dominions upon Philip II., provided that monarch could conquer them!—but, on Stukely's representing to his holiness that he could with facility raise his own 'nephew,' Giacomo Buoncompagno, to the Irish throne, Gregory embraced the suggestion—assembled an army of 800 banditti, culled from the jails and galleys of the Ecclesiastical States—appointed Stukely to be vice-admiral of the fleet, and created him Baron of Idrone, Earl of Wexford and Carlow, and Marquis of Leinster. The career of this lord of lavish and spurious titles was brief and inglorious. On his invasive voyage he landed at Lisbon, where he was persuaded by Sebastian of Portugal to engage himself and his troops in his service, and, sailing with that prince on his fatal expedition to Barbary, fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

The end of the Hibernian conspirator was less distinguished. The Pope, indeed, gave him the high-sounding title of *generalissimo*, and, in the same bull, confirmed his claim to the coveted patrimony by styling him 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy.' Fitz-Maurice, thus ennobled—sanguinely sailed for Ireland with three ships and 100 men—and startled the isle from its propriety by landing at Dingle on the 18th of July, 1579—following—in solemn procession—three zealous divines, the celebrated Dr. Sanders, as Papal Nuncio, the Jesuit Alen, and O'Mulrian, titular Bishop of Killaloe, in full canonicals, with crozier and mitre: before which trio two friars bore 'the Pope's standard'—an especially consecrated banner. Signal fires blazed on the mountains, and scouts despatched to every disaffected chief exaggerated the numbers of the invading friends of freedom, and spread rumours of coming reinforcements of Spanish argosies, laden with veterans, arms, and Indian gold. Some five hundred Italians and Spaniards indeed—the precursors of the Armada—landed a year afterwards, and were slain without mercy by Arthur Lord Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh—the Arthegal and Talus of the *Faëry Queen*. Tall ships were reported off

the coast! Of the Earl of Desmond's force of twelve hundred men, all but a few joined the rebel camp, where the holy banner—picturing the crucifixion—was displayed daily to increasing numbers, and hailed with the new slogan of *Papa-aboo*! The viceroy sent for men, arms, and money from England—he could only borrow two hundred pounds in Dublin on the security of the state!—and, promising that he himself would 'visit the guests with adventure of his life,' admonished Burleigh to 'stand stoutly to the helm, for a great storm was at hand!' The gathering tempest, though differing in nature from that which scattered the Armada, was not less retributive. James, the 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy,' soon fell in a miserable brawl, and his body became a target for the soldiery: the Jesuit was slain in battle: and the Nuncio died at last of hunger in a wood, where his remains were found half devoured by wolves. The command of the insurgents was assumed by a younger brother of the Desmond, who remained personally inactive—but proofs of whose collusion were found on the corpse of the Jesuit. Presently, therefore, when the Palatine—who claimed a privilege of 'not coming to the governor of Ireland unless he listed'—failed to attend the repeated summons of a commander of the Queen's forces, an attack was made on his castle of Askeaton, the tombs of his ancestors in the adjoining abbey were destroyed, the country ravaged with fire and sword—and he himself finally proclaimed a traitor by sound of trumpet. The haughty Geraldine, goaded on every side, then threw off the mask, and rushed 'frantically' into open rebellion.

His fate is related with not unaffecting simplicity by Sir Richard Baker, the oracle of Coverley Hall:—

'Desmond possessed whole counties, together with the palatinate of Kerry, and had of his own name and race at least five hundred gentlemen at his command; all of whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of the house being left alive.'

We must, however, pause for a brief retrospect of some particulars. The reigning Countess (our Sligo lady) had frequently been a mediatrix between her 'mad-brained' consort and the English satraps. As Palatine he administered justice but indifferently in the 'kingdom of Kerry,' as that district, in which the king's writ, if it ran, ran away, is still called. Beside its own supply of lawless men—an especially formidable band of whom were known, in Gaelic, as the Old Evil Children of the Wood—the rebels, outlaws, and cattle-lifters

of other counties sheltered themselves within the sanctuary which this palatinate liberty afforded. Sir William Drury—recently in command on the Scottish frontier, where he had ‘daunted the thieves of the borders and made the rush-bush keep the cow’—was appointed to the newly-created presidency of Munster; and, without caring for musty patents, announced his intention of ‘executing justice’ within the privileged rule of the Geraldine principality. The Lord Palatine was furious—but, dissembling his passion, sent hospitable offers to Sir William, desiring that he and his retinue, when passing through Kerry, would visit his house at Tralee. The President, having held sessions at different towns, rode over accordingly—but attended by a guard of only 120 soldiers. The Irish Earl had, in the mean while, assembled some 800 chosen followers, intending—if the chronicler Hooker is to be believed—to surprise his unsuspecting guest, ‘and, instead of a *bien venu* into the country, to have cut him off from ever coming there again. The courageous Englishman—met by this apparently hostile array—ordered his men to charge; but, continues the chronicle, the Palatine and his company, though well armed and seven to one, ‘being as it were astonished, forsook the fields and dispersed themselves into the woods.’ On riding up to the house to learn the meaning of this strange affair, Drury was met by the Countess, who ‘fell on her knees, held up her hands, and with trilling tears, praised his patience and pardon, excusing, as well as she could, her husband’s follie;’ she declared that the company, so precipitate in flight, had been assembled as a great hunting-party to welcome him as Lord President, and had merely advanced on seeing his lordship approach. ‘And herein she so wisely and modestly did behave herself,’ that Drury was satisfied, and the untoward occurrence overlooked. Now—by our faith in St. Hubert!—the Earl, however sore, was not yet mad, and only meant to gratify his guest with the spectacle of one of those grand chases for which the Highlands of Scotland and the sylvan regions of Ireland were celebrated; and his lady might have pointed, like Edith in the ‘*Talisman*,’ to the headless lances of the horsemen! Sir James Ware alludes to the martial games of the Irish cavalry, performed with darts not headed with iron, and to ‘their hunting of the stag, a recreation much resembling the affairs of war.’ When Ormond, Clanricarde, or Kildare sounded their bugles—

The cavalcade the Earl had assembled included, in all likelihood, many of the best born of the Desmonians, and some hot chiefs of Celtic race—men who would hardly have fled, with odds so much in their favour, had *human* bloodshed been intended. Our rural grandee wished to honour the representative of Majesty with a chivalrous compliment; but the President was distrustful, and lost a day of magnificent sport.

In 1579, after Desmond had committed himself by acts of undisguised violence, his Countess brought their only son to the English camp, as a hostage, and entreated for mercy. Though not aware of the displeasure which Elizabeth had shown at the proceedings against her husband,\* her first impulse was to hasten over to plead his cause at the foot of the throne; and she wrote to Ormond to obtain the permission of the Viceroy, Sir William Pelham, adding that she ‘meant to sell her kine to provide the means of travelling.’ Her request was forwarded:—‘I have considered,’ answered Pelham, ‘my ladie of Desmond’s letter, and truly I take it for a dream: for if my ladie can be a traitor and a true woman at her pleasure, and enjoy her husband’s goods and lands, and her own liberty, as if no offence had been committed, she hath the best hap of any ladie living; therefore I pray your lordship stay your hand from this her vain petition till our meeting, and answer her letter with silence, for it deserveth none other.’ Lady Desmond continued to share all the misery of her lord’s proscribed state. In the following year (1580) Pelham writes to the Queen—dating his despatch from our Palatine’s ancestral castle at Askeaton—‘the Earl, without rest anywhere, flieth from place to place, and maketh mediation for peace by the Countess, who yesterday I licensed to have speech with me here, whose abundance of tears bewrayed sufficientlie the miserable state both of herself, her husband, and their followers.’ Again:—‘the Earl is unhowsed of all his goods, and must now tread the woods and bogs, which he will do as unwieldily as any man in the world of his age.’ So keenly was the outlawed peer hunted that he could not trust in any stronghold, but ‘shrowded himself’ in glynns and swamps, and in the winter of 1582 kept a cold Christmas in Kilqueg wood.’

On the night of the 4th of January the hiding-place of the fallen fugitive, now

\* A thousand vassals mustered round,  
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound.  
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\* MS., State Paper Office, and Pelham’s Journal. Carew MS. 597.



stricken with palsy and ague, was discovered: the hovel in which he and his lady slept was surrounded:—he narrowly saved himself from capture—escaping in his shirt—and both remained concealed under a bank of the neighbouring river ‘up to their chins in water’ until the baffled soldiery abandoned the search. ‘Lurking in wild desert places’ and ‘feeding on horse-flesh and carrion’—the famishing Earl sent out a party of kerne to seize on some cattle; the plunderers stripped the wife and children of the owner—who, inflamed by the accumulated outrage, and obtaining assistance of a few soldiers from Castlemain fort, went instantly in pursuit. After a weary chase the military refused to proceed, but, on being promised ‘two beeves of the prey’ if they succeeded in recovering it, all went forward. ‘The track was followed by daylight to Balleore, and by moonshine towards Glenayinty under Sliavloghra,’ where the chacers climbed the hill ‘above the glinne, to spy whether they might see anie fire in the wood, or hear anie stir; and, having come to the height over the glinne, they saw a fire underneath them.’ One stole down, and discovered a cabin in which some men were asleep. At dawn of day the whole party descended, and entered the cabin ‘with a great cry;’ those within rushed out, leaving behind an infirm and helpless man;—his arm was almost severed from his body by one of the soldiers—whose sword being again raised to despatch him, he exclaimed, ‘I am the Earl of Desmond! Save my life!’\* He was carried off alive on the backs of his captors for some distance, but, the approach of his followers being feared, the wretched man was placed on the ground, and his head (for which a reward equivalent to 10,000*l.* had been offered) struck off, and taken to Ormond, who forwarded the prize to the Queen. It was at last impaled on London Bridge. Hooker, writing three years after the event, was uncertain whether his body was buried or devoured by ‘wild beasts.’ ‘Thus,’ he says, ‘a noble race, descended out of the loins of princes, is now, for treasons and rebellions, utterly extinguished and overthrown.’ Such was the importance long attached to the destruction of this powerful chieftain, that the place where he met his death is thus indicated in Sir William Petty’s map of Ireland, engraved more than a century afterwards: ‘In this wood the Earl of Desmond was slain in rebellion.’ After the Earl’s fall, the chronicler states, ‘his ladie and

wife, destituted of all honours and livings, liveth a doleful and miserable life.’ Queen Elizabeth, however, subsequently compassionated her, and, to supply the loss of her jointure consequent upon the attainder, granted her a pension of 200*l.* a-year; some of the *arrears* of which she devoted to pious purposes.

To proceed with the Strawberry Hill investigation. Walpole quotes Sir William Temple as reducing the ‘aged’ Countess’s age to 140, and as adding ‘that she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward IV., and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she married, came from Bristol to London towards the end of the reign of James I., to beg relief from Court.’ Walpole, however, as we have seen, could not on reflection acquiesce in the supposition that the person so described and the widow of the decapitated Garrett were the same. If poor, how could she have left the large sum of 300*l.* for a chapel and sumptuous monument at Sligo? Again, if she was 140 years old in 1636, the date of her death, she was not born in the time of the Yorkist dynasty; and, as her first husband, the rebel Garrett, was killed in 1583, must have reached the mature age of 87 when she ventured on a second:—

‘That is possible,’ observes the author of *The Mysterious Mother*:—‘If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. But [the rebel] Desmond’s first wife died in 1564, and, if he married the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight; yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.’

The punctilio of waiting until the day after the first wife’s death was not always observed by the Anglo-Irish nobility. There is an order in the council-book of Henry VIII.’s time, ‘for the captanship of Clanricarde, upon the death of Ulick de Burgo, the first Erle of Clanricarde, during the minoritie of his sonne, and until it were determined who was his lawful heir male, for that he had three married wives at the time of his death.’ A subsequent despatch states that it was not known who was the late Lord Ulick’s legitimate heir, there had been so many marriages and divorces—‘but no doubt he married this last woman solemnly.’ The unscrupulous manner in which the English monarch dissolved his own marriages was not lost upon the Irish. They freely ridiculed his changes of tenets and wives; and, when he dictated to the Church, scoffed at

\* Churchyard’s Scourge for Rebels, 1584. Black letter.

him as a 'new Pope in England'—barring celibacy.

Walpole, however, had now sufficiently shown it to be impossible that the Countess buried in Sligo Abbey could have been the Countess—of happy and good memory—who danced in her youth with Richard Duke of Gloucester, and who, like the Lady Anne, found him to be 'a marvellous proper man.' The veracity of the 'old Lady Desmond's' remembrance of the prince's person was as much as ever the grand point of interest with him—he still, as he says:—

'Not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity—from which Buck has so well defended him, both by observing the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner; and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people, before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince, and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him.'

To this defence, as he proceeds, 'the Desmond Lady's testimony,' if its authenticity could be cleared, must 'add great weight.' Having, therefore, demolished the pretensions of the Sligo countess, Mr. Walpole sets up an imaginary 'Desmond Lady,' marries her to a son of a certain sixth earl, and endeavours to fit her into the imperfect mosaic. This lord had been driven into exile, and the title became vested in a junior branch. Horace, however, conjectures that his son may have assumed it—and 'her husband being only a titular earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.' The story of the romantic marriage and subsequent fate of the exiled earl, though not omitted by the lamented poet of Ireland in his History, is more effectually embalmed in one of his Melodies, the ode to beauty—'Desmond's Song.' The young lord—'by Feal's wave benighted, not a star in the skies'—returning late from hunting, took shelter under the roof of one of his tenants, and became so enamoured of his humble host's daughter, the beautiful Catherine McCormac, that he married her. An alliance so dishonouring to his blood drew down upon him the anger and enmity of his kindred:—friends and followers at once abandoned him, and even assisted his uncle James—according to the old Irish custom—to expel him from his estates, and force him to surrender the earldom. Thus persecuted, the unhappy young nobleman retired to Rouen, where he died in the year 1420, and was buried in Paris;

the victorious King of England, Henry V., it is added, attending his funeral. Not merely had he disgraced his lineage by marrying a plebeian; he had transgressed against a recent enactment, which was intended to be the safeguard of the Englishry by prohibiting the adoption of native usages, elective chieftaincy, and *brehon* laws. The penalties of attainder and a traitor's death were provided by the statute of Kilkenny for any Englishman who formed alliance with *les Irois, par mariage, confraternité, nurture des enfantz, ou par amour*. The last clause is noticeable enough. Milesian women were to be avoided as sternly as the daughters of the Philistine! Breaches of this law were the cause of the fall of many of his house. The cruel uncle had been nurtured, or educated, by O'Brien of Thomond—(a royal dispensation being first obtained)—and there, no doubt, he learnt the clan-law custom of usurpation: an evil lesson practised on himself, in his old age, by his own son who, according to a native annalist, was cursed by his father when setting off to attend the fatal parliament at Drogheda—where he was beheaded.

'Those Geraldines, those Geraldines, not long our air  
they breathed,  
Not long they feed on venison in Irish water  
seethed—  
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers  
nursed,  
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish  
feeling burst.  
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and  
force, and bribe,  
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this *more than*  
*Irish* tribe;  
For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloak, and  
bard—  
What king dare say to Geraldine, *your Irish wife*  
*discard?*

So sang the poet of 'Young Ireland.' It is to be admitted that the Hibernicized Englishmen of old were ready enough to defy both legal and regal authority. At the same time, however, both they and their compatriots, the mere Irish, indulged in a strange facility of discarding their spouses at their own pleasure. Beside their custom of handfasting—a probationary tie for a year and a day—in one sense quite a slip-knot—their complaisant clergy readily accommodated them by severing the bands of actual wedlock, on the score of consanguinity, or affinity, or even the spiritual kinship of *god-sibry*.

'They marry,' says Camden, 'not in *presenti* but in *futuro*. Upon this account the least difference generally parts them, the husband taking another wife and the wife another husband; nor is it certain whether the contract be true or

false till they die. Hence arise feuds, rapines, murders, and deadly enmities about succeeding to the inheritance. The cast-off wives have recourse to the witches, these being looked upon as able to afflict the former husband with personal calamity. Divorces, under pretence of consanguinity, are very frequent.'

The Church of Rome gradually extended its prohibition of marriage even to *seventh* cousins. In those days—when society was cut up by lines and divisions now unknown to the most exclusive of lady patronesses—when court balls were infrequent, Almack's yet uninstituted, archery *fêtes* not even visionary—it must have been difficult for gentlemen to find charmers of their own station who were not related within the prohibited degree. This '*forbidding to marry*' is considered by many historians, among others by the author of the *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, to have been originally invented with a view to smooth the conversion of heathen princes:—

'Upon the question of marriage, the point,' writes Southey, 'upon which they were most unwilling to conform, a tacit compromise appears to have been made. They could not openly be allowed to retain their habits of polygamy; but, by widening the circle of the prohibited degrees, means were afforded them for having as many wives as they pleased in succession: it was but to find a flaw of this nature in the marriage, when a chieftain was tired of his wife, and the ecclesiastical authorities assisted him in his desire of dismissing her, and permitted him to take another in her stead.'

Soon after Cardinal Wolsey was created Legate, he manufactured a supply of bulls of dispensation to marry within the forbidden degrees, for the Irish market; but his consignee, Alen, advised him that the commodities went off but slowly. The Englishry were either too poor to buy them, or sometimes procured them by 'Rome-runners' from the fountain head; while the Irishry did not seek for them, and were apt to rob, or murder, messengers sent into their countries. Wolsey's bulls were also insufficiently distinct as to the degrees of consanguinity and affinity. 'For many parts under the king's obeysaunce'—writes Alen—'there are penal statutes that no Englishman shall marrie with the Irish, so that they be intricate in consanguinitie: and besides, the people be so propine to evil they would marrie without dispensation, or else be enforced to sue to the Court of Rome.' According to a bull dated some years earlier, for the erection of a collegiate church in Galway, it appears that in a whole province—now the howling desert of 'the Lion of Judah,' *alias* 'John, Archbishop of Tuam'—the 'wild

Irish Highlandmen' (as they are uncourtously styled by the pope) had not conformed to the Romish ritual, and did not, in fact, at all acknowledge the jurisdiction of the ultramontane See.

The inconvenience of waiting for a licence from Rome proved so insupportable to some impatient cousins, that love—who laughs at locksmiths—even pressed the craft of the forge into his service. A rude die was recently found in the ruins of an abbey on the Waterford estuary, the apparent use of which was to make the seal, or *bulle*, in the process of forging a papal document. A similar curiosity was dredged up from the Thames, after the reconstruction of London bridge, and is now in the possession of Mr. Corner, F.S.A. This instrument, a pair of pincers, the inner faces having dies of hard steel, and bearing the name of Pope Pius II., is supposed to have belonged to St. Thomas' Chapel, (which stood on the bridge and had an entrance from the river,) and to have been used for supplying pardons and indulgences to seafaring people—ready customers for such articles.

The social history of the Irish shows how grievously they suffered from the shackling effects of *Romish* doctrines concerning matrimony, and how severely they were punished for their disregard of the *Divine* law of its institution.

To revert to the imaginary spouse of the exiled Earl's son. Walpole, soon dropping his shadowy creation, casts about in other directions, and, by and bye, mutely, takes up the true scent:—

'I find,' he writes, 'a new evidence, which, agreeing with Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who, in his History of the World, says expressly that he himself "knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding her jointure from all the Earls would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession; yet that difficulty is not so great as no such lady being mentioned in the pedigree.'

Though the father fell into obscurity in consequence of a *mésalliance*, it is rather hard on the son, had he married any one so memorable as the object of our search, that he should occupy an inconsiderable place in the pedigree, and his lady none at all! Princes and peers may be made by the breath of royalty, but the writer even of 'the best romance' can have no right to create a countess.

'However,' says the author of *The Castle of Otranto*, unsatisfied with his progress—

'All these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could procure authentic testimonies of the birth, death, and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.'

Such a strict verification of facts as alone would satisfy so sceptic an enquirer, sooth to say, can never be obtained. If parish registers *may* be searched for a lady's age, one of the fifteenth century would be a curiosity in Ireland, where the labours of the Registrar-General are unknown in the nineteenth. As to any record of connubial engagements, we have seen how loosely the contract itself was often kept. Walpole, however, kept up his inquiries—and at last a sympathizer sent him this quotation from a then recently published authority:—

'Thomas Earl of Desmond, died this year (1534), being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghal. He married, first, Ellen, daughter of MacCarty, of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *viâ patris*. The earl's second wife was CATHERINE FITZGERALD, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana, in the county of Waterford. *This Catherine was the countess that lived so long.*'

Arriving at the supposition that the lady (now at last ascertained and identified) was married at 15, in the last year of Edward IV., and died in 1612, two years prior to the publication of the '*History of the World*,' Horace concludes with the remark that 'she will then have been no less than 145 years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and I hope excuse, this inquiry.' May we add—our own prolixity? His interest, let it be observed, was little due to the lady's mere longevity:—though verily, in celebrating 'the triumphs,' in writing to Mann, 'of two old beauties,' la Princesse Craon and la Maréchale de l'Hôpital, and in his real affection for the bewitching octogenarian, Madame du Defand, he evinces sympathy *pour des dames vieilles*. Our Lady of Desmond was but a handmaiden, in her ancillary testimony, to his 'Historic Doubts' as to the converse of comeliness in a King of England. Yet his was no ephemeral sentiment, for, by the letter of 1775 (*penes nos*) he was still harping on her gossipings with Sir Walter St. John and Lady Dacre.

Having 'thrid the maze' of his investigation in which he contrives to enliven even the dreariness of dates, we may proceed to gather up a few other authorities and illus-

trations. A MS. State Paper, dated 1589, enumerates among the forfeitures of the attainted Garrett, 'the castle and manor of Inchiquin, now in the hands of Dame Katherine Fitz-John, late wyfe to Thomas, sometyme Earl of Desmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower.' The desolated possessions of the rebel had been given away—the grantees undertaking to settle English colonists in the land; but, having failed in this engagement, they were now called on to fulfil it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was in this category, after specifying the leases he had made, thus concludes his rejoinder:—'There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countes of Desmond for her jointure.' It was then that the accomplished Raleigh, 'chased from court by Essex, and confined into Ireland,' sat with Edmond Spenser on the shady banks of the Mulla, and listened to the first stanzas of the '*Faëry Queen*,' which the poet was completing in another fortalice of the Desmonds. Youghal College, founded in the preceding century by one of the same line, was also bestowed on the gallant soldier of fortune, and the warden's house is still shown as his residence, when mayor of the town, with its dark oak panelling and richly-carved mantelpiece rising up to the ceiling in the full pride of Tudor magnificence. All that remains of Inchiquin Castle, a few miles distant from that port, is a single circular tower of massive proportions. There is a '*Portrait of the aged Countess*' in the possession of Mr. Herbert, of Mucross Abbey, Killarney, professing to have been executed during her final visit to London—and repeating some of the other alleged facts of her history in an inscription, which, as it is painted on the canvas to all appearance contemporaneously, seems to prove the authenticity of the likeness:—

'Catherine, Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at y<sup>e</sup> Court of our sovraigne Lord King James in this preasant yeare A. D. 1614, and in y<sup>e</sup>. 140<sup>th</sup> yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol to seek relief, y<sup>e</sup> House of Desmonde having been ruined by attainer. She was married in y<sup>e</sup> reigne of King Edward IV., and in y<sup>e</sup> course of her long Pilgrimage renewed her teeth twice. Her principal residence is at Inchiquin in Munster, whither she undauntedly proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return. LAUS DEO.'

Here was a physical miracle! A widow singularly favoured by nature, even to a third set of teeth without having to buy them, while far less venerable ones are driven to the *succedanea* of Sackville Street or the Rue de la Paix. And wedded at nine years of age. A precocity more mar-

vellous than her longevity! One of the innocent boys, subsequently murdered, would have been a fitter partner than their proud uncle. The date 1614 *must* must be an error for 1604. Let us consult the 'Itinerary' of the traveller, Fynes Moryson, published in 1617. He passed four years, from 1599 to 1603, in Ireland, as secretary to the viceroy—indited a history of the fierce war of that period—visited the island again, landing at Youghal, in 1613, and *died* the next year. In the course of a graphic description of that country and its inhabitants, he says, writing on the subject of longevity :

'The Irish report, and will sweare it, that towards the west they have an island wherein the inhabitants live so long, as, when they are weary with life, their children, in charity, bring them to die upon the shore of Ireland, as if their island would not permit them to die. *In our time the Irish Countesse of Desmond lived to the age of about one hundred and forty years, being able to go on foot four or five miles to the market-towne, and using weekly soe to doe in her last yeeres; and not many yeeres before she died she had all her teeth renewed.*

Our last witness is a man whose acquaintance with the Desmond family may be relied on—for he *shortened* the lives of several members of it—Sir George Carew, Earl of Totness, President of Munster in the beginning of the 17th century, and author of 'Hibernia Pacata.' During a long service in Ireland he amassed 40 folios of MS. records relative to that country. His grandfather, having, like an 'unthrifty heir of Linne,' alienated the ancient patrimony of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, left a son, who 'bethought himself' that his ancestors had possessed certain estates in the Emerald Isle, which either they had abandoned, or had been expelled from by the resurgent natives. He 'looked into his evidences, and found how by right these great inheritances had descended unto him,' betook himself to serve in Ireland, and instituted both legal and warlike proceedings to put himself in enjoyment of them—wherein he was partially successful. Sir George, the next of the family, succeeded to the contingency of recovering all these estates, and, as the prospect then depended on old deeds, &c., he collected all that bore upon his title, and also caused the pedigrees of the nobility and chiefs of clans to be drawn up in three bulky volumes, adding many curious *memoranda* with his own hand. At a time when questions as to the ownership of Irish property were not altogether left to the decision of the ordinary channels of law, to the slow mercies of Chancery, or to a *coup de grace* from the

Encumbered Estates Court—and when titles often hung upon dubious espousals, or elections to the chieftainship, and were complicated by a mixture of feudal and *brehon* laws—such documents were of service to a high officer of State—which, itself, occasionally cut the knot by a summary order in favour of the litigant most likely to 'do service' to the Crown. The Carew MSS. 626 and 635, and Harleian 1425, each contain the descent of the 'Lords of Decies.' In the last Sir George appends a note under the name of 'Katheren, da: of Sir John Fitz-Gerald, ma: to Tho: fitz Tho: E. of Desmond'—'*Shee lived in a°. 1604;*' but in the first-quoted volume (p. 74) his *memo.* asserts '*SHE DIED IN ANO 1604.*'

The table on the opposite page will serve to explain the later involutions of the Desmond pedigree.

A 'veracious history of the rise, prosperity, and end of the Geraldines' was written in Latin by Dominic de Rosario O'Daly, inquisitor-general of the Supreme Court of Inquisition in Portugal, and printed at Lisbon in 1635. His family had been hereditary bards to the house whose fall he pathetically relates, and he was son of a trusty confidant of the unfortunate Palatine Garrett. Writing to enlist the sympathies of the continental powers in support of the Irish malcontents, he does not disguise the rebellious views of the Desmonian chiefs:—yet exposes freely the atrocious domestic murders which arose among them from disputes as to inheritance, and which much conduced to their ruin. His narrative is generally corroborated by the printed correspondence of the time. From these and other sources the evidence bearing upon the dancing life, (the primary object of Walpole's inquiry,) the nuptials, and long widowed existence of the Countess, may now be examined. Her husband, Sir Thomas 'the Bald,' was but a third son, and did not succeed to the title (as 12th peer) until it had been enjoyed by his elder brothers, and by the son of one of them. He commanded the horse, under the lord-lieutenant, in a battle with the Irishry under O'Brien, in 1510. His first wife was a daughter of Cormac MacCarthy, *laidir*, or *the strong*, the builder of Blarney Castle, and, as an effect, perchance, of this connexion with the powerful sept of Clan Carthy, when his nephew, the then Lord of Desmond, invaded the territory of their chief, he sided with 'the Irish enemy.' An engagement took place at Mourne, disastrous to the Geraldine peer:—18 'banners of galloglasses,' each standard being followed by about 80 men, and 24 'banners of horse,' mustering from 20 to 50 horsemen to each



pennon, were slain on his side; so that the loss amounted to some 2000 of the best men, without reckoning the light-armed 'skipping kernes.' The battle was fought in September 1520. The Lord-Lieutenant, the first Earl of Surrey (the hero of Flodden) writes to the King on this overthrow of the potentate of the southern Englishry:—'The most part of them that overthrew him be Irishmen, and I fear it will cause them to wax the prouder, and also shall cause other Irishmen to take pride therein, setting the less by Englishmen.' The historian of the Geraldines observes that this defeat was the first dimming of their glory. He afterwards gravely records, as 'a subject for gratulation' to the 'bald' knight—that 'two lords of Muskerry (one of whom was *his wife's father*) fell beneath his sword!' Warmth of blood varied in the thermometer of Irish relationship, for Sir Thomas's first act on succeeding to the earldom, in the year 1529, was to grant, in perpetuity, the country of the Decies to his *reigning wife's father*—Sir John Fitz-Gerald of Dromana. Having made a promise to Henry VIII. to send his grandson over to the court, (as was customary with the heirs of the nobility, partly to leave them as hostages, and partly for their education,) in a letter to the King, dated at Youghal, May 5, 1532, he excuses its non-performance, on the plea that he himself was 'well stricken in age,' while his heir was of tender years: that he had 'sondry mortall enemies,' beside the ancient foes of his house; and that his estates lay far asunder, 'so as,' he says, 'we bothe has moche adowe fur to kipe ovr oune.' A subsequent despatch mentions a report that the Emperor of Germany was about to enter into a treaty with him, Earl Thomas, for the invasion of Ireland, similar to that made with his predecessor, Earl James; who was sufficiently ambitious to have aspired to the hand of the Emperor's daughter. The treaty that '*illustriissimo Condè*' made with Francis I. of France demonstrates the power which the Munster branch, alone, of the Geraldines possessed: and shows, moreover, that even the Anglo-Irish vassals of the Crown, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, sought the infectious intervention of foreign aid in their rebellious designs, in times before those when 'persecution on account of religion' might be pleaded. The Desmond engaged to make war in person, and at his own charge, against Henry VIII. as soon as the French army should land; to bring 400 horse and 10,000 foot into the field; and, when need should require, to aid the French with 15,000 foot or more, and to furnish horses for the draft

artillery; and Francis engaged to pay the wages of the troops.

Earl Thomas was celebrated in bardic song as 'the victorious'—in nine battles had he won the palm: and the abovementioned despatch, dated 1534, remarks, 'albeit his years requirith quietness and rest, yet entendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation.' The veteran died the same year, at the age of 80, according to O'Daly—who observes that his grandson was at that time in the court of Henry VIII. The young heir had at last been sent over by his grandsire—whose letter shows how he feared to lose him 'by daunger of the sea and other myschaunces'—and was now one of the royal pages of honour. Returning home, on the news of the Earl's death, to take possession of his honours and patrimony—lo! he found all to have been seized by an old savage great-uncle, Sir John of Desmond, who disputed his legitimacy on the score of his parents' consanguinity! This usurper had instigated the assassination of his own eldest brother, in 1487. The rightful claimant—'the young gentylman wch challenges to be the Yerle'—is thus described:—'he spekes very good Ynglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Ynglyshe fashion, and wold be, as far as can be perceived, after the Ynglyshe fashion.' But he soon, to strengthen his faction, married an Irish wife, daughter of Sir Cormac oge Mac-Carty, and then—'daily made war' upon the usurper. A dangerous revolt of the Leinster Geraldines broke out while this 'dubious title shook the maddened land,' and a loyal Ormond writes:—

'These pretended Erles of Desmond have great domynions under them, and bene of great power, if their owne discention were not the cause of their severance. They have such a cankerid malicious rebellion rootid in them, evyr sithens the putting to execution of one Thomas, Erle of Desmond, at Drogheda, that they ben as farr separated from the knowledge of any dutie of aleageance that a subject oght to owe his prince, as a Turke is to believe in Christianity. Thei blasfeme the king, and have their ears and eies open every day, gaping to have assistance in this high rebellion out of Spayne.'

A letter, dated at Waterford, in 1535, reports:—'this day came in Sir John of Desmond, and he is a very old man, and can speke very good Ynglyshe'—an accomplishment displayed in his reply to the Lord Lieutenant's suggestion that he and the youthful claimant should go over to London to try their cause before the King, when he exclaimed, 'What should I do in England, to meet a boy there? But give me that Yrish horson Cormac oge, and I will go!'



Dying, however, the next year, the deadly quarrel now lay between James, his (the usurper's) eldest son, and James, *the court page*—who repaired over to his royal master for redress. After an abode of three years in England he came back successful—being provided by the King with ships—the protection of a body-guard—and an order for his installation into the patrimonial honours and inheritance, which the viceroy put him in possession of, by accompanying him with an armed force. But his enjoyment of them was brief, for the Council report to the King in the following year, 'your Grace's servant, James Fitz-Maurice, who claymed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slayne the Friday before Palm Sunday, by Maurice Fitz-John, brother to James, the usurpor of the earldom.' After this deed of treachery, the usurper regained possession, was afterwards received at Hampton Court as 15th peer, and transmitted the title to his son, the rebel Garrett. James Fitz-Maurice, the rebel seneschal—whose memory deserves to be held in execration as that of the first Irishman who raised a religious civil war, and realized the treason of bringing in foreigners to aid a revolt—was son of the assassin Maurice, *antoithan* (or the *incendiary*), and grandson of the murderer John. The Gaelic word *fiongail* was coined to signify murder aggravated by close relationship in blood; and the Inquisitor-General, the historian of the Desmonians, although a clansman, pronounces that their destruction was in Divine vengeance of that crime.

So many earls of this race have been summoned up that we hardly like to 'stretch out the line to the crack of doom,' and introduce another, the last—save for the sake of an interview he seems to have enjoyed with her ancient ladyship. James, the heir of Garrett, was detained a prisoner in the Tower until the year 1600, when a formidable rebellion was raging in his native country. The leadership of the broken clan had been assumed by a *Sugam Iarla*, or Earl of Straw, now become 'the most mighty and potent Geraldine of any of his line, having 8000 well-armed men' in the field. The young Lord was sent over, in the expectation that his father's followers would rally round him—a hope which was disappointed directly he attended a Protestant house of worship! On his landing at Youghal, however, he was received with acclamations, and, he writes, 'had like to be overthrown with the kisses of old *calleaks*' (hags). Among that throng of affectionate enthusiasts the active Dowager of Desmond, now verging on seven score, peradventure was foremost.

The proof of our heroine's espousal 'in England' is but slight. The descendants of the conquerors of Ireland had so far 'degenerated' by the beginning of the 16th century, as to have adopted the Gaelic tongue, so that it was unusual to find even the nobility speaking English. As the latter was used by her husband and his brother, it may be inferred that *they* had been educated in England. Her own brother, Gerald, Lord of Decies, 'a very strong man in his country,' which he had probably never quitted, could not join in the wild Welshman's boast to Hotspur—

'I can speak English, lord, as well as you,  
For I was trained up in the English court.'

'Great was the credit of the Geraldines ever when the house of York prospered,' writes the chronicler, 'for which cause the Erle of Desmond (Thomas, 8th peer) remained manie yeres Deputie Lieutenant to George, Duke of Clarence.' *False, fleeting, perjured Clarence*, the second son of Richard of York, had been born in Dublin Castle, whilst his father was viceroy. This Earl's father was sponsor at Clarence's christening, and was thus bound to the prince in a tie of religious relationship considered sacred with the natives. Such was the zeal of the Geraldine lords for the white rose, that one of them, when chancellor, resigned office to lead the clansmen to the battle of Stoke, where they fought bravely enough for the impostor Simnel. But when Warbeck—(whose impostorship is another theme for *historic doubts*)—appeared, the discomfiture of his predecessor had cooled the courage of Desmond and Kildare—at that time co-managers of 'the theatre on which masked princes entered, but who soon after, their vizards being taken off, were expelled the stage.' The 'bald' knight's father (Thomas, 8th Earl) returned to Ireland, in 1464, 'from the King of England's house,' say the simple annals, 'as Lord-Lieutenant, and got many gifts from the King.' He was commended for his 'politique wit, rule, manhode, and wysdome,' in an address to the Crown, in which an humble Parliament 'prayed that his Highness would hold the lord deputie tenderlie in remembrance.' In this high post he continued for three years, when he was suddenly superseded and beheaded at Drogheda by Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester.

The tragic fate of their great ancestor, that Ormonde alludes to as so ranking in the memory of the later Desmonians, arose (according to the legend) from the resentment of the Queen of Edward IV. The Earl, writes O'Daly, was beloved by Edward, for, during the sanguinary contest be-

tween the rival houses, he had fought in many battles abreast with the victor. He, however, had advised his sovereign not to marry the beautiful widow, the Lady Elizabeth Wydville. The King espoused her clandestinely, and the union was avowed about the time that Edward appointed his companion in arms to the government of Ireland. During some bitter altercation with his Queen, he afterwards significantly said, that 'had he hearkened to his cousin Desmond's advice her insolent spirit would have been humbled.' To this tradition a new feature is added by the Inquisitor;—that the King, before dismissing his friend, entreated him to say whether he saw aught in his administration prejudicial to his people; the Earl candidly assured him that he knew of nothing, save the marriage recently contracted: 'wherefore,' he continued, 'I think you would do well in divorcing the present queen, and forming an alliance with some powerful foreign princess.' This version may be credited, agreeing well with the national usage of repudiation, and accounting better for the issue. Whatever was the advice, it was subsequently elicited by the Queen, the King deeming the Viceroy of Ireland safe from her anger: but, in the course of time, she obtained the removal of the obnoxious counsellor, and had Worcester substituted in his place; soon after whose arrival an act was passed attainting the Earls of Desmond and Kildare for '*alliance, fosterage, et alliage avecq les Irois ennemis du Roy, comme en donnant à eux chevaulx et harneis et armors, et supportant eux envers les foyals subjects du Roy.*'

The *gravamen* of the charge is overlooked by the historians Leland and Moore, who defend the unfortunate viceroy, each *more suo*; the latter asserting that the Desmonds had hitherto been disposed to uphold the authority of the Crown in their remote province, and enabled to do so chiefly by the connexions they formed with Irish ladies! It is alleged that the Queen obtained the privy signet by stealth, and herself affixed the seal to the order for the Earl's decapitation: and that Worcester, who laid claim to some of his estates, instantly acted upon this warrant. Desmond's brother, his five sons (who were then but youths) and all his kindred, comprising the principal families of the south, instantly revolted, devastated the country about them, and marched with banners displayed upon the capital. Lord Kildare boldly repaired to the King, was so favourably heard that he received a pardon, and, the same obsequious parliament reversing his attainder, was appointed to supersede Tiptoft! When the latter, on his recall,

produced the warrant, Edward IV. was so exasperated that the Queen was compelled to fly to an asylum for safety. Worcester afterwards suffered by the same sentence he had executed upon Desmond—a fact related with much satisfaction by the Celtic annalists, who record that 'the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence cut into quarters the wreck of the maledictions of the men of Ireland—the Saxon justiciary.' Walpole, in a memoir of that nobleman (the paragon in learning and patron of Caxton), states that he was accused of cruelty in his government, and especially towards the *two infant sons* of Desmond. These orphan boys received the royal pardon for their outbreak, and may then have been taken over to be educated in England, away from peril of the Milesian daughters of their native land;—an ineffectual precaution, as this scion of the race—Sir Thomas—(ultimately 12th Earl of Desmond)—actually wedded a MacCarthy for his first wife. He may, indeed, have afterwards dispossessed himself of her, *more patrio*, and taken another; yet, born in 1454, he might possibly have married a second within the days of Edward IV. without any incorrect disposal of the first.

Yet how is the early presence of *the lady*, his cousin, in England, to be accounted for? A young knight of the Emerald Isle might well be found there, either 'in the ranks of death,' or carrying off an heiress or a wealthy dowager, like Lord Killeen's son, who married a Duchess of Clarence. Let us conjecture, with retrospective clairvoyance, that she came over—young and fair—to grace the court as a mediæval maid of honour: or, like another 'fair Geraldine,' her kinswoman, who was educated with her cousins, Queens Mary and Elizabeth, that she was brought up with the royal princesses, who were of her own age. The luxurious Edward IV. gathered round him a court circle the most beautiful in the world; so that the eyes of foreign ambassadors were positively dazzled by the 'superabundantly lovely young ladies' they saw at a state-ball in the palace of Westminster.\*

Upon the engraving (1806) of the (so-called) Portrait of *the Countess* in the possession of the chief of another branch of the Geraldines, the Knight of Kerry, we read that 'this illustrious lady was born about the year 1464.' This agrees with her age of 140, if she died in 1604. She would then be nineteen in the year of the accession of Richard III., when she may have been espoused (under a Papal dispensation,) by her cousin Sir Thomas, and have soon

\* Bohemian Embassy, A.D. 1466, vide p. 429.

returned with him to their own land, where they lived together for half a century. One daughter only was the offspring of the marriage. Sir Thomas became Earl late in life, as has been mentioned before, but he was five years in possession of the coronet; long enough to entitle his relic to her jointure, which she enjoyed for seventy years—surpassing the ordinary pertinacity of annuitants. When, in 1575, Garrett, the 16th earl, was meditating a revolt, he induced the aged widow to surrender her dowry, Inchiquin Castle and lands, to him, by a deed in which 'the ladye Kathrin, late wief to Thomas, late Earle of Desmond,' acknowledges 'good considerations';—and for reasons of the same sort, Garrett immediately leased the property to a friendly lawyer, to whom she 'gave seisin by delivery of a peace of earthe in the house.' But Garrett ere long, as we know, did revolt, whereupon all deeds dated subsequent to one that proved his *intent to rebel* were pronounced void, and the dowager recovered her holding.\* Her right was again disturbed by his attainer and the grant to Raleigh; But Sir Walter generously left her in occupation of the property, until compelled to place an English settler in possession: and, indeed, even after he leased away the manor (in 1591) it would appear, by the Mucross inscription, that the aged lady remained in her accustomed residence. From this asylum she may have been ousted by Richard Boyle, the rapacious Earl of Cork, after he had acquired Raleigh's Irish estates:—which were passed to him in January 1604—the period at which (it would seem) the Countess travelled over to seek relief. Sidney, Earl of Leicester, among others, has recorded in a 'table-book' the traditional small-talk of his day as to 'this olde lady':—who, he was told, 'came to petition the Queen, and, landing at Bristol, came on foot to London, being then so olde that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better means.' The ruin of her ancient house was now complete. She who in her youth had led off the revel with princes, in the days of her decrepitude had to 'walke on foot weekly' to market! And now, in the last year of her life, when its wondrous protraction had become proverbial, this venerable peeress crossed the sea and performed a weary journey—compelled to petition a Court, once the scene of her beauty and triumph, as a suitor for her very subsistence! With so full an experience of 'the woes that wait

on age,' would she have joined in the prayer—

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!'

The decease of the Countess is ascribed to an accident, which, if it really befel her, proves a surprising degree of senile agility, and is a vexatiously ignominious cause of death for a heroine. Lord Leicester declares—'Shee might have lived much longer, had shee not mett with a kind of violent death: for she must needs climb a nuttree, to gather nutts, soe, falling downe, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death.' Local tradition and merry poets, however, agree that she fell from a cherry-tree, which Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to plant in Ireland, having been tempted to gather the rare and ripe fruit.

'Ay, as old

As that Countess of Desmond of whom I've been told

That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,

And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree then!

What a frisky old girl!

We are not cognizant of any other portrait of 'the fair Geraldine, bright object of Surrey's vow,' than that at Woburn; while of her clanswoman—this antique dame—there are innumerable 'presentments,' true and counterfeit—all provokingly taken at a time when her wrinkles, and not her dimples, made her a study for the painter. At Dromana, her birthplace, Lord Stuart de Decies' fine seat, there is a remarkable head—an *ἐνδωλοποιία* of the Roman matron, Metella, 'with the silver gray on her long tresses.' The picture at Chatsworth is understood to have descended to the Cavendish family from their ancestor Lord Cork. The head in the gallery at Knowle is questionable; devoid of tiring, and bristling with elf-locks, it is rather the effigy of a Dutch witch than the similitude of a lady of rank. The painting in the collection of Windsor Castle is now believed to be a likeness of the mother of Rembrandt:—and it would seem that this is not the only-case of that particular confusion. Pennant obtained an engraving of the picture at Dupplin, for his 'Tour':—anent this the author of *Anecdotes of Painting* (whose literary mission seems to have been to raise doubts) writes to Cole—'Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former tour, with more cuts: among others is the vulgar head called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rem-

\* Eschequer MS. Records, Dublin.

brandt's mother. He owned it, and said he would correct it by a note; but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary—as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious.' The Knight of Kerry's, a painting of merit, and well engraved, represents extreme old age, with an extraordinary degree of still remaining vigour; but the features are dissimilar to those of the veritable portraiture. Gerard Douw's name appears on the panel, and it is impossible our subject could have sat to that great artist. The *vraisemblance* is at Mucross. We have lately done homage to it, and it is engraved—on our memory. Shades of veteran beauties, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos! brilliant as were your earthly attractions after sixty summers, a nobler grace lingered in this doubly-septuagenarian original! Forfend that her stern shade ever resent a comparison with such frail creatures! She carries the historic 'prowde countenance of the Geraldines' of her day. Aristocratic, *matrician*, and placid, though deeply traced with sorrow; eyes hazel, features regular and handsome, a complexion yet fresh and healthy! Why—*cette Comtesse, dans sa première jeunesse*, fair and vivacious as the daughters of the Antediluvians, ere the term of vitality was diminished to six score years—must have been more lovely than the widowed lady Anne, whose 'heav'nly face provoked,' and 'haunted the sleep' of, our and all the world's Glo'ster! Such 'divine perfection' in an Irish maid of honour may well have led the susceptible Royal Duke to ask her hand for the galliard! Her testimony, taken in connexion with coins, has been accepted by the calm and judicious historian of 'Europe during the middle ages' as sufficient proof of the handsomeness of the Usurper's face. As to his figure we can have no numismatic evidence—sinewy and vigorous at all events it must have been; but very possibly the Irishwoman's gratified pride and warm native imagination influenced her flattering reminiscence when she extolled to Lady Dacre, as the model of symmetry, a Prince of the Blood who, straight or crooked, had taste enough to appreciate and do homage to her own early charms.

A. Görgei. From the German. London. 1852.

2. *Der Winter-Feldzug 1848-49 in Ungarn unter dem Obercommando des Feld-Marshal's Fürsten zu Windisch-Grätz.* (Nach officiellen Quellen.) Wien. 1851.
3. *Der Feldzug in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen in Sommer des Jahre 1849.*
4. *Bericht über die Kriegs-Operationen der Russischen Truppen im Jahre 1849.* Nach officiellen Quellen zusammengestellt von H. v. N. Berlin. 1851.

THE literary records of the late campaigns in Hungary are already so numerous that, before we had perused the declamatory statements of the revolutionary leaders on the one side and examined the official reports on the other, the contents of a well-filled shelf passed before our eyes. To spare our readers the tedium of such researches, and yet to place before them a connected view of the Hungarian contest, we shall follow the more unpretending path of personal narrative; and we select the volume that heads our list as by far the most authentic and interesting memoir which has yet reached us. Arthur Görgei was, with one exception, the most conspicuous personage in Hungary throughout the military operations of 1849; and he was, without any exception, the man best qualified by military skill, by political insight, and, we think, by integrity of purpose, to save the honour and the constitution of his country. His present situation allows him to speak with independence of his former comrades, and his sense of obligation to the Imperial government has not prevented him from dealing very openly with its faults. Accordingly, his book is on the one hand violently assailed by the Magyar emigration, on the other severely prohibited by the Austrian police. As a general history of the contest it is far from complete, probably from the absence of documentary and written evidence in the place of the author's detention. But upon the whole, after an attentive comparison of this statement with other accounts of these events, we give General Görgei credit for as much truth and impartiality as can be expected from a man in his position.

The other works before us, and of which we shall make considerable use, are the official narratives of the campaign drawn up by officers on the staff of the two Imperial armies, and published under the sanction of those governments respectively. They lay claim to none of the higher qualities of historical composition, except that first condition of all, official accuracy; and, though the Austrians complain of some of the Russian

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ART. III.—1. *Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn in den Jahren 1848 und 1849.* Von Arthur Görgei. Leipzig. 1852.—*My Life and Acts in Hungary, &c.* By

representations, we see no reason to question the fidelity of these Reports on either side.

We learn from a French biographer that Görgei was born in January, 1818, at Topportz, an estate of his family, in the country of Zips, in the north of Hungary. His ancestors had for centuries distinguished themselves in the Imperial armies. He was educated at Eperies, and afterwards at the military college of Tuln, whence he entered the Hungarian Noble Guard at Vienna. He had been promoted within five years to a Lieutenantcy in the Palatine Hussars: but then, having married a French governess whom he met at Prague, he suddenly re-resolved to quit the service, and withdrew into the country, to devote himself to the study of chemistry, in which he is said to have attained uncommon proficiency. Nothing certainly indicated the fiery ambition of a soldier of fortune or a revolutionary chief in this apparent termination of his early military career. It was in the retired situation above described that the 30th year of his age found him:—and in the first stage of the disturbances of that year, 1848, the only use he made of his acquirements was, that he offered to superintend a manufactory of detonators. He was in fact too obscure a person to be reckoned amongst the protagonists of the revolutionary movement then fast gaining strength, and threatening to overthrow the national ministry which had been hailed with rapture by the liberal party a few months before. He had, however, joined the militia, and when the month of September arrived, which witnessed the murder of Count Lamberg and the commencement of open war, Görgei filled the post of a major in the 5th battalion of Honveds, in which capacity he was employed in the promising task of converting a National Guard into a regular force. Although the number of these National Guards for the district of Szolnok was estimated at 5000, Görgei with difficulty succeeded in the course of a month in bringing together 700 men under arms, and of these barely 100, he says, were real volunteers—a statement which we quite believe, and which, if true, lends little credit to the vulgar theory that the agitators were mainly supported by the enthusiasm and military aptitude of the common people. The war was already raging with unparalleled ferocity between the Magyars and the Rátzen or Serbs on the Southern frontier, and the corps of Roth and Jellachich menaced the Hungarian capital. At this time Görgei was sent with his small contingent to the isle of Czepl, below Pesth, with orders to hinder, if possible, the junction of these commanders, but especially

to prevent them from crossing the Danube. He had been but a few days in this situation when an incident occurred which had a decisive effect on his career, and leaves a very dark blot on his reputation.

On the 29th September—that is, two days after the massacre of Count Lamberg on the bridge of Pesth—Counts Eugene and Paul Zichy were arrested at the outposts of Görgei's detachment at Stuhlweisenburg, and brought on the following day to his headquarters at Adony. The first suggestion of two staff-officers of the Hunyady Legion, then serving under Görgei, was, that these unhappy gentlemen should be conveyed under escort to Pesth, where they would in all probability have been torn to pieces by the population which had just immolated Lamberg. This atrocious suggestion was rejected by Görgei. Even at Adony, on the right bank of the Danube, they were by no means safe; but by great personal exertions Görgei succeeded in protecting his prisoners against the infuriated peasantry whilst he conveyed them to the isle of Czepl. All the boats had been removed or concealed; and it was only by threatening two millers with instant death that the means of transport were provided. But, though they were thus preserved from the fury of the peasants, the Zichys had fallen into the hands of no merciful judge. The charge against them was, that they were the bearers of proclamations, still wet from the press, addressed by the Emperor and King to his subjects and troops in Hungary, which Count Eugene declared to have been packed up by mistake among his baggage by his valet; and that an open letter or safe conduct, signed by Jellachich, was found on the same nobleman's person. Upon these charges Eugene was convicted of an understanding with the enemies of his country by a court-martial, whose proceedings are said to have been regularly conducted according to the usages and regulations of the Austrian army, and he was forthwith hung. Count Paul was acquitted for want of proof against him.

Into Görgei's defence of this action it is needless for us to enter, for a more odious exercise of military power is hardly to be found even in the annals of this fratricidal war. At the outset of a civil contest, when parties are still scarcely defined, and when what is treason on one day is called duty to one's country on the next, it is not surprising that the more irresolute or prudent class of men should hesitate before they plunge into this abyss of evils. Count Eugene Zichy was living on his own estate, alternately exposed to the attacks of two armies,

one of which was that of his sovereign, the other called itself that of his country. He probably wavered, and sought safety between the two. But he had done nothing to bring him clearly within this severe construction of the laws of high treason. His execution was a judicial murder, and the more deliberate Görgei makes it out to have been, the worse the case appears. At any rate, being, as he then was, within a few hours' ride of head-quarters, it was quite unnecessary for the major of an irregular company to take upon himself this terrible responsibility, and the precipitation with which the whole affair was conducted warrants the worst suspicions. The execution of Count Zichy, however, produced two most important results. It induced a multitude of wavering members of the Hungarian aristocracy to join the ranks of the insurgents, for it seemed less dangerous to take up arms than to retain a neutral position:—it was this terrible example that first drove many to a course which allowed of no retreat. It likewise pointed out the young Honved Major to the notice of Kossuth and the extreme party, as a man upon whom no light scruples were likely to have much influence. They probably took him for a more reckless revolutionist than he afterwards proved; and we are bound to add, that we know of no action in his career so discreditable as the first. No doubt, it was this guilty transaction which recommended him to Kossuth, as it might be supposed to make him a desperate man; and if not already, he was soon afterwards acknowledged to be an able one; for his skilful assistance brought the operations of Moriz Perczel's corps against Roth and Jellachich to a speedy and successful termination, in spite of the blunders and resentment of Perczel himself.

These facts had their due weight in Pesth, where it was felt that the war had been begun in earnest without any means of conducting it; and accordingly the Committee of Defence summoned Görgei to the capital, whence he was despatched to the main body of the army, then commanded by General Móga, on the Leitha, which forms the extreme frontier of the kingdom on the side of Vienna. The position of this army at that moment was of essential importance to the fate of Austria herself; for it was on the 13th of October, just seven days after the murder of Latour in Vienna, that Görgei was ordered to the command of the vanguard which already had its outposts beyond the Hungarian territory. The advance of the Hungarian army to the relief of the capital, which was then in the power of the

revolutionary Aula, with their gang of armed students and navvies, though Prince Windischgrätz still threatened it from the south-west, was confidently anticipated by the leaders of the Viennese revolt. But, on the other hand, Móga himself was at heart much more an Austrian general than a rebel chief, and the whole moderate party in his camp were bent on defending the Hungarian territory against the menacing Croatsians, and averse to any offensive measures as regarded the capital of the Empire or the Imperial forces beyond the Leitha. For about a fortnight the attitude of Móga's corps remained undecided; but on the arrival of Kossuth at head-quarters—followed, it was said, by a reinforcement of 12,000 men—a council of war was held, to which Görgei was summoned; and for the first time he confronted, in a very characteristic manner, the ultra-revolutionary influence of the leaders of this rebellion. Kossuth opened the deliberation by a passionate appeal in favour of the besieged democracy of Vienna, whose cause he at once and completely identified with that of his own country, and represented that his own heroic reinforcements were burning to cross the frontier and fly to the relief of their friends. To these appeals the council yielded a timid assent. Görgei alone opposed the practical views of a soldier to the dreams of a demagogue, and pointed out with force the utter inability of the National Guards and Honveds, of whom the Hungarian army was then composed, to assume the offensive at all.

"Kossuth was evidently displeased with my declaration, and put to me the question: How high did I estimate the enthusiasm which his address would call forth among the troops?—"In the camp, and immediately after the address, very high; but after the endurance of hardships, and in presence of the enemy, very low."—"Then you think," he asked again, irritated, "that we shall not bring back a single man of our army?"—"For the safety of the National Guards and the Volunteers," I replied, "their nimbleness is to me a sufficient guarantee; but the few good troops which we possess might be ruined by it, and with them the material which we so pressingly need for training up a useful army."—*Life and Acts*, vol. i. p. 75.

This conference, however, did not prevent M. Kossuth from summoning Prince Windischgrätz to raise the blockade of Vienna and to disarm Jellachich and his corps. One of the trumpets sent with this message was detained, and as the 28th October had now arrived, when the attack was made on the city, the Hungarians advanced, and fought on the 30th the ludicrous and disgraceful battle of Schwechat. Their General-in-

chief committed a series of blunders, and, after a very short cannonade, of the 5000 National Guards and Volunteers whose valour, heated by M. Kossuth's eloquence, was to have rescued Vienna and saved their country at a blow, *not a single man* remained.

'I thought I should have sunk to the earth for shame,' says Görgei, 'at the unspeakable cowardice of my countrymen, and wished that a ball would strike me from my horse! Of my once numerous suite, only my younger brother and a first-lieutenant of hussars kept near me in the moment of danger. The whole of our forces from Schwechat to Mannswo̓rth were swept away. The other brigades were said—incredible as it may seem—to have taken to their heels before mine. Like a scared flock, the main body of the army was seen rushing in disorder to the Fischa for safety; and nothing saved it from utter destruction but the forbearance of the enemy, who did not pursue.'

Görgei followed Kossuth to Presburgh, where he found the Dictator in bed, sorely depressed by this commencement of the war, for all his speechifying had not stopped a single party of the fugitives. The state of affairs admitted of no delay, for General Simunich, heading a detachment of Imperial troops, had already penetrated as far as Tynau in the north; Windischgrätz would obviously soon be in a condition to follow up his victory at Schwechat; the south was invaded or menaced by the Croats; Transylvania was still held by the Austrian forces; and all systematic defence was wanting. Under these circumstances the command of the defeated army was pressed by Kossuth upon several officers of higher standing than Görgei—but then, they all declining it, upon *him*; and he accepted it. Bem, who had just escaped from Vienna in some marvellous way—it is said, in a coffin—was despatched to Transylvania, where his brilliant successes afforded some palliation of the choice of a Polish adventurer for such a command. Guyon, whom Görgei dubs a Count, but in truth a mere Irish soldier of fortune, was despatched against Simunich; and it was therefore the more urgent that the central military forces of Hungary should be under the command of a Hungarian. But the army of the Upper Danube, as it was called, amounted to a little more than 12,000 men, of whom part were desponding and part disaffected; and in the month of December 1848 the affairs of Hungary seemed to have assumed a hopeless aspect. Two events contributed to alter this state of things:—first, the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, followed by the accession of his nephew—which was represented to the Magyars, and especially to the regu-

lar troops who had deserted from the service of the Crown without clearly knowing what they were doing, as a deposition of their lawful sovereign; and secondly, the vacillation of Prince Windischgrätz, who might at that instant have either crushed the rebellion by a rapid advance or effectually disconcerted it by negotiation.

Kossuth and the Committee of Defence continued to talk of burying themselves under the walls of Buda, or of staking the fate of their country on a general action at Raab. They even persuaded Görgei (who had so little local knowledge of the country that he was unacquainted with the high road from Pesth to Vienna) that there was a tremendous defile—a Magyar Thermopylæ—on the Fleischhauer road, through which he would hardly be able to find a passage for his own safety, and where the tide of advancing war would easily be stemmed. On arriving at the spot it was found to be wholly undefended and indefensible. After a skirmish at Raab, the retreat of the Hungarian forces rapidly continued, and—though the plan proposed by Görgei for concentrating the defence of the country behind the Theiss had been contemptuously rejected by Kossuth a few weeks before—on the 30th December Görgei learned that the government was about to retire to Debreczin, leaving him to fight a battle at Ofen—with the Danube in his rear—or, if he preferred it, to convey his army to the left bank, where the fortress of Comorn offered him a secure position, and might have the effect of diverting the enemy from his march on Debreczin. In pursuance of these injunctions Görgei passed the Danube at Waitzen on the 4th and 5th of January: the Austrians crossed the river on the same day at Pesth upon the ice, which was sufficiently thick to support even their artillery. Görgei says:

'The Hungarian armed rising—although originally stirred up by the instigation of the nationalities against each other systematically introduced from Vienna, and diametrically opposed to the realisation of the idea of a collective Austrian unity—was nevertheless purely monarchical-constitutional: and herein lay its strength; for it was to this circumstance alone that it owed the co-operation of the regular troops. In 1848 the agitations in favour of the arming succeeded only when they were attempted in the name of the King.

'A proof of this are the great difficulties that had to be surmounted, when it was necessary—in contradiction to the proclamations dispersed in great numbers by the authorised or unauthorised agents of the re-actionary party, and furnished with the King's signature—to procure for the Pesth government, all legitimate as it was, an active support in the country. A proof of this is the being obliged to paralyse the effect of those



re-actionary proclamations by others, drawn up with a contrary intent, and *likewise in the King's name.*

In consequence of these views, he proceeds, the following Declaration was made:—

- ‘1. The corps d’armée of the upper Danube remains faithful to its oath, to fight resolutely against every external enemy for the maintenance of the constitution of the kingdom of Hungary sanctioned by King Ferdinand V.
2. With the same resolution, the corps d’armée will oppose itself to all those who may attempt to overthrow the constitutional monarchy by untimely republican intrigues in the interior of the country.
3. As a natural consequence of the right understanding of constitutional monarchy—a form of government for the maintenance of which the corps d’armée is determined to contend to the last—it can only and exclusively obey orders forwarded to it in the form prescribed by law through the responsible royal Hungarian minister of war, or through his representative appointed by himself (at present General Vetter).
4. The corps d’armée, mindful of the oath taken to the constitution of Hungary, and mindful of its own honour, having remained perfectly conscious of what it *has* to do and is *determined* to do, declares, finally, that it will adhere to the result of any convention made with the enemy, only if it guarantees on the one hand the integrity of the constitution of Hungary, to which the corps d’armée has sworn, and on the other, if it is not inimical to the military honour of the corps d’armée itself.’

To this Görgei appended his own signature; and he now adds:—

‘Neither within nor without my corps d’armée, to my knowledge, was any voice publicly heard against this proclamation. The old soldiers regained their confidence in me, and in the cause which I represented, and ceased to waver.’—*Ib.* pp. 166-8.

The terms of this Declaration distinctly express the opinion of one of the two parties then in arms against the Austrian Government. The conflicting principles and objects of these two parties appear to us to convey a simple and correct notion of the whole contest; their dissensions pervaded the entire history of the rebellion, and finally brought about its total failure. The *moderate* section of the *liberal* party in Hungary held that the fundamental rights of their ancient constitution were in danger; that the Court had behaved to them with duplicity, and had instigated the Croatian resistance to their authority; and that the turbulent conduct of the Diet was to be

made a pretext for absorbing the kingdom of Hungary into the empire of Austria by the annihilation of all that was independent in its institutions. These opinions were strengthened by the accession of a young Prince who had not taken the Coronation oath, and was therefore bound by no direct ties to respect the Hungarian Constitution; and subsequently by the promulgation of the Constitution of the 4th March, 1849, which avowedly placed the Kingdom under the same form of representative government which was then conceded to the Empire. But, notwithstanding these apprehensions, this party never desired, or thought it possible to obtain, from Austria anything more than a fair recognition of their ancient constitutional liberties: they never contested the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction or the rights of the House of Hapsburg, and they professed to expect no more from entire success, if the fortune of war had been in their favour, than a treaty of peace between the Sovereign and his revolted subjects, based like the treaty of Szathmar which terminated the great Hungarian rebellion of 1713, on these legitimate principles. Such was the spirit of Görgei’s Declaration on behalf of the regular troops which had gone over to the national cause, and of what, throughout the war, was termed the *peace party*. But it must be added, that the persons who held these opinions were made throughout the struggle the dupes and the tools of their most dangerous enemies. For to these views the whole policy of M. Kossuth was bitterly opposed. He had from the first eagerly plunged his adherents into those crimes of the revolution which were most calculated to close the door against all negotiation. He continually acted, as he had done at Schwechat, upon an enthusiastic notion of popular omnipotence, which invariably collapsed in the presence of regular military operations. He even thwarted the operations of the Hungarian generals if they were not consonant to his own sinister purposes. Knowing that he was himself the chief obstacle to any arrangement which might have terminated the war without foreign intervention, and have rescued his country from the catastrophe that awaited her, he nevertheless retained the dictatorship to the last moment possible—when, even his audacity failing, he saved his life by flight. To cut off all retreat from his followers in the path on which he had conducted them, he succeeded by the strangest misrepresentations, and by his unparalleled popular influence, in inducing the Diet at Debreczin to vote the deposition of the

reigning family, and nominally to convert one of the least civilized, but most aristocratic and monarchical, states of Europe into a democratic Republic. The first of these two parties had before it an object which might be pursued by men of honour, and believed in, though against probability, by men of reason: and—though the passions which the contest roused and the excesses to which it led, were confounded with those of the revolutionary party—there was no time at which they would not have gladly laid down their arms in exchange for a recognition of their ancient rights. Had Prince Windischgrätz taken advantage of this palpable distinction at the very outset of the campaign, there is little doubt that he might then in December, 1848, have obtained from the regular army a submission scarcely less complete, and far more honourable to Austria, than that of Vilagos—and if the regular troops had been brought back to their duty the rest of the campaign would not have lasted a week. But Windischgrätz neither treated with those who would have treated, nor crushed those who would have resisted; and, whilst he discouraged the former by an obduracy which drove them to desperation, he gave the latter all the benefit of protracted delay—which enabled them in the spring to take the field in a very different condition, and in the month of April to drive his army out of the country.

It may here be of some interest to inquire what were the relative forces of the belligerent parties at the outset of this war. The deplorable civil contest, which had detained the Imperial commanders for several weeks before the walls of Vienna, was no sooner terminated than it became necessary to equip an army, still deficient in everything, for a winter campaign. All the available resources of the Empire had been despatched to Italy by the Minister of War, Latour, in the course of the preceding summer as fast as they could be collected. The corps still remaining north of the Alps were in a state of destitution. The artillery of Jellachich's division consisted chiefly of 3-pounders, which had to be exchanged for 6-pounders, and the want of horses and men for the guns was supplied as well as it could be from the cavalry and the line. The ammunition had been exhausted by the operations before Vienna; even the arsenals of the capital had been plundered by the mob, and a great portion of the arms they contained were destroyed. It is a peculiar characteristic of the wars which Austria had to sustain in several of her provinces during the revolution, that she was not only deprived of an

immense amount of troops and *matériel* on which she had relied, but those very resources were turned against herself. In the summer of 1848 there were in Hungary and Transylvania 26 battalions of infantry and 59 squadrons of hussars, amounting to 41,769 men and 9198 horses, and consisting of some of the finest troops in the Imperial service. The whole of this force joined the insurrection, and formed the nucleus of the Hungarian army in all its important operations. On the 11th of July a levy of 200,000 men had been decreed by the Diet, and the formation of Honvéd corps had been conducted with extreme activity; but without the large and well-disciplined body of regular troops which went over, it is highly improbable that the violent party could have maintained its ground for a single month. At the outbreak of the revolution 2402 pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Committee of National Defence, 672 of which were field-pieces fit for service. The 5th regiment of artillery, then quartered in Pesth, joined the insurgents and supplied men qualified to take the command of the guns; and this became the most popular branch of the service with the students and foreign adventurers who flocked to the country. Throughout the war it may be remarked that the artillery played a prominent part. Without the support of guns it was sometimes impossible to get the Honveds to march at all, though when once in motion they frequently left their protectors behind them; and the extremely small loss of life—which appears by the returns, even after the most severe actions that were fought, is mainly to be attributed to the fact that these actions were often no more than a long and not very destructive cannonade directed against the batteries rather than against the infantry of the enemy. For instance at Kopolna, where 19,000 men were engaged on the part of the Crown and double the number on the other side, the whole loss of the Imperialists in a two days' conflict was 56 men killed and 248 wounded:—at Temesuar, again, one of the great actions that terminated the war, the total loss of Austrians and Russians in killed and wounded was 11 officers and 197 men.

The entire amount of the Austrian forces at the commencement of the offensive operations in December, 1848, was 49,118 infantry, 7236 cavalry, and 258 guns: but this includes the corps under Simunich, and the detachments in Austrian Silesia and Galicia, where about 7000 men were preparing to act under the able command of General Schlick. Prince Windischgrätz himself took the field with about 37,000 foot, 6200

horses, and 216 guns. To this army the Magyar army of the Upper Danube, under Görgei, appears to have opposed about 28,000 men and 70 or 80 guns:—but on these particulars General Görgei himself preserves throughout his book an unaccountable silence, and we are driven to take these numbers from the returns of the Austrian staff, who were deficient in accurate information as to the forces really opposed to them.

The army, commanded by Prince Windischgrätz and the Ban of Croatia, commenced its offensive operations on the 23rd December. Skirmishes were fought, as we have already stated, at Raab and Babolna, but the main body of Görgei's corps was driven back, and found no position which it could defend against the superior force of the Imperialists on the right bank of the Danube. Ofen and Pesth were evacuated without resistance on the 4th January by the Kossuth party; Prince Windischgrätz occupied the capital; the Magyar Government was precipitately transferred to Debreczin, behind the line of the Theiss; and the army of the Upper Danube, not being able to retire by the same direct line, fell back on the north to stop the march of Schlick's division, which was advancing from the Galician frontier, and would shortly have reached the place of retreat chosen by the Magyar government. The country lying beyond the Theiss and to the north of the Maros is for many reasons the strongest position in Hungary. These rivers are broad, sluggish, and deep. The Theiss flows between a vast expanse of marshy banks, insomuch that there are only six places between the mountains and the Danube where it can be crossed at all, and of these only two are in Upper Hungary. But as the whole army had not been thrown behind the Theiss when Görgei first made that proposal, but had been left, on the contrary, to make a useless demonstration on the road to Pesth, it became a task of great difficulty to convey the main body of the Magyar troops from Waitzen to the reserves at Debreczin. The direct road was entirely closed and possessed by Windischgrätz.

The principal scene of active war was therefore now transported to the mountainous tract between the valleys of the Gran, the Waag, and the Neutra, extending to the mining towns of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, and along the spurs of the Carpathian mountains. It was on this point that the Austrian forces north of the Danube, forming the four detachments of Generals Simunnich, Csorich, Goetz, and Schlick—were to converge, for the purpose of crushing the chief military strength of the insurrection before the Imperialists attempted to

pursue the enemy beyond the Theiss. This part of the campaign may be said to have opened on the 11th January, 1849. In the rigorous climate of Hungary these mountain valleys were either encumbered with snow or rendered still more impassable by sudden thaws. The roads—if that term can be applied to the wretched tracks by which communications are still carried on in Hungary—were few in number, and in no degree adapted to the transport of artillery. But it must be allowed that, in spite of all natural impediments, Görgei manœuvred through these defiles with consummate dexterity—notwithstanding the successive defeats of his own corps at Hodnics, of Guyon's division at Windschacht, and the occupation of the southern mining towns by the Austrian forces. So hardly indeed was the Magyar army pressed in this retreat, that, in order to make its way from Kremnitz to Neusohl, it was found necessary to follow a steep mountain-track over the highest ridge of the chain, which is only passable in winter by taking the light sledges of the country to pieces. In one part this track is carried through a cleft in the rock, forming a sort of miniature tunnel. Yet even through this passage, part of which had fallen in, Görgei contrived with infinite labour to convey his artillery and his troops, followed by Aulich's division. He succeeded, therefore, in concentrating the army once more at Neusohl, where he received orders to continue his retreat upon the Upper Theiss. It was, indeed, by no means certain that the Austrian forces, which were now handled with great ability by Lieutenant Field-Marshal Schlick, would not intercept the line of march. But Görgei was resolved, if necessary, to penetrate as far north as the county of Zips; and as he had placed the corps of Schlick, which was inferior in numbers, between the division of General Klapka and his own, he was still able to retire with advantage, and sometimes to assume the offensive with effect. At this crisis in the war Prince Windischgrätz made a private appeal to Görgei to lay down his arms, with the promise of a free pardon; but the Magyar General dismissed the emissary in the presence of his officers with a copy of his Waitzen proclamation. He remarks, however, at the same time, that the prevailing spirit of the population, which had been indifferent to the national cause between the frontier and Buda, turned out to be positively adverse to it in the northern counties.

At Branyiszko, on the 5th of February, Guyon succeeded in compelling Schlick's column of about 10,000 men to evacuate

its position and retreat upon Eperies. This fortunate stroke turned the aspect of affairs. The army of the Upper Danube pursued Schlick, who seemed resolved to fall back upon Götz's brigade; and although it was anticipated that he would fight a general action before Kascha, even that place was evacuated without a blow. This circumstance once more placed Görgei in communication with the Upper Theiss, and with the reinforcements which awaited him there. The junction of his troops with those of Klapka might also have been completed. But at this critical point in the war—when, after great difficulties had been surmounted, success seemed for the first time to shine upon the Hungarian revolt—a sudden resolution of the Committee of Defence, or rather of Kossuth, changed anew and very essentially the whole prospects of the army.

On the 14th of February despatches reached head-quarters containing an entirely new arrangement of the whole Magyar forces by the Minister of War, and the nomination of the Polish General Dembinski to the chief command of the troops. The introduction of these Polish officers to places of high military trust was one of the greatest blunders committed by the revolutionary government. It was irritating and insulting to the Magyar army; it confounded the proper object of the war with the ulterior views of a Polish insurrection; and at length it served as a very plausible pretext for the interference of Russia. These evils cannot have escaped the penetration of Kossuth; but he probably employed this expedient as a means of controlling the army, where a very different spirit prevailed from that of the Rump Diet of Debreczin, and of counteracting the influence of Görgei, who was still attached to the constitutional cause, and in whom Kossuth, conscious of his own want of military talent, always saw a rival and antagonist. Görgei had a foreigner placed over his head as soon as he had extricated the army from the difficulties in which it was placed, and he clearly understood that the object was to punish him for the monarchical spirit of his Waitzen proclamation. Dembinski, as a mere soldier of fortune, was not likely to oppose any check to the republican schemes of Kossuth; and his connexion with the secret Polish societies all over Europe made him the fitter champion of schemes of universal revolution. The appointment was received by the army with disaffection, and if Görgei had thrown up the command of his troops, or given any signal of disaffection, the consequences would probably have been fatal to the government. He resolved,

however, to remain with the soldiery, and to set them the example of submission to the superior authority of Dembinski, and published an order of the day to that effect. The events of the next fortnight showed that in temper, in knowledge of the country, and in the opinion of the army, the Pole was grossly unqualified for the function he had undertaken, though he had the good fortune to be opposed to a worse general than himself in the person of Prince Windischgrätz.

Dembinski, having now in his rear the considerable reinforcements which had been collected and organized behind the Theiss during the winter, and having recalled the troops fighting in Southern Hungary, under Vecsey and Damjanics, behind the line of the Maros, found himself in a condition to assume the offensive. The 1st and 7th corps d'armée, under Klapka and Görgei respectively, were ordered to follow the high road towards Pesth, and a concentration of the divisions under Aulich and Damjanics was to be effected at Gyöngyös. Whilst these operations were in progress, and Windischgrätz was slowly falling back on the capital, Dembinski and his staff were surprised at Erlau one afternoon by the sound of distant artillery in the direction of Verpelét, and the general-in-chief was compelled to start in a peasant's waggon for the scene of action. In fact, the most considerable battle since the opening of the campaign was already begun on the plains of Kápolna, and begun before the intended concentration had taken place. This action, which commenced on the 26th of February, and lasted till nightfall with no decisive result, was resumed on the morrow and won by the Austrians, chiefly through the masterly and intrepid movements of General Schlick, who displayed in all these operations first-rate military talents which surprised those who had only known him as a loungeur in the cafés and coulisses of Vienna. Dembinski made no attempt to renew the action, but after a severe skirmish on his rear at Poroszló he fell back across the Theiss on the 2nd and 3rd of March. The orders of the commander-in-chief to recross the Theiss were so ill received by the division of Klapka and that of Görgei, that the authority of Dembinski was at an end, and Szemere, as Commissioner of the Government, was compelled to suspend him. Thus terminated the first brief and discreditable command of Dembinski, which, however, did not prevent him from being further employed at the most momentous period of the struggle; but fortunately for the Magyar army, the Austrian forces had been too much shaken

by the conflict at Kapolna to take advantage of their success; and as the whole bearing of the Hungarian troops was by this time much improved, their retreat was conducted with order and defended with gallantry. The chief command was given for a short time to Vetter, whose ability was incontestable, but upon his falling ill it was again restored to Görgei. These measures, however, were not effected without fresh evidence of ill feeling between almost all the rival generals, which throws an air of vulgar jealousy over their account of the transactions, and in fact contributed largely to the ruin of their cause.

The moment was one of supreme importance to the Hungarians. The main force of the insurrection, amounting to 42,000 men, with 140 guns, was concentrated in an excellent position on the Theiss. The recent successes of Bem in Transylvania, and of Damjanics at Szolnok, had removed all cause of apprehension from the left flank and rear. The reinforcements and matériel of the army were collected on the left bank of the Theiss, which the enemy had not been able to cross; and Vetter, who was an able tactician, proposed a regular plan of operations for opening the road to the capital. Nor was the political conjuncture less important. At an interview which took place between Görgei and Kossuth in the beginning of March, the general had strongly expressed to the dictator that they should gain all that was worth fighting for if they could secure the constitution of 1848, even though the departments of finance and war should be dependent on the cabinet of Vienna. Kossuth replied in his grandiloquent language, that the freedom of Hungary would never be safe unless that of Poland was also secured, and that the subversion of the freedom of Hungary would extinguish that of Europe. But whether or not it was expedient to negotiate, as Görgei proposed, on the basis of the Hungarian constitution, within a few days that path was closed. The Austrian cabinet, by promulgating the constitution of the 4th of March for the whole empire, expressed their determination to recognize none of the ancient provincial rights and liberties of the realm; and the relations which had existed under the Pragmatic Sanction of 1720 between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg, were henceforth to be abrogated by conditions dictated by the conquering to the conquered party. Those conditions were, on the side of the empire, annexation and union; on that of the Magyars, independence. Kossuth probably hailed this occurrence with satisfaction, since it gave him a pretext for carrying his own views to the opposite ex-

treme, in the decisive fashion soon to be noticed.

In the interval between the 4th of March and the 14th of April the military prospects of the insurrection had, as we have seen, greatly improved. On the 2d of April Görgei's division encountered and defeated that of Schlick at Hatván, and from that moment a career of success appeared to open to the Hungarian forces. A clear idea of the nature of these operations may be formed by drawing a straight line from east to west, that is, from Tisza Fured, the point at which the principal north-east road crosses the Theiss, to Waitzen, the point at which the Danube makes its great bend southwards. On this parallel all the actions of the month of April, 1849, were fought. The whole distance from the Theiss to the Danube at this point is under 120 miles. Pesth itself remained on the left flank of the Hungarian army, but it was necessarily evacuated by the Imperialists as soon as it was turned, and Waitzen was justly regarded as a position of far greater strategic importance especially as it opened the road to Comorn, whilst Pesth still lay under the guns of Buda. The success at Hatván on the 2nd of April was followed by that of Isaszeg on the 6th:—a still more brilliant victory, won by the gallantry of Görgei, Damjanics, and Aulich. The spot where this important battle was fought is within five miles of the capital, but Windischgrätz was in error when he conceived that Görgei's first object was to re-enter the city; the Austrians, however, retreated on Pesth, when they ought at all hazards to have covered the road to Waitzen with the bulk of their forces. But whilst the army was rapidly pursuing a retreating foe, Kossuth obtained from the Diet at Debreczin, by the artifices to which he was accustomed to resort, the fatal and extravagant decree of the 14th of April, which deposed the House of Hapsburg and converted the defence of the constitutional rights of Hungary into an indefinite struggle for the wild and unattainable objects of social and political revolution. His intentions on this subject had been made known to Görgei about a week before, and we shall leave him to relate in his own language the manner in which they were received.

'In the course of the 7th of April, a few hours after our entry, Kossuth also, with his attendants, arrived at Gödöllő. He appeared satisfied with the services of the army, and spoke much and well of the eternal thanks of the nation. After a while he desired to converse with me alone in his chamber. On this occasion I obtained the first indications of the leading tendency of his politics.

"Now," said he, "the time is come to answer the imperial constitution of the 4th of March by the separation of Hungary from Austria. The patience of the nation"—he continued—"was exhausted; if it would show itself at all worthy of liberty, it must not only not tolerate the unreasonable assumption of the Imperial constitution, but it must moreover exact heavy reprisals. The peoples of Europe would judge of the worth of the Hungarian nation according to the answer it should give to that constitution. Their sympathies would depend upon that judgment. England, France, Italy, Turkey, even all Germany itself, not excepting Austria's own hereditary states, were waiting only till Hungary should proclaim itself an independent state, to impart to it their material aid, and that the more abundantly, as they had hitherto been sparing of it. The sore-trying, oppressed sister nation of the Poles would speedily follow the example of Hungary, and united with it would find a powerful ally, both for defence and offence, in the Porte, whose interests had so often suffered from the policy of Austria and Russia. With the freedom of Hungary the freedom of Europe would fall; with Hungary's triumph there would be as many successful risings against hated tyranny as there were oppressed peoples in Europe. Our victory is certain"—were nearly the words in which he continued—"but we can do much more than for ourselves alone; we can and must fight and conquer for the freedom of all who wish us the victory. Our word, however, must precede the deed, our cry of victory the assured victory itself, and announce its redeeming approach to all enslaved peoples, that they may be watchful and prepared, that they may not stupidly sleep away the moments destined for their salvation, and so afford time for our common enemies again to recover, to assemble and strengthen themselves anew. We cannot be silent now that the Imperial constitution has denied our very existence. Our silence would be half a recognition of these acts, and all our victories would be fruitless! We must therefore declare ourselves! But a declaration such as I should wish would raise the self-esteem of the nation, would at once destroy all the bridges behind the still undecided and wavering parties within and without the Diet, would by the proximity and importance of a common object force into the background mere party interests, and would thus facilitate and hasten the sure victory."

"All this is not quite clear to me," was merely my answer. "Words will not make Hungary free; deeds can alone do that. And no arm out of Hungary will execute those deeds; but rather armies will be raised to prevent their execution. Yet, granted that Hungary of itself were strong enough at the present moment to dissociate itself from Austria, would it not be too weak to maintain itself as an independent state in a neighbourhood in which the Porte, in spite of a much more favourable position, has already been reduced to an existence by sufferance only? We have lately beaten the enemy repeatedly—that is undeniable. But we have accomplished this only with the utmost exertion of our powers. The consciousness that our cause was just has enabled us to effect this. The separation of Hungary from Austria would no longer be a just cause; the

struggle for this would not be a struggle for, but against the law; not a struggle for self-defence, but an attack on the existence of the united Austrian monarchy. And while we should hereby mortally wound innumerable ancient interests and sympathies; while we should hereby conjure up against our own country all the unhappy consequences of a revolution uncalled for by any circumstances; while we should hereby force the old troops, the very kernel of our army, to violate their oath, and thus morally shake them—we should find ourselves weaker day by day; while at the same time in every neighbouring state a natural ally of our opponents would arise against us, the disturbers of the balance of power in Europe. 'We cannot put up with the Imperial constitution in silence!' Granted! but is what we have just done 'putting up with it in silence?' Could we have answered the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March more strikingly than we have done? I cannot decide what, or how much, is advantageous to the people of Europe; but that to the people of Hungary the smallest victory on the battle-field brings more profit and honour than the most arrogant declaration, I see clearly enough; and I once more repeat, that battles won for the legitimate King Ferdinand V. and the constitution sanctioned by him are the best answer that Hungary can give to the chimeras of the Austrian ministers."

"Kossuth inquired doubtfully whether I really believed that the old troops had ever thought seriously of Ferdinand V. and the constitution of the year 1848. "Of what else should they have thought," I exclaimed, "when, immediately after the evacuation of the capitals, determined on a voluntary departure to the enemy's camp, the *only* means that remained to detain them for the Hungarian cause—which is principally indebted to them for its success hitherto—was my proclamation of Waitzen? What was the real significance of that demonstration which my corps d'armée, without my participation or knowledge, proposed to make against General Dembinski, in Kaschau, but their anxiety lest in me they should lose a commander who respected their military oath? I have shared prosperity and adversity with these troops. I know their feelings. And should King Ferdinand V. stand here before us now, I would invite him, without the slightest hesitation, I—unarmed and unprotected—to follow me into the camp, and receive their homage; for I am certain there is not one in it who would refuse it to him."

"Kossuth, apparently but little edified by my want of enthusiasm for his political ideas, abruptly broke off our conference; nor did he ever mention to me one syllable more of the separation of Hungary from Austria."—vol. i. pp. 364–367.

These remonstrances had, however, no effect—for—as Görgei soon tells us—

'on the 17th of April a courier from Debreczin appeared at my head-quarters at Lévenez with the news that the Diet had accepted Kossuth's proposition that, as an answer to the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine be declared to have forfeited its hereditary right to the throne of Hun-

gary; that the future form of government for Hungary, however, be an open question; and for the present that a provisional government be appointed.'—*Ibid.*, 382.

'To undertake any energetic step against the Government and the Diet—however urgently such a step seemed to be demanded, partly by the general exasperation which the news of that resolution of the Diet called forth in my headquarters, partly as a consequence of my proclamation of Waitzen—was altogether impossible, from the circumstance that, on the one hand, I was, with the main body of the army, above thirty (German) miles distant from Debreczin; on the other, that I was just then occupied with our most important strategic task, the relief of Comorn. Yielding to what was unavoidable, I had rather chiefly to consider how most certainly to prevent the sudden dissolution of our army, the consequence mainly to be feared from that fatal political step.'—*Ibid.*, 384.

Meanwhile the advance of the liberating army was rapid and unchecked. The headquarters of Görgei were still at Gödöllő on the 11th of April, when intelligence arrived that Damjanics, with the 3rd corps d'armée, had reached Waitzen on the Danube, stormed the position, and defeated the division of General Götz, who was taken prisoner and died shortly afterwards of his wounds. The Austrians once more evacuated Pesth, leaving a garrison under General Hentzi, in Buda, on the opposite and more commanding shore of the Danube: but the main object of the Hungarian staff was to open their way to Comorn, the impregnable fortress which had resisted all attacks of the Austrians, and was now to serve as the basis of their own ulterior operations. The direct road from Waitzen to Comorn, along the left bank of the Danube, is little more than a dangerous towing-path. In that very spot the ruins of the favourite palace of King Matthias Corvinus still crown the vine-clad hills which skirt the Danube, like the Heidelberg of Eastern Europe, and the artillery of an enemy on these heights would command and render impassable the track on the opposite side of the stream. Although under the pressure of subsequent events Görgei did afterwards retreat by this very path, a more practicable, though circuitous route, passes northward through the mountains, and intersects the Gran some twenty-five miles above its junction with the Danube. Here it was that the Gran was crossed on the 18th of April by the right wing of the army, between Kalna and Szecse, without resistance. On the 20th a strong column of the Imperialists was driven back by Damjanics and Klapka at Kemend, and forced to retire to the right bank of the Danube by the bridge of boats under the city of Gran. The 4th Austrian corps

d'armée under General Wohlgemuth was defeated in the bloody action of Nagy-Sarló; and on the 22nd Comorn was relieved. This brilliant series of achievements placed the whole of the left bank of the river in the power of the Hungarian forces.

The main army of Prince Windischgrätz again evacuated Pesth, and proceeded by the high road to Vienna—picking up on its way the besieging army of Comorn. For although the Austrians had already been driven from the left bank of the Danube to the right, the outworks of Comorn on the right bank were still invested. This celebrated fortress lies on a low tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, and as these two broad rivers describe an acute angle on this spot, the place is unapproachable by the ordinary methods of engineering on its two principal sides. The town occupies the base of an isosceles triangle. Besides this citadel there is a *tête-de-pont* on the right bank, which had been strengthened by field-works on some sandhills, and the whole connected with the fortress by a flying bridge, the construction of which was no trifling exploit. In the night of the 25th of April a column of 4000 picked infantry, under Colonel Knézich, got over by this bridge, and attacked the Austrian entrenchments on the right bank; another similar sally was conducted beyond the Palatine lines, and such was the ardour of the troops that in a few hours the greater part of the army had crossed the river. Klapka commanded the left wing, Damjanics the centre, and Görgei the right. The enemy had evacuated in confusion a sandhill called the Monostor, which was the key of the position, but a severe action was fought, not without great peril to the assailants, who, however, succeeded in possessing themselves of the intrenched camp of the besieging army.

'The day remained ours; for we had taken the fortified camp, together with the enemy's trenches, the equipment of a besieging battery, and considerable stores of pioneers' tools and projectiles, nay, even the tents of the hostile camp, and had completely delivered the fortress: while the enemy, far from disputing with us the possession of all this, contented himself with the hurried protection of his retreat from the field of battle by Raab to Wieselberg; in which, indeed, the greatest service was rendered to him by the scarcity of ammunition on the part of the artillery of both the divisions (Damjanics and Klapka) engaged in this day's action, which prevented them from attacking him, as well as by the tardy arrival of Pötenberg on the field of battle.

'With the complete deliverance of Comorn, the execution of the plan of operations projected in Gödöllő—after the battle of Isaszeg—by our chief of the general staff, had satisfactorily suc-



ceeded; thanks to the unshaken firmness of General Damjanics during the battle of Nagy-Sarló, as well as to the admirable perseverance and rare masterly skill with which General Aulich knew how so long to fetter the Austrian principal army concentrated before Pesth, and to deceive it as to our real strategic intentions, until the subsequent perception of them appeared to be only the more calculated to lead our bewildered adversary to his disgraceful defeat at Nagy-Sarló.'—*Ib.* pp. 403-4.

With this combat the first campaign may be said to have ended in the discomfiture of the Imperial troops; and already, on the 22d of April, Prince Windischgrätz took leave of the army in an order of the day dated from Olmütz. As a negotiator he had been stern and unbending—as a soldier feeble and improvident; and in both capacities he left the Hungarian insurrection far more formidable than he found it six months before, when after the battle of Schwechat all resistance seemed to melt before him.

The first care of General Welden, who succeeded Windischgrätz in the chief command, was to withdraw the whole of the forces to Pressburg, on the confines of the Hungarian territory—for it was by no means certain that the next operations would not be confined to the defence of Vienna itself and of the Austrian monarchy, and at any rate offensive operations could not be successfully resumed without a re-organization of the army. The danger of Vienna itself was thought by Prince Schwarzenberg at this time to be so great, that on his urgent request a column of 13,000 Russian infantry, with 48 guns, was despatched by the Prince of Warsaw by railroad for its protection, without even waiting for the authority of the Emperor Nicholas, who was then at Moscow. It was this column, under General Paniutine, which afterwards co-operated with Haynau's army on the Danube. Indeed the Austrian official narrative ascribes as a great merit to General Welden that he was able to maintain his position at all against an enemy so well provided with artillery, whilst the preparations for the intervention of Russia were going on. This interval lasted from the 26th of April to the 12th of June. As Welden's state of health compelled him soon afterwards to resign the command, the chief direction of the army was transferred on the 30th of May, on the recommendation of Welden himself, to Baron Haynau, who was recalled from the siege of Venice for that purpose.

The Magyars were at that time in possession of the finest strategical position that the country admitted of, commanding the Danube, and supported by Comorn. Their

army was in the highest state of efficiency that it ever reached, and they knew that every day's delay was adding to the strength of the enemy they had just driven from the country. How came it, then, that so little use was made of these advantages at the most important moment of the war? Had Kossuth really possessed the consummate ability to which his admirers have laid claim for him, then was the moment to display it. Two courses seemed open to the Magyar army—either to pursue the retreating Imperialists to the gates of Vienna, to attack the monarchy, and perhaps to dictate terms in the capital; or to concentrate their forces against the second attack which was impending over them, and in the first place to reduce Buda, which was the only *point d'appui* still in the hands of the Austrians on the right bank of the Danube. The position of the Hungarian chiefs had not become less critical by their recent success. Görgei had learnt from prisoners of war taken on the 26th of April, that the Russian intervention had been solicited, and was already in active preparation. At that time the batteries of Damjanics and Klapka had fired their last charge of ammunition at the relief of Comorn, and the supplies from beyond the Theiss were not arrived. Görgei was convinced, from the symptoms of disaffection which the deposition of the reigning family had produced in the best parts of the army, that it would be impossible to lead them against Austria, or to induce them to prosecute hostilities beyond the frontier of their own country. He therefore resolved to adopt the plan advised by General Klapka, and which had been strongly supported by Kossuth's own correspondence—namely, to fall back at once on the capital and lay siege to Buda. At the same time he accepted under Kossuth the office of Minister of War—an office scarcely compatible with his duties in the field—and not easily or honourably to be reconciled with the extreme distrust he professes to have entertained for the head of the revolutionary government.

The siege of Buda commenced on the 4th of May. It was undertaken under the erroneous impression that the garrison was disaffected, and the place untenable. But the summons addressed to the commandant by Görgei was answered with a haughty and peremptory vigour which showed that, bad as the position might be, Hentzi and his men were not there to surrender it but with their lives: and, in fact, during the Austrian occupation of the town in the winter its defences had been materially improved. The first attempt of the besiegers was to destroy

a forcing pump, covered by entrenchments, which was the only means of raising water from the Danube for the use of the garrison—the place itself having no cisterns or wells. But the attack of the Kméty division on this point failed. It then became necessary to effect a breach, but the distance of the breaching-battery was great, and it was only provided with four 24-pounders and one 18-pounder taken in the trenches before Comorn—the heavy train not having been sent up by Général Guyon from that fortress. A week was lost before even these preparations were completed. There was one abortive effort to storm while the breach was yet imperfect, and then several feigned attacks preceded the final onslaught. It was made in the night of the 20th of May—the seventeenth day of the siege; and, after a desperate resistance, in which Hentzi was mortally wounded, the old Turkish fortress fell into the hands of the Magyars. Amongst the soldiers of the Austrian Empire the name of Hentzi will ever be remembered; for his resolute defence of a hopeless position won seventeen days of incalculable value to the safety of the whole army and of the monarchy itself. The present Emperor Francis Joseph, on visiting the shattered walls of Buda, laid the foundation stone of a monument to this faithful soldier on the spot where he fell. With a brutal insensibility to the gallantry of his antagonist, Görgei has the impudence to assure us that he intended to have made an example of Hentzi, because he had fired in the heat of the action a certain number of shots on the city of Pesth; but when the place was taken its commander was already expiring of his wounds. With similar complacency Görgei adds that ‘the garrison was *not* put to the sword.’ One blushes to copy these words. We have found nothing in his book which conveys to us a more painful idea of the nature of the war or of Görgei’s own character.

The affairs of the army were not advanced by this capture. It had lost by accident and ill-health the services of Aulich and of Damjanics, two of the ablest of its generals; and no further attempt seemed likely for the time to be made either at negotiation or in active warfare. Under these circumstances, Görgei repaired to Debreczin—to sound those whom he believed to be favourable to reconciliation with Austria, as to the possibility of rescinding the unhappy decree of the 14th of April. But the Diet stood prorogued to July, and no means of effecting this object seemed possible but a military *coup d’état*, from which the friends of peace recoiled. Görgei himself appears

to have been averse to such a proceeding, unless he had been in a condition to exact terms from the Imperial Government, as well as to impose them upon Kossuth and his adherents. But the savage proceedings of Baron Haynau, from the moment that the supreme command became his, were calculated to dispel all hopes of a compromise. One of his first acts was to put to death two prisoners-of-war, who had formerly belonged to the Imperial army, and who, upon the capture of Leopoldstadt, had been tried and condemned by court-martial. Neither Windischgrätz nor Welden had had heart for fulfilling the capital sentence of that tribunal—five months had intervened—but Haynau at once uttered his barbarous and short-sighted order. Kossuth and Klapka called upon Görgei to retaliate by executing Austrian prisoners; but this he refused to do—because, as he says, it would clearly have been fatal to his last visions of a settlement by *treaty*. From these indications we gather abundant evidence that there was at this critical time no concert or confidence between the military and civil chiefs of the insurrection—that they had no definite plan of warlike operations—that an internal revolution was quite as probable as an attack on the enemy; in short, that the most brilliant success the Hungarians had achieved at all was followed by a period of mischievous inactivity—and that the principal actors in the drama were all duping each other. They had in fact already begun to despair of their cause. Klapka repeatedly expressed his opinion that nothing could save Hungary but a foreign intervention, opposed to the adverse intervention of Russia; and Görgei who had been prevented from advancing, after the siege of Buda, by the want of clothes for the troops and of reinforcements, now declared that he counted the existence of his country by weeks, and that the only question to be determined was how to destroy the greatest number of their enemies and to finish with the greatest honour. The only chance of even temporary success, was, if possible, to defeat the Austrians before the Russian columns had made much way in the country.

The Imperial Austrian army of the Danube, under Haynau, which commenced its operations on the 9th June, in four divisions commanded by General Schlick, General Czorich, Prince E. Schwarzenberg, and General Wohlgemuth, together with a fifth division of Russians under Paniutine, amounted to 66,670 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 324 guns. The bulk of the Russian army was assembled at Dukla, under Prince Paskiewitch, on the 16th June, and com-

menced its operations on the following day : the total amount of the Russian forces employed in Hungary, including all ranks and arms, amounted to 162,951 men, with 528 guns.

To these forces, according to the Russian official documents, the Magyars opposed 137 battalions, 144 squadrons, and 350 harnessed guns, amounting in all to about 190,000 men. Of these 50,000 were under Görgei on the Danube ; 18,000 under Klapka about Neusohl ; Dembinski commanded 20,000 at Leutschau ; Damjanics 15,000 at Kaschau ; Bem 30,000 in Transylvania and the Banat ; Perczel 20,000 in the neighbourhood of Sombor. We take this, however, to be an overstatement, for if such really were the forces of the insurrection in May 1849, the inactivity of the Magyar chiefs would be totally incomprehensible. At any rate, a large proportion of the infantry consisted of raw levies hardly deserving the name of regular troops. The cavalry, on the contrary, was composed of the fine regiments of huzars which had deserted the Imperial standard ; and the artillery, which played the chief part in action, was good.

Görgei himself states that the forces under his command, in the trenches of Comorn, at scarcely 25,000 men and 120 guns, and the force with which he afterwards left that fortress at 27,000 men ; and although the army of the lower Theiss is reckoned at 50,000, at least 20,000 of them were recruits or ill-armed peasants, quite unable to cope with the disciplined and well-appointed corps which the Russians brought against them. It may here be observed, and on the best authority, that the whole equipments of the Russians, including even their biscuit, stores, drugs, camp-hospitals, harness, and everything that a great force can require, were in the most perfect order and formed a remarkable contrast to the hastily collected and imperfect resources of Baron Haynau's army. In this respect the Austrians have taken a useful lesson since 1849 from their powerful allies.

At this crisis, however, the main question was to decide on the strategical plan which held out the greatest chance of prolonging the resistance of the Magyars. So little value was attached to Buda, though the capture of that place had cost so much precious time, that it was surrendered without a blow to a Major in the Austrian Lancers on the 11th of July ; but as this event closed the direct road to the south, the whole interest of the contest was thrown beyond the Danube. The plan of Görgei would have been, on the contrary, to concentrate the troops as much as possible on

the right bank of the Danube, and to fall with his entire strength on the Austrian army under Haynau, leaving the whole of the rest of the kingdom undefended : — because he held that if the lesser of the two forces, being the principal in the contest, could be destroyed, the political character of the struggle would in some degree be improved, and in the event of a victory he might at once have marched on Vienna. The other plan was to order a general concentration of the troops on the lower Theiss and the Maros, about Szegedin, where a final action might be fought with the possibility of retreating on Transylvania, and of saving the leaders by flight into Turkey. This last system was finally adopted by Meszáros and Dembinski, when Görgei was, from a recent wound, not in a condition to oppose it, and it was in obedience to this plan that he made the extraordinary march from Comorn to Vilagos, which was the closing operation of the war. In the first attack made under the eyes of the young Emperor on the outskirts of Comorn, which were partly retaken by the Austrians on the 2nd July, Görgei was wounded in the head, and in addition to the untoward results of the day he was conveyed back to his lodgings in the fortress in a state which compelled the medical men to keep from him all knowledge of passing events for three whole days. At the end of this time he suddenly learnt that an attempt had been made by Kossuth to remove him from the command of the army, probably because he had refused to obey a monstrous decree calling upon the army to destroy by fire every place it was compelled to evacuate, and it was in this interval that the strategical plan was adopted, to which he thenceforward found himself committed without the possibility of retreat or modification.

On the 11th July a sally was made from Comorn, which was repulsed by the Austrians after a severe action ; and on the 13th July Görgei himself left the place in obedience to the orders he had received to reach, if possible, the south of Hungary with his army. But, as we have seen, the direct road on the right bank of the Danube was already in the hands of the enemy. Görgei's proposal to operate on that bank, which we believe to have been at once the boldest and soundest line, had been negatived ; and to obey the order he had received, no course remained but to take the circuitous northern road by the mountainous regions he had passed six months before, with the additional danger that he knew the whole force of the Russians was now advancing in the same direction. Indeed, when

the vanguard reached Waitzen, which it did by following the difficult path and defile along the banks of the Danube, the outposts of the Russian cavalry, Musulmans and Caucasians, had already occupied that town, and it was evident that the Russian army was prepared to oppose the retreat of the Hungarians by the straight eastern road through Gödöllő—Prince Paskiewitsch had, in fact, already concentrated his forces at Hatván, which, as we saw in the preceding April, was the most commanding point on that line. At Waitzen Görgei fell upon the right wing of the Russian army, not very strongly supported, and an action was fought in which he lost 1000 prisoners, 4 cannon, and a standard—the Russians lost about 300 men. The Hungarian army, though repulsed from the passage to the south and east, made good its escape in the following night, for, as the Russians allege, they had been led to conclude that Görgei was hotly pursued by the Austrian forces, and Haynau's omission to send cavalry after the enemy on this occasion is one of the accusations made against him. If he had done so he could hardly have failed to capture the baggage and artillery with which the Magyar army was heavily encumbered. Indeed, Görgei took this opportunity to shake off the numerous body of fugitives which embarrassed his march, and he thus passed through a position of the utmost danger. On the side of the Austrians it may fairly be alleged, that, as they occupied and blocked up the right bank of the Danube, it might be expected that the Russians would be ready to intercept Görgei on the left, and the more so, as by suffering him to slip through their fingers they allowed him to pass between their main body and their base of operations. Haynau at this time gave up the pursuit of Görgei, and applied himself at once to march to the relief of Temesvár and against the forces assembled at Szegedin under Wysocki and Perczel—a movement on which the Russian official publication comments with great severity, but which the result of the campaign seems to us to justify.

It was now clear that Görgei's course lay through the mountains, and that his object was either to reach Transylvania by a complete circuit of northern Hungary, or more probably to descend on the Theiss, near Tokay, and so complete his junction with the forces on the Maros. Prince Paskiewitsch took measures to protect his own line of communications in the north, and then proceeded to secure the passage of the Theiss, at which point, he awaited the enemy; for he had committed the mistake of sending in

pursuit of Görgei a very inadequate force;—and the retreating army reached Miskolcz before any Russian corps had had time to fall back on that place. Nothing could exceed the adroitness with which the movements of Görgei were now conducted through this difficult region, and on the 28th of July he succeeded in crossing the Theiss without opposition above the principal passage of Tisza-Fured, at which the Russians awaited him. The Hungarians, being unable to follow the direct line from Miskolcz to Tisza-Fured, had occupied the valleys of the Sajo and the Hernad, in which latter position Görgei remained for three days, partly to rest his troops after the forced march they had made, and partly from an erroneous notion that by detaining the Russians in the north he was facilitating the position of the army on the Southern Theiss and the Maros. This delay was the principal fault he appears to have committed in his extraordinary march, for if it had not taken place it is not impossible that the junction of the armies might have been effected before the decisive action. The Russians crossed the Theiss as soon as the Magyars, and the theatre of war was removed to the left bank of that river; but in spite of several collisions, some of which were imprudently and needlessly occasioned by General Nago-Sándor, who commanded the rear-guard of the army, no decisive blow was struck against it, and it effected its march by Debreczin and Vámos Peres to Arad, where the communication was reopened with Kossuth's government and with the forces at its disposal. In a military point of view we know of nothing more remarkable than this march of eighteen days over such a country as Hungary, in presence of several armies, all of greatly superior strength, which was accomplished by Görgei without the loss of any considerable portion of his artillery or his troops.

It will be borne in mind that the object of this great manœuvre was, if possible, to bring the army of the Upper Danube, which Görgei commanded, to co-operate on the Theiss and the Maros with the army of Southern Hungary under the command of Dembinski, Vetter, and Guyon. The distance from Comorn to Tokay, by the road Görgei was compelled to take, certainly exceeded 200 miles. A further distance of 200 miles was still to be traversed from Tokay to Szegedin, and this in presence of hostile armies of superior force. As it turned out, the combination failed by the difference of three or four days. Had General Haynau advanced with less rapidity to the south he would have found the insurgents at Szegedin reinforced by Görgei's army, and the entrenchments

which had been hastily thrown up on the right bank of the Theiss would in a few days more have opposed a formidable obstacle to his progress. The whole force under Dembinski on the Theiss at this time was estimated by the Austrians at 63,600 men and 176 guns—of these at least 35,000 were concentrated in the lines at Szegedin, where they were to be attacked by Haynau on the 3rd of August. Strange to say, however, in the night of the 2nd of August Dembinski evacuated these lines and the town of Szegedin without firing a shot, not venturing to sustain the attack of Haynau with the Theiss in his rear. On the following day the Jablonowski brigade crossed the river, and the Magyars were driven out of the *tête-de-pont* at Alt-Szegedin, on the left bank of the Theiss, which place was set on fire by the rocket batteries. On the fifth another battle was fought at Szöreg, and on the 9th the main body of the Austrians were within sight of Temesvár, where a last effort was made to oppose their progress. The battle of Temesvár was in fact no more than a cannonade of about seven hours' duration, followed by charges of cavalry; for Haynau himself states that the infantry was never regularly engaged. But the consequences of this action were decisive. Bem, who had already been beaten three days before some 200 miles to the east, arrived with his usual celerity to take part in this action. But in vain—the Magyars were dispersed—thousands of prisoners fell into the hands of the victorious Austrian—baggage waggons, cannons, and ammunition waggons all galloped pell-mell towards Lugos—and the infantry was disbanded. That same evening Haynau entered Temesvár, which had held out under Lieutenant General Rukavina during the whole war with a gallantry and perseverance worthy of the highest fame. It is a remarkable circumstance that a portion of the garrison consisted of Hungarian troops, who had remained unshaken in their fidelity to the Imperial colours during the whole of the siege; they were, however, mingled with detachments of the Sirkovics, Bianchi, and Leiningen regiments, which are chiefly Wallachian and Polish—for every province and every race of the vast empire of Austria is united and identified under the common standard of the Imperial army.

On the 9th of August Görgei had reached Arad on the Maros—Temesvár being situated about thirty miles to the south of that river. If Dembinski, on evacuating Szegedin, and having been beaten at Szöreg, had retreated on Arad, following the right bank of the Maros, instead of retreating on Temesvár, it is probable that the junction of the two

armies might have been effected before the decisive action was fought. But before Görgei, or any part of his force, could reach Temesvár, the contest was over. In the course of the night of the 10th of August a despatch arrived at Arad, from Guyon, stating that Dembinski's army no longer existed.

On the afternoon of that day, and some hours before the arrival of this intelligence, a private conference had taken place between Kossuth and Görgei in the fortress of Arad, at which they discussed the conduct to be pursued under either of the events then impending over them.

'Kossuth wished to know what I intended to do, in case the news he had received of the victory of Dembinski's army at Temesvár should be confirmed—the junction of the army under my orders with Dembinski's effected—and the chief command over both armies were to devolve upon me.—"In that case"—I replied—"I should combine the whole of our forces, and direct my attack against the Austrians alone."—"But if the Austrians have been victorious at Temesvár?" Kossuth finally asked. "Then I will lay down my arms," was my answer. "And I shoot myself!" replied Kossuth.—ii. p. 378.

A few hours later Kossuth sent for my information a report of *General Guyon* relative to the issue of the battle fought at Temesvár. According to this report, written by Guyon himself, Dembinski's army no longer existed.

'By this final result of Dembinski's retrograde operation from Szöreg to Temesvár (instead of to Arad) the last probability of successful offensive operations against the Austrians was destroyed. The further continuance of our active resistance to the armies of the allies could now at most promote personal, no longer any national interests. Therefore, directly after the receipt of Count Guyon's report to Kossuth, I resolved, with the army under my command, which had been strengthened in Arad by a division of reserve, to lay down our arms, that a bloodless end might be put as speedily as possible to a contest henceforth without purpose, and that the country which I could no longer save, might at least be freed from the horrible misery of war.

'I took this resolution with the full conviction of performing no half deed in executing it; for the army under my command was now the principal army of Hungary, and its conduct must prospectively the more certainly become the guide for all the isolated lesser bodies of active forces still existing elsewhere in the country—not excepting the garrisons of the fortresses—as Kossuth himself agreed with my resolution to lay down our arms, and there was consequently no reason to apprehend that he would agitate against a general imitation of the example I was determined to set.

'My supposition that Kossuth would agree to the laying down of our arms was by no means an arbitrary one. At the moment when I explained to Kossuth that I was determined to lay down our arms as soon as the news which I had received about the defeat of Dembinski's army was confirmed, he was in the strictest sense of the word *master*

of my life. The interview at which I made this declaration took place, as is known, in his own apartment in the fortress of Arad. The commander of the fortress was Damjanics. Since the Comorn differences he was among my decided adversaries. The garrison of the fortress consisted of troops that scarcely knew me by name. There could not exist the slightest sympathy on the part of these troops for my person. The suite with which I had hastened on Kossuth's summons into the fortress consisted of one adjutant. Kossuth nevertheless allowed me unobstructed to return from the fortress to the head-quarters in Alt-Arad. He had not even attempted to dissuade me in any way from the eventual resolution of laying down our arms. It is true he had declared he was resolved to shoot himself if I laid down our arms. This declaration, however, considering the little personal sympathy I had shown him since the 14th of April, 1849, could not be expected to shake me in my resolution; I considered this pathetic declaration, rather, only as a natural consequence of Kossuth's repeated asseverations, that he could neither live out of Hungary nor in it if sunk into slavery.

'If Kossuth had been decidedly opposed to the laying down of our arms, he could not possibly have allowed me to quit the fortress of Arad.'—vol. ii. 381-383.

It was therefore with a distinct knowledge of Görgei's intention that Kossuth and his colleagues formally transferred the supreme, civil, and military power to Görgei on the following day, whilst they provided for their own safety by flying to the Turkish frontier.

With these facts before us, the charge of treachery which the spirit of disappointed faction has attempted to attach to Görgei's surrender at Vilagos, cannot be supported. As long as there was a possibility of carrying on the war with a chance of success, he had done his part towards it. As early as the 19th of July Count Rudiger, commanding a division of the Russian forces, had made overtures to Görgei for a negotiation, which was declined in suitable language, though even Kossuth and Count Cassimir Batthyany were at that time ready to have placed the Duke of Leuchtenberg, or any other Russian prince, upon the Hungarian throne. But when the combination of the two armies was rendered absolutely impracticable by the defeat of the more considerable body of troops under Bem, Dembinski, and Meszáros, and when Görgei found himself surrounded by overwhelming forces, whilst his own army hardly exceeded 25,000 men, with no basis of operations and no attainable object before it:—when, in short, that contingency had happened upon which Kossuth had said that he should blow out his brains, but upon which he did in reality lay down the government and take to flight, without even handing over the insignia of

office to his successor—it is a gross injustice to charge Görgei with the loss of a cause which was already ruined.

It has not been our purpose on this occasion to renew the discussion on the political causes of the Hungarian contest, which we conceive to have been singularly misconceived by a certain class of enthusiastic politicians in this country; and we have here confined ourselves to the narrative of military operations, which command in many respects our admiration. Had these courageous efforts really been those of a whole people struggling to defend their ancient constitution against the aggressive forces of modern despotism, we know of no contest in history which would more have deserved our sympathy. But the Hungarian insurrection is to be traced to a totally different origin. It was closely connected, as we have shown in a former article, with the revolutionary outbreak in Vienna of March, 1848, which convulsed the Austrian monarchy. It destroyed the ancient constitution of the realm by the first blow it inflicted: and the subsequent policy of the provisional government was dictated by the artifices of a mountebank, rather than by the heroism and firmness of a patriot. Kossuth's two great civil resources were an unlimited issue of paper-money and a wholesale recognition of tenant-right. His eloquence undoubtedly exercised extraordinary influence over a people as ignorant, as imaginative, and as servile as the natives of Hungary; but Kossuth himself appears frequently to have laboured under the intoxication of oratory, and to have mistaken words for things. He either had no plan at all for the permanent emancipation of his country, or the plan he did pursue was utterly inconsistent with the genius, the resources, and the position of Hungary. It was held to be so by all that was most rational in the councils of his own government and most valuable in the army; and if an exterminating angel had swept every Russian and Austrian soldier from the plains of Hungary in a single night, it would still have been impossible to construct or maintain a stable government for that country and its dependencies on the principles which M. Kossuth had adopted. After what had occurred, the only rational object of the war was to bring the Austrian authorities to treat on moderate terms for the constitutional independence of the kingdom, retaining its ancient and indissoluble connexion with the Imperial Crown. That object Görgei appears to have kept steadily in view, and success itself could have effected no other arrangement. On the other hand the Imperial Ministers, and especially Prince

Windischgrätz and Prince Schwarzenberg, may justly be reproached with having ignored this obvious distinction, and driven the war to its last fatal consequences, including the humiliation of a foreign intervention. They failed to take advantage of the division which obviously prevailed among the leaders of the insurrection, and sought rather to plunge them all in one common crime, for which many of the noblest and least guilty were made to suffer even to the death, whilst those of meaner minds or more crafty resources had contrived their own escape from the catastrophe which had become inevitable.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea, in 1846 and 1847.* By John Rae. 1850.
2. *Arctic Searching Expedition: Journal of a Boat Voyage.* By Sir John Richardson. 2 vols. 1851.
3. *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal.* By Lieut. S. Osborn. 1852.
4. *Journal of a Voyage in 1850–1, performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under command of Mr. Wm. Penny.* By P. C. Sutherland, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.
5. *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic Searching Expeditions of 1850–1–2.* Collected by James Mangles, R.N. 1852.
6. *Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, in Search of Sir John Franklin.* By Wm. Kennedy. 1853.
7. *Parliamentary Papers.* 1848–53.
8. *Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea.* By John Arrowsmith.

THESE books and papers comprise most of the discoveries made in Arctic regions since we noticed Sir John Barrow's volume of Voyages in 1846. Franklin had sailed in the previous year, and in saying that we should wait his re-appearance with the anxiety of the princess for the diver, we much rather anticipated that we should soon have to welcome him with the goblet of gold, than that a seventh year should find us deploing his continued absence, with no better clue to his fate than dismal conjecture could supply. There was nothing in the nature of his enterprise to excite much fear for its result. The several Arctic expeditions sent out since 1818 had returned in safety. Their records are full of peril, but full also of the resources of skill and courage by which peril may be overcome. When this voyage was proposed by Barrow to the Royal Society,

he urged that 'there could be no objection with regard to any apprehension of the loss of ships or men,' as it was 'remarkable that neither sickness nor death had occurred in most of the voyages made into the Arctic regions, north or south.' Franklin was well experienced in the navigation of frozen seas; his officers and crews were picked men; and the strength of his ships—the *Erebus* and *Terror*—had been thoroughly tested—the first in the Expedition of Sir James Ross to the South Pole—the second in the voyage of Back to Repulse Bay. He sailed, full of confidence in the success of his mission, on the 19th of May, 1845, and though nearly thirty vessels have since been despatched in search of him, besides parties who have explored the North American coast, all that we yet know of him is, that he passed his first winter in a secure harbour at the entrance of Wellington Channel. Whether, when released from the ice in 1846, he advanced or receded, is not certainly known. In the absence of decisive evidence, the best authorities are at fault. One witness stated before the last Arctic committee, it was 'all guess-work.' The travelling parties who from Beechey Island surveyed every coast for hundreds of miles, found not a cairn or post erected by the missing expedition. Since Franklin entered Lancaster Sound, not one of the cylinders which he was directed to throw overboard has been recovered, nor has a fragment of his equipment been found on any shore. It has hence been inferred that he must have left the harbour with the full intention of proceeding homewards. Captain Austin believes that the ships did not go beyond Beechey Island, but were lost in the ice, either by being beset when leaving winter quarters, or when attempting their return to England. Commander Phillips is of the same opinion.

But if Franklin did resolve to return thus early, what could have become of the ships and men? That both vessels should be totally lost is contrary to all experience and probability, and that not a man should survive, is more unlikely still. One of the most experienced Arctic seamen living, who went six voyages in whalers before he sailed with Parry, and has since been in the expeditions of the two *Rosses*, states that though it is possible—and he admits the supposition as but a possibility—the ships may have been 'walked over by the ice in Baffin's Bay,' yet that 'the men on such occasions are always saved,' by jumping on the ice and making their way to the land or to the next ship.\* The harbourage chosen for the ships was

\* In a recent Dundee newspaper we observe an account of a whale-ship, employed in the Greenland



so secure, that it is unlikely they could have been carried out from the Straits at the mercy of the ice, as were the ships of Sir James Ross in 1849, and of the American expedition in 1850. Franklin did not take up his winter quarters in haste, or from necessity. He must have dropped anchor while the sea was comparatively open, and why winter there at all if he meant to return as soon as the open season again came round?

We know that he contemplated the probability of an absence prolonged even beyond two winters. His last letter to Sabine from Whale Fish Islands entreats him to relieve the anxiety of Lady Franklin and his daughter, should he not return at the time they expected, as—

'You know well that, *even after the second winter without success in our object*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions, and the health of the crews justify it.'

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus to his nearest friend would have returned after one winter, without effecting or attempting more than a passage to Barrow's Strait?

Lieutenant Griffith, announcing his departure from the ships with his transport, July, 1845, wrote—

'All are in the highest possible spirits, and determined to succeed, if success be possible. A set of more undaunted fellows never were got together, or officers better selected. I am indeed certain that, if the icy barriers will be sufficiently penetrable to give them but half the length of their ships to force themselves through, they will do so at all risks and hazards.'

Commander Fitzjames, who sailed in the *Erabus* with Franklin, speaks repeatedly, in the lively letters and journal he forwarded to his friends at home, of the determination which prevailed in both ships to 'go a-head,' and jestingly begs that, if nothing is heard of him by next June, letters may be forwarded to him *viâ* Kamschatka. 'We can carry much sail and do,' he notes in his journal; 'I can scarcely manage to get Sir John to shorten sail at all.' So well was it understood that the ships would push forward through any open channel which might present itself, that the ice-master of the *Terror*, writing to his wife from Disco Island, July 12, 1845, warned her of the probability that they might be out much longer than was anticipated:—

'We are all in good health and spirits, one and

fishery for the last *sixty-nine years*. She was lost at last, not by the ice of the northern sea, but by being stranded on a reef near her port, when returning with a full cargo.

all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849 [*this allowed for a four years' absence*] you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so; and if so, it may be from five to six years—it might be into the seventh—ere we return; and should it be so, *do not allow any person to dishearten you on the length of our absence*, but look forward with hope, that Providence will at length of time restore us safely to you.'

An anecdote is related of Franklin in Barrow's volume, which shows how superior he held the claims of duty to those of personal feeling or convenience. When about to leave England in 1825, on his second expedition to explore the North American coast, his first wife was sinking under a fatal malady. She urged his departure on the day appointed, and he denied himself the sad satisfaction of waiting to close her eyes. She had employed some of the tedious hours of sickness in making for him a union flag, only to be unfurled when he reached the Polar Sea. This flag was hoisted when from the summit of Garry Island the sea, stretching free and unincumbered to the north, appeared in all its majesty. His companions hailed the outspread banner with joyful excitement, and Franklin, who had learned that his wife died the day after his departure, repressed all sign of painful emotion that he might not cloud their triumph at having planted the British colours on this island of the Polar Sea. Was this the man to turn back after one winter spent at the entrance of the strait where his enterprise did but commence?

It has indeed been much the fashion of late to complain of the employment of naval commanders in a too advanced stage of life, and remarks of this nature have been made on the ultimate commission of Franklin. We saw him often, however, on the eve of his start, and assuredly, though well up in years, there was no sign whatever of any falling off either in muscular fibre or animal spirits. We may add that his government at Van Diemen's Land had not ended under altogether flattering circumstances, and, according to our information, few of his friends doubted that in embracing this new task, he was not uninfluenced by a yearning to recover whatever of *prestige* he might have supposed himself to have lost as a civil administrator, by another and a crowning display of tact and energy in the department of his original distinction.

It is by no means certain that because no record of him has been discovered beyond Beechey Island, none was left. Mr.

Kennedy, when he explored Cape Walker last spring—ignorant that he had been preceded by Captain Austin's parties—mistook the large cairn they had erected for a part of the cliff, and actually *walked over a smaller one* deeply covered with snow, without for a moment suspecting that the spot had been previously visited. This fact has come out on Capt. Ommaney and Mr. Kennedy's comparing notes of their respective journeys. Sir Edward Belcher, in his recent despatches, states that the cairns erected by the well-organized expedition of his predecessors have in some cases been destroyed, and in others can with difficulty be recognized. For example, he says on August 14:—

'We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the North Star, and no beacon marks their whereabouts.'

At Cape Warrender he found the cairn and post erected by Captain Austin's expedition, but *no document*:—

'The tally having written on it *Pull out Record* was found beside the cairn, deeply impressed with the teeth of some small animal.'

In the opinion of this experienced officer, there could have been no hurry in removing from Beechey Island, as everything bore the stamp of order and regularity. This is utterly opposed to the notion that Franklin had been forced away by the ice.

In the distressful uncertainty which clouds his fate it is our only consolation to reflect that Government has shown all along the heartiest concern for its gallant servants. With other dispositions, indeed, better results might have been looked for. It is the misfortune of the Admiralty Instructions, we think, that they have said too much to leave the commanders of the expeditions entirely to their own discretion, and not enough to ensure a regular and systematic series of operations. Discovery, however, has not languished since Franklin's departure, and a sketch of what has been effected within the polar circle for the last six years will conveniently exhibit the efforts made for his relief, and show the lines of coast which have already been fruitlessly searched.

When he sailed it was a disputed question whether an opening into that sea which washes the shores of North America might not exist in some part of Boothia Gulf. Mr. Rae has set that question at rest. His expedition is a fine example of how much may be accomplished with very limited means. He started from Fort Churchill, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, with twelve men and two boats, on the 5th of July,

1846. On arriving at the head of Repulse Bay, he crossed the isthmus which separated him from Boothia Gulf, a distance of 40 miles, and in six days reached the sea. But it was now the first week in August, heavy rains set in, and, finding progress impossible, he recrossed the isthmus, joined the party he had left at Repulse Bay, and determined to leave any further survey until the spring, employing the remainder of the open season in making the best provision he could for the winter.

His stores had been calculated for four months' consumption only; he was entirely destitute of fuel; he could obtain no promise of supplies of any kind from the natives; the resources of the country were unknown to him; and the head of the bay had the character of being one of the most dreary and inhospitable of polar coasts. But Rae was inured to hardships, and, a first-rate sportsman, he had confidence in his own exertions. He selected a sheltered site for his winter dwelling, near the river, on the northern shore leading to the lakes, and here established his fishing-stations. Collecting his men, some were sent out to bring in stones for building a house, others to set nets, to hunt deer, and to gather fuel. The walls were built two feet thick, the stones being cemented with mud and clay. Squares of glass were fixed in three small apertures. As timber was unknown in this bleak region, he used the oars and masts of his boats for rafters, stretching over them oilcloth and skins for roofing. Deer-skins, nailed over a framework of wood, made a weather-tight door. The interior of this house, to serve for twelve persons through eight winter months, was twenty feet long by fourteen wide; seven and a half feet high in front, sloping down to five and a half feet behind. Yet in these narrow dimensions Rae found room for a great part of his stores, and, by a partition of oilcloth, secured separate quarters for himself, where he worked his observations and kept his journal.

His fishing and hunting proved successful. His sporting-book for September showed a total of 63 deer, 5 hares, 172 partridges, and 116 salmon and trout. In the following month 69 deer were shot, but the nets produced only 22 fish. He was most at a loss for fuel. His men brought in a scanty supply of withered moss, heather, and the like, and this, being dried in the house, was piled into stacks. As the season advanced he built two observatories of snow, one for a dip circle, the other for an horizontally suspended needle, to test the action of the aurora. Snow-houses were also built for the dogs, for stores, &c.; and all were con-

nected together by passages cut under the frozen snow.

Early in January the thermometer sank 79° below the freezing point; and even indoors it was commonly below zero.

'This,' says Rae, 'would not have been unpleasant where there was a fire to warm the hands and feet, or even room to move about; but where there was neither the one nor the other, some few degrees more heat would have been preferable.'

Their fuel was so short that they could afford themselves but one meal a-day, and were obliged to discontinue the comfort of a cup of tea. Being short of oil also, and darkness and cold together being intolerable, they had no resource but to pass about fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Rae was worse off than his companions; they could smoke at all hours; but that which was their greatest luxury was his greatest annoyance. Honest Jack's jerseys and trowsers felt, from frozen moisture, as hard and prickly as any integuments of ascetical invention. When they went to bed their blankets sparkled with hoar-frost; Rae's own waistcoat became so stiff that he had much ado to get it buttoned. When he went to open his books he found that the leaves were fast frozen together, the damp from the walls having got into them before the frost set in; and every article bound with brass or silver burst its fastenings. Yet the men were cheerful, enjoyed excellent health, and made light of their hardships. When one poor fellow got his knee frozen in bed he was sorry that it became known, as the laugh was turned against him for his effeminacy. Christmas-day they had all 'an excellent dinner of venison and plum-pudding,' and on the first of January 'capital fat venison-steaks and currant dumplings.' A small supply of brandy was served out to drink to absent friends; and on the whole, Rae does not think that 'a happier party could have been found in America, large as it is.'

By the commencement of March deer began to migrate to the north, and during this month Rae got sledges finished and all preparations made for his spring survey. On the 3rd of April the thermometer rose above zero for the first time since the 12th of December. He started on the 4th, taking with him three of his men and two Esquimaux; his luggage and provisions being stowed in two sledges, each drawn by four dogs. He took no tent, as he found it much more convenient to erect snow-houses. Those which he built on his outward journey served on his way back. In these houses

storm and cold were unfelt. On one occasion, when there was a stiff gale, with the thermometer 21° below zero, he says—'We were as snug and comfortable in our snow-hive as if we had been lodged in the best house in England.'

In this journey he surveyed the whole western shore of the sea until he reached the furthest discovery of Ross to the south. In a second journey, made the same spring, he traversed the eastern coast till he reached Cape Crozier; from hence he could observe the line of coast some miles farther to the north—leaving, as he reckoned, not more than ten miles of shore to be surveyed up to the mouth of the Fury and Hecla Strait;—the shortness of his provisions would, however, allow him to go no farther. His thorough exploration of the shores of Committee Bay connects the discoveries of Parry on one side with those of Ross on the other.

The ice broke up late in 1847, and it was not till the 12th August that the boats were launched in open water. Rae safely arrived with all his men at York Factory on the 6th September: there the good health and high condition of the whole party excited unqualified admiration. 'By George!' exclaimed a stout corporal in charge of the sappers and miners destined to accompany Richardson in his boat voyage, 'I never saw such a set of men.' From none of the parties of Esquimaux Rae met with could he gather any tidings of Franklin.

We have dwelt on the particulars of this journey—interesting however for their own sake—because they support the idea that Franklin and his crews, if detained in some remote region of thick-ribbed ice, might not, even to this date, be reduced to utter extremity for want of food. If Rae, with provisions for only four months, could keep his men in high condition for fourteen, and could weather a winter of great severity almost without fuel, with no other shelter than they could erect for themselves, and with but scant supplies of clothing, it does not appear improbable that, with the two well-stored ships of Franklin, some brave fellows may yet be living, animated by the hope that succour will reach them at last. In the course of nature the crews would be much reduced by death, and the supplies be consequently available for a longer period than was calculated on.

While Rae was engaged in this expedition, attention was painfully excited in England by Franklin's prolonged absence. The opinion of the most experienced arctic navigators was that he had pushed to the southwest after passing Cape Walker, and had got

inextricably involved in the ice somewhere south of Banks' Land. Thus Sir E. Parry expressed his conviction that the ships were directed to the south-west between  $100^{\circ}$  and  $110^{\circ}$  W. long.; Sir James Ross, taking the same view, expected the ships would be found about lat.  $73^{\circ}$  N. and long.  $135^{\circ}$  W.; and Richardson, likely to be informed of his old comrade's views, believed that he was blocked up in attempting, by sailing south-west of Cape Walker, to reach that open Polar Sea, which both of them had observed, east and west of the Mackenzie river, in their exploration of the North American coast. Similar views were expressed before the Committee of 1850.

The course indicated was that which Franklin had been expressly directed to take. Sir John Barrow, in proposing this voyage to the Royal Society, had dwelt mainly on the probability of a channel south-west of Cape Walker, whence—

'A distance of 300 leagues on a clear sea, keeping midway between the supposed Banks' Land and the coast of America, would accomplish an object which, at intervals during 300 years has engaged the attention of crowned heads, men of science, and mercantile bodies, whose expectations were frequently disappointed but not discouraged.'

The official Instructions to Franklin are, however, quite distinct on this point:—

'In proceeding to the westward you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of that strait [Barrow's], but continue to push to the westward *without loss of time* in the latitude of about  $74\frac{1}{4}$ , till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about  $98^{\circ}$  west. From that point we desire that *every effort* be used to endeavour to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific. \* \*

\* You are well aware, having yourself been one of the intelligent travellers who have traversed the American shore of the Polar Sea, that the groups of islands that stretch from that shore to the northward to a distance not yet known do not extend to the westward further than about the 120th degree of western longitude, and that beyond this and to Behring's Strait no land is visible from the American shore of the Polar Sea.'

That the search for this great seaman and his companions might be as complete as possible, the government, in 1848, fitted out three distinct expeditions—each, however, planned on the probability that he had taken

the route prescribed for him, rather than with any special view to Wellington Channel. The principal one, under command of Sir James Ross, consisting of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was directed to follow, as far as practicable, in the assumed wake of Franklin, proceeding direct to Lancaster Sound, and scrutinizing the shores north and south. It was supposed that one ship might winter near Cape Rennel or Cape Walker, and that the other might advance to Melville Island. Searching parties were to be sent from each vessel in the spring, some to explore the neighbouring coasts, and particularly the unknown space between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and others to cross, if possible, to the coast of North America, and attempt to reach the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, where Sir John Richardson's aids would meet them.

To Richardson had been intrusted the task of searching the North American shore between the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, and of depositing provisions at Fort Good Hope, on the latter river, at its mouth, and at Capes Bathurst, Parry, Krusenstern, and Hearne, along the coast.

A third expedition, consisting of the *Herald*, Captain Kellett, then employed on a survey in the Pacific, and the *Plover*, under Commander Moore, were to penetrate through Behring's Strait, taking up positions as far north-east as might be consistent with their safety, and two whale-boats were to perform a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie to meet Richardson's party.

These arrangements were judicious, but, unfortunately, that expedition to which the chief service was intrusted was baffled by those natural causes which so often, in arctic regions, defeat the best-laid plans, and, inextricably enclosing ships in mighty fields of ice, deliver over the most experienced and courageous commanders to the mercy of winds and currents.

The vessels of Ross were not able to cross the middle ice of Baffin's Bay till the 20th July. He did not reach Cape York, at the entrance of Regent's Inlet, till the 1st September; and here he had the mortification to find that impenetrable barriers of ice prevented his approaching the entrance of Wellington Channel to the north, or Cape Rennell to the west. He put into Port Leopold on the 11th September, and on the following day both vessels were fast shut in by the main pack of ice closing with the land. He employed the winter and spring in all practicable measures for the discovery and relief of Franklin. A house was built at Port Leopold, and stored with provisions for twelve months, in case he might come

that way after the ships had gone. Exploring parties searched both shores of North Somerset, down to Fury Point on one side, and Four Rivers Bay on the other.

The open season of 1849 was late. The vessels were not released till the 28th August, and three days later the ice closed round them, and defied every effort made for their relief. Helplessly beset, they remained fast until they drifted out of Lancaster Sound. When they were once more free the 25th of September had arrived, and winter had set in with rigour. The harbours on the coast were already closed against them, and, having done all that was possible to contend with adverse circumstances, Ross had no resource but to return home, thankful to the Providence which had so mercifully preserved him when all human effort was unavailing.

It had been his intention, were no tidings heard of Franklin by the close of the summer of 1849, to send home the Investigator, continuing the search through another year in the Enterprise alone. The Admiralty appreciated his zeal, but feared it might jeopardize his safety. Early in the spring of 1849 the North Star was supplied with stores, and in May sailed for Lancaster Sound, bearing despatches to Sir James Ross, instructing him to keep out both ships, and to make a particular examination of Wellington Channel. The North Star was not to hazard a winter in the ice; but the unusual severity of the season, which had carried Sir James out of Lancaster Sound, prevented the North Star from approaching it. She wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and hence originated that foolish story of the wreck of Franklin's ships on the north shore of Baffin's Bay, which imposed on the credulity of Sir John Ross. The impudent fabrication is now conclusively exposed.\*

The return of Sir James Ross's ships at the very time when it was supposed the North Star would have been in communication with them, replenishing them for a prolonged absence, excited some very unreasonable dissatisfaction in the minds of a few noisy people. Even had it been possible for Sir James to winter in some harbour of Baffin's Bay, it would clearly have been un-

advisable for him to do so, as a fresh expedition from England would reach Lancaster Sound by about the time he could expect to get released. It is not for one unsuccessful adventure to dim the reputation of this most skilful and gallant officer. The arctic and antarctic zones equally bear witness to his high qualities and acquirements. If second to any among Polar discoverers, he is second to Parry alone; and while he may justly claim part in the successes of that able commander—having sailed with him when the Parry Islands were discovered—and accompanied him in his wonderful journey over the ice towards the Pole—the merit is all his own of planting the British flag on the magnetic pole, and of discovering an antarctic continent.

The other expeditions were more successful in fulfilling the parts assigned them. Preparations for Richardson's journey had to be made in the summer of 1847. Four boats of the most approved construction were built in the royal yards; and, with wise consideration for the commissariat, Sir John had that indispensable article for the arctic voyager, pemmican, manufactured under his own eye. The reader may not be displeased to see an authentic account of its preparation:—

'The round or buttock of beef of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely-grated meat. Being next mixed with an equal quantity of melted beef-suet or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients had been well incorporated by stirring they were transferred to tin canisters capable of containing 85 lbs. each, and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lbs., at a cost of 1s. 7½d. per lb. . . . As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.), and the sudden abstraction of more than 1000 rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a temporary rise in the price of one penny per pound.'—*Rich.*, vol. i. 37, 38.

\* Captain Inglefield, in a paper read at the Geographical Society November 22d last, giving an account of his voyage in the *Isabel*, states that he paid a visit to Ominack, the spot named by Adam Beck as that on which Franklin and his crew had been murdered, and satisfied himself, 'beyond all doubt, that there was no truth whatever in the statement of that reprobate Adam Beck, and that no such fate as he had related had befallen their missing countrymen.'

It is curiously illustrative of the interest excited by this expedition that Richardson received numerous advances from volunteers desirous of joining him. Among the applicants he enumerates two clergymen, one Welsh justice, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners. Rae was associated with Richardson. They left Liverpool for New York on the 25th of March, 1848, taking with them necessary baggage to the amount of 4000 lbs. They moved with all practicable rapidity. Landing at New York on the 10th of April, they arrived at Cumberland House 14th of June, the distance from New York being 2850 miles. They found their party, which had left England the previous year, a fortnight in advance; it had been joined by Mr. Bell, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by sixteen of the Company's voyagers. Their journey down the Mackenzie was favourable. On the 31st of July they reached Point Separation, and here a case of pemmican with memoranda was buried for the Plover's boat party. To indicate the spot to their friends, but to conceal it from the natives, a fire was lit over the pit; and, as this signal had been agreed on, the deposit was readily found by Pullen and his men when they arrived in the Plover's boats fourteen months later. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Richardson's boats turned to the east, passed Cape Bathurst on the 11th of August, and soon after rounded Cape Parry. The navigation from this point became more difficult, the boats having to make way through crowded floes of ice. As they approached Cape Krusenstern, the sea, as far as vision extended, was one dense, close pack, with not a lane of water perceptible. On the night of the 26th of August a severe frost covered the sea and ponds with young ice, and glued the floes immovably together. Progress with the boats could now be made only by dragging them over the floes, when the surface was sufficiently smooth, by cutting through tongues of ice, and by carrying them bodily over flats and points of land. On one morning three hours of severe labour only advanced them a hundred yards. When about a dozen miles from Cape Krusenstern, one boat and her cargo had to be left on a rocky projection. From the cape itself nothing but ice in firmly compacted floes could be seen, and the sorrowful conclusion was forced on Sir John that the sea-voyage was at an end. East of Cape Parry, says he, only six weeks of summer can be reckoned on. All struggled forward, however, to Cape Hearne, and, as from this point the sea was covered with floes, and new ice formed rapidly, the

abandonment of the other boats became inevitable. Richardson says:—

'I had hoped that, by conveying the boats and stores up the Coppermine river, beyond the range of the Eskimos, we could deposit them in a place of safety, to be available for a voyage to Wollaston Land next summer. But, abandoned as they must now be on the coast, we could not expect that they would escape the researches of the hunting parties who would follow up our foot-marks, and who were certain to break up the boats to obtain their copper fastenings.'

Preparations for a march to Fort Confidence, at the northern extremity of Great Bear Lake, were now set about. Packages were made up, each man taking with him thirteen days' provision. Six pieces of pemmican and a boat's magazine of powder were buried under a cliff. The tents were left standing near the boats, and a few useful articles, as hatchets and cooking utensils, were deposited in them, for the use of the Esquimaux. On the 3rd of September—after solemn prayers, in which all seemed to join with deep earnestness—they started. At the end of their day's march some scraps of drift-wood were collected for a fire to cook their supper; then, selecting the best sleeping-places they could find among blocks of basalt, they passed, though the weather continued cold, 'a pretty comfortable night.' In this way Sir John and his men journeyed on for twelve days, reaching Fort Confidence on the 15th of September:—

'We were happy to find Mr. Bell and his people well and the buildings much further advanced than we had expected. He had built an ample store-house, two houses for the men, and a dwelling-house for the officers, consisting of a hall, three sleeping apartments, and store-closet. Mr. Bell and Mr. Rae quartered themselves with Bruce in the store-room, and I took possession of my sleeping-room, which was put temporarily in order. I could there enjoy the luxury of a fire while I was preparing my despatches for the Admiralty and writing my domestic letters. I looked forward to the winter without anxiety.'

The main business of the expedition was now ended. The men were sent home, and, on the 7th of May, 1849, Richardson and Bell commenced their journey southwards, leaving Rae as the best qualified to make another effort to reach Wollaston Land from Cape Krusenstern in the summer, with one boat's crew of six men. Richardson landed at Liverpool 6th November, 1849, after an absence of nineteen months. Rae's summer expedition of 1849, however, was a failure. On the 30th of July he arrived at Cape Krusenstern from Fort Confidence, but

found the channel so choked with ice, that it was impossible to get a boat through it. He waited at the Cape watching the channel for an opening until the 23rd of August, when the sea being completely closed by compacted floes, he reluctantly returned by the Coppermine river to his winter quarters. The boats left the previous year had been much damaged by the Esquimaux to obtain the iron work, but the tents were uninjured, and the *cache* of pemmican and ammunition untouched.

One encouraging fact runs through all these explorations of the North American coast—and that is, the abundance of animal life to be met with. In 1848 the gun of Rae procured a constant supply of fresh provisions for the whole party. In Richardson's journal we read:—

'Aug. 19. Mr. Rae brought in two fine reindeer.—Aug. 20. Mr. Rae killed a fine buck reindeer. In this quarter a skilful hunter like Mr. Rae could supply the whole party with venison without any loss of time.—Aug. 24. Many salmon were seen.—To the north of Coronation Gulf reindeer and musk oxen may be procured by skilful hunters. With nets a large quantity of salmon and other fish might be captured in Dolphin and Union Straits; with percussion caps we might have slain *hundreds of seals*.'

The experience of Rae in his exploration of Wollaston Land in 1851 is to the like effect:—

'7th May.—During the interval between taking the observations for time and latitude I shot ten hares. These fine animals were very large and tame, and several more might have been killed, as well as many partridges, had I thought it expedient to follow them. On the 2nd June Cape Hearne formed our head-quarters, at which place eleven geese, all in fine condition, were killed. On the 9th a large musk-bull was shot, and his flesh was found excellent. Our principal food was geese, partridges and lemmings. The latter being fat and large, were very fine when roasted before the fire or between two stones. These little animals were *migrating northward*, and were so numerous that our dogs, as they trotted on, killed as many as supported them without any other food.'

In his journey of 1849 his party caught as many salmon as they could consume, whenever there was a piece of open water large enough for setting a net.

While Rae was anxiously watching the ice-choked sea from Cape Krusenstern, Captain Kellett in the *Herald* was discovering land in the Polar Sea far north of Behring's Strait, and Pullen in the boats of the *Plover* was navigating the coast from Icy Cape to the Mackenzie. The Behring's Strait parties were too late to do more than reconnoitre their destined course in 1848. The *Plover*

arrived on the Asiatic coast only in time to select winter quarters just south of Cape Tschukotskoi, outside the strait. The *Herald* went up the strait, visited Kotzebue Sound, the appointed rendezvous, and re-passed the strait before the *Plover* arrived. She returned to South America to winter.

The *Plover* got out from her winter-port on the 30th June, 1848; and in a fortnight reached Chamisso Island at the bottom of Kotzebue Sound. Here, on the next day, she was joined by the *Herald*—and by the Nancy Dawson, the private yacht of Mr. Shedden, whose name deserves honourable mention in every notice of these expeditions. Hearing in China of the efforts on behalf of Franklin, he at once sailed for Behring's Strait, putting aside his purposed voyage round the globe, to join in the search. Unfortunately his death prevented him from doing more than showing his zeal in the cause. The ships left the Sound on the 18th July, and taking an easterly course, on the 25th arrived at Wainwright's Inlet. Here

'The vast number of walrus that surrounded us, keeping up a continual bellowing or grunting; the barking of the innumerable seals—the small whales—and the immense flocks of ducks continually rising from the water as we neared them, warned us of our approach to the ice, although the temperature of the sea was still high.'

From this point, as the packed ice forbade the ships getting farther to the east, the boat expedition was despatched on a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie. It consisted of two twenty-seven-foot whaleboats, each with a crew of six men. Pullen had with him a hundred day's provisions for each man, and intimated his intention, should he reach the Mackenzie, of proceeding up the river to await the instructions of the Admiralty.

On the day following the departure of the boats the ships met with heavily packed ice extending from the shore, as far as the eye could reach, from north-west by west to north-east. This pack was traced 'for forty leagues, made in a series of steps westerly and northerly, the westerly being about ten or twelve miles, and the northerly twenty.' A water-sky was reported north of the pack, which, however, was perfectly impenetrable. Returning to Wainwright's Inlet, 'not a particle of the ice seen on our former visit remained.' A boat went ashore, and purchased from the natives 800 lbs. of reindeer meat—as much as the boat would carry—for a small quantity of tobacco. More was to be had on the same terms.

On the 17th of August, while cruising north of North Cape, packed ice was seen from south-south-west to north-north-west,



five miles distant, and soon after land was reported from the mast-head. A group of small islands could be distinctly seen, and further off a very extensive and high land was reported.

'There was a fine clear atmosphere (such an one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken angles on their summits, very characteristic of the high headlands in this sea. As far as a man can be certain, who has one hundred and thirty pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land. I think, also, it is more than probable that these peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.'—*Kellett*.

An island was reached, four and a half miles one way, by two and a half the other. Here Kellett landed. It was in lat.  $71^{\circ} 19' N.$ , long.  $175^{\circ} 16' W.$  It proved a solid mass of granite, almost inaccessible on every side, and 'literally alive with birds.' 'Innumerable black and white divers (common to this sea) here found a safe place to deposit their eggs and bring up their young.' The weather was bad; and Kellett, fearing he might be caught by the pack, made all sail for the south-east. As the commander of the Plover had determined to pass his second winter in Kotzebue Sound, the Herald supplied all the Plover's wants, and on the 29th September sailed in company with the yacht, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th November, 1849—the same month in which Richardson returned to England from North America, and Sir James Ross from Baffin's Bay.

The accounts so far were discouraging enough; but the Admiralty resolved that the search should be renewed—and on a yet more extended scale. The ships of Sir James Ross were promptly refitted and despatched to Behring's Strait; the Enterprise commanded by Captain Collinson, and the Investigator by M'Clure. They were instructed to sail with all speed, so as to pass the strait and reach the edge of the ice by the end of August. The Plover was to remain out, and be secured in a safe harbour as far in advance as practicable, to serve as a depot for parties from the other ships to fall back upon if necessary. The Herald, under Capt. Kellett, was to be sent home, volunteers being received from her for the other ships. This expedition left Plymouth on the 20th January, 1850. The ships communicated with the Herald, and Kellett as-

sure the Arctic Committee of 1851, that, from a conversation he had with M'Clure—

'I am convinced that he will use every endeavour to reach Melville Island with his parties, if he failed with his ship. Should one of these parties reach Melville Island, or even the northern shore of Banks' Land, they will endeavour to get home by the east, being a safer route than attempting to return to their ships.'

This statement is confirmed by the official and private letters of M'Clure. To Sir George Back, in particular, he states, in a letter of July 28, 1850, that he has *carte blanche* from Collinson, and that he is determined to push to the eastward to reach  $130^{\circ} W.$  long., and take his chance of wintering in the pack wherever he may be caught by the ice. These brave commanders had no sooner joined the Plover than they earnestly set to work to fulfil their mission. M'Clure outsailed Collinson, and was last seen by the Plover (August, 1850), in lat.  $70^{\circ} 44' N.$ , long.  $159^{\circ} 52' W.$  M'Clure calculated that he might make Banks' Land, get to the northward of Melville Island, and perhaps pass to the S.E. by Wellington Channel, or some other passage, so as to return home at latest in 1853. To the Admiralty he says that, should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intends to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbour. It is impossible not to admire his energy and daring. But knowing how completely the plans of the most able and resolute are at the mercy of the seasons in those latitudes, we cannot accept his courage as a pledge of his success, nor avoid feeling already some misgiving for his fate. Capt. Collinson, after penetrating some distance to the N. and E. of the strait, repassed it to winter at Hong Kong, the Plover being left in reserve at Port Clarence, in the strait. The Enterprise again quitted Hong Kong in May, 1851, reached Port Clarence, and left that port on 10th July to renew her explorations to the north-east.

Lieut. Pullen, with his boats, arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 27th August, having made the passage from Wainwright's Inlet in thirty-three days. The most difficult part of the voyage was off Cape Bathurst, very heavy hummocky ice being met with. 'It was one continued struggle from the 25th July to the 5th August to get along that ice, it being so close in, and we were cutting all the time.' Portions of his examination by the Committee are of value.

'Capt. Beechey: Did you see *any land to the northward* during your voyage?—No.

'Sir G. Back: There seems a remarkable difference when you were there, and when I was with Sir John Franklin, viz. that on the 15th August, 1826, there *was a complete open sea*, with the exception of one piece of ice to the north and west. What was its state when you were there? —*It was all ice to seaward, and along the coast east and west.*'

Pullen in his boats ascended the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Simpson on the 13th of October. Here he wintered, and while on his way to York Factory the following spring received instructions by express to attempt a passage in boats across the sea to Melville Island. He immediately hurried back, and on being supplied with 4500 lbs. of jerked venison and pemmican by Rae, he descended the Mackenzie in one of the Plover's boats and a barge of the Hudson's Bay Company. The season of 1850 proved more severe, however, than that of the previous year; he found the sea from the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst covered with unbroken ice, a small channel only existing in shore, through which he threaded his way to the vicinity of the Cape. Failing in finding a passage out to sea to the north of Cape Bathurst, he remained in its vicinity, watching the ice for an opening, until the approach of winter compelled him to return to the Mackenzie. He had reached the sea on the 22nd of July, and he did not quit it till the 1st of September. As he ascended the Mackenzie, ice was driving rapidly down. 'It was one continued drift of ice and heavy snow-storms.' He reached Fort Simpson on the 5th October, and arrived in England to take the command of the *North Star*, and join in the expedition under Sir E. Belcher.

To conclude here the researches from the North American coast—Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence, on the Coppermine, April the 25th, 1851, with four men and three sledges drawn by dogs. He reached the coast on the 1st of May, and found the ice favourable for travelling. On the 5th he landed at Douglas Island, and on the 7th gained the opposite shore. Traversing it to the east, until he reached 110° W. long., where his survey met that of Dease and Simpson, he retraced his steps, and advanced west until he turned Cape Baring, past lat. 70°, and long. 117° W. From some elevated ground in this neighbourhood high land could be seen to the north, but none was visible to the west. He got back to his provision station on the Kendal River upon the 10th June, having travelled 824 geographical or 942 English miles in forty days. In this lengthened journey his arrangements were much the same as during his survey of Committee Bay. He slept in snow houses, and,

as he advanced, buried provisions to serve for his return. In the months of July and August he explored the coast of Victoria Land, east and north, in boats. His delineation of the land to Point Pelly, on the western shore of Victoria Strait, is carefully laid down in Arrowsmith's map. That red line, marking every indentation of the coast, from the 101st to the 117th degrees of latitude, accomplished with limited means in a single season, is an achievement of which any officer might well be proud. On this newly discovered coast he met many parties of Esquimaux; but his inquiries as to the grand subject were all fruitless. The American coast has now been diligently examined, from the entrance of Behring's Strait to the head of Hudson's Bay; and we may, therefore, surely conclude that Franklin never reached so low a latitude.

On the side of Baffin's Bay the search was prosecuted by no less than eleven vessels in 1850. The expedition under Captain Austin consisted of the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, with their steam-tenders the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*. He was instructed that his main object should be to reach Melville Island—detaching vessels to examine Wellington Channel and the coast about Cape Walker, 'to which point Sir John Franklin was ordered to proceed.' At the same time—much having been said about the probable advantage of employing old professional whalers—Mr. William Penny, long experienced in the northern fishery, was empowered by Government to purchase two small brigs, adapted for the service they were to perform. All arrangements were left to himself, and he had the choice of his own officers. But, clumsily enough, instead of distinct objects being assigned him, his instructions were substantially the same as those given to Austin. Penny's ships sailed on the 15th April, 1850, and Austin's on the 4th of May following. The *Prince Albert* was purchased and equipped by public subscription, Lady Franklin being a principal contributor. Its special object was to search the shores of Boothia Gulf, it being thought possible that traces of Franklin might be found in that direction, as he was ignorant of the complete survey of the bottom of the gulf by Rae, and might have imagined that a passage thence, as was generally surmised when he sailed, led into the Polar Sea. The *Felix*, commanded by Sir John Ross, was equipped by subscription, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. An American expedition of two schooners, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, was to pass through Lancaster Sound, and push to the west. Lastly, the *North Star*, sent

out the previous year, to recruit the Enterprise and Investigator, remained in the Arctic Sea with a large quantity of available stores. These vessels, though sailing at different times, were all stopped by the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, and got through it at nearly the same period.

The first traces of the missing ships were discovered by Captain Ommaney, in the Assistance, at Cape Riley, on the 23d August. He found sundry pieces of rag, rope, and broken bottles, and also the marks of five tent-places. This cape is a point at the eastern entrance of Wellington Channel; about three miles west of it rises the bold abrupt coast of Beechey Island; and between the shores of this isle and the mainland lies a bay to which extraordinary interest is now attached. On its coast were observed numerous sledge-tracks, and at Cape Spencer, about ten miles from Cape Riley, up Wellington Channel, the party discovered the ground-place of a tent, the floor neatly paved with small smooth stones.

'Around the tent a number of birds' bones as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led Mr. Penny to imagine that it had been inhabited for some time as a shooting station and a look-out place, for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's Strait and Wellington Channel.'—*Osborn*, p. 102.

Some sledge-tracks led northward for about twenty miles, but the trail ceased south of Cape Bowden, and an empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found. The results of examining Beechey Island must be given in more detail. Lieutenant Osborn says—

'A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of the now deeply-interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either sides of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope a multitude of preserved meat-tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge on the slope, a carefully constructed cairn was discovered; it consisted of layers of fitted tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered: the embankment of a house, with carpenters' and armourers' working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old clothing, rope—and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the Erebus and Terror—bearing date of the winter of 1845-6. We therefore now had ascertained the first winter-quarters of Sir John Franklin.

'On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale: its neatly shaped oval out-

line—the border carefully formed of moss lichen, poppies, and anemones, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region—contrived still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sowed in the garden had decayed away. Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron showed the armourers' working-place; and along an old water-course, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing places of the men of Franklin's squadron. Happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away: they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends. In another spot a flannel was discovered; and this, together with some things lying about, would, in my ignorance of wintering in the arctic regions have led me to suppose that there was considerable haste displayed in the departure of the Erebus and Terror from this spot, had not Capt. Austin assured me that there was nothing to ground such a belief upon, and that from experience, he could vouch for these being nothing more than the ordinary traces of a winter station; and this opinion was fully borne out by those officers who had in the previous year wintered in Port Leopold, one of them asserting that people left winter-quarters too well pleased to escape to care much for a handful of shavings, an old coal-bag, or a washing-tub. This I, from experience, now know to be true.'—*Osborn*, pp. 107-110.

From the number of minute facts, it was not difficult to assign the place where the ships must have lain through the winter: they were so stationed, Osborn says, as to be

'effectually removed from all risk of being swept out of the bay—which, by the by, from the fact of the enclosed area being many times broader than the entrance of Erebus and Terror Bay, was about as probable as any stout gentleman being blown out of a house through the keyhole.'

The most interesting traces of winter residence were the graves of Franklin's three seamen. The following description is in all respects creditable to Mr. Osborn:—

'The graves, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmates; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of

an oaken head and foot board to each of the three graves being married by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggrel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:—

"Sacred to the memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H.M.S. Terror, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. Erebus, died April 3rd, 1846, aged 32 years. *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Josh. xxiv. 15."

"Sacred to the memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. Erebus, died January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.*—Haggai i. 7."

"I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the Erebus the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped on his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device."—*Ibid.*, p. 111.

With this discovery the work of the ships for the season may be said to have closed. Wellington Channel, as far as vision extended, presented a continuous sheet of ice, much of it, as we learn from Dr. Sutherland and other experienced persons, appearing 'to be at least three years old.' (ii. 124.) In mid-channel of Barrow's Strait, at the same time (Aug. 25), the pack was seen to westward, but

'the sea was as smooth as oil; and thousands of seals, in which one could distinguish three species—the ocean or Greenland seal, the bearded seal, and the common seal—were seen taking their pastime in the water. White whales were also seen in great abundance.'—*Suth.* 1. 293.

Osborn also dwells upon the enormous shoals of white whales—the water appearing as if filled with them; he states that eleven bears were seen, and that large flights of wild fowl came down Wellington Channel. By the middle of September Austin's ships were fast fixed in the ice, in the channel between Griffith's Island and Cornwallis Land, and here they were secured as well as might be for the winter. Penny made his ships fast in Assistance Harbour, on the south coast of Cornwallis Land, about 20 miles east of Austin's station; and here, also, Sir John Ross, in the *Felix*, wintered.

The other ships turned homewards. The North Star left her winter-quarters in Wolstenholme Sound on the 3rd of August, and reached Port Leopold on the 12th. Being unable, however, from the ice to land her stores there, she deposited them at Admiralty Inlet, where, as we have seen, Sir E. Belcher was unable to find any trace of them. The American expedition made a

most singular sweep. Lieut. de Haven parted company with the other searching vessels on the 13th of September off Griffith's Island. But the frost had already set in, and, snow having fallen, the sea was covered with a tenacious coating through which it was impossible for the vessels to force their way. As the ice about them thickened they became entirely at the mercy of the winds and currents. To the astonishment of all on board, they were carried directly up Wellington Channel. Here, drifting about as the wind varied, they came, on the 22nd of September, in sight of that island which in our charts is named Baillie Hamilton. To the north-west was distinctly seen the cloud of 'frost-smoke,' indicative of open water, and signs of animal life became more abundant. For the remainder of September the vessels were nearly stationary:—throughout October and November again they were drifted to and fro by the changing wind, but never passing out of Wellington Channel. On the 1st of November the new ice was upwards of three feet thick.

'Still frequent breaks would occur in it, often in fearful proximity to the vessels. Hummocks, consisting of massive granite-like blocks, would be thrown up to the height of twenty and even thirty feet. This action in the ice was accompanied with a variety of sounds impossible to be described, but which never failed to carry a feeling of awe into the stoutest hearts.'—*De Haven's Report.*

By the beginning of December the ships were carried down the Channel, and entered Lancaster Sound. Westerly winds now prevailing, the vast field of ice, with the imprisoned ships, slowly drifted to the mouth of the Sound. In January they were fairly launched in Baffin's Bay, and a steady drift commenced to the southward, the vessels being carried along with the whole vast body of ice. On the 19th of May Cape Serle was descried, being the first land seen for four months; a few days later Cape Walsingham was visible, and the ships passed out of the Arctic zone. On the 6th of June, the whole immense floe in which they had been inextricably locked for nearly nine months was rent in all directions, without violence or noise, leaving not a piece exceeding 100 yards in diameter. Thenceforth the vessels were free, and in due time safely reached New York. During the winter, the occupations and amusements most suitable for preserving the crews in health had been persevered in—but sledges and boats with stores were always ready in case of accident, each man being furnished

with a bundle of clothes which he could catch up at a moment's notice.

From this extraordinary sweep we must conclude that the barrier of ice across Wellington Channel, apparently fixed firmly to the land on either side, was really in continual motion. It seems to have been obedient to the wind rather than to any settled current. Of these facts our ships, safe in their winter-quarters, were entirely ignorant; and when, so late as the 12th of August in the following season, they still saw the entrance of the Channel firmly closed against them by solid ice, we cannot feel surprised at their supposing it to have remained unmoved since the first day of their arrival. Here the principal business of the winter was preparation for the spring journeys. Amusements were not neglected; there were plays and masquerades; the general health of all the men was good; and we have more than one admission that throughout the long winter 'hardships there were none.'

The arrangements for the sledging parties were in both expeditions very complete. Every provision was made for the health and comfort of the men, and whoever glances into the blue-books will acknowledge that Austin most thoroughly fulfilled the duties of a skilful and humane commander. By an arrangement with Penny, made as early as 17th October, 1850, the latter undertook the complete 'search of Wellington Strait,' while Austin's detachments were to examine the shores north and south of Barrow's Strait. The coasts newly explored by these parties are laid down in the charts of Arrowsmith and the Admiralty. We confine our notice to the three routes which it seemed most likely Franklin might have taken:—to the west by Melville Island, to the south-west by Cape Walker, and to the north-west by Wellington Channel.

Of all Austin's parties that under Lieutenant M'Clintock was most ably and successfully conducted. He left the ships on the 15th of April, and taking a course due west, reached Point Griffith on the eastern shore of Melville Island on the 11th of May. On the 21st he sighted Winter Harbour, but there being neither ships, tents, nor any sign of human habitation to be seen, he deferred any close scrutiny of it until his return. By the 27th of May he had reached Cape Dundas at the western extremity of Melville Island, and on the following day, ascending a high cliff, made out the coast of Banks' Land.

western extreme terminated abruptly. Banks' Land appears to be very lofty, with steep cliffs and large ravines, as about Cape Dundas. I could make out the ravines and snow-patches distinctly with my glass.—*M'Clintock's Report.*

To the north of Banks' Land, at a distance from it of about seventy miles, he discovered a range of land apparently running nearly due west. 'This does not present steep cliffs, but a bold and deeply indented coast; the land rising to the interior, and intersected by valleys rather than ravines.' The sea he imagined to continue to the westward. Following the coast of Melville Island to the north-east, he entered Liddon Gulf, and here saw fragments of coal of good quality. Leaving the shore, he crossed the Gulf to gain Bushnan Cove, where Parry in his journey across the island in 1820 had left the 'strong but light cart,' in which he had carried his tent and stores. On the 1st of June M'Clintock reached the west point of the Cove, and, leaving two men to prepare supper, he commenced a search with four others for Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820:—

'On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across, and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate report published of his journey saved us much labour in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow; the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust, and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route where all seemed equally bad was selected, therefore sent the men directly up its northern bank in search of the wheels which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once; erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record on it in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle, containing Parry's cylinder, was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation I would have restored it to its lonely position.'—*Ibid.*

As the weather was misty, M'Clintock did not explore the head of the gulf, but struck directly across the land for Winter Harbour. It was evident that no one had visited the place since Parry's departure in 1820. The inscription cut upon the face of the sandstone rock by Mr. Fisher appeared quite fresh. A hare, discovered at the foot of

'Its eastern extreme was indistinct; but its

this rock, was so tame that she entered the tent, and would almost allow the men to touch her.

'I have never seen any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it.'—*Ibid.*

On the 6th of June M'Clintock left Winter Harbour, and reached the ships on the 4th of July. The latter part of his journey was fatiguing, from the extensive pools of water in the ice, but all his men arrived in excellent health and spirits. He was out 80 days, and had travelled 770 miles. Several rein-deer, musk-oxen, and bears were shot, besides numerous birds—and the food thus obtained was of very material importance to the people. This journey made it certain that Franklin had not passed west of the Parry Islands.

The expedition under Captain Ommaney and Lieut. Osborn south-west of Cape Walker determined nothing. The cape was found to be the north-eastern extremity of an island, separated from the continent by a narrow channel. Beyond the cape the coast swept round to the south, until interrupted by a bay about 20 miles wide. While Ommaney proceeded to examine the shores of this bay Osborn struck across it, and making the land again, which still tended southerly, he followed it some miles further, and then travelled a few miles across the sea to the west. But, after a short journey, finding the ice exceedingly hummucky, he retraced his steps. From his farthest point he saw a continuation of land to the south, but could perceive neither land nor loom of land to the west or south-west. As the weather was clear, and he had a good spy-glass, and as moreover he had advanced westward fifteen miles from the coast, his view must have extended a considerable distance. Both Ommaney and Osborn are clear that the coast they traversed could never be navigable for ships. Shoals extended for a considerable distance into the sea; the water, to the depth of several feet in-shore, was frozen to the bottom, and enormous masses of ice were thrown up on the floe by pressure, and grounded on the strand. But the question is—not whether that particular coast was navigable, but—whether there was any reason to suppose that a navigable sea existed between the shore they followed to the south, and the nearest coast to the west yet discovered (Banks' Land)—a distance of 200 miles at

least. Lieut. Osborn had never been among ice before; with more experience he would have known that the enormous blocks he saw aground and on the floe surely indicated motion at some time. It is common enough to find coasts fast bound with ice, even in the open season, while open water exists some miles off. Thus Parry tells us that he found Prince Leopold's Islands 'encumbered with ice to the distance of four or five miles all round them, while the strait was generally as clear and navigable as any part of the Atlantic.' Before the last Committee, M'Clintock stated that there was no appearance of the sea being navigable west of Melville Island—and then followed some questions by Parry:—

'Sir E. Parry.—Does that remark apply to the whole of the ice to the southward of Melville Island? M'Clintock.—No. Parry.—State whereabouts in your opinion it was likely to be navigable to the south of Melville Island. M'Clintock.—I think to the east of Winter Harbour. Parry.—Then you think a ship could probably get to the southward and westward more easily to the eastward of Winter Harbour than by going on to the west part of Melville Island? M'Clintock.—Yes.'

When Parry himself was off the east end of Melville Island, he found his soundings uniformly increase as he went to the south. 'In standing to the southward, we had gradually deepened the soundings to 105 fathoms.' Here is proof of deep water in the direction Franklin was ordered to take; nor is there any evidence to show that there may not be, at certain seasons, a navigable sea to the south, which may lead, as M'Clintock supposes, far to the west of the Parry group.

Of Penny's parties one followed the western and the other the eastern side of Wellington Channel, until both were stopped by reaching open water. Captain Stewart, on the east, or rather north side of the channel, reached Cape Becher 30th May; from hence he could see water washing the land all along, with much broke-up ice in the offing. Mr. Goodsir, on the opposite shore, first saw open water from Disappointment Bay on the 20th of May. To the west an open channel appeared. Penny himself, traversing the channel from south to north, reached the islands which divide the strait into three narrow channels. From Point Surprise, on the north of Baillie Hamilton island, he beheld a vast expanse of open water, and here, he tells us, 'the expression that escaped me was, "No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found;" so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed.'

(*Suth.* ii. 132.) Determining to prosecute the search further in a boat, he returned to the ships with all speed, and succeeded in getting a boat to the edge of the water by the 17th of June, but a succession of contrary gales prevented him after all from getting further than Baring Island—though there was open water to the north-west. He got back to his ships on the 25th of July.

Towards the close of June the ice in Barrow's Strait broke up. Mr. Stewart, under date of the 27th, writes:—'I went to the land, and ascended the hill, and then saw that the ice in Barrow's Strait was all adrift and broken up, to the utmost limits of vision assisted by a telescope.' On the 10th of July, as we learn from Osborn—

'Not a particle of ice was to be seen east or west in Barrow's Strait, except between Griffith's Island and Cape Martyr, where, some ten miles from the water, and in the centre of a fixed floe, our unlucky squadron was jammed. Everywhere else a clear sea spread itself, sparkling and breaking under a fresh southerly breeze.'

Surely this must have taught our young lieutenant that it was very possible for a navigable sea to exist, at some miles' distance from an ice-bound coast. It was August before the ships were free. Captain Austin then addressed an official note to Penny, distinctly asking 'whether you consider that the search of Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary.' The reply was—

'Assistance Bay, 11th August, 1851.

'Sir,—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done? I have, &c.—WILLIAM PENNY.'

The following day Penny put to sea. The entrance of Wellington Channel was then full of heavy ice, nor did there appear any probability that it would break up that season. Penny states that he now determined to get home before the other ships.

'When I saw Sir John Ross taken in tow by Captain Austin, from this moment I was determined I should go home before him, and had great cause to be satisfied with the decision, for I had every reason to suppose that disrepute would be thrown upon what we had done, and I told this to my officers.'—*Penny's Evidence.*

Pushing forward with all speed, Penny arrived in London on the 12th of September.

Austin's ships explored the entrances of Jones's Sound and Smith's Sound, and did not reach home for a fortnight or three weeks later. In the mean time Mr. Penny addressed a letter to the Admiralty, asserting his conviction that the missing expedition had gone up Wellington Channel, and that 'its course should be therein followed with the utmost energy, determination, and despatch.' This suggestion was so contrary to the spirit of his note to Austin on the 11th of August, that he was called on by the Admiralty to transmit a copy of his official correspondence. In place of doing so, he made statements to the effect that he had entreated Captain Austin to give him a steamer to make an effort to get up Wellington Channel, and that his last words to Austin were 'Go up Wellington Channel, sir, and you will do good service to the cause.' As the result of these, and other statements of a like kind, a committee of Arctic officers was appointed to inquire into the circumstances. They properly came to the conclusion that Captain Austin could put only one construction on Mr. Penny's letters, and would not have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received the most authentic information.

At the time when open water was discovered high up Wellington Channel the sea in every other direction was covered with solid ice. The fact is remarkable, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it. The prevalent opinion seems to be that Franklin, having learnt at his winter-quarters the existence of this open water, thenceforth directed all his energies to meet it, and succeeded in the attempt. There are, however, not inconsiderable difficulties in the way of this supposition. Be it conceded that in the summer of 1846 Franklin found the entrance of the channel open, and knew of the sea beyond it, does it follow, as a matter of certainty, that he would take that course? The mere fact of a prospect of open water to the north might not appear to him of much importance, as it is commonly found throughout the winter at the head of Baffin's Bay and in gulfs on the coast of Greenland, where the tide, as in Wellington Channel, runs high and sets strongly. We know that Sir John Barrow warned Franklin and his officers against attempting Wellington Channel—not because it might be closed, but because

'as far as experience went, it was always entirely free from ice—no one venturing to conjecture to what extent it might go, or into what difficulties it might lead.'—*Mangles*, 37, 38.



We have seen what his Instructions were; and Richardson observes:—

‘It is admitted by all who are intimately acquainted with Sir John Franklin, that his first endeavour would be to act up to the letter of his Instructions.’

Sir F. Beaufort says, ‘he was not a man to treat his orders with levity;’ and such is the testimony of all the important witnesses. It is only on the supposition that Franklin found it impossible to penetrate to the south-west that any of his friends imagine he might have tried Wellington Channel.

Setting aside all gossiping communication, usually a fertile source of error, and oftener supplied by imagination than by memory, we are not without decisive evidence of Franklin’s real opinion. In the Diary of Fitzjames there is, under date of June 6, 1845, one very remarkable passage:—

‘At dinner to-day Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to get through the ice on the coast of America, and his disbelief that there is open sea to the northward. He also said he believed it possible to reach the pole over the ice by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring, before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it.’—*Mangles*, 78.

To our mind these words are conclusive as to Franklin’s hopes and intentions. In his second journey to the Mackenzie river, 1825-6, he himself writes that from the summit of Garry Island

‘the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation, and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us.’

Then he had ardently wished for a ship in which he could leave that shallow shore, and steer direct for Behring’s Strait. It was this sea which he was instructed to reach, and which there seemed every probability of his reaching by pushing to the southwest between 100° and 110° W. long. It was greatly in favour of his attempting this passage that, even should he meet with obstructions, he might reasonably hope to reach the North American shore by boats, or by a journey across the ice, and thus connect the discoveries of Parry with his own.

Fairly stated the case stands thus:—On the supposition that he ascended the Channel, we must suppose either that he disobeyed the Admiralty orders (which all who know him agree he would not do), or that he tried to penetrate to the southwest before he entered his winter harbour or immediately on quitting it. Could he have made the attempt

in 1845? He left Disco Island on the 12th July, and at the close of that month was struggling with the middle ice in Baffin’s Bay. He had himself, as we learn from Fitzjames, a perfect knowledge of the difficulty there would be in getting to Lancaster Sound:—

‘Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days,—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September—yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as the beginning of our work.’

Now, progress from Disco Island to Lancaster Sound took Ross (Sir John) in his first voyage from 17th June to 30th August. Sir James Ross, in 1848, was from 20th July to 20th August, struggling through the middle-ice, and did not reach Cape Yorke till 1st September. Penny’s ships were at Disco Island May 3rd, 1850, and did not reach Beechey Island till 26th August. To make the same distance took Mr. Kennedy, in 1851, from the commencement of July till the 4th September, and Sir E. Belcher, in the remarkably open season of 1852, from June 12th to August 11th. It is not probable that Franklin could have reached Barrow’s Strait until the end of August or beginning of September; and it is hardly conceivable that he could that season have satisfied himself that there was no passage to the south-west—more especially as he must have taken up his station early, and before young ice began to form.

Shall we suppose, then, that, on getting out of harbour, he advanced to the south-west, and, baffled in his efforts, returned to Wellington Channel? The absence of any signals on the shore either way must go far to negative the idea; and it is more than doubtful whether the two months of an Arctic summer would suffice for such an exploration. Wellington Channel is intricate, and, for ships of the size of the Erebus and Terror, would require great caution. Penny states that—

‘the fearful rate the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the Channel renders it dangerous even for a boat, much more so a ship, unless clear of ice, which, from the appearance of the ice here, will not be clear this season.’

The experienced Abernethy says:—

‘Wellington Strait is a dangerous navigable passage, the ice flowing about with the tide. It would not be safe for a ship to go up there.’

Lieut. Aldrich conceived there must be ‘vast difficulty in navigating the Strait;’ and Cap-

tain Austin observes that the navigation of the Channel must be 'very critical, as all narrow straits in icy seas are.' We do not quote these statements as evidence that the Strait cannot be navigated, for Sir E. Belcher has settled that question; but to prove how unlikely it is that the Channel could be passed through rapidly. On the supposition that Franklin went up it, how are we to account for the absence of cairns or flag-staffs, which would show he had visited, or taken possession of, the newly-found land?—for no shores have been so minutely explored as these.

In our total ignorance of the geography of that region which Franklin was directed to examine, it would be rash to speculate on the difficulties into which an opening to the south-west might lead. Before Lancaster Sound was explored, no one could have supposed that it would open out so many intricate channels, or display that intermingling of land and sea on either side north and south, which the skill of our best navigators for the last thirty years has failed to make more than imperfectly known. Franklin's ships may have been, as the *Fury* was, forced ashore in some narrow ice-choked channel far to the west, or they may have been caught in the bottom of some gulf from which they have been unable to escape. Between him and the American continent there may be mountainous land, and immense fields of that peculiar sharp-pointed ice which Kellett says it would be impossible to traverse by any exertion or contrivance. He describes it as

'very much broken, or rough, with pinnacles of considerable height. Travelling over it for any distance is, I should say, impossible; many of the floes are nearly covered with water, the mirage from which distorted objects in the most extraordinary way.'

In the same way Pullen gives it as his opinion that there would be no possibility of reaching the North American coast across the heavy hummocky ice he saw to the north. We are constrained, indeed, to admit, that the fact of no trace of Franklin having as yet been found furnishes a strong presumption that he is no longer in existence; but we say that that fact alone is not stronger against his having taken a south-west than a north-west course, as the one might have led him into as great peril as the other, and as completely have deprived him of the possibility of communicating with any point where he might hope for assistance.

We are not ignorant of what may be urged on the other side: that the most experienced Arctic navigators hug the northern

shore; that—in spite of the evidence of Dr. Sutherland and others as to the usually later breaking up of the ice in Wellington Channel—Franklin might have met with an impenetrable barrier of ice to the west, while the entrance of that Channel was open;\* and that Parry in his first voyage in vain attempted to find an opening in the ice to the south. Our argument is not that Franklin must have taken any one particular course, but only that, so long as the space between 104° and 116° W. long. is unexplored, it cannot be said that Franklin has been fairly sought in the direction he was ordered to pursue.

The search was maintained by one vessel only in the following year. The *Prince Albert*, which returned home in 1850, after her unsuccessful cruise, was refitted, and sailed early in 1851, under command of Mr. William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage. M. Ballot, a lieutenant in the French navy, joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardour and lively spirits seem to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. Kennedy wintered at Batty Bay, on the west side of Regent's Inlet. In his spring journey of 1852 he showed what it was in the power of a really intrepid traveller to accomplish. Following the coast to the south, he found a channel in Brentford Bay leading westward. Traversing this channel he came again upon the sea, thus proving North Somerset to be a large island. On his right, to the north, the land appeared continuous. By Lieut. Browne's examination of Peel's Sound (or Ommaney Inlet) from Barrow's Strait, we were led to suppose that it was only a gulf, which would so far correspond with Mr. Kennedy's observation. As an open sea appeared to the south, it is not unreasonably conjectured that it may be continued to the Victoria Strait of Rae; in that case the narrow channel of Brentford Bay would prove that at least one south-west passage existed. Continuing his course nearly west, until he passed 100° west long., he turned to the north, struck the sea at that point reached by Capt. Ommaney in exploring the bay which bears his name, then turned to the east and to the north till he reached Cape Walker, returning to his ship by the north shore of North Somerset, having successfully performed a journey of eleven hundred miles and been absent from the ship for ninety-seven days! During

\* Dr. Sutherland, when asked by Sir E. Parry whether it was his opinion that the ice broke up sooner in the direction of Cape Walker than at the entrance of Wellington Channel, replied, 'Yes; two months sooner.'

the whole time they knew no other shelter than the snow-houses they threw up at each resting place.\*

In his modest narrative Mr. Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Ballot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Without the aid, indeed, of these much-enduring animals so long a journey could scarcely have been performed; and, as nothing came amiss to them in the way of food, it being found that 'they thrive wonderfully on old leather shoes and fag-ends of buffalo-robcs,' the sleighs were not much burdened by care for their provision. With a little practice all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which presented

'a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking beehive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside; as these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg.'—*Narrative*, 78, 79.

As respects their provision, they were materially indebted to the old treasures of the *Fury*, which they found 'not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions.\*' While travelling they had a cup of hot tea night and morning—'a luxury they would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir.' A gill and a half of spirits of wine boiled a pint of water. When detained by bad weather they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. On the 15th of May, they reached Whaler Point, and here stopped a week to recruit; all suffering much from scurvy. At this early period Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait were free from ice as far as the eye could reach. In a notice left at Whaler Point it was said 'Cape Walker was carefully examined, but bore no evidence whatever of its having been visited

by Europeans.' Now, as the large cairns, formed by the parties of Ommaney and Osborn the previous spring, could thus be overlooked, might not signals erected by Franklin have been equally undistinguishable amid the deep snow which enveloped this bleak and rugged coast?

By the 30th of May the travellers were back at Batty Bay, where all had gone on well; but it was not until the 6th of August that the ship, by sawing and blasting, could be got clear of the ice. On the 19th of August Kennedy reached Beechey Island, where he had the satisfaction of finding the *North Star* engaged in sawing into winter quarters.—The expedition of Sir E. Belcher—consisting of the two brigs and their attendant steamers previously commanded by Austin, with the *North Star* as a depot-ship—had left the Thames on the 21st of April, and arrived at Beechey Island on the 10th of August. The season was remarkably open; Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait were equally clear of ice: on the 14th of August Sir E. Belcher (with a ship and a steamer) stood up the Channel, and the following day Captain Kellett (with the other brig and steamer) sailed in open water for Melville Island.—From the *North Star* Mr. Kennedy received despatches for England. He would gladly have remained out another season, but, as his men were bent on returning, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and bring his ship home.

A fortnight after his departure, Captain Inglefield, in the *Isabel* screw-steamer, communicated with the *North Star*. The *Isabel* had been purchased by Lady Franklin, with assistance from the Geographical Society and others. In her Captain Inglefield quitted England on the 6th of July last; coasted the northern shores of Baffin's Bay; advanced much further up Whale Sound than any previous navigator, finding as he proceeded an immense expanse of open water; ran a considerable distance up Smith's Sound and Jones's Sound without discovering any opposing land; and then made for Beechey Island, which he reached on the 7th of September. It is the opinion of this skilful observer that all the three great sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay are channels leading into the Polar Ocean. It is to be regretted that, in so favourable a season, he had not the opportunity of determining this question, with regard to one of them at least. But, on the whole, considering the limited time at his disposal—his whole voyage lasting but four months—he must be allowed to have exerted himself very laudably.

The last parliamentary paper prints the

\* On a strict and careful survey, made last July of the preserved meats, 10,570 lbs., in tin canisters supplied to the *Plover*, they were found 'in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food.' The whole was thrown into the sea, as a nuisance. It is much to be feared that Franklin's preserved meats may have been of no better quality.

intelligence received from Behring's Strait to the end of August, 1852. Commander Maguire, who was sent out to relieve Captain Moore in the *Plover*, arrived at Port Clarence on the 30th of June. The crew, with the exception of some frost-bites, were well, and had behaved admirably. Constant intercourse had been kept up with the natives, but no tidings had been heard as to any subject of anxiety. The *Plover*, under her new commander, put to sea on the 12th of July, and arrived at Icy Cape on the 19th, whence Maguire proceeded in a boat to Point Barrow to take soundings for anchorage. In his last despatch, 20th August, he intimates his expectation that he shall be able to place the *Plover* in winter quarters there about the beginning of September. He much advises that a steamer should be sent out to open a communication with him; and, considering how strongly a vessel of this kind has been recommended for the service by Admiral Beaufort and other high authorities, we are quite at a loss to understand why one was not sent out in place of the *Rattlesnake* recently despatched.

Mr. Kennedy is about to depart in the *Isabel* for Behring's Sea. Lady Franklin, aided by 1000*l.* subscribed by some generous friends in Van Diemen's Land, who gratefully remember Sir John's rule, will again be at the charge of the expedition. The *Isabel* will be provisioned for four years. Mr. Kennedy hopes he shall be able to pass the strait this year, and take up a position for the winter somewhere near Point Barrow, whence in the winter and spring he might explore to the north and east, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks' Land. Captain Inglefield, in the *Phoenix* steam-sloop, will start this spring for Beechey Island, accompanied by a store-ship containing an ample supply of provisions. A new expedition is also, we observe, to be fitted out by the beneficent Mr. Grinnell, of New York.

The present state of the search then is this:—Sir E. Belcher is engaged in a survey of Wellington, while Captain Kellett is probably safely anchored in Winter Harbour, the old quarters of Parry. Each has a well-stored ship, with an attendant steamer; while the *North Star*, within reach no doubt of parties from either vessel, remains in Franklin's harbourage at Beechey Island. On the Pacific side, the *Plover*, we may presume, is advanced to Point Barrow. We have no intelligence of *McClure* since, under a press of canvas, he stood for the pack-ice off Icy Cape, in August, 1850; nor from Collinson since he passed Behring's Strait in July of the fol-

lowing year. Our consul at Panama indeed writes that Collinson had been spoken by some whalers, but, without details, we know not what credit is to be attached to the report. *McClure* supposed he should be able to reach England by way of Barrow's Strait some time in this year, either by navigating his vessel through the unknown sea which stretches north of the American continent, or by quitting his ship and making for Melville Island, or some point nearer home. Stirring tidings of some kind will most likely reach us in the course of a few months. The search, so long and so ardently prosecuted, continues not only to interest the scientific and enterprising, but to carry with it the sympathies of the whole nation. The public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be determined, if human energy can determine it—and the resolve is as wise as generous. To our Navy, under God, we owe our greatness and safety; and, in sending forth our gallant seamen on hazardous enterprises, we are bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf. The pecuniary cost of the search is not to be regarded in comparison with its object; and it is better for a thousand lives to be perilled in the discharge of duty than for one to be sacrificed through neglect.

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ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from Original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. 1853.

THAT we deny! They are neither *Memoirs*, nor by the Duke of Buckingham! From the ridicule and, we will even add, blame of the editorial manipulation of these *Family Documents*, we will venture at once to exonerate the Duke of Buckingham. The evidence, we admit, of the title-page seems conclusive against our opinion; and not less so the following statement—one of those newspaper notices of new books which, though appearing to speak the journalists' own sentiments, are understood to be mere advertisements furnished to them by the publishers:—

'In this very remarkable and valuable publication the Duke of Buckingham has HIMSELF un-

dertaken the task of forming a history from the papers of his grandfather and great uncle, the Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), and Lord Grenville, of the days of the second William Pitt, extending over an interval commencing with 1782, and ending with 1800. . . . From such materials it was not possible to form a work that would not possess the very highest interest. *The Duke of Buckingham has, however, moulded his materials with no ordinary ability and skill. The connecting narrative is written both with judgment and vigour—not unfrequently in a style that comes up to the highest order of historical composition—especially in some of the sketches of personal character.*—*Standard*, 19th February, 1853.

All this seems very strong—but, in spite of the title-page and newspaper puff, it is our own deliberate conviction—and we think it will presently be that of our readers—that it is *absolutely impossible* that the *Duke of Buckingham* can have had any further concern in the affair than his having unluckily confided to other and most incompetent hands the publication of a few of his family papers. How this could have happened—how the Duke's name could be prefixed to pages which we shall prove *he never saw*, and how such an editor as they have been intrusted to could be found, we have no means of knowing, or even guessing;—all we can do is to show that the narrative portion of the work thus attributed to the Duke cannot be his; and we are bound to do so not only in justice to his Grace, but for the sake of historical truth, as the narrative affects to decide, in a very dogmatical style, several personal and political points, which are not merely apocryphal, but sometimes in direct contradiction to the documents which the editor professes to copy.

In ordinary cases the ignorance or incompetence of an editor—generally exhibited in the absence or the errors of marginal notes—though they may obscure, cannot very seriously impair the original writer's meaning; but in the present case the penman is more adventurous, and puts himself forward, not as an editor, but as an *author*, and even an *authority*, as if he were really the *Duke of Buckingham* writing, by the help of his family papers, the *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of George the Third*—a designation not merely pretentious, but absolutely deceptive; for the substance of the work is, we repeat, nothing like *Memoirs*, but only an irregular and desultory collection of letters, good, bad, and indifferent, addressed to the first Marquis of Buckingham—the greatest portion being from the pen of his brother William (Lord Grenville), and that eminent person's letters, whatever other value they

may have, being as unlike to what is called *memoirs* as an epic to an epigram.

Every step of this affair is strange and, to us, inexplicable. The 'Introduction' commences with these words:—

'In the selection and arrangement of the correspondence contained in these volumes, the intrusion of unnecessary commentaries and political opinions has been carefully avoided. The letters themselves are so lucid and complete that the interest of the publication has been left to rest upon *their details* as far as possible.'

Now, any one who opens the book will see that the very reverse of this is the fact. There is no text that we can call to memory in which the 'intrusion of unnecessary commentaries and political opinions' is more flagrant, and in which the accompanying letters are so little left to speak for themselves; nay, in which the clear statements of the letters are so frequently contradicted by the commentary. We are not here considering whether a connecting narrative is better in such a work than occasional annotations; we only notice *in limine* this inconceivable contradiction between the editor's principle and his practice.

We may here, though a little out of chronological order, give a striking exemplification of both the points which we have just stated—the idle and inaccurate style of the commentary, and the *impossibility* that it could have been written by the Duke of Buckingham. We reproduce it in the capital and imposing form in which the editor chooses to make his blunder the more conspicuous:—

'1786.

'MR. W. W. GRENVILLE JOINS MR. PITT'S  
'ADMINISTRATION.

'While the Marquis of Buckingham abstained from active participation in public business, he maintained the most friendly relations with Mr. Pitt, warmly supporting the Minister in all matters upon which his individual adhesion, advice, and local influence could add strength and character to his administration. That he persevered, however, in *cultivating the retirement* he had chosen, in preference to throwing himself personally *into the ocean of action*, may be inferred from the following letter, which announces the *accession of Mr. Grenville to the Government as Vice-President of the Committee of Trade*.'—vol. i. p. 312.

Our readers will smile at the exquisite logic of this commentary—that the younger brother's taking a subordinate office is a proof that the elder—the busiest and most ambitious man of his day—had resolved to *cultivate retirement*; but they will more than smile when we remind them that the whole

is a series of the most egregious blunders. The preceding pages of even the editor's own narrative describe Lord Temple's retirement as exhibiting the very reverse of political cordiality, or even intercourse, with Mr. Pitt. It was, in fact, a sulky discountenance; and as to Mr. William Grenville's junction with Mr. Pitt at this period, the editor, if he had read and understood the letters which immediately follow his preface, would have seen—what the Duke of Buckingham must know as well as any event of his own life—that Mr. Grenville did not join Mr. Pitt's administration in 1786—that he had been a member of it from its first formation, having been appointed Paymaster of the Forces in January, 1784; and that the office to which the letters of 1786 refer was one which, by virtue of a new arrangement of the Board of Trade, was attached (without salary) to the already important and lucrative office of Paymaster. So ignorant is the editor, and so ignorant the Duke could not be, of the first and most important step of Lord Grenville's life, and so utterly astray would any reader be led who should trust these intruded commentaries.

In the account of the Grenville family, given in the few first pages, the commentaries call

'Lady Hester Grenville the mother of *The Great Commoner*.'—p. 14.

The Duke of Buckingham must know, as well as his own name, that Lady Hester was the wife of *The Great Commoner*—a designation historically appropriated to the first William Pitt, originally by his admirers, but afterwards derisively—and by none more bitterly than by the Grenville family, when *The Great Commoner* left their party and was created Earl of Chatham.

The editor says—

'the Earl of Surrey gave notice in the House of Lords of a motion to the effect that Ministers no longer possessed the confidence, &c.'—p. 24.

The Duke of Buckingham could not have been ignorant that the Lord Surrey of that day, like all the Lord Surreys of modern times, was a *Commoner*, and made that celebrated demonstration, 17th March, 1782, in the House of *Commons*.

The editor tells us that—

'the Marquis of Rockingham died 1 July (1782), and was succeeded in his title by his nephew the Earl Fitzwilliam.'—i. 48.

The Duke of Buckingham, who has sat  
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for above thirty years in the Houses of Commons and Lords with Lord Fitzwilliam, and who never saw a Lord Rockingham, could, by no possible slip of memory, have made this mistake.

Several of Mr. Grenville's letters, towards the close of 1786, allude to some personal object of his own, which the editor thus brilliantly elucidates:—

'The object dimly and cautiously alluded to in the annexed letters was that of a *peerage*, to which the high pretensions of Mr. W. W. Grenville justified him in looking forward; but which his prudence, holding his honourable ambition in check, made him *desirous of postponing*, until he had won even greater distinction as a statesman than he had already attained.'—i. 315.

If the object were really a mysterious one, no solution could be more improbable than that Mr. W. W. Grenville, after—according to the editor's reckoning—only five months' public service in a subordinate office, and at the age of twenty-seven, should have thought of a *peerage*. But the Duke of Buckingham must know perfectly, and any man of the most ordinary common sense, who reads the '*annexed letters*,' will see, that the '*object*' is no enigma—that Mr. Grenville was no more thinking of a *peerage* than of a bishopric—that the object was one for which, as he expressly states, he must wait till it could be vacated by a special arrangement for the present occupant—that, instead of 'prudently desiring' to postpone the matter, he was in the highest degree desirous of pressing it, and was very 'prudently' busy in devising modes by which the vacancy could be arranged; in short, as is frequently intimated and sometimes explicitly stated, the object was the *seals of the Home Department*, which Lord Sydney was to resign (when otherwise provided for), and Mr. Grenville to receive. Is it possible that the Duke of Buckingham could have been so ignorant of this remarkable portion of his family history?

If we have established, in any one instance, the impossibility of the Duke of Buckingham's being the author of the Commentary, our purpose is answered; but we think it as well to produce some instances of its improbability—so strong as would of themselves almost amount to certainty.

On the 27th of March, 1783, Mr. Grenville writes from London to Lord Temple, then Lord Lieutenant, in Dublin:—

'Pray, communicate a little with Mornington about your resignation, &c. It will flatter him; and he is beyond measure disposed to you, both in Ireland and here, to which he looks in a short time.'—vol. i. p. 211.

Which the editor thus explains:—

‘The allusion to Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley) is not quite clear. We are left in some doubt as to whether his Lordship looked at *this time* to office in England, or to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.’—*Ib.*

It is, we say, highly improbable, if not quite impossible, that the Duke of Buckingham could have written this nonsense. The allusion to Lord Mornington must be ‘quite clear’ to any one who reads the subsequent letters. Lord Mornington—at this time only twenty-two years of age—could obviously not have been looking to either of the supposed objects: more especially as ‘*this time*’ was the moment of the Coalition triumph that had just displaced Lord Mornington’s political friends and connexions. What Mr. Grenville meant was, that Lord Mornington had not only supported the late Government in the Irish House of Peers, but intended to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons—which he did early next year—with the view to support Mr. Pitt *here*. It is difficult to believe that the Duke of Buckingham could have mistaken these notorious facts.

It is also next to impossible that the Duke of Buckingham should have made the following blunder:—In describing the violence of the measures which the Irish Whigs imposed on Lord Fitzwilliam when, for a short time, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795, and which necessitated his recall, the editor says,

‘The Attorney General was to be displaced to make way for Mr. George Ponsonby; the Solicitor General was also to be removed, and Mr. Beresford, who was *Purse-bearer* to the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Cooke, Secretary-at-War, were to be dismissed. The dismissal of Mr. Beresford was regarded as a measure of such extreme violence, that it brought matters to an issue between Lord Fitzwilliam and the Cabinet.’—ii. 328.

What! the Lord Lieutenant had, it seems, a right to dismiss the *Lord Chancellor’s Purse-bearer*!—and the dismissal of this high functionary was of sufficient importance to make an irreconcilable breach between the Irish and English Governments, and to occasion one of the most influential events in the Irish history of the last century—the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam! We do not see in the rest of the book the slightest indication of the editor’s having taken the trouble to inquire about anything; but on this occasion he seems to have found out, as the result of extraordinary curiosity and research, that the name of the Chan-

cellor’s *Purse-bearer* was John Beresford; whereupon he, with his usual sagacity, concludes that this was the important placeman who had set the two nations by the ears—and inquires no further; if he had, he would have discovered that there was in Ireland *another* John Beresford, of a very different calibre—the Right Honourable John Beresford, next brother to the Marquis of Waterford; brother-in-law to the Marquis Townsend; M.P. for the county of Waterford; Privy Councillor in both countries; chief Commissioner of the Revenues in Ireland; and, above all, the able and consistent leader of what was considered as especially the *English interest* in Ireland. Could the Duke of Buckingham possibly mistake this gentleman for the Chancellor’s *Purse-bearer*?

After these observations we think we may safely absolve the Duke of Buckingham from any personal share in the editorship of this work; but we cannot resist amusing our readers with a few other specimens of the qualifications of the person intrusted with that duty.

Mere errors of the press are not worth noticing; they will occasionally (as we ourselves too often show) escape editorial correction, and cannot be fairly adduced as proofs of the ignorance or negligence of an editor, except when they are so numerous and so systematic as to show that the deficiency is in a higher quarter than the compositor or reader of the printing-house. Such are the errors that swarm in these volumes, and form, we really think, their most remarkable characteristic. The peerage of Ireland especially is enriched with many titles and creations which neither we nor we think the heralds had ever before heard of. For instance, an Earldom of *Beckoe*, a Lord *Glendon*, and two newly-created peers, whose names—*Jonson* and *Deland*—were quite new to us. These names and titles were perhaps presented to the editor in a bad hand; but if he had called in the assistance of an old almanac, or even a late one, he would have easily deciphered that the noblemen meant were Lords *Bective* and *Glandore*, and Mr. *Tonson*, created Lord Riversdale, and Sir Francis *Delaval*, Lord Delaval. He additionally blunders these creations, and all about them, by misdating and misplacing the letter which relates to them as of the year 1785, under Mr. Pitt’s administration, when, in fact, it belongs to 1783, during the reign of the Coalition. If the date of the letter were illegible, the editor might have found that of these creations in the Court Calendar; where also he might have discovered that there are no such



British peerages as *Lorraine* (ii. 64); *Chenton* (ii. 246); and *Standish* (i. 101); and that perhaps *Lovain*, *Clinton*, and *Sandwich* might be meant.

In the long agony of the King's illness Lord Grenville says that the Queen, in her distress,

'Sees nobody but *Lady Constance*, *Lady Charlotte Finch*, *Miss Burney*, and her two sons.'—i. 444.

We felt some interest to know who could be this '*gentle Lady Constance*,' thus honourably distinguished, but we could not bring her to our recollection; the mention, however, of '*Miss Burney*' afforded a clue, and in her *fatras* of *Memoirs* (of which—*soit dit en passant*—the part relating to this period is much the best) we find that *Lady Courtown* was meant.

Indeed, wherever a proper name at all unusual occurs, we find the printers making, and the editor sanctioning, such strange blunders as render the statements unintelligible, without much more thought and reference than an ordinary reader is disposed to give. Who would guess that '*poor Mercy*' meant the Count de *Mercy-Argenteau*; that '*Clerfage*,' '*Mulin*,' and '*Peguet*,' meant *Clairfayt*, *Melas*, *Piquet*? Amongst the M.P.s that '*ratted*' from Mr. Pitt on the King's illness in 1788, we find '*Sir Samuel Hurmery*.' We had never heard this name—it might as well have been printed *Mum-mery*, for it turns out that the person meant was *Sir Samuel Hannay*—a name pretty notorious at that day, and not quite forgotten in the quack-medicine shops in ours. A geographical reader will be surprised to learn, on Lord Grenville's authority, that *Cuzhaven* is a port in Ireland; and an historical reader may be puzzled to discover how the world was likely to be involved in war on the subject of *Northa*. Lord Grenville was only talking of *Crookhaven* and *Nootka Sound*!

These are trifles which are noticeable only for their obstinate frequency; but the two following have the merit of being droll. Sir Hugh Palliser would have been wonderfully astonished if he had lived to hear himself called *Saint Hugh*—(i. 186). Timid and hesitating as we knew the Duke of Brunswick's movements had been in his campaign in Flanders, we were startled at finding, from the unexceptionable evidence of Lord Grenville, that a movement which was the only extrication for his army from a critical position had become

The *post*!—a great military manoeuvre waiting for the post! and what post? From London, Vienna, or Berlin? If our readers are not quicker than we were at solving this mystery, they will laugh out, as we ourselves did, when we called to mind that the Duke was in a swampy country intersected with streams, and that his intended movement was '*impossible till the frost should come*.'

There is another even more numerous class of misprints which it is proper to notice, as an additional proof that neither the Duke of Buckingham, nor any one who had ever been even at a Latin grammar school, could have edited these volumes. It is observable that, with, we think, the single instance we have just noticed of *post* for *frost*, the English text of the volumes (proper names and titles apart) is very correctly printed; and in the numerous French quotations we do not recollect a single error; whereas of the more numerous Latin quotations there is hardly one that does not prove the editor's ignorance of one syllable of that language. We shall give a series of these mistakes as assuredly a great curiosity in this age of education. We copy them *literatim*.

'*Liberari animans meam*.'—i. 69.

'*En quo discordia cives prodaxit miseros*.'—i. 144.

'*Amicitia sempiterna inimicitia placabiles*.'—i. 186.

'*Tibi Brachia contrahit ardens Scopiis et celi plus iusta parte reliquit*.'—i. 234.

'*Parvula quidem ex quibus magnum exoriantur*.'—ii. 16.

'*Quod preterdendi patuisse, et non potuisse refelli*.'—ii. 148.

'*Et librari animum meum*.'—ii. 189.

'*Caliginosa nocte*.'—ii. 222.

'*Laudo momentem*.'—ii. 364.

Our readers, we think, will agree that this systematic mangling of the *Latin*, in a work where the *French* is correctly given, is a remarkable feature, which cannot be attributable merely to the printers. One thing is certain—that such quotations never could have passed under the eyes of the Duke of Buckingham.

But the editor's blunders are often of a more substantial character, and exhibit a degree of ignorance of the political history of the times which would be quite incredible if we had it not before our eyes. While Lord Temple was Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Grenville his Chief Secretary, the latter had an interview in London with the Home Secretary of State (December 30, 1782), and in pressing on him the difficulties of the Lord Lieutenant in steering the Govern-

'impossible; at least till the post comes.'—ii. 219.

ment through the factions of the Irish Parliament, he asked—

‘Tell me to whom I am to apply. To the Duke of Portland’s people? [the Whigs]—to the old court and Lord Shannon? [the Tories]—or to Hood and his set?—i. 107.

Neither we, nor any one else, had ever before heard of ‘Hood and his set’ as an Irish faction. Lord Hood, indeed, was an Irish peer—an honorary one in every sense of the word—but had never, we believe, appeared in Ireland, and assuredly had no *set* anywhere. The editor apparently had never heard of the celebrated Henry Flood, who had now raised a third, or independent Irish party, to whom, and not to any of the gallant nautical family of Hood, Mr. Grenville alluded.

The following riddle, introduced without a syllable of preparation or explanation into one of Lord Grenville’s letters (June 1, 1798), puzzled us for a moment :—

‘I do not think that Pitt could have avoided answering *Fremey’s* call.’—ii. 398.

Who was *Fremey*, and what was the call? We really had looked a few pages backwards and forwards for some clue, before we recollected Pitt’s *duel* with *Tierney*, which it is clear that the editor had never happened to hear of; for in mentioning, a few pages earlier, a duel that had taken place in Ireland between Lord Hobart, the Lord Lieutenant’s Secretary, and Curran, he adds—

‘In no other country in the world, undoubtedly, from a cause so absurd and unwarrantable could the necessity for such a meeting have arisen.’—ii. 178.

but Tierney’s call was at least as absurd as Curran’s, and Pitt’s answering it as little warrantable as Hobart’s.

The following instance of the fitness of the editor for writing an explanatory and historical narrative will, even after what we have already said, astonish our readers :—

‘The first incident of the year [1797] to which allusion is made in these letters is the appearance in British waters of a French squadron. It consisted of *two frigates and two sloops*, and its *insignificance*, compared with the demonstration that was anticipated from the loud threats of invasion by which it was heralded, excited ridicule rather than alarm.’—ii. 262.

This is the description which the editor gives of the celebrated Bantry Bay expedition, which everybody else knows was one of the most formidable attempts that France

had ever made against us. The fleet, which sailed from Brest on the 14th December, 1796, so far from being only *two frigates and two sloops*, consisted of *seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, six sloops*, and eight other vessels; in all forty-four sail, having on board about 18,000 men, the flower of the French army, under Generals Hoche, Grouchy, and Humbert! But even more extraordinary than the enormous mistake as to the amount of the force is, that the editor’s statement is an explanatory introduction to a letter of Lord Grenville’s, dated London, 4th January, which begins by stating—

‘That the French *fleet* is, if not entirely, certainly in a great part broken to pieces. *Two French seventy-fours* and a frigate had put into Bantry Bay, and other vessels were seen also trying to get into the Bay.’—ii. 363.

In fact, eight sail of the line, with 6000 troops, got into the Bay, while the rest, either from mistake or mismanagement, made for the mouth of the Shannon. Lord Grenville’s letter then proceeds to announce the wreck of several other vessels of the dispersed *fleet*; and it is in the face of this very letter, and in professed explanation of it, that we find the statement that this *insignificant* expedition consisted of *two frigates and two sloops*. This is passing strange; yet stranger still is it, that immediately following the letter, and on the same page, we find this additional extravagance :—

‘The sequel of this expedition was sufficiently *ludicrous*.’—ib.

The sequel having been, in every way, most lamentable; for it was disastrous to France in the loss of many ships and very many lives, without any glory to England, as the losses were all by wreck or foundering—except in the case of the *Droits de l’Homme* 74, the Admiral’s flag-ship, which was driven on shore by the extraordinary skill and gallantry of Sir Edward Pellew in the *Indefatigable* 44. The *Droits de l’Homme* held together, beating on the rocks and beaten by a tremendous sea, for three days and nights; during which—says Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Pipon, an English officer, prisoner on board her—above 1000, out of 1500 sailors and soldiers, perished in the most protracted and horrible suffering (*James’s Naval History*, ii. 27).

Such was the ‘sufficiently ludicrous sequel of that expedition’—but, to do the editor justice, we must add that he knew nothing about these terrible events, having confounded—(we cannot guess how)—even while commenting on Lord Grenville’s let-

ter, the grand Bantry Bay expedition with a little marauding landing that was made a couple of months later by *two frigates and two sloops* on the coast of Wales, and of which the conclusion might truly enough be called 'ludicrous.'

Akin to this exemplification of the 'ludicrous,' or, indeed, rather worse, is the historical sketch which introduces some observations of Lord Grenville's on the Killala invasion of 1798.

"On the 22nd of August the long-threatened French invasion took place in a shape that covered the *expedition with universal ridicule*. A handful of men, to the number of 800, landed at Killala, and were joined by the rebels; and when they were *attacked by General Lake* a few days afterwards, the whole force *surrendered at discretion*. This incident formed a striking contrast to the progress of the French in other directions, for at the very time when they were suffering this humiliation in Ireland, their victorious arms were completing the subjugation of Switzerland."  
—ii. 405.

Now this, though no doubt ignorance, is worse than mere ignorance, for it is (and we are sorry to be obliged to confess it) a gross historical misrepresentation. If any one was *covered with ridicule*, it was unfortunately our own Government and troops. This small French detachment made itself very formidable—it marched near a hundred miles through the country—beat a superior force under Lord Hutchinson at the battle of Castlebar—maintained itself for a whole month by its own unassisted activity and courage—for its Irish allies were its greatest embarrassment—and finally surrendered, when it had nearly reached the centre of the island, and within two or three days' march of the capital, to Lord Cornwallis and General Lake, who had collected against them the whole force of the country—at least twenty times their number!—a serious lesson, which we cannot permit this editor so entirely to misrepresent.

Here we close our remarks on the *editorial* portion of these volumes, which intrinsically would have been utterly unworthy of so much, or indeed of *any*, notice; but its connexion with the interspersed documents, its comprising *all* that is given of historical explanation, and its being in fact, both in *type* and *space*, the most prominent feature of the volumes, have seemed to us to render the exposure of its true character our most imperative duty, first to the noble name so miserably misused, and next to the public, by whom the documents themselves (though infinitely inferior to what the title-page promised) will still undoubtedly be considered as of some interest and value. These docu-

ments consist (with a few exceptions) of a selection of letters addressed to one noble individual. A *selection* is always open to suspicion—an editor has a vast power over the characters of all the parties and the complexion of all papers, by the protrusion of what he may happen to approve, and the suppression of what may happen not to support his views; he has a kind of Harlequin's wand which may—like Mr. Hume's votes—make black white and white black. We can hardly suspect this *editor* of any such astute designs—he certainly was no judge of either what he has published or what he may have left—but it is obvious, from a variety of circumstances, that the papers have been what the French call *tries*—that is, sorted and selected—with an eye to the glorification of the great hero of the piece—the Earl Temple—created in 1784 Marquis of Buckingham—who, even when, like Achilles, he seems secluded in his tent, is really the pivot of the whole liad. The *trialogue*, however, has been so injudiciously made, that, in spite of the pompous adulation with which he is always introduced, the result is, that we have a much worse opinion of his Lordship than we had before we had read these extravagant eulogies and the absolutely contradictory and condemnatory documents which they introduce. Much the greater portion of the letters, both in bulk and in interest, are those by which Mr. William Grenville (created Lord Grenville in 1790) endeavoured to keep his wayward, jealous, and arrogant eldest brother acquainted and in good humour with his own proceedings, private and political. Half a dozen letters from an intermediate brother, Mr. Thomas Grenville, are altogether in the same deprecatory style; and a few occasional communications from some subordinate tributaries of the great *bashaw* of Stowe, though not on the face of them quite so deferential as the fraternal missives, are substantially of the same accommodating, and we must repeat adulatory character.

The whole work is, as we have said, a puzzle; but not the least difficulty is how to account for the illusion in which the editor, as well as his employer, must have been, that these letters would support the extravagant eulogies which are lavished on circumstances of Lord Buckingham's political conduct which appear to us liable to a very opposite interpretation. Our space does not allow us to go into a full detail on this head, but we must make room for a few specimens.

Was it ever suspected, or could it have been, without the evidence of these volumes, believed, that in a great public crisis (June,

1788), when Lord Buckingham was, for the second time, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was about to embarrass the King and the Government by resigning his high office on such a trivial and unreasonable pique as the following? By the Lord-Lieutenant's commission he was invested with all the civil and ecclesiastical patronage of Ireland, but military promotions were expressly excepted—(which our Editor transmutes into 'not expressly included'!!)—and for this imperative reason, that, though civilly Great Britain and Ireland were separate kingdoms, the *army* of the empire was necessarily *one*—under one head, the King—and its internal arrangements guided by one system. It happened that the lieutenant-colonelcy of a regiment quartered in Ireland fell vacant, and Lord Buckingham immediately claimed to nominate *his aide-de-camp*, and *nephew*, Colonel Nugent, to it. The King had *previously*, and without suspecting any rivalry, promised the first vacancy to *his own aide-de-camp*, Colonel Gwynn; and because his Majesty was reluctant to do a double injustice, private and public, first in breaking his promise to his own aide-de-camp, and secondly in disorganizing the British army by admitting the favouritism of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. William Grenville—supported by the strenuous persuasions of Mr. Pitt, whom he called in to his assistance—could dissuade his imperious and wrong-headed brother from throwing up his office, and involving the Imperial Government in serious difficulties, on the ridiculous pretence that this was a personal affront to himself. A considerable proportion of the correspondence relates to this captious and preposterous pretension. It would be impossible to give a full idea of the absurd arrogance of Lord Buckingham in this matter without copying the whole of the letters; it is enough to say that Mr. Grenville had not a word to say in his defence, and ends his long expostulations by 'begging him to observe' that the disapprobation so plainly and repeatedly expressed is not—

'my sentiment only, but that of every one of the few friends with whom you have communicated upon it.'—i. 411.

Several similar cases—some, if possible, more unreasonable—occur during every period of the Marquis's official life, and we need do no more than extract a few of the remonstrances of his own brothers against these extravagant ebullitions of self-importance and ill temper.

William Grenville writes to him:—

'19th January, 1783.—Pitt expressed great dissatisfaction at the contents of your despatch. . . . I am to apologise to you in the strongest manner for not adhering to your positive instructions; but in such a case, and this distance, one must act on one's own judgment. . . . You must not be angry.' &c.—i. 127.

Again:—

'7th November, 1787.—If you really feel disposed to insist on the engagement [for some office] without waiting for ten days to hear the difficulties explained.' &c.—i. 336.

Again:—

'8th November, 1787.—You cannot, I am sure, think me unreasonable if I do most seriously and earnestly desire that you will not press me to convey to Pitt sentiments founded on what I conceive to be a total misapprehension.' &c.—i. 337.

Again:—

'7th April, 1789.—I cannot, in justice to you or to myself, avoid saying that I most sincerely wish you to consider well the step you are about to take; and that not only with reference to your present situation and immediate feelings, but with a view to the interpretation the public may put upon it.' &c.—ii. 134.

Again:—

'5th October, 1789.—I have deferred answering your letter, as I wished for a little time to turn the subject over in my own mind, and particularly to consider whether I should communicate it to Pitt; after some deliberation with myself I have resolved *not* to make this communication.'—ii. 147.

Again:—

'9th November, 1789.—You announce this as a determination taken in your own mind, and on which you do not wish for my advice; and there are perhaps too many circumstances which must make such a step painful to me to allow me to be a competent adviser.'—ii. 171.

Again Lord Grenville writes:—

'26th April, 1791.—Your last letter was written under an impression in the justice of which I should be very sorry indeed to acquiesce. I have little time for justifications on that subject, but my anxiety to remove such an impression makes me say,' &c.—ii. 190.

This last offence was that Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, did not tell his brother a cabinet secret—namely, that the Duke of Leeds was about to retire from office. (a matter at the time of *peculiar delicacy*)—in short, that the younger, in every essential point infinitely superior, brother objected, as he himself expresses it, to

'doing an act which my own mind would have reproached me with as dishonourable in itself, and in this particular instance a breach of a positive promise which I had given.'—ii. 191.

Again :—

'12th June, 1793.—With respect to what you mentioned to me of your own intentions, you know too well what my opinion is. But I wish to make it my earnest request to you that you will not take any actual step till you have seen Pitt.'—ii. 237.

Again :—

'12th Dec. 1793.—At your request I certainly will do a thing extremely disagreeable to myself, by putting into Mr. Pitt's hands the letter you desired me to show him; but I freely own the uneasiness I feel in being made (unprofitably, too, as I think, even to the object) the channel of such a communication between two persons whom I have so much reason to love and value.'—ii. 248.

Again, after a long and sore expostulation :—

'5th Jan. 1796.—It would be a painful and invidious task to discuss the question further; but I cannot receive from you a letter in which you tell me that you feel you have lost my affection, without repeating to you the assurance, which I still hope is not indifferent to you, that this is not, in the smallest degree, the case.'—ii. 327.

Again; on a most absurd objection to some general regulation about the militia, the Marquis threatens to resign his Bucks regiment, and Lord Grenville is forced to endeavour to conciliate him thus :—

'27th April, 1798.—I do not think that Pitt, or Dundas, or any of us could take upon ourselves the responsibility of omitting a measure, stated to be clearly within the law, and in which so large a proportion of the militia officers are disposed to acquiesce with cordiality and cheerfulness. Nothing certainly can be further from their wishes, even as public men only, than to place you in any unpleasant or difficult situation; but you will not think this a moment when points of real importance can be given up to personal considerations of regard and goodwill.'—ii. 390.

Lord Grenville proceeds to detail the awful circumstances in which the country was at that moment placed—(the Irish rebellion, he it remembered, was on the point of exploding, and Humbert's expedition was preparing at Brest)—and is forced to deny boldly—

'the possibility of any man, under such circumstances, resigning a command because he disapproves of his own judgment, even supposing him

right in that judgment, of a military order which the commander-in-chief has clearly a right to give, and for the omission, as well as the giving of which, he and the Government are exclusively responsible.'—ii. 391.

Nor was this all; for we find that Mr. Thomas Grenville was also called in to help to prevent the Colonel of the Royal Bucks from (to use the very appropriate mad-house phrase) *doing himself a mischief*. Tom Grenville's long and emollient letter concludes thus :—

'But we live in times of such pressing public duty, and the military post to which you are called and in which you are placed, is one so forward both in danger and in honourable distinction to you, that I should not do my duty by you, if I did not (however uncalled upon for that opinion) add that, in my poor judgment, no state of military arrangements or orders can for a moment admit of the possibility of your giving up your command in an hour of danger, as immediate as that in which I write.'—ii. 389.

These extracts, however uninteresting in themselves, are necessary not merely to the elucidation of the character of the wayward man to whom the editor of these volumes blindly fancied that he was raising a most laudatory monument, but to show in a new and unexpected light (and it is really the greatest novelty in the book) the difficulties of Mr. Pitt's position. Who ever could have imagined that while rebellion, invasion, and the *tot et tanta negotia* of the political and civil administration of the country were pressing on Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville with such unprecedented weight and peril, they were thus personally harassed and their ministry endangered by the private *tracasseries* and arrogant temper of one who to the world appeared their most natural and devoted supporter, so near in blood, and so bound by every obligation of gratitude and honour?

In this point of view there is another remarkable feature in this publication, that while the letters seem all selected—with however little good sense and success—for the glorification of the great Marquis, and while the whole narrative is loaded with the most extravagant and fulsome praises of even those circumstances of his conduct which his own nearest relations could not defend, there are not above two or three letters of his own produced *in extenso*. A few unimportant extracts are given here and there, just enough to prove that a great number of his letters are in existence. Why, then, so few produced; and those, except one to the King, so insignificant? Why this reserve? We can only account for it by concluding, by the imperfect light of

Lord Grenville's reiterated remonstrances, that there is some one behind the editor more intelligent and prudent than he, who has seen that the Marquis's own letters would not be so creditable to his memory as the complimentary exaggerations of his correspondents. Against this hypothesis there is, we confess, a serious objection. Would not a person of prudence and intelligence, such as we suppose, have equally seen that Lord Grenville's letters exhibit strong evidence of his brother's defects, and have therefore suppressed them also, or at least such passages of them as must most clearly damage the great man? We cannot well account for this inconsistency; we can only observe that however strongly Lord Grenville may have disapproved of parts of Lord Buckingham's conduct, he was, from habit and from policy, as well as from fraternal feeling, so inured to a deferential and even subservient deportment towards him that his differences are expressed with so much hesitation and softened and garnished with such mollifying phrases, that a friendly and prepossessed eye may, perhaps, not have seen to their full extent the disagreeable inferences that strike a more impartial critic. In making the foregoing extracts from Lord Grenville's remonstrances, our space limited us to a short sentence or two as a *sample*; but there is not one of these samples that is not accompanied by, or rather diluted into one or two or three pages of complimentary circumlocution, in order to render the pill less nauseous to the very impatient patient. We have no doubt that Lord Buckingham was in private life an excellent man—a good father—husband—brother—friend—a most respectable country gentleman, with a generous spirit, very considerable talents, and acquirements befitting his position; but he seems to us to have been as proud, as arrogant, as selfish, and, we must say, as dishonest a politician as his more celebrated and more mischievous uncle, to whom, we think, he bore an extra share of family resemblance.

The causes of these constant outbreaks of dissatisfaction are, on the surface of the correspondence—and in the editor's foolish commentary, so evidently futile, and so unlikely to have been the real motives of a clever, artful, and ambitious man—as the Marquis assuredly was—that we must look deeper for a solution; and we think we see sufficient evidence, in some mysterious words scattered through the correspondence, and never noticed by the editor, that the great man's '*object*'—cautiously and distantly alluded to by Mr. Grenville even as early as 1783 and often in later years, was a *Dukedom*—that the Marquisate, with which

Mr. Pitt endeavoured, in November, 1784, to reward his services in the dismissal of the Coalition and to soothe his ill-humour, had little conciliatory effect, and only whetted his appetite for the superior honour, to which, considering how recent was the first ennoblement of the family, he could really have no claim whatsoever. After he had got the Marquisate, he seems to have coveted, by way of lunch, any great state-office that fell vacant, and to have been much offended at not receiving it; but the predominant object was the Dukedom—which was only granted to his son in 1822 upon the urgent intercession, it was said, of Louis XVIII.—just as it had been the instigating motive of all the factious intrigues of his uncle twenty years before.\* It was evidently under the vexation at not obtaining any of these *objects*, and especially the last, that the Marquis took so many occasions of picking quarrels with Mr. Pitt and the King—and hoped perhaps to prevail by menacing them with a public and more decided hostility. This, we are satisfied, even from the studiously mysterious evidence of this correspondence, was the deep and never-intermitted motive of his whole political life; and that his constant complaints of affronts—injustice—neglected services—and so forth, which break out even when he was receiving and enjoying what appeared to the rest of the world a prodigality of favours and honours, were all in fact the bitter growth of the deferred hope of the Dukedom—the *amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit*.

Of his political life the most remarkable occurrence was his share in the displacement of the Coalition Ministry, which, of course, his defeated antagonists strongly reprobated as *back-stairs* influence. This was certainly a misrepresentation; for his proceedings were notorious, and avowed in his place in Parliament, as a legitimate exercise of his constitutional privilege as a hereditary councillor of the Crown. Of this remarkable period he has left some *private notes*, which, notwithstanding their length, we think it right to reproduce, as being, with the exception of a letter of the King's on the same subject, the most important historical document in the volumes.

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\* See Walpole's *Memoirs of George III.* iii. 137. We must here notice that the Grenville Papers now in the course of publication seem, step by step, to confirm the early suspicion of the connexion of Lord Temple with *Junius*—we are not speaking of the actual penmanship—on that subject we do not now enter—but of the guidance, the materials, and the spirit.

*'Lord Buckingham's Private Notes.'*

'I have much lamented that, during the very interesting period of November and December, of 1784, I did not keep a regular journal of the transactions of those months, in which I am supposed to have borne so principal a share. Many of the minuter springs which guided those operations have slipped my memory, from the multiplicity of them, and from the rapidity with which they crowded upon each other during the latter busy days, ending with the formation of the new Ministry on the 21st of December, 1784. It will, however, be necessary for me to take this narrative from an earlier period, necessarily connected with it—I mean the formation of the Government known by the name of the Coalition Ministry.

'I was in Ireland during that period, and was not uninformed, authentically, of the disposition on the part of Lord North to have supported the Ministry of Lord Shelburne, upon terms of provision for his friends very short of those which he afterwards claimed and extorted from Mr. Fox. It was clearly known to Lord Shelburne, that no official arrangement was proposed by Lord North for himself; and, to say truth, those of his friends for whom he wished provision to be made, were at least as unexceptionable as many, I may even add as most, of those whom Lord Shelburne had collected from the two former administrations. The infatuation, however, which pervaded the whole of his government, operated most forcibly in this instance. The affectation of holding the ostensible language of Mr. Pitt in 1759, is only mentioned to show the ridiculous vanity of the Minister who, unsupported by public success, or by the parliamentary knowledge and manœuvre of a Duke of Newcastle, not only held it, but acted upon it—professing, in his own words, to "know nothing of the management of a House of Commons, and to throw himself upon the people alone for support." This farce operated as it might be expected; and although the negotiation between Lord North and Mr. Fox was matter of perfect notoriety for several weeks, those moments were suffered to pass away without any attempt to avail himself of the various difficulties which presented themselves at the different periods of that discussion, till, at the very eve of the ratification of it, Mr. Pitt was employed by his Lordship to open propositions, through Mr. Fox, to that party. This was rejected *in toto*; and the events which followed the meeting of Parliament are too well known to make a detail of them necessary.

'Before I proceed, I wish to add, that although I have treated the vanity and personal arrogance of Lord Shelburne as it deserves, yet I will do him justice in acknowledging his merit, as one of the quickest and most indefatigable Ministers that this country ever saw. Many of his public measures were the result of a great and informed mind, assisted by a firm and manly vigour. And I must ever think the Peace, attended with all its collateral considerations, the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit. I was not pledged in the slightest degree to the measure; for, by my absence in Ireland, and my little connexion with his Lordship, I was

enabled to judge of it with coolness and impartiality; and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced that better terms could not be obtained, and that the further prosecution of the war was impracticable, even if the combination against us allowed the hope of success. This testimony I have wished to bear, though it is not immediately connected with my purpose.

'Upon the resignation of Lord Shelburne, His Majesty was placed in a situation in which, through the various events of his reign, he never yet found himself. The manœuvres which he tried, at different periods of the six weeks during which this country was left literally without a Government, are well known. Perhaps nothing can paint the situation of his mind so truly as a letter which he wrote to me on the 1st of April: this was an answer to one which I thought it necessary to address to him from Ireland, after receiving from him a message and a general detail of his situation, through Mr. W. Grenville, to whom he opened himself very confidentially upon the general state of the kingdom.

'Upon my return to England, I was honoured with every public attention from his Majesty, who ostensibly held a language upon my subject, calculated to raise in the strongest degree the jealousy of his servants. In the audience which I asked, as a matter of course, after being presented at his levée, he recapitulated all the transactions of that period, with the strongest encomium upon Mr. Pitt—and with much apparent acrimony hinted at Lord Shelburne, whom he stated to have abandoned a situation which was tenable, and particularly so after the popular resentment had been roused. This was naturally attended with strong expressions of resentment and disgust of his Ministers, and of personal abhorrence of Lord North, whom he charged with treachery and ingratitude of the blackest nature. He repeated that to such a Ministry he never would give his confidence, and that he would take the first moment for dismissing them. He then stated the proposition made to him by the Duke of Portland for the annual allowance of 100,000*l.* to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. I gave to him, very much at length, my opinion of such a measure, and of the certain consequences of it: in all which, as may reasonably be supposed, His Majesty ran before me, and stated with strong disgust the manner in which it was opened to him—as a thing *decided*, and even drawn up in the shape of a message, to which his signature was desired as a *matter of course*, to be brought before Parliament the *next day*. His Majesty declared himself to be decided to resist this attempt, and to push the consequences to their full extent, and to try the spirit of the Parliament and of the people upon it. I thought it my duty to offer to him my humble advice to go on with his Ministers, if possible—in order to throw upon them the ratification of the Peace, which they professed to intend to ameliorate—and to give them scope for those mountains of reform, which would inevitably come very short of the expectations of the public. From these public measures, and from their probable dissension, I thought that His Majesty



might look forward to a change of his Ministers in the autumn; and that, as the last resource, the dissolution of this Parliament, chosen by Lord North, and occasionally filled by Mr. Fox, might offer him the means of getting rid of the chains which pressed upon him. To all this he assented; but declared his intention to resist, at all events and hazards, the proposition for this enormous allowance to His Royal Highness, of whose conduct he spoke with much dissatisfaction. He asked what he might look to if, upon this refusal, the Ministry should resign: and I observed, that, not having had the opportunity of consulting my friends, I could only answer that their resignation was a proposition widely differing from their dismissal, and that *I did not see the impossibility of accepting his Administration in such a contingency, provided the supplies and public bills were passed, so as to enable us to prorogue the Parliament.* To all this he assented, and declared his intention of endeavouring to gain time, that the business of Parliament might go on; and agreed with me that such a resignation was improbable, and that it would be advisable not to dismiss them, unless some very particular opportunity presented itself.—i. 301-5.

At length the India Bill offered this opportunity, and there was drawn up the following Memorandum, signed by the writer of the foregoing notes, and delivered to the King by Lord Thurlow on the 1st December, 1783:—

*'1st Dec. 1783.—To begin with stating to His Majesty our sentiments upon the extent of the Bill, viz. :—*

*'We profess to wish to know whether this Bill appear to His Majesty in this light: a plan to take more than half the royal power, and by that means disable [the King] for the rest of the reign. There is nothing else in it which ought to call for this interposition.*

*'Whether any means can be thought of, short of changing his Ministers, to avoid this evil.*

*'The refusing the Bill, if it passes the Houses, is a violent means. The changing his Ministers after the last vote of the Commons, in a less degree might be liable to the same sort of construction.*

*'An easier way of changing his Government would be by taking some opportunity of doing it, when, in the progress of it, it shall have received more discountenance than hitherto.*

*'This must be expected to happen in the Lords in a greater degree than can be hoped for in the Commons.*

*'But a sufficient degree of it may not occur in the Lords if those whose duty to His Majesty would excite them to appear are not acquainted with his wishes, and that in a manner which would make it impossible to pretend a doubt of it, in case they were so disposed.*

*'By these means the discountenance might be hoped to raise difficulties so high as to throw it [out], and leave his Majesty at perfect liberty to choose whether he will change them or not.*

*'This is the situation which it is wished His Majesty should find himself in.*

*'Delivered by Lord Thurlow, Dec. 1st, 1783.*

*'NUGENT TEMPLE.\*—i. 288.*

The result was that Lord Temple was intrusted with a written communication of the King's opinion, which he was authorised to show, and which, no doubt, determined the House of Lords, already sufficiently indisposed to the India Bill, to throw it out. The ministry was changed; Lord Temple received the seals (Dec. 19), and was three days Secretary of State; just long enough to dismiss the old ministry and install the new one, and then resigned, and never again was in any office in England. The precise cause of that resignation is still a mystery, which we had hoped these papers would have cleared up, but, by taking no notice of it, they leave it darker than it was. Bishop Tomline, in his *Life of Pitt* (i. 171), says that the clamour against Lord Temple on account of his interference with the King was so great that he thought it proper to resign. 'The reason,' adds the Bishop, 'that he and his friends gave for this step was that he might in a private capacity, and without the protection of official influence, answer any charge that should be made against him.' It is evident that the Bishop himself did not quite concur in the '*reason that he and his friends gave.*' We read indeed 'Mr. Pitt was convinced of the propriety of Lord Temple's resignation in the then state of the public mind;' but the writer adds this important circumstance, that the *scene* in which the resignation had taken place, at a late hour on the 21st December, was one of a most agitating nature. 'It was the *only public event,*' says the Bishop, '*that ever disturbed Mr. Pitt's rest.*'

From all these circumstances we are satisfied that the reason given by Lord Temple and his friends (at best a temporary difficulty, and which soon blew over) was not the true one for so sudden and so permanent a separation, and for the sullen neutrality—'strict reserve,' as the editor calls it—in which Temple immediately buried himself for a series of months. Our readers will not have failed to remark that, towards the close of his notes of his conversation with the King (*ante*, p. 234), his Lordship talks of the prospect of '*accepting*' the government in the style of one expecting to be at the head of it. From this, and from the characters of all the parties, we have not the

\* 'The opening line, and the note at the foot are in the hand-writing of Lord Temple; the body of the memorandum is in a different and not very legible hand.'

slightest doubt that Lord Temple was playing over again his uncle's part, and insisted, as the reward of his success in displacing the old ministry, to be the chief of the new one as **FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY**; and that, Mr. Pitt refusing, as he had already done, to serve in any other capacity than head of the government, a long and agitating scene followed, in which Lord Temple was defeated, and indignantly retired—he and his friends adopting, instead of the full truth, the more modest excuse recorded by the Bishop. This, we are satisfied, if we ever obtain any more detailed evidence on the subject, will be found to be the true solution of this mystery; and it was in the hope of healing this deep and rankling wound in that proud heart that Lord Temple was, at the close of 1784—a year passed, he himself says, with 'little intercourse with the political world'—created Marquis of Buckingham.

Of the rest of the documents the most interesting are three letters (pp. 187, 209, 212)—one a very long one—in which Mr. Grenville relates to his brother the particulars of three interviews with which the King honoured him just at the crisis of Lord Shelburne's defeat. The conversation was on the subject, in the first instance, of Lord Temple's intended resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland—but the King also entered freely into all his own embarrassments between his reluctance to the Coalition and the impossibility of forming any other ministry. These letters afford an additional corroboration of Lord Brougham's testimony (drawn from the North papers) of the intelligence and accuracy with which his Majesty conducted the business of what we may venture to call his *office*—of his good sense—of his judicious appreciation both of men and measures, and of the strictly constitutional principles on which he acted. We would willingly extract them, but, as our space is limited, we give a preference, over Lord Grenville's narrative, to two letters of the King himself, which exhibit the same qualities. The first is the longest we have ever seen of his Majesty's letters, and describes his situation while the Coalition was 'Viceroy over him.'

*'The King to Lord Temple.'*

Queen's House, April 1st, 1783.

'MY LORD,—I had the pleasure, on the 26th of last month, to receive from your truly amiable and right-headed brother and secretary [Thomas Grenville] your very able letter of the 23rd on the state of Ireland, couched in terms that also conveyed the warmest attachment to my person and Government, which makes me not deem among the least of public misfortunes, that the want of resolution in some, and of public zeal in

others, will oblige you to quit a station which you fill so much to the satisfaction of all honest men as well as to mine.

'Since the conversation I had with Mr. William Grenville on the 16th of last month, I have continued every possible means of forming an Administration; an experience of now above twenty-two years convinces me that it is impossible to erect a stable one within the narrow bounds of any faction—for none deserve the appellation of party; and that in an age when disobedience to law and authority is as prevalent as a thirst after changes in the best of all political Constitutions, it requires that temper and sagacity to stem these evils, which can alone be expected from a collection of the best and most calm heads and hearts the kingdom possesses.

'Judge, therefore, of the uneasiness of my mind at having been thwarted in every attempt to keep the administration of public affairs out of the hands of the most unprincipled coalition the annals of this or any other nation can equal. I have withstood it till not a single man is willing to come to my assistance, and till the House of Commons has taken every step, but insisting on this faction being by name elected Ministers.

'To end a conflict which stops every wheel of Government, and which would affect public credit if it continued much longer, I intend this night to acquaint that *grateful* Lord North, that the seven Cabinet Counsellors the coalition has named shall kiss hands to-morrow, and then form their arrangements, as at the former negotiation they did not condescend to open to [me] many of their intentions.

'A Ministry which I have avowedly attempted to avoid, by calling on every other description of men, cannot be supposed to have either my favour or confidence; and as such, I shall most certainly refuse any honours they may ask for. I trust the eyes of the nation will soon be opened, as my sorrow may prove fatal to my health if I remain long in this thralldom. I trust you will be steady in your attachment to me, and ready to join other honest men in watching the conduct of this unnatural combination—and I hope many months will not elapse before the Grenvilles, the Pitts, and other men of abilities and character will relieve me from a situation that nothing could have compelled me to submit to, but the supposition that no other means remained of preventing the public finances from being materially affected.

'It shall be one of my first cares to acquaint these men that you decline remaining in Ireland.

'GEORGE R.—i. 218.

The second is shorter, but not less interesting, for it shows how ready he was to give up, in favour of that which was represented to him as a public object, the position and even the feelings of his favourite son, the Duke of York.

'Weymouth, August 27th, 1794— }  
'Thirty-five minutes past One, p. m. }

'I have this instant received Mr. Pitt's letter, accompanying the Paper of Considerations, which I undoubtedly should wish to keep, but, not knowing whether Mr. Pitt has a fair copy of it, I have thought it safest to return.

'Whatever can give vigour to the remains of the campaign, I shall certainly, as a duty, think it right not to withhold my consent; but I own, in my son's place, I should beg my being allowed to return home, if the command is given to Lord Cornwallis, though I should not object to the command being entrusted to General Clairfayt. From feeling this, I certainly will not write, but approve of Mr. Wyndham's going to the army, and shall be happy if my son views this in a different light than I should.'

'I will not delay the messenger, as I think no time ought to be lost in forming some fixed plan, and that the measure of sending Mr. Wyndham is every way advantageous. GEORGE R.'

Our extracts have been copious, but we must find room for the earliest appearance of the Duke of Wellington in public life. The Marquis of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had, at Lady Mornington's request, named her son Arthur, *æt.* 18, as one of his aides-de-camp. Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) writes to thank him:—

'4th November, 1787.—You may well believe with what pleasure I received your appointment of my brother to a place in your family, not only as being a most kind mark of your regard for me, but as the greatest advantage to him. I am persuaded that, under your eye, he will not be exposed to any of those [moral] risks which in other times have accompanied the situation [of an aide-de-camp] he will hold. I can assure you sincerely that he has every disposition which can render so young a boy deserving of your notice; and if he does not engage your protection by his conduct, I am much mistaken in his character. My mother expects him every hour in London, and before this time I shall hope that he had himself waited on you.'—i. 334.

There was, however, a hitch. Sir George Yonge, the Secretary-at-War, insisted that, if the honourable Arthur was to be an aide-de-camp, he must be put on half-pay. Against this—that would in fact have thrown him out of the active line of his profession, and made him a mere puppet of the Vice-regal Court—Lord Mornington strenuously remonstrated; but the curious part of this little squabble is, that Lord Mornington in his indignation said that, rather than that the youth should be put on half-pay, he would send him to join a regiment in India. Having seen the elder and the younger brother both sent to India, and the rank and reputation they won there, the threat is *piquant*.

As to Lord Grenville's letters, which are the main body of the work, they are, as might be expected, well reasoned and well written, and must have been of great interest to him to whom they were addressed; but letters which are of intense interest at the moment are often very tedious in after-times. While a negotiation is pending—or

a battle impending—how eager is our curiosity! but when the negotiations are concluded, or the battle won or lost, all the previous conjectures and speculations seem as flat and unprofitable as a detected riddle. So it is, to a great degree, with Tom Grenville's despatches previous to the treaty of Paris, of which the only interest is a rivalry between him and Mr. Oswald, another of our negotiators, for the honour of being duped by Dr. Franklin; and so it is of Lord Grenville's letters on Irish affairs in 1783—on the vicissitudes, the hopes, and the fears of the King's illness in 1788—on the prospect and progress of the Irish Rebellion in 1798:—all these may be usefully consulted by any one who has a special object in tracing the minuter steps and more recondite motives of the respective affairs, but now that the events are recorded on the broader page of history there is little for the instruction, and still less for the amusement, of ordinary readers—nothing that we could condense into the limits of a review, with justice either to the writers or to our readers. These letters have, besides, this further disadvantage—they are not only of a grave and didactic style, but they are also very *décousues*, and are so far from affording any continuous interest, that the editor has been obliged to make the absurd and ineffectual efforts we have noticed to connect them into an intelligible series.

There are a few letters from some gossiping acquaintance of Lord Buckingham's—Lord Bulkeley and Sir William Young—treating of the news and tattle of the day. They are the only portion of the volumes, and a very small one it is, that affords us any glimpses of the state of public opinion or the habits of society—matters which are, in fact, infinitely more amusing, and to ordinary readers more valuable, than the hundred of pages occupied by poor Lord Grenville's laborious endeavours to keep his irascible brother in good humour.

We do not suppose that a second edition of such a work is likely to be called for, but, should it be, we suggest that the documents themselves, unincumbered by the ridiculous rignmarole of the ridiculous editor, might be collected into one 8vo., with a few notes to clear up the numerous obscurities—none of which the present performance has even attempted to elucidate. These '*Family Documents*' would then form a very suitable and acceptable supplement to the earlier series of '*Grenville Papers*' now in the course of publication, and which are edited in a style of which the most appropriate commendation that we can give is—that it is the very reverse of that which dis-

figures, and, we may say, stultifies, the volumes now dismissed.

ART. VII.—1. *Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Town Residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington*. J. Mitchell. 1853.

2. *Apsley House*. Illustrated by ten Lithographic Plates. Colnaghi & Co. 1853.

THE first of these publications, in furnishing an authentic catalogue of the contents of Apsley House, simply points out the principal objects, leaving the visitor to form his own reflections; the second work undertakes to bring before the faithful eye an accurate representation of the interior—the actual aspect of rooms left exactly as when the great inhabitant quitted them for the last time. A record thus remains for after ages, by which a condition of things that sooner or later must undergo change is fixed and realized. The drawings have been carefully made and lithographed by Messrs. Nash, Boys, and Dillon, and the accompanying commentary, of which we are about to make a very free use, has been supplied by an experienced Cicerone, the author of the *Hand-book for Spain*.

Few mansions in the enormous capital of Great Britain are better situated or known than Apsley House. Placed at the outlet of the thick-pent town, at the entrance of pleasant parks, where it never can be encroached on, approached by arches of triumph and statues symbolic of power and command, it may well attract attention of itself; but the associated *religio loci* awakens in the public a curiosity altogether reverential. Hence the universal desire to be admitted into those secret and secluded chambers in which the Duke of Wellington laboured in his country's service, and to lift up the curtain that concealed his daily and individual existence, over which the contrast of his out-of-doors ubiquity and notoriety cast so much mystery. Acquainted as man, woman, and child were with the exterior of Apsley House, the interior—the actual lion's den—was a sealed book to the million; for few were privileged to pass the threshold, and enter into the sanctum sanctorum of the object of popular hero-worship. The outward bearing of the Duke of Wellington himself was not less known than his house. He was the best known man in London; every one knew him by sight: like a city built on a hill, or his own colossal statue on the arch, he could not be hid. He was the

observed of all observers, and the object of universal royal-like homage, which he neither courted nor shunned. At fixed hours he lived in the public eye, familiar to all as household gods; and his movements were so certain and regular, that he might be calculated on as a planet. For more than forty years he has been the soul of every important transaction—the foremost person in every great act and danger in an age fertile of great men and events; in a word, a fourth estate in the empire. His martial countenance was a salient feature in our streets: whether on foot or horseback, he crossed the path of every one, and his image became so engraved in the memory of his countrymen, that many, half a century hence, will speak of his silvered head and his venerable form, bowed with the weight of years and honours, yet manfully stemming the crowded highways, struggling to the last against the advance of age, the conqueror of conquerors.

The pilgrim longing of the nation to visit the Duke's house has been anticipated by his son, who, to his infinite credit, while inheriting his father's title and estates, appointed himself trustee of his fame, guardian of his memory, and joint heir with us all in whatever tends to our common share in 'the Duke' as public property, and can lead to a better understanding of one, a model and example to Englishmen. By him, Apsley House, so long and hermetically sealed, has been thrown open—a well-timed act of filial reverence and kind courtesy, which has won golden opinions from all, and especially from the thousands on thousands who have swarmed in, and testified, by every circumstance of their demeanour, a profound appreciation of the boon conceded. They seemed eager to celebrate once more the hero's last obsequies, and to pay yet another homage of regret while standing on his own threshold; and how could it be done more appropriately than on the very site where his days and nights had been spent in their service? The living stream flowed on for months—but *that* striking spectacle too has now become a thing of the past—a recollection which, once broken, never can be restored. Future generations, therefore, may well be thankful to the present Duke, by whose favour and foresight pencil and pen have been permitted to fix the transitory scene, and hand down to posterity the exact form and pressure of his father's abode, as thus inspected by the myriads of 1853.

Apsley House, in respect to architectural elevation and internal decoration, is surpassed by other town-residences of our aristocracy. Suffice it, therefore, to say—

referring for other particulars to Mr. Cunningham's excellent Handbook of London—that it is built on the site of the old lodge to Hyde Park, and where once stood the suburban inn, the Pillars of Hercules, at which Squire Western put up when he arrived in pursuit of his charming daughter. The name is derived from Lord Chancellor Apsley, by whom the mansion was erected about seventy years ago, at the worst period of art-degradation. This drawback was not corrected by the learned judge's being chiefly his own architect, and by his forgetting, as it is said, to make sufficient allowance in his plan for a staircase. Nor was it less strange that the legal lord should have omitted to make good his title to a portion of the land, before he finished the stables, which in fact he did for the benefit of another person, whose interest had then to be bought out at a heavy cost. The edifice came about 1810 into the possession of the Marquis Wellesley, who resided there in great state while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity lending a powerful co-operation to the campaigns carried on in Spain by the next occupant. The Duke purchased the house from his elder brother about 1820: thus it has always been inhabited by personages first and foremost in eminent careers. The interior arrangements were soon found to be no less inconvenient and insufficient than the red-brick, ordinary exterior was commonplace, and Messrs. S. and B. Wyatt were employed by the Duke in 1828 to mend matters, while he in the mean time resided in Downing Street, as Prime Minister; then the outside was recased with Bath-stone, and an additional wing constructed to the west, which comprised the state-saloon, afterwards used for the Waterloo banquets, and a suite of rooms on the ground-floor for his private occupation.

The Duke of Wellington, whose occupation was war and government, felt himself rather a Vauban than a Vitruvius; and, however competent to construct or demolish bastions, was no master of the arts of an architect, or the crafts of a builder or upholsterer. He trusted to those he employed; and their estimates, high when originally framed, were doubled ere the works were done; a conclusion and calamity not unfrequent in the best regulated Houses of Lords or Commons: hence arose his indelible disgust of brick and mortar—raw materials of ruination—and his habit, when he related the facts by way of a warning to friends about to build, of adding, 'the bill for my house in Piccadilly would have broken any one's back but mine.' And we may here observe that he had a marked

dislike to the name 'Apsley House,' which he never used either in speaking of his residence or in dating from it. In truth, what with one expense or another, the original purchase, and these costly alterations, this patch-work house, ill-contrived and unsatisfactory at best, did not stand him in much less than 130,000*l*. Neither, when these 'vast improvements' were made was the Duke fortunate in the taste of the period. Then Rococo was the rule, and a Crockford-club perversion of the Louis XIV. style marked the fashion of the day; then gentlemen of the gold-leaf and papier-mâché order, who could not make houses beautiful, made them gaudy. No wonder, therefore, that the results, outside and inside, should disappoint many, who, in these times of progress, when matters are a trifle better managed, expect to find a palace worthy of such a possessor and price.

A heavy, useless portico darkens and disfigures the severe and semi-defensive aspect of the exterior; the entrance is fenced and palisaded; solid and ever-closed gates exclude alike the light of heaven and the sight of man. The stables to the right are anything but ornamental; but the Duke would not permit them to be changed, as their inner communication with the house was occasionally convenient. He was thus enabled to mount his horse or get into his carriage unseen, and go out at once, on opening the street-gates, and so escape the certainty of a crowd being collected by any previous notice. On the same protective principle the windows of his head-quarters were barricaded with iron bullet-proof shutters, put up during the Reform-Bill agitation, when the house and person of the Duke of Wellington, who emancipated the western world from the most embroiling despotism, were assailed by an English mob—as Sir Walter Scott was spit upon in Scotland by that people to whose country he had given a European reputation. The conqueror of a hundred fields would never remove this stern record of brutal violence. But now, if there be consciousness in the grave, how his lofty spirit must have been soothed by the noble atonement made by a whole nation for the sins of a shameless few; when all England, in tears, bore the other day her greatest General past these still closed windows, to lay him alongside her greatest Admiral. He had pursued the even tenor of his way, through good report and evil report, undeterred by menace, indifferent to calumny, and, gradually living down all factions, spleens, and envies, was in the end really and universally understood.

Visitors to Apsley House, on entering, turn to the right hand into a waiting-room,

which has no ornaments but a few views of Naples by Vanvitelli, and a portion of the Duke's collection of busts. Of these he had years ago removed many to Strathfieldsaye; among others that of Scott, the *chef d'œuvre* of Chantrey, and a fine bronze of Massena by Masson. He retained in London Pitt, the pilot that weathered the storm, and under whom he began his career; *Perceval*, the murdered Premier, 'than whom'—*ipse dixit*—'a more honest, zealous, and able minister never served the King;' *George III.*, that good old English-hearted monarch, who gave the Duke his first badge of honour after Assaye. The scratch-wig of the royal bust in the unmitigated unpicturesqueness of the period, like the bronze pigtail of Mr. Wyatt in Cockspur Street, is a specimen of art that would make Phidias open his eyes. Here, too, is the brave gentleman *Casilereagh*, who had the foresight to appoint the Duke to the sole command in the Peninsula, and who, when the deed was done, became his beloved colleague at the Congress of Vienna. This fine work by Chantrey was a present from Mr. Chad, whose name, written in pencil by the Duke, still remains on the bust's broad chest. Our hero, however he might in the field have rivalled Alexander the Great, who allowed none but Apelles and Lysippus to hand his likeness down to posterity, was contented to pronounce 'good' a meagre bronze statuette of himself by Count d'Orsay, which also has a place in this chamber, and does, indeed, contrast with its next neighbour, a reduced copy of Rauch's statue of Blücher—a truly admirable work, which our Duke had the satisfaction of seeing inaugurated at Breslau in 1826, when on his way to St. Petersburg; a monument which, even in this miniature edition, sets before us, completely as he lived and moved, the rough and tough old comrade, 'Marshal Forwards'—who, if he had had his own way—that is, but for the Duke—would have burnt Paris to the ground, and hanged the murderer of D'Enghien in the very ditch of Vincennes.

This waiting-room opens on a circular, winding staircase, contrived as best could be managed where such an accommodation was an after-thought: deficient in space and light, the palpable obscurity is deepened by the yellow glazing of the low dome, and the feeling of want of size is increased by the huge statue of Napoleon, stowed away, cabined, and confined in a corner at the foot of the steps. This emblem of the chances and changes of fickle fortune, and the uncertainty of human prosperity, does indeed point a moral and adorn a tale. Here the effigy of one for whose vaulting ambition the world was too small, looms like a caged eagle;

nor could Nemesis the sternest, or Justice the most poetical, have appointed a fitter sentinel for the dwelling of our 'sepoy general.'

This statue was ordered by Buonaparte shortly before his coronation; and the Phidias of his day, summoned from Rome, forgot the subjugation of his country in his eagerness to descend, as he said, to posterity 'united with the immortality of the modern Cæsar.' Canova speedily reached the Tuileries, and there modelled the head; as the sittings were rare and the sitter restless, the attitude and attributes had to be conventional. The statue, eleven feet high, and cut, with the exception of the left arm, from one block, was sent to Paris in 1810, but remained in its unopened case. Buonaparte, superstitious, and prescient of the coming end, disliked the winged Victory, which turning her back to him, seemed ready to fly from him for ever—nor was he pleased with the classical character or the nudity—that language of ancient art: still less was *le petit caporal* satisfied with the colossal dimensions. He dreaded mocking comparisons, and preferred the apparent reality of his own natural inches, together with the world-known *Redingote Grise*, &c. &c.—which he caused Claudet to adopt for the bronze figure mounted with such pomp on the column of the Place Vendôme—soon to be pulled down amid the frantic exclamations of the Parisians—in due season to be once more elevated with the like accompaniments—and who can prophesy its future ups and downs? When it was known that Buonaparte felt coldly about Canova's performance, the courtier-critics of France, who knew it only from casts, pronounced the forms clumsy and too muscular for a 'demi-god'; on the other hand, the Italians, captivated by the exquisite finish and air of the antique, held it to be the apotheosis of their Alaric. The excellences of this statue, which essentially requires ample room and verge enough, cannot be fairly appreciated in its present cell—a site as unsuited of itself as un contemplated by the sculptor or his Cæsar, and anything but improved by the jaundice of the Piccadilly skylight. The marble, still in its Roman box, was upon the Emperor's downfall purchased from the Bourbon government by ours for less than 3000*l.*, and presented to the Duke. He, it may be recalled *par parenthèse*, was born in the same year with his last and greatest antagonist. *Le ciel nous devait cette récompense*, said Louis XVIII., when informed of this natal coincidence of his bane and antidote. Canova, on learning the final destination of his work, wrote immediately to Mr.

Hamilton, who preserves the autograph, minutely detailing how the statue was to be put up, referring to a mark still to be found on the pedestal, which a plumb-line suspended from the right breast would touch; and the direction has been recently tested.

On ascending into the drawing-room which fronts Piccadilly, it is impossible not to see the Duke's mark in the selection and arrangement of the pictures. Devoid of any high æsthetic perceptions, and no judge of fine art, he was far above making pretensions to anything out of his line, and never uttered one syllable of the cant of connoisseurship. He took and looked at art in his own practical way, and enjoyed imitations of nature and fact on canvass or in marble, just in proportion as the fidelity of the transcript appealed to his understanding. While he could not sympathise with the ideal and transcendental, he fully relished those exact, though perhaps humble, representations which come home to the senses and to common sense—to the business and bosoms of 'all people who on earth do dwell.' Self-relying, he confined his acquisitions simply to what was pleasing to himself; and the objects therefore—be they good or not—have a decided interest of their own as bearing evidence of the heart, mind, and *ἦθος* of the Man. The place of honour was assigned by Wellington to Marlborough. The portrait, attributed to Wootton, is indifferent—nay, some have doubted, and still doubt, its being one of Marlborough at all—nor do we volunteer a decided opinion. The Duke of Wellington purchased it at the sale of the late Duke of Marlborough's effects at White Knights—this pedigree being, as he thought, and was well entitled to think, a sufficient voucher of authenticity. He, however, possessed other and better portraits of his great predecessor, and at Strathfieldsaye placed one, which represents him on the field of Blenheim, exactly opposite his own triumph at Vitoria—in order, as he said, to exhibit the differences of costume and strategies. Not less striking are the points of difference and parallel between Marlborough and Wellington. For our part we cannot entirely coincide with the depreciatory full lengths of the former drawn by Thackeray and Macaulay—albeit forced, with milder masters, to admit that he did not quite escape the spirit of his corrupt age, or resist the contagion of civil conflicts and revolution, by which so many eminent men of modern France have been infected. Be that as it may, and however they differed in antecedents and moral character, the resemblance in military supremacy and success was signal. Both commenced their career when

France was in an insolent ascendance, and England dispirited and ill prepared; both were thwarted by party and faction at home—hampered by unworthy allies abroad; both, in spite of most inadequate means, proved all sufficient in themselves: both finally beat down their foe and raised their country to the pinnacle of power and glory. It is curious to speculate on the difference of period in their developments. When Marlborough began his series of conquests at Blenheim, he was older by eight years than Wellington was when he wound up his at Waterloo. Marlborough first shone forth, in short, after that time of life when, according to both Wellington and Buonaparte, a commander ought to strike work—and to be sure Buonaparte's own early history had read the world many stern lessons on the discomfiture and waste of blood and treasure occasioned by trusting to effete octogenarians. Neither his words nor his deeds, perhaps, have had adequate effect in our own case. The rare, very rare quality, the genius of a great commander by sea or land, remains after all, however, a mysterious problem in the metaphysics of man 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Does it consist in some exquisite organization, some perfection of the nervous system, some divine spark, which in the idiosyncrasy of such soldiers becomes more collected and alive in proportion as they are surrounded by circumstances the most likely to upset and disturb? Irrespective of age or previous occupation, it would seem almost born and intuitive: at all events it has blazed forth in the maturity of Blake, Cromwell, and Marlborough—nay, in the hoary antiquity of Radetsky—no less than in the youth of Condé, Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon; and the latter great captain seemed to feel the gift to be inexplicable, when he replied to a flatterer of his generalship—'Mon Dieu, c'est ma nature; je suis fait comme ça.'

To come back to the drawing-room—opposite to Marlborough hangs a picture of Van Amburg in the wild beasts' den, by Landseer. This expression of the triumph of human reason over brute bone and muscle was painted after the positive instructions of the Duke, who, with the Bible in hand, pointed out the passage (Genesis, chap. i. ver. 26) in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. He caused the text to be inscribed on the frame, as the authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave him the 'great commission' which he fully carried out on the fields of battle and chase. The wild beasts, their awed ferocity and submission, are finished with most masterly



touch. The unfortunate eyes and straddle of Van Amburg were 'a likeness' more pleasing to the practical patron than to the refining artist; Sir Edwin, however, was compelled to obey orders as strictly as if his R. A. had meant Royal Artillery. Thus, when some of his sketches were submitted to the great F. M., he was met by the remark, 'Very fine, I dare say, but not what I want;' and an equally cool hint struck out a most picturesquely placed panther:—'No—that's a taught trick.'

The Duke's true love for the *United Service* is marked by two pictures in this room, the Chelsea Pensioners and the Greenwich Veterans. The Duke, who had a sympathetic admiration for the singleness of purpose and precision of aim with which Wilkie went directly to his unpretentious themes, early as 1816 commissioned him to paint 'British Soldiers regaling at Chelsea'—a suggestion which by and bye expanded into '*reading the Waterloo Gazette*.' Wilkie has recorded in his diary the repeated reconnoitings made, while the sketches were in preparation, by his military Mæcenæ, who, carrying into the studio the tactics of the field, wished to brigade all the ideas into one canvass—but was above all else anxious that a good number of his own Peninsular soldiers—whom he never forgot in war or peace—should be introduced. The picture was only finished in 1822, for Wilkie, who worked slowly and painfully, spared neither labour of brain nor hand on such a subject and for such a patron. When the 'Canny Dauvid,' as he honestly tells us, brought it in, with the bill charging '1260 pounds, i. e. 1200 guineas,' his Grace, neither less a man of business nor less thrifty in phraseology than the Scottish Teniers, paid *instantly*, counting out the cash himself in bank notes, and without adding one word expressive of satisfaction or otherwise. Only when the recipient interrupted him by a suggestion that a check might save trouble, the paymaster gave him a smile and said, 'Do you think I like Coutts's clerks always to know how foolishly I spend my money?' The Duke, however, who was an optimist, and whose opinion of his acquisitions always grew with possession, subsequently praised the picture much, regularly remarking that he himself had selected the site of the incident. The treatment of the localities and portraits is capital—all the expressions and individualities are most happily caught—but portions of the groupings, especially in the right corner, are feeble. It is painted with a nice silvery tone, and with all the conscientious care and finish of Sir David's original and peculiar style, from which he

afterwards unfortunately departed—but which he had resumed in the two admirable pieces left unfinished at his too early death. The painting was the lion of the exhibition of its year, and Burnet's fine engraving has spread its fame to the far antipodes; and whatever the Duke might think, say, or not say, the artist was altogether satisfied with the Chelsea Pensioners, as he received from Messrs. Graves another 1200*l.*—that is, we hope, '1200 guineas'—for the copyright. The Duke consented to part with the original for three years, the term required by Mr. Burnet for the engraving, and, on the Saturday before this term expired, walked into the publisher's shop and asked, 'Shall I have my picture back on Monday?' 'Yes, your Grace, and by twelve o'clock.' It was sent to time, whereupon the Duke, watch in hand, said, 'Now, Mr. Graves, you shall have any other picture of mine.'

The companion-work had for its inventor, painter, and engraver, Mr. Burnet—who, as Wilkie declined the subject, set up his easel at Greenwich itself, amid the living models of the Hospital. When it was finished, our Sailor King, William IV., had it brought to him, but, on hearing that three years would be required to engrave it, replied 'that's a lifetime,' and sent it back. When the Duke bought the print of Mr. Graves the picture was suggested to him, and on being assured that its purchase by *him* would be very beneficial to the artist, he at once paid down five hundred guineas, the price asked. When Mr. Burnet thanked him for having placed it near Wilkie's, the Duke replied—'Aye, and it will remain so, as I have made it one of the heir-looms;' and it may be added the last order given by the Duke on leaving Apsley House never to return, was, to 'have this picture re-varnished.'

Sir David himself, although a countryman and fellow student of Burnet's, was not over-pleased with a juxta-position by which the engraver was put on a par with the painter. As works of art the two pictures cannot be compared; the Greenwich scene is treated with a coarse touch, and the homely figures stand out in hard and heavy relief. Skilled as he was in the history and theory of art, Mr. Burnet naturally wanted palette practice, and will be known hereafter more for his works on copper than on canvass. Nor will this patronage of the Duke diminish his popularity; and few of these weather-beaten tars, these splintered spars of Nelson's victories, these planks drifted down from so many storms, had more braved the breeze than the Duke himself, who, constantly buffeted by foul winds,

again and again narrowly escaped shipwreck. No two pictures in any collection convey a nobler moral. The blue jackets call up Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar—the red coats Salamanca and Waterloo.\* The past is the prophet of the future, and deep is our confidence in the sturdy loyalty and patriotism of Englishmen—that, however tampered with by peace-praters here—however tempted by almighty dollars elsewhere—the sons of such sires will every man, when England again expects it, rally round 'The Old Flag,' and 'do his duty.'

In this room, and near the Wilkie, hang several first-rate works of Jansteen and other Dutch masters—a school of which so many specimens are preserved in Apsley House that the learned Dr. Waagen considered them to be the consequence of a cause, and the proofs and illustrations of that humour which he read in the Duke's countenance. Undoubtedly a real relish for dry humour marked the kind and cheery character of his Grace, who, when not plunged body and soul in affairs of serious, solemn importance, delighted to unbend—readily entered into social amenities, and plucked the flowrets that gladden the dusty path of daily drudgery. Few could tell a terse story better—nobody, until deafness increased, more enjoy a spicy and festive anecdote told by a friend. Undoubtedly the same motives which induced the Duke to appreciate the early works of Wilkie led him to admire their eminent prototypes, Ostade, Jansteen, Teniers, and other faithful imitators of the great mistress, Nature, one touch of whom makes all the world kin. Unfortunately for the Doctor's ingenious speculations, however, very few of these Dutch gems were knocked down to the Duke by the baton of an auctioneer. These *spolia opima* formed part of the 'collections' of King Joseph Buonaparte captured at Vitoria. His Majesty, who began life as an attorney's clerk, had been much influenced in his 'selections' from the palaces of Ferdinand VII. by the consideration of the carrier, conveyancer, and broker. Dutch pictures of this class are easily packed in an imperial—and, portable as bank notes, their mercantile value is no less fixed and certain.

The next drawing-room contains hard and unsatisfactory copies—libels in truth—of

four celebrated pieces, at Madrid, by Raffaele, the antithesis of Jansteen and Wilkie; they were painted by Monsieur Bonnemaison, and bought of him by the Duke. The exquisite original of No. 1, a Holy Family, is commonly known as *La Perla*, from having been pronounced the *Pearl of Pictures* by Philip IV., who purchased it from the gallery of our unfortunate Charles I, when sold by Cromwell. No. 2, the Spasm of the Saviour under the Cross, is generally called *el Pasma de Sicilia*, from having been done for a convent at Palermo, dedicated to that awful agony. This composition, long considered second only to the Transfiguration, having been 'transported' to Paris in 1810, was removed from the old decayed pannel and transferred to canvass by Monsieur Bonnemaison. It was rescued indeed by this ingenious operator from ruin of material—but only that it might be 'beautified and repaired'—that is to say scrubbed, scoured, repainted, relacquered, and ruined in spirit and surface. No. 3, *The Visitation*, was also 'transported' to Paris and also 'restored.' No. 4, *Tobit and the Fish*, one of Raffaele's most beautiful works, underwent a similar cruel fate. The Duke was fond of relating an anecdote of the originals thus mangled and afterwards caricatured by a French hand. When that radical reformer had pared their pannels down to the quick, on the back of the primings of one or two the process of the wonderful Italian stood revealed. The figures were found first drawn in as skeletons—then in a second stage, the outlines of muscle environed the dry bones—and finally, at a third set-to, the folds of the draperies had been superadded: so unsparing of labour was this great master of his art; and so fully did he anticipate the principle of our great master of the art of war, that 'success can only be attained by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its concluding point.' These pictures were among those sent back from Paris to Madrid in 1815—and copies of them are therefore appropriately placed in the house of the just man who compelled the spoilers to regorge plundered art. Müffling—(whose sterling Memoirs we are glad to see translated by Colonel Yorke)—makes no bones of detailing how the non-restoration by the restored Bourbon of the stolen goods led to the famous Order of September 10, 1815. By this, the only Order ever signed by all the three Marshals—Schwarzenberg, Wellington, and Blücher—the use of force was authorized to carry out that 'great moral lesson' so tersely taught to Talleyrand and ably discussed by the Duke in his de-

\* Wellington and Nelson, in death not divided, met but once when alive, and in the small ante-room of the Colonial Office, Downing Street. The Seaman, who did not know the Soldier, was so struck by him that he stepped out to inquire who he was. This occurred very shortly before Lord N. started on his last expedition.

spatches of the 16th and 23rd of that memorable month. It may not be generally known that the four originals, cobbled and copied by Mons. Bonnemaïson, were some few years afterwards on the point of coming to Charing Cross. During the Carlist struggle a private agent from Madrid proposed to sell them to our Government. Lord Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, much to his credit—for it was during the parliamentary recess and therefore wholly on his own responsibility—offered at once the sum of 80,000*l.* The negotiation went off on his stipulating that the circumstances of the transaction, if completed, should be avowed by both Governments. Forthwith a flaming official contradiction of the whole affair appeared in the Madrid papers, and the mere suggestion of such a bargain was scouted as an insult. This public protest was accompanied, however, with a private hint, that were the Exchequer stipulation dropped, the proposal was still open! The negotiation was not carried on through Lord Clarendon, our resident minister at Madrid, from a suspicion that the 80,000*l.* would not be paid in hard cash, but set off against the bill owing for the Tower muskets sent out for Espartero's ragamuffins according to the *non-intervention* treaty. *Cosas de España.*

This room, and indeed the whole of Apsley House, is remarkable for the heterogeneous subjects sacred and profane, which the Duke has jumbled together. He had a most Catholic or Pagan love for art, and seems to have been willing to open his Pantheon for any representation; perhaps some exclusions, however, are as noticeable as any of the admissions. Thus, many as are the personal memorials here of Napoleon, only one face out of the troop of Marshals with whose backs he was so familiar,\* is honoured with a niche in the Piccadilly Walhalla. The Duke, when the temple of Janus was shut, cordially welcomed within his own halls, as a brother in arms, the Marshal he had met and consequently beaten the most—the one with whom he opened, at the passage of the Duro, the ball which concluded at Toulouse. He never forgot that, in 1809, he had sat down in Oporto at the dinner prepared for Soult, and so gave him one in return at Apsley House, when the lieutenant of Napoleon represented Louis Philippe ('the

Napoleon of Peace') at the coronation of our gracious Queen Victoria; and after this he procured a portrait of his old and famished foe, and new and feasted friend. The expression in this indifferent picture is that of a shrewd home-spun man, stern and anxious. It, however, softens his vulgarity a good deal, and also the sinister cast of the visage. When His Excellency shuffled into the ambassadors' pew at the Abbey, and was fairly seated, bronzed and rugged, among so many splendid courtly Esterhazys, &c., all over smiles and diamonds, he certainly had very much the air of an old robber got in among a set of promising subjects for a raffle. The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, we may observe, was like Napoleon and Wellington born in 1769—and he also, like our Duke, died in 1852.

As Soult figures here the only one of his kind, Pius VII. is the sole representative of the 'drum ecclesiastic;' and the Roman Catholic pillar of convents is hung up—in irony perhaps—next to the holy head of his own church—and that done by a Protestant General, the only friend the poor Pope found in his day of need, and the restorer of the sacrilegious plunderings. The pontiff's portrait, painted by M. Lefevre—no *speaker* this in the parliament of art—is both blowsy and lacrymose, and presents a thoroughly French version of the much-enduring pale Italian, who has been so admirably rendered by our Lawrence in his masterpiece executed for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. Above this ill-yoked pair appears the gallant Duke of Brunswick, the ill-fated hero of Byron and the Brussels ball, who met his soldier's death one day too soon at Quatre Bras. He fell at the head of those comrades whom he had clothed in black until his father's death at Jena and the wrongs of Germany should be avenged. Neither of these foreign pictures can be compared with that of the thoughtful Pitt, by Hoppner, which the Duke purchased at Lord Liverpool's sale, or with the intellectual careworn head of Perceval, who breast-ed the worst factions boldly as the Duke. Near these statesmen, good and true, hangs a likeness of Mr. Arbuthnot, to whom Apsley House was a second home, and who breathed his last under this roof. No one ever exercised more influence over the commanding mind of the Duke than this tried and time-honoured friend, whom he wore in his heart's core, as Hamlet did Horatio.

Among the three pictures of Napoleon in this single room, one that gives him in a scarlet uniform, still young and thin—while that fine face retained all its true Italian ex-

\* While the Louvre was being stripped of borrowed plumes, Wellington fell into great disfavour, and was coldly received by some French marshals, on one occasion, as he passed through their Salle in the Tuileries on a visit to Louis XVIII.; when the king subsequently expressed his surprise and vexation in hearing that they had 'turned their backs' on him, 'It is of no consequence, Sire,' was the reply: '*c'est leur habitude.*'

pression—deserves notice, both for itself and its history. It had been possessed by a gentleman, not of the Duke's acquaintance, to whom an invitation to dine at Apsley House was sent by mistake—and the unbidden guest subsequently presented it in grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy with which he had been set at his ease on his arrival by the high-bred and feeling host. Amid other portraits of the Buonaparte family male and female, few but will pause before the one of Josephine, at whose divorce the great Corsican's bright star declined; nor will attention be refused to that of Madame Grassini, the beautiful syren of song in her day. To complete the hotchpotch here, beneath the mythical Visit of St. Elizabeth to the Virgin by Raffaello, behold *The Highland Whisky-still*—a performance in which, to use a pithy phrase of the Duke's, there is 'no mistake'; it is redolent with peat-reek, and the spirit is above proof and criticism. It was painted by the inimitable Sir Edwin on the spot itself, in its hidden glen, and far alike from excisemen and teetotalers. On another wall, a shadow at least of the highest ideal of Italian genius—one of those copies by the modest Bonnemaïson—overhangs *The Melton Hunt*, in which horses and hounds, 'the pink,' and 'the real thing' proclaim—and 'no mistake' again—Francis Grant and English verity. The Duke, who gave 1000*l.* for this picture, was so pleased that he commissioned Mr. Calvert to paint a companion for 600*l.* In that work, a Meeting of the Vine Hunt, he himself is the hero of the field; while around are grouped his Hampshire neighbours, with whom he loved to live on the most friendly terms. These spirit-stirring and truly English sports appealed to all his manly sympathies. He took pleasure, 'after his own way'—(as the peninsular adepts told Judge-Advocate Larpent)—in the chase—mimic war—and amidst all the anxieties of his great charge, as in the peacefulness of his age at home, encouraged the noble exercise, both as an antidote to the Otium Castrense, and because he well knew that those who rode best up to hounds were never the last to face an enemy's square, nor the least sure, when it was broken, to be in at the death.

Visitors next enter the wing added by the Duke—passing from this series of not spacious old drawing-rooms into the great Waterloo Gallery, which, however open to architectural criticism, has a palatial character. The saloon extends about ninety feet—the entire western side of the house—but, though crammed with pictures, is better fitted for state-receptions than art-exhibition.

The stunted rays of a London sun struggle through an over-pannelled so called skylight; and it is to be regretted that the Duke, who had so much powder at his command, did not, on some darkish day, direct it to be blown off—'hoist by his own petard.' The lower and proper windows are plated with iron shutters outside, and inside with mirrors. The general style is that of Louis XIV. gone crazy: gilding and yellow damask have done their best for pomp and their worst for art. The paintings either blush unseen, or look like black spots huddled on the gaudy background. It is impossible not to regret this—but the truth is that objects which in every other gallery are the principals must submit to be ranked as secondary ones *here*:—at all events most certainly the absorbing interest strikingly marked on the countenances of the stream of spectators that poured in, was the scene of the *banquet*, and the idea of the *man*, the hero of the day, the first and foremost in the fight, yet spared to preside *here* over so many anniversaries of its glory. These were the pivots on which the reverential curiosity of the nation turned, and to which Jansteen and Murillo, the Great Room or the Striped Room, were as leather and prunella. The point of every sight was the spot on which he sat at those military festivals; and the identical chair he occupied was placed exactly opposite the central fire-grate. In that chair he will sit no more; and cold must be that patriotism which warms not at this hearth, and languid that imagination which cannot repeople the hall with that gallant gathering, that vista of veterans, who serried round their leader here as faithfully as once wont in the thickest fight, and ere their or his hairs were grey.

The commemorations were originally held in the usual dining-room of the house, and the company included only some twenty who had been Generals in the actions of June, 1815; as this number gradually was diminished by deaths, room was afforded for officers of less standing; by degrees, it being the Duke's especial desire to invite, if he could, all comrades who continued in the army, the party swelled to above eighty, and many met at the last of these festivals, as guests of their great chief, who thirty-seven years before was already a Field-Marshal, when they were only fleshing their maiden swords as ensigns at Quatre Bras, Hougomont, or La Haye Sainte. The Saloon was thus used for the first time in 1830, and was inaugurated as *The Waterloo Gallery* by the royal presence of William IV.

Now that all this pomp and circumstance has passed away, as all things must, the

pictures rise in importance, and will become the rightful furniture, the *præclara supellex*, of the stately chamber; and in addition to their own merit, from having been made heir-looms by the Duke, they are henceforth inseparably united with his name and the honours he has transmitted. Undoubtedly they cannot be compared in number or value with the 'collections' formed in Spain by M. Soult or M. Sebastiani, which 'fetched so much money.' The Duke, born, bred, and educated an English gentleman, would just as soon have thought of telling a lie in a bulletin as of robbing a church in a campaign: honesty was his policy. 'Clear in his great office,' he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or speculation; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue—and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. Such also was the spirit of Nelson—and he could tell his feeling, which would hardly have suited the Duke. 'Had I attended less to the service of my country,' wrote the glorious sailor, 'I might have made some money, too; however, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-makers will be forgotten.'

The principal paintings made heir-looms by the Duke, and called in the inventory *the Spanish Pictures*, were won on the field of Vitoria, when the enemy was beaten 'before the town, in the town, about the town, and out of the town.' Then Jourdain was turned and fled, and Joseph, the King, followed; and the whole artistical pillage of five years Peninsular occupation, during which all plundered, from Buonaparte down to the fraction of a drummer-boy, was abandoned. The royal Imperial, bursting with pickings, was laid at the victor's feet, and opened in Harley Street, (his Grace's old London habitat) by Mr. Seguiet—with what result let this document tell:—

*'To the Right Honourable Sir Henry Wellesley, K.B.*

*'Aire, 16th March, 1814.*

*'MY DEAR HENRY,—The baggage of King Joseph, after the battle of Vitoria, fell into my hands after having been plundered by the soldiers; and I found among it an imperial, containing prints, drawings, and pictures.*

*'From the cursory view which I took of them, the latter did not appear to me to be anything remarkable. There are certainly not among them any of the fine pictures, which I saw in Madrid, by Rafael and others; and I thought more of the prints and drawings, all of the Italian school, which induced me to believe that the whole collection was robbed in Italy rather than in Spain. I sent them to England; and having desired that*

*they should be put to rights, and those cleaned which required it, I have found that there are among them much finer pictures than I conceived there were; and as, if the King's palaces have been robbed of pictures, it is not improbable that some of his may be among them, and I am desirous of restoring them to his Majesty, I shall be much obliged to you if you will mention the subject to Don J. Luyando, and tell him that I request that a person may be fixed upon to go to London to see them, and to fix upon those belonging to his Majesty.*

*'This may be done, either now or hereafter, when I shall return to England, as may be most expedient. In the mean time, the best of them are in the hands of persons who are putting them to rights, which is an expense necessary for their preservation, whether they belong to his Majesty or not. Ever yours most affectionately,*  
*WELLINGTON.'*

Ferdinand VII. was well pleased that these prizes should adorn the walls of the deliverer of himself and Spain, and the more as he cared for no such things, being, in fact, about as inæsthetic a Goth as ever smoked tobacco; and we may take the liberty to whisper that the 'prints and drawings,' which the Duke thought the best articles in Joseph's sack, are second-rate.

The pictures in this saloon (as elsewhere) seem to be hung more with reference to size than any other consideration, and we hope no feelings will forbid, by and bye, a different arrangement. We shall select a few only for notice here; and even so the danger of becoming dull as the catalogue of an auctioneer is imminent.

Of those that bear upon the founder of the gallery, precedence seems due, on the whole, to the Spanish school, in which Velazquez claims first rank. The *Aguador* or Water-carrier of Seville, one of his earliest known works, was probably painted in the studio of his bold but coarse master, Herrera—the first to adopt in Spain the *naturalistic* style, which Caravaggio was making so fashionable in cognate Naples. This was the reaction of Rafaele—when an over-banqueting on the ideal and elevated led to a craving for the contrary, as lust when sated in a celestial bed will prey on garbage:—*le dégoût du beau amène le goût du singulier.* This specimen of the democracy of art—of humanity in rags—is a true transcript of the low life at Seville, and is treated with the broadest touch and admirable imitation of texture and material. Near it is a portrait of Quevedo, the ill-fated wit-novelist and Fielding of Spain, to whom, as to Cervantes, his country gave stones not bread, and a prison for a home. The heavy, ordinary features indicate little of the humorous or comic; while the spectacles, (the coveted privilege of the man of letters of that pe-

riod, suggest the Doctors' Commons more than the Drury-lane of the Peninsula. The neighbouring likeness of a *Young Man*—long most erroneously considered that of Velazquez himself—is conspicuous for its masculine vigour, sobriety, and truth:—chary of colour, and free from tinsel and pretension, it tells like the prose of Thucydides. But the very finest specimen here of Velazquez is the portrait of Innocent X., the Pamphili Pope, done at Rome in 1648—(as an autograph of the painter on the back states)—and of which there is a well known *replica* in the Doria Palace. The shrewd pontiff is portrayed even to the rubicund life by our great Spaniard, who was too honest even to flatter the tiara. Nearly opposite hangs unseen a procession into a fortification, in which the figures sparkle like gems. The locality is in Navarre, as above are painted those *chains* that encircled the tent of the Moorish general, and were broken in 1212 by Sancho III. at Navas de Tolosa, when and where the first real blow was dealt to the Mahomedan intruder.

In another corner the celebrated 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' by Correggio, also blushes unseen, in spite of the halo, the supernatural luminous emanation, which—as in the 'Notte,' the master's masterpiece at Dresden—proceeds from the person of the Saviour. This picture, originally parted with, it is said, in payment of an apothecary's bill of four scudi, was nevertheless done at the painter's best period. Vasari speaks of it as considered, in his own time, one of his most beautiful specimens—and no wonder, for how much art is condensed in the small space of this Koh-i-noor. The old copy of it now in the National Gallery was purchased during the war by Mr. Angerstein for 2000*l*. He acted on the advice of West and Lawrence, who certified to its originality; and this mistake, made by such real judges, might suggest a little more charity to some self-confident critics of our days, and tempers too ready to be dipped in gall. We should say that some still think it may possibly be a *replica*.

The power of the mellow blue and tones of this Correggio, and the clear tender pinks of the Velazquez, are tested by the Vandermeulen hung near them, all gorgeous in scarlet and cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV. proceeding to a marriage, and blessed from a balcony by a violet-robed prelate; a serpent, on an armorial shield, connects the incident with the Colbert family. The cool landscape and gradation of tints is admirable.

Murillo is not well represented among these Spanish pieces: King Joseph, a resi-

dent at Madrid, had fewer opportunities of obtaining his works than Soult, who gleaned at Seville—the home of this local artist. That illustrious marshal knew well how to seize the tide and time, and a single instance will suffice as well as a hundred. One day, when showing his 'collection' to Colonel Gurwood, he stopped before a certain Murillo, and observed, 'I value that picture much; it saved the lives of two estimable men.' An aide-de-camp whispered in Gurwood's ear—'He threatened to have them both shot if they did not send him the painting.'—'Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase—convey the wise it call.' Nothing—to do him justice—was too minute, or too great, for the capacity of his grasp. The catalogue now before us, of the sale of his 'collection' at Paris last year, is a lasting record of the diligence and intelligence with which he laboured in his vocation.

The so-called Murillo at Apsley House is a large specimen of the common class of low beggar life, and is made up of an old woman with a mess of pottage, a grinning urchin, a dog, and a pipkin. If printed Spanish pedigrees be a better test of originality than a picture itself, this must be held to be a genuine work, however hard and coarse the colouring, however overdone the boy's grin, however Roman the nose of the Andalusian hag. Be that as it may, it passed from Cadiz to Farley Hall, the residence of the late Mr. Anderdon, a country neighbour of the Duke's, and whose gallery was the show to which he took his visitors from Strathfieldsaye. This was the painting of his predilection—'Give me,' he never failed to say, 'the old woman and the boy.' Accordingly, when his good old ally's collection came to the hammer at Christie's he secured his favourite, which at least possesses that merit.

The full length portrait of our bloody Mary was brought from Spain by Lord Cowley, and probably was one of the many sent there when she married the cognate bigot Philip II. On the mantelpiece beneath is another of the many busts of the beautiful Lady Douro; and near it, a head by Canova of a young and chaplet-crowned female, said by some to be Pauline Buonaparte; it was presented by the sculptor to the Duke in 1817, in grateful remembrance, as an inscription on the back records, of the restitution of works of art taken from Rome by the French, and the gift moreover of 100,000 francs to the poor Pope to pay for packages and carriage. Canova, who moved heaven and earth to bring about this great act of justice, had sent a marble memorial to each of the four eminent individuals who were

the most instrumental—to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Long, Mr. Hamilton, and the Duke; and never was the sword better thrown into the scale, than when the eternal city, the home of art, thus recovered by it her heir-looms—the Apollo and the Transfiguration.

Our limits compel us to pass from the 130 and more pictures with which these walls are tapestried: they differ so much in size, subject, and quality, that to fit their frames in with each other must have been the object and office of the art-executioners employed to hang them. At any rate many excellent specimens of Teniers, Ostade, Jansteen, Wouvermans, Claude, and the Venetian school, are as good as lost.

On quitting this saloon the old house is re-entered, and we are in the *Small Drawing-Room*, as it is styled, which, if it appears smaller by the contrast, has a greater air of daily occupation. The malachite vases here were the gift of Alexander of Russia, whose small portrait by Gerard, taken in his favourite leaning attitude, recalls the individual man. Near it hangs the nautical William IV., all blushes, in a scarlet uniform—so recorded in 1833 by Wilkie. The somewhat extraordinary costume is given with power—the at best ordinary features with feebleness—especially when contrasted with the intellectual head of Lord Wellesley, in the robes of the Garter, by Lawrence. This full-length, originally intended for the hall of Christchurch, Oxford, was found, when finished, to be too large for the destined space. The Duke, who owed to his brother his first separate command, remembered the obligation, and seldom showed the picture without remarking—‘The Governor. A great man that: very clever.’ No two brothers were more unlike in character and taste, and few were ever greater in their respective capacities: by the two acting together, the statesman and the soldier, our Indian empire was saved and fixed at a moment the most critical. In their later days even, the Marquis, less punctual than the Duke, frequently kept him waiting, to which he patiently submitted, saying, ‘My brother treats me as if I was only Colonel Wellesley, and he still Governor-General.’

Opposite hangs another full-length of Napoleon, painted by Lefevre, and of no particular notability, save as affording a fresh proof how superior the Duke was to any jealousy or want of appreciation of the Emperor’s military merit. He seems to have entertained no very exalted opinion—Massena excepted—of any of the tribe of Marshals—fortisque Gyas fortisque Clean-

thus—whose existence the world will soon forget, and whose names never were such as nurses frightened babies with; but he invariably did ample justice to their master, whose presence in the field—as he told Larpent among others—he reckoned as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. *Nec mirum*, thinks Larpent:—He could promote a drummer to a duke, while ours, hampered by the Horse Guards, had difficulties in making an ensign.\*

We cannot omit mentioning a portrait, by Wilkie, of the late beautiful Lady Lyndhurst, dressed as a Spaniard, in a conventional mantilla, lined with red, and such as never was worn or seen except at a fancy ball at Kensington: but Wilkie, so sober and truthful at home, went to the Peninsula to give loose reins to his imagination in defiance of local colour, costume, and custom. On the neck of the dark-glancing lady may

\* We are sorry that, though anxious to give as much space as possible to the great Duke, we cannot enter at present into the details of what we consider to be among the most interesting recent contributions to the mass of materials for his future historian:—but let no reader deny himself a sight of this Diary of Mr. Larpent, attached to his headquarters as Judge-Advocate from the summer of 1812 to the dispersion of the Peninsular army in 1814. The work consists of that gentleman’s private record of occurrences—as transmitted at the time to his family here—not a word altered. Such documents are rare, and few indeed of them stand the test of examination by strangers—but these papers do. The writer was, of course, recognised as a man of good talents and legal acquirements, else he would not have been appointed to such a post by the then Judge-Advocate General, Mr. Mannors Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury. It is obvious that his diligence and skill in office, and his manners and conversation, soon won for him the confidence and personal liking of the Commander-in-Chief. In return his letters have now thrown additional light on the Duke’s character and demeanour, both as a General and as a man. The perfectly easy, unaffected style gives a very peculiar charm—and any attempt to get rid of inaccuracies, inevitable under the circumstances, would have been utterly injudicious. It is not the least merit that the witness is a civilian—a regular Lincoln’s-Inn barrister, suddenly equipped in red coat and black feather, and popped down among the society of leading military men surrounding the immediate person of Wellington. He reports their doings and sayings from day to day with apparently the most complete openness and candour. Nor do his own unconcealed little foibles by any means detract from the interest of his pages. Even his thoroughly Cockney regard for *prog*, as he calls it, and studious entries as to whatever touches that department, are more than amusing—for, after all, the feeding of an army is the very first concern for every true General, and no work yet published (except of course the Duke’s own) illustrates so clearly his Grace’s incessant watchfulness and wonderful combinations in respect of the supply of provisions for his men. The lawyer, however, was a keen spectator (sometimes a rash one) on the day of danger, and has given very lively sketches of some of the most important operations, from Burgos to Toulouse inclusive.



yet be seen a spot, the mark of the beast, and the point of a tale. The picture had just been sent home, and was placed in the Duke's library, where he was writing, when the house was surrounded by the patriots bent on reform. Soon a stone, breaking a pane of glass, whizzed like a shot over his head, and pierced the canvass. The Duke, without showing the least fear or concern, finished his letters, and while his servant sealed them up, walked to the windows, and seeing the multitudes swarming round the statue of Achilles, simply remarked, 'Why, they are going to pull that thing down.' Fortunately for themselves, none of these gentlemen entered the house, where a welcome after the fashion of the 10th of April awaited them.

The selection of pictures for the next, the *Striped Drawing-Room*, is vividly characteristic of the Duke. Here he has delighted to group together the members of his family and the comrades of his arms—his adopted brothers and children. The prize of beauty is justly assigned to Lady Douro, whose 'high Dama brow' has inspired Swinton to one of his happiest efforts. Around the fair are arranged the brave, who best deserve them. These walls are decorated with not a few countenances that failed never at the anniversaries of the 18th of June, and which, as it were, illustrate the *Waterloo Gazette*: the Duke himself forms the exception. Often as he sat for others, no likeness of him graces a place and company where it would so naturally be expected—the central luminary, about which satellites so bright and many clustered, alone is wanting. Possibly he may have thought that there was little need in-doors, of an image which he could not stir out-of-doors without seeing stare at him from every shop-window: at all events no Gerard painted him in ducal robes, stars and garters; no Horace Vernet blazoned his battles on acres of canvass. Of his dozens of victories one only—the last, the 'crowning mercy'—is to be found here—and in that the point of view and honour is given to his antagonist. The field is depicted as seen from the position occupied by Napoleon: the two captains, pitted against each other for the first and last time, are within range of shot and sight of each other. It must have been under such circumstances that an artillery officer, desiring to direct some round shot at the Imperial group was checked by the Duke's reply; 'Commanders of armies have other things to think of than firing on each other.' How differently the Emperor felt and acted at Dresden, when Moreau was slain, we all know well. The Duke, who never missed the Royal Academy dinner,

was, during a preliminary lounge, struck with this picture—the work of one who had, among other incidents of an adventurous youth, seen what battles are—the late Sir William Allan—pronounced it 'Good, not too much smoke'—inquired for the artist, and secured it on the spot—which, we dare say, did not diminish Allan's enjoyment of that day's turtle and champagne.

How indifferent as to portraits of himself, he employed the highest available art for those of his comrades. '*Fighting*' Picton figures foremost, who closed his brilliant career, like Wolfe and Moore, in the arms of victory; then *Anglesey*, by Lawrence, the impersonation of the dashing hussar, who in 1808 at Mayorga gave the enemy the first taste of the British sabre, and who at Waterloo struck and received the last blow; *Hill*, the model of discipline, the quiet, collected Lieutenant, who never exceeded his orders, which he never failed to execute in consummate style:—*Beresford*—the sagacious companion of many a reconnoitring ride and over many a midnight lamp—the man of whom the Duke said, 'If there be a weak point in a plan, *that's* the eye that's sure to see it.' The Marshal appears in the uniform of those Portuguese soldiers who, under his instructions, became the 'fighting-cocks of the army'; and, however undervalued by the Spaniards, stood to their guns, while too often those proud semi-orientals fled every man to his home. Lawrence has given with truth and gusto the Herculean build of *Beresford* who, at Albuera, fought sword in hand more like a private than a chief—nor does he less justice to the stalwart frame of *Lynedoch*, the gallant veteran who fluttered Victor at Barossa, and 'alone did it.' Here of course is *Fitzroy Somerset*, so long the faithful follower and right-hand of the Duke in camp and cabinet—nor can we miss *Alava*, the true specimen of the good old Castilian, free from stain, who was both at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and waged war to the knife against his country's inveterate enemy. In a word, no corner of the room is without a hero: *Murray*, the polished Cavalier and learned tactician, the justly prized quartermaster-general—('next to Wellington our clearest head, I think,' says Judge Larpent);—*Combermere*, the splendid cavalry chief; *Seaton* ('the Beauty of Bravery'), Halkett, Grant, Fremantle, Barnes and Elley, stand once more side by side, as when the foe was in front. Nor are the portraits of Marlborough or Nelson wanting to complete this glorious company of good men and true, who trod in their steps of honour. The pencil of Sir William Beechey was, however, altogether

unequal to the man of Trafalgar—poor in point of art, his piece is unlike in form and expression; the spare war-and-weather-worn Admiral is swelled into an overgrown 'figure-head.' The burning fire which animated his fragile frame is extinguished in the paint-pot of the feeble academical knight. However Nelson is rigged in the good old English uniform of Howe and Jervis, the free-and-easy blue and buff—the most thoroughbred of seamen is not braced up in the tailor travestie which now perplexes Portsmouth, and tends to turn your British tar into a cross between the Prussian landwehr and the French gendarme. We mentioned already that the Duke had the bust of Gurwood in the entrance of his house—here above-stairs he has also hung the Colonel's picture among his best friends. This resolute *sabreur* and most useful henchman is clad in the installation dress of Esquire to a Knight of the Bath, in which capacity he attended the Duke; and his name will survive, firmly inserted in the hem of his patron's garment. His features are those of the rough and ready leader of a forlorn hope. Singularly enough, just before the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo began, some of our officers, in that mood which brings grim smiles on powder-begrimmed lips, were settling—so sure were they of success—what particular prize each would carry off; and Gurwood—aspiring subaltern!—said he would take the French Governor—which he did. The Duke received the prisoner in the trenches, and bad him deliver his sword to his captor—*ensem quem meruit ferat*.

Gurwood wielded the sword better than the pen; but, if he did not succeed as an annotator, is fully entitled to the credit of a zealous, trustworthy compiler. The thanks of the world for the Duke's Despatches are mainly due to an elegant and accomplished lady—Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of his Grace's faithful Achates: she first suggested the printing and publishing of these documents, to which the Duke objected for a little—but he at last took up the idea, and pronounced Colonel Gurwood, who happened to be present, as 'good as any one else to superintend the operation.' The real editor, however, was the author himself: he read all in proof, and corrected every page, text and margin, with his own hand. The papers were originally set into type exactly as they had been written, but their illustrious *Editor*, always considerate for others, struck out all the names and every sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was, it is said, cancelled. The typographical duty was so honourably conducted by Messrs.

Clowes, that neither the head of that vast establishment, nor Mr. Murray who published the book, ever possessed or even saw the proof-sheets. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and it consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. This, indeed, is a typographical rarity, which future Roxburghes and Dibbins may sigh to possess, and Humes and Hallams to peruse; and when the present generation is passed, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its rights, these now sealed volumes will raise their author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of his genius, and a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, 'When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down.'

The publication, so far as it has gone, of this code of the English soldier and gentleman, this encyclopedia of military and administrative science, first convinced many among our own *liberals* of the union in our great captain of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. These unaffected documents could not be mistaken. They who run must read his love for King and Country, his spotless honour and honesty, exalted sense of duty, godlike presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and forethought—his unsparing, intense labour of body and mind—last, not least, his modesty and simplicity.

We may be permitted also to dwell once more for a moment on the nervous, perspicuous, idiomatic style of these despatches, drawn from deep wells of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled. Truly English in word and thought, they tell a plain unvarnished tale with the real unadorned eloquence of practical patriotism. The iron energy of his sword entered like Cæsar's into his pen, and he used either instrument with equal facility to turn his antagonists to flight or shame. His two golden rules of composition, and which we recommend to the rising generation of type, were, firstly, never to dip the pen in the inkstand without previously understanding the subject:—secondly, to avoid synonyms, and especially when giving instructions. Perhaps almost everything that small critics frown at as clumsy, inartificial tautology in the Duke's composition was designed and deliberate:—he saw how often differences spring from the interpretation of synonyms, on which men seldom agree exactly, and

that mistakes were less likely to happen when one and the simplest word was chosen, kept to, and impressed by repetition; and how many lawsuits, and what costs would be avoided, if the drawers of our acts of Parliament—barristers of three years' standing—would condescend to repeat the same terms, instead of showing off style by variations! The Duke scouted all bullying bulletin balderdash—all talk of 'driving leopards into the sea,' 'finishing campaigns with thunderbolts,' crumpling Czars 'like sheets of paper'—and similar feats, sooner said than done. And as he wrote he spoke. Hyperbolic only in the defence of comrades, he knew how cheering the note of praise is to the distant soldier fighting for his King, and how depressing the cold blast of a factious Opposition. He was no Athenian sophist skilled in logomachies—no practised debater, no intellectual gladiator; he just said the right thing at the right time, constantly expressing the most in the fewest words—and his *character* carried conviction. All understood his blunt soldierlike discourse, as if giving the word of command, and few took offence at his honest home thrusts, or could resist his sledge-hammer blows on the nail's head. He used his words to explain, not conceal his thoughts; not a few terse phrases have passed into proverbs already—but a quiver might be filled with the pithy pointed shafts shot from his mind, that arsenal of common sense, sound judgment, and wide experience.

The following *scrap* is from the private diary of a friend who happened to dine—quite *en fumille*—with the late Sir Robert Peel one Sunday in Whitehall Gardens, at the time when the original *Gurwood* was in course of publication:—

'After dinner a chief subject the Despatches, of which another volume has just come out. I was struck with one remark of Peel's. "In my opinion," said he, "when a studious man, say an American, a hundred or two hundred years hence, wishes to get at a distinct notion of what was in this age the actual style and tone of conversation in good English society, he will have to rely very much on *Gurwood*. We have had no dramatist at all—we have had only two good novelists, and neither of them is at home in *England*. As yet I see nothing that will be so valuable, even in this way, as the *Duke's Letters*.''

The usual dining-room of Apsley House was built by the Duke, and communicates with this room in which his comrades are quartered. It has a royal look from the full-length portraits of the Allied Sovereigns, given by themselves. In company with the originals, it must be allowed that our Prince Regent always looked like the highest of

the high: and no less among these pictured figures stands forth that of George IV., in the 'garb of old Gaul' worn by him at Holyrood—that picturesque costume of wild mountaineers, the adoption of which in that place by his Majesty—his only precedent, it was said, being Prince Charles in 1745—gave no less offence to the refined Lowlanders of modern Athens, than the caricature copy by the unwieldy Alderman Curtis did to the portly Monarch himself. It is a vigorous and effective work of Wilkie's—perhaps the best portrait he ever did;—the head admirable, and the costume excellently cast and coloured. Opposite hangs the wizen and worn Francis I. of Austria, huddling his spare form in a military great coat, and so much to the life itself, that the Duke, who superintended the unpacking, kept exclaiming, 'Poor man, very good—poor man, very like.'

On quitting the first floor, the visitor descends by a back staircase, which a Lord Apsley might compare to a tortuous suit in Chancery, and the Duke to the *escalier dérobé* of a sallyport: it leads to a rabbit-warren of dark passages, in which regiments of chests are drawn up, and boxes piled like Pelion on Ossa. The long rows of oaken brass-bound cases of convenient size, and each placed on a moveable stand, are docketed with the years of their contents. In these the private papers of the Duke are so methodically arranged, that by an index any one can be instantly referred to. This multitudinous array conveys an idea of his vast and incessant correspondence—the eagerness of all the world to obtain his advice in difficulties—the boundless mass of State secrets confided to his faithful keeping. Here also are the private papers of George IV., to whom the Duke was surviving executor. It makes one shudder to think that the candle of a careless maid might reduce to ashes these precious materials for future historians. The Duke had prepared a fire-proof record-room under his garden—but their removal into it was never effected; and we may add, that no risk they ran was more serious than that occasioned by his Grace's habit latterly of reading with a light between himself and the book or document in his hand. In fact, he thus, when dozing, had over and over again set fire to what he held—especially of course Parliamentary Papers.

On emerging from this chaos of cases, several low apartments under the Waterloo Gallery are found principally and not unaptly appropriated to his presents of China and table decorations. Among the few pictures in one room, to which a fire would do no great harm, is a full-length *finesimile* of

Charles X. This disagreeable article was dethroned from the dining-room by the Duke to make place for Francis I.; nor did his Grace deem it worthy even of a frame. The bookcases here are filled with finely-bound copies of volumes printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and sent to their Chancellor, who needed not such soporifics. The last work, which he did not live to read through, was the Blue-Book onslaught on poor Alma Mater perpetrated by unnatural Whiglings. The identical copy of their ponderous production, which might have sapped the health of a younger student, has been presented to the Bodleian by his son, and we trust this farrago of new-fangled projects will long rest among the most undisturbed folios of that venerable receptacle.

Most people, Whig or Tory, will rejoice to pass to the more lively contents of the *Great China Room*. This Eldorado glitters with porcelain, silver, and gold, the offerings of grateful kings and nations. In examining these infinite services of China—French, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon—it strikes one as strange that a substance so fragile should have been so much selected as an enduring memorial to the Iron Duke. But Diamonds, Orders, and Batons had been exhausted; and these specimens of the ceramic art, the best in form, material, and taste of the period, did good service at the great anniversary banquets. The silver plateau was presented by the Regent of Portugal, as a long inscription records. Honour to that poor rocky nook on which the deliverance of the Peninsula was based—to Portugal, whose sons did fight well in their own and the world's cause, and who, both during the struggle and afterwards, evinced a gratitude far beyond that of the great and once glorious sister-kingdom—unteachable, incorrigible Spain—then and still inclined rather to forget and forgive French injuries than acknowledge English benefits, which the pride of impotence resents as implying a foreign superiority. It would be ungracious to find fault in this plateau as a work of art, when the motives are so praiseworthy. Groups of female figures of Fame, whose forms and draperies are rather Lusitanian than Grecian, flit amid palm-trees, and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the gestes and triumphs of the English Cid, who, unfurling the red cross of St. George on the banks of the Tagus, rested not until it waved over the ramparts of Imperial Paris.

The delicate silver tones of this Portuguese gift contrast with the golden splendour of those from the august Corporation of London in 1823—a fit peace atonement to one, of whom, in the very Talavera tug

of war, they recorded discontent and clamoured for dismissal. Where then, but for him, ye sapient cits, would your ducats have been 'collected,' and by whom your fat turtles consumed? The shield was designed by Mr. Stothard—and, although it cannot rank with that of Achilles in the *Iliad*, the military conception does honour to the Cellinis east of Temple Bar. Fitter for Guildhall or the Mess-room than the Museum, a fricassee of figures, horse and foot, project in high relief, and gather around the central Duke. The cost was 10,000*l.*; and, whatever the differences about mould and make, the many are satisfied with the material. The candelabras spring from columnar bases, where sentinels, arms, and implements of glorious war are grouped—so excellently modelled and executed, and so pleasing to a soldier's eye, that an honourable acquittal was certain when tried by the courts-martial summoned on the 18th of June. Some French bronzes of Henry IV., Turenne, Condé, and Louis XIV. deserve notice from infinite bravura and higher art. The little bust of the Duke in a corner was the especial favourite of the late Duchess; and the red kettle-drums were given to his Grace as trophies of the first Burmese war. In conclusion, this room was always assigned to Mr. Arbuthnot, when a visitor at Apsley House.

On quitting these caves of Golconda, the scene changes at once into the Spartan simplicity of the Iron Duke. We pass the threshold of his privacy, and are admitted as it were to a personal interview, and realise his everyday life. The suite of rooms and the contents are left, by the present Duke's especial direction, in their unchanged state—a few articles only having been moved to make a gangway for the public. One glance at the Secretary's den will satisfy the most skin-flint economist that his situation was no sinecure. Plain to plainness, the only decorations are some Prussian china, painted with incidents in the Duke's life, from Dame Ragueneau's at Eton to the opening of the Waterloo Bridge. Every nook and corner is dedicated to work. Around are heaped oak-cases and boxes, books of reference, and all the appliances of pen, ink, and paper. Near the fire are the chair in which the Duke sat when giving instructions, and the table at which, when alone or much pressed by business, he ate a hurried but hearty dinner. On a smaller table stands an ordinary deal box, which never has had a coat of paint, and is fastened by the rudest iron lock and hasp; yet henceforward this rough bit of carpentry will rank with the gem-studded casket of

Darius, in which Alexander deposited his Bible, Homer. The article followed the Duke's fortunes throughout the Peninsula, and was generally called the 'Mule Box,' as an especial animal was employed to carry this object of constant solicitude, and which was missing more than once. In this humble husk his most secret papers were kept; on its cover his plans were sketched and his despatches written.

Numberless were the epistles showered day after day, hour after hour, upon that desk—for, in or out of the Cabinet, the Duke was thought to be the fountain of post and profit; and very many of the effusions were disposed of by his jotting on the margin, for the benefit of his secretary, 'Reply by Circular.' The recurrence of some applications was so inevitably constant that he had lithographed answers ready, which only required to be filled up and dated. Thus petitions for place, requests to see Apsley House, applications from authors—especially Divines and Poetesses—to be permitted to dedicate—these things and the like were summarily dismissed, and the lithographs sold subsequently for high prices as autographs. The Duke piqued himself on punctuality of reply; and the knowledge of this fact multiplied letters which, if unanswered, would have probably answered themselves. Courteous, and writing to the point when addressed with right, reason, and respect, he could sting if nettled, and parry the impertinent with pertinent thrusts in that curt 'F.-M. the Duke of Wellington' style which has passed into the proverbial: and he took pleasure in thus double-shotting his notes with grape and grapnel, and frequently would pleasantly allude to his answer, saying, 'This they may read at Charing Cross—but I don't think they will.' In vain he was told that traps were laid by ingenious autograph-collectors to put him on his epistolary mettle—such as modest dunnings for the payment of other people's washerwomen's bills, &c.: it amused him to pay them off with their own coin.\*

\* It was a rule with the Duke, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no *parcel*, addressed to him, should be taken in by his people, unless the bearer could show an order for its admission written by himself or his secretary. A wise rule! What a pestilence all private families in town are subjected to by the impudent pertinacity of the petty publishers in sending round their rubbish to every door, in hope that you will rather pay for it when they 'call again to-morrow'—or more probably to-morrow week—than be at the trouble of hunting it up and returning it. The annoyance from the Reports and Petitions of Philanthropic Society, jobbers is another equally constant and even more disgusting nuisance, which the Duke escaped.

Every one has heard of Talleyrand's grand pre-

The interest increases as the Duke's own Room, the *sanctum sanctorum*, is approached. It bears the look of the well-garnished comfortable library of a man of business; a character indeed so impressed that, had he placed a motto round his cornice, it might have run thus: 'Call on a business man at business times only, and on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.' If ever there was among our labouring classes a real pains-taking operative, it was the Duke. Emphatically a man of habit and hard work, his fixed principle was to do his duty in whatever situation it pleased Providence that he should fill, and to do it to the best with all his might. He was as regular at early service and correct in his responses as any parish-clerk. No man ever gave away more brides at the altar: none had a larger tribe of god-children. He was as sure at drill as any adjutant; punctual at a funeral as any undertaker; regular at a drawing-room as a lord of the bed-chamber.

In this his studio, all the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand: while all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. In truth, he was the nation's servant-of-all-work, from the clerk to the Commander-in-chief, who never stinted counsel or labor, whether called for by friend or foe, when the honour and welfare of his Prince might be forwarded. His secrets of getting through each day's work were simple. He rose early to attend to the thing in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus. 'Other men,' said Mr. Arbuthnot when near his end under this roof—'other men may have had particular

cept,—'Never, do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you.' Never shying any trouble that he best could meet, the Duke rarely threw away time on trifles that anybody else could manage as well. For instance, on the back of every ticket for his last Ball (14th May, 1852) there appeared this formula:—'Please send an Answer on a Card, or unsealed.' Thus all the answers would go directly to the person whom it behoved to have a notice for how many, out of the 1000 or 1500 honoured with invitations, supper should be ready on his Grace's table. Digitized by Google

talents in higher perfection, but I don't believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of bringing all his resources to bear upon *anything* that he took into his consideration at all.' 'How few are there,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, 'that, in general, set to work upon any given point or topic more than a corner of their brain!' This dearest friend of the Duke's, himself the gentlest of human beings, had been a keen observer nevertheless.

Everything in this workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draughts; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. Within easy reach we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy-chairs for their student. That in which a medal is inserted was made of the elm under which he stood at Waterloo. It was given him by Mr. Children—that gentleman having in 1818 purchased the tree of the farmer Papillote, who cut it down because plagued by visitors, just as Shakspeare's mulberry was dealt with by the Reverend Goth Gastrell. In another chair, made from the oak of the Téméraire, Mr. Arbuthnot usually sat; the Duke's place was naturally in front of the fire, where his own habitual chair, with red-leather cushions and moveable desk, still remains. In it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the paper and lighter literature of the day—of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and eviscerator of marrow and meaning—an occasional nap, and may be a blaze, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first entrance an impression of confusion is conveyed by the multitudinous objects heaped on tables and sofas, but order and method may soon be detected amidst the chaos. As nothing ever placed by the Duke was moved, he knew where at once to find what he wanted. On the central table still lie his overcoats, of various colours and textures, suited to meet all changes of the weather. Close at hand are despatch-boxes and courier-valises, which bear the marks of rough service—all ready for immediate use—near, a small equestrian statuette of the Queen marks the Polar star of his course. He to the last used the good, old-fashioned, loyal phrase of 'her Majesty's servants,' and centred in the Crown all his notions of country. Near also at hand is a private box, now covered with a leather case, which he unlocked with an unduplicated key—it being the depository of a constant supply of bank-notes for those disbursements as to which he did not think proper to make

'Countt's clerks' his confidants; and seldom that day passed when it was not often opened to direct 5*l.* and 10*l.* notes to be sent in registered letters to never-failing applicants for relief. The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazon forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy—like many who have their reward—but had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own; nay, he was infinitely amused when ingenious tricks were played on him. He was fond of telling—and he did it at great length and with infinite humour—the particular case of the female, Stanley, who, by a scheme followed up for seven years, contrived to do him of some 500*l.* 'An orphan daughter of a soldier,' he would say—and we can only give an epitome—'petitioned for relief; I sent her 10*l.*;—soon comes a grateful application for a little aid to set up a shop—granted; after a time, trade very bad and some assistance begged—given; presently a prospect announced of a marriage with an industrious young man—wedding present of course; in due time a child born—baby-linen provided; by and bye the infant sickens—apothecary settled with; next, the poor sufferer dies—undertaker satisfied; then the heart-broken parents wish to emigrate—outfit and passage paid; after a few months, news from the United States that it does not answer—passage back paid; when an accidental discovery by the police brought an untimely end to my poor orphan.'

The Duke wrote close to the fire, and formerly seated himself on a stool at the circular-headed, old-fashioned mahogany bureau, still here: latterly he stood, and almost on the rug, at an upright desk, where papers and letters remain exactly as he left them. The mantelpiece is no less characteristic of the man; on it a chronometer and pendulum clock mark his appreciation of time and punctuality, the soul of business. In fondness for watches he rivalled Charles V., who amused his 'cloister life' by trying horological experiments with his mechanician, Juanelo; and such the famous Breguet was to Wellington, who delighted not only in his works but in his conversation. Well knew the Veteran-Porter that M. Breguet was to be let in at any hour. The Duke seldom had less than half-a-dozen watches going at once; and when he travelled, stowed

away as many more in a portmanteau made to fit his carriage. He was curious about the exact time, which, like Mr. Stirling's hero, he could never get any two watches to keep, possibly because he wound, or forgot to wind, them up himself. In London he relied on an old clock in his hall, which, like that at the Horse-Guards, was always right. With all his partiality for Breguet, his favourite watch was one of old-fashioned English make:—it once belonged to Tippoo Saib, and had been the companion of all his own campaigns from Seringapatam onwards:—we almost fancy he would have risked giving a battle rather than lose it. Colonel Gurwood used to relate how, when hard pressed during some retrograde movement, the Duke, having occasion to alight, left it on the ground, and did not miss it until he had ridden three miles, when he went back amid the wondering defilers, and fortunately found it. A second watch had an odd history. This was ordered of Breguet by Napoleon, who designed it for the fob of his brother Joseph, and as a delicate attention directed a miniature map of Spain to be wrought in niello on one side, with the imperial and royal arms on the other. Unluckily, just as it was finished, the Duke drove Joseph out of his kingdom; and the Emperor, finding the times out of joint, refused either to take it or pay for it. At the peace it was bought from Breguet by Sir E. Paget, and presented to the Duke. He had another, which the same artist made for Junot, the marshal so trounced by him in Portugal; this is quite an horological curiosity—of which two only were ever constructed—marking the lunar and weekly movements. Latterly the Duke usually wore *montres de touche*, of which he had many, contrived by Breguet, with certain studs or knobs, by which he could *feel* what o'clock it was, without the apparent rudeness of pulling out his watch; accordingly, when he seemed to be merely fumbling in his pocket, he was really finding out how he killed the enemy, time.

The mantelpiece we have just mentioned served him as a shelf to put away odds and ends: above it he hung a drawing of Lady Jersey, a profile relieve plaster-cast of Lady Douro, and another of Jenny Lind. Here, below these, he had stowed away some small casts—one of Napoleon, with his eagle-look when consul;—others of the Chancellors Brougham and Lyndhurst, with full-bottomed wigs, by D'Orsay; also, to keep those venerable objects company, a Buddhist idol, in alabaster and gold, taken at Ava, and given him with the kettle-drums. This is the only relic the conqueror

of Assaye possessed of the East, where his star, too, arose; that India where he lived so long and did so much—which he remembered so accurately—and on which he wrote to Lord Derby a most vigorous and lucid memorandum, three weeks only before his death, and at a moment when he was pronounced by Manchester oracles to be 'overcome with childish timidity and imbecility of mind and purpose!!'

The Duke was no collector of relic reminiscences; the incessant claims of each 'to-day' precluded lingering on retrospects and rebuilding recollections; amidst the keen struggle with the present and the future, the past could find small place in the mind of a practical soldier, who looked forward and advanced, rather than retreated. Accordingly, there is nothing to recal Eton, where he gained his first fight: no Brocas, no Father Thames—scenes which his classical brother doted on and wrote verses about to the last—amidst which, indeed, that fine scholar was, by his own direction, buried;—nothing of those early campaigns in Holland, where, from the mistakes and misfortunes of others, and in the stern school of adversity, young Arthur Wellesley must have learnt so much—for the hardiest mariners are formed in the roughest seas; nothing again of India, the starting point of his fortunes, where he was taught how to combat heat and fever by temperance and exercise, and to parry the double-dealing braggart Orientals by truth, firmness, and matter of fact: a lesson most useful in after-times, when acting with the semi-Moorish Spaniard. There is little, indeed, of the Peninsula itself—not even one view of his own *Soto de Roma*, nestling in the lovely Vega of Granada, on the banks of the Xenil, and refreshed with the cool airs of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. We cannot however doubt that, had he lived, he would have enjoyed the panorama of this 'bit of heaven fallen to earth,' which Mr. Burford has just executed with such commendable accuracy.

One should not pass too hastily that red-morocco-cushioned sofa, used more as a table than a settee, and covered with boxes and papers: on it still remain a few prints just as he placed them; one of himself, when younger; another, the Cocked-hat (caricature) profile by Byron's *Cupidon déchainé*—whose agreeable manners and lively conversation seem to have made the Duke a very lenient judge of his artistical efforts—('at any rate,' he would say, 'D'Orsay always makes one look like a gentleman')—A third is the head of Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland route,



whose enterprising spirit pleased the great man.

One door in this library affords immediate access to his bed-room—if such a term may be given to a confined barrack bivouac, exposed to the draughts of seven openings, and with only a few chairs and a narrow single bed for furniture; yet here slept soundly the Statesman, laden with

‘A burden ’twould sink a navy.’

He possessed the uncommon and enviable faculty of commanding instantaneous sleep, and, however critical the moment, could surrender himself to nature’s best restorer, whether on a bench under a tree, or anywhere, to awake refreshed as a giant, and ready again for any work. He seldom failed to make this good use of the rare occurrence of a spare hour. He could face without fear the demon Responsibility, before whom inferior minds quake and quail, and, having done his best, leave the final issue to a higher power. Three years spent under canvass in India taught him the comfort of the ground-floor, and on it his sleeping cot was placed both here and at Strathfieldsaye—where indeed the cot was merely a sofa: at Walmer he had a little camp-bed, which he brought with him and took away. Curtailed indulgences and eider-down pillows had no charms for him, whose hard mattress was so narrow that all stretchings were impossible; he heartily approved the old saying that ‘when a man catches himself turning in his bed it is time for him to turn out’—and he often enough did so himself, lighting his fire with his own hand, for he slept far away from servants. An old military cloak was always placed at night within reach, that he might cover himself if chilly; this relic still remains in his dressing room, and he had drawn it over his shoulders during the last night of his life.

The Duke kept his bedroom plain, that nothing might interfere with the real purpose—sleep—or distract the oblivious sensations that slide into death’s counterfeit. A few poor framed prints are here placed above the doors, chiefly, as he said, to be ‘out of the way.’ One is of a Russian General, whose name nobody can spell: another is of an engineer equally unknown to fame. Over the entrance rests the likeness of a certain mediæval lady who kept a tobaccoist’s shop near Wilton Place, and carried her Duke-worship to monomania. A knife and fork were laid for him at her table every day, and his absence was supplied by his bust. She pestered him with offerings, until he accepted her portrait to

get rid of the original, and put it here to get rid of the copy. Opposite he placed two crayon heads of Lady Douro, by John Hayter, and in such a position that his last look might fall, and his first might light, on the noble and graceful features so dear to him—hers, his love and admiration for whom are betokened by so many busts and pictures—the best ornaments, in his eyes, of Apsley House.

His dressing-room adjoins—a good large room, and well appointed with arm-chairs, wardrobes, and all the appliances for what the euphuists term the due ‘performance of ablutions.’ The Duke, scrupulously neat in his person, well knew the bracing benefits of cold water and vinegar used externally, and of iced water taken internally—long his sole beverage. It is reported that, with the exception of one eminent friend of his own, older than himself, there was no man in London who gave, morning and night, so much time to the flesh-brush. He shaved and dressed himself to the last; and if our hero did not appear great before his valet, it was simply because none was present. He hated the incumbrance of help; all he required was, to have everything ready in its right place. Thus all his orders and uniforms were at hand, as, whenever he dined with any foreigner of high rank, he made a point to wear the national badge of his country. In the same courteous feeling he used his foreign titles, and never, for instance, once wrote to M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian envoy, without signing, ‘Wellington, Prince de Waterloo’—or to any Spaniard, even Alava, without remembering the Dukedom of Ciudad-Rodrigo. On his twenty-seven orders and stars Lord Downes has written a volume, just as Herschel might do on the milky way; and they all were exhibited at Messrs. Garrard’s by the favour of the present Duke. This galaxy, such as never cuirassed another bosom, will remain an heir-loom, as every Sovereign in Europe, proud that his contribution should be perpetuated, has declined the usual restitution. He wore his decorations without ostentation or affectation. One who had towered so high might well be above false modesty; and he bore his faculties so nobly, that none either envied or begrudged an unparalleled accumulation of badges which all knew to be simply the natural accessories of hard work successfully performed. His own Waterloo medal, engraved ‘Arthur Duke of Wellington,’ and much worn by use, with the ring cobbled and mended by himself, is indeed a relic. Nor did he set less store by his ‘good conduct’ and his ‘30 years’ service’ medals, which he had gained like the hum-

blest of his comrades. He was, however, entirely without vanity or conceit regarding such personalities. For example, he broke up the diamond Star of the *St. Esprit*, given him by Louis XVIII., and worth 30,000*l.*, in order to make with it, and sundry brilliant snuff-boxes, a necklace for Lady Douro. In like manner the splendid Star of the Garter that had belonged to his eldest brother, and which he purchased at the Marquis's death, changed shape to form a gift for Lady Charles Wellesley.

A communication opens from the bedroom into the garden, in which it was his habit to walk before breakfast—hardly ever stopt by weather—for he had taken care to have the circuit laid down with a flag pavement. The visitor by this time has got many glimpses into the secret of his longevity—the resolute and systematic employment of the simplest and best means for keeping up his condition, physical and moral, to be fit for duty. Like Turenne, he was weakly when young, and passed two years at Angers chiefly on his sofa playing with a pet dog. India, his doctor as well as school-master, converted the invalid into iron. The Duke remembered his previous career with no pleasure, and seldom alluded to it. His real life began in India, where his body ripened by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and Statesman. There he conquered and governed regions larger than Spain, and rivalled Clive in everything but shaking of the rupee-tree.

The windows outside his dressing-room are secured by iron bars; and near them stands a sentry-box supplied with a dark lantern. Assurances might well be made doubly sure when treasures so costly and a life so much more precious were exposed: but to him personal fear was utterly unknown. We may cite, as an instance, the madman who got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him in obedience to a divine command. The Duke just looked up from his desk: 'Are you in a hurry? for I have many letters to write; could you come again in an hour?' the maniac, taken aback by his coolness, retired, to be taken up. Again, when the Duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt his life: 'Never mind; he won't hurt me,' was his reply.—'Ah! but he is going to speak to the Queen, as you won't see him.'—'Oh!' rejoined the Duke; 'then give instant information to the Secretary of State.'

Those who now slowly depart by his accustomed walk, where he alone is missing, may well ponder on this remarkable house,

into which it has been their good fortune to be admitted, thus to pay a last homage to the illustrious deceased. They have passed through the saloons of the *Imperator*, crowded with all emblems and all trophies of valour and victory, into the private cabinet of the hoary *Princeps Senatus*—unwearied in all duties of civil life, who accumulated golden opinions to the end; and many, no doubt, can now appreciate better than before the complete mastery of the spiritual over the material, and the self-abnegation of our last and only great man.

It was the Duke's habit, at the close of Parliament and the London season, to exchange the wear and tear of the town for the repose and retirement of Walmer Castle. A walk on the sea-blown beach, and a canter on the velvety downs, braced up his frame, and refreshed and exhilarated his mind; while Strathfieldsaye, lying low on heavy clays, depressed him both physically and morally. Yet the faithful old servant of the Crown was never idle when seemingly resting under the shadow of his rock. The Warden kept good watch over the Channel, which his outpost commanded. That searching eye first spied into the nakedness of our defences, and, a lion in the foes' path, he forthwith suggested the remedy. He warned the country, in his speeches and otherwise, that we were not *safe* for a week after the declaration of war. The ancient soldier was voted a Cassandra by civilians cunning in calico, and for too long a period his counsels were scouted; but he lived to hear his last Parliamentary speech on the Militia Bill cheered; and his views on national defences are being carried out, now that he is no longer living. Thus, indeed, do the spirits of the great survive. If long life be esteemed a blessing, the Duke's days were lengthened beyond the span of ordinary mortals; and, if he were fortunate in that long life, he was no less so in the close—*felix opportunitas mortis*. Cæsar was stabbed—Hannibal died of poison, Alexander the Great of excesses, Cromwell amidst the agonies of remorse and terror—Napoleon wasted in a prison-isle, squabbling with his jailer about rations. Wellington—who in the battle and breeze wore a charmed life—whose guardian angel turned aside the bullet and stilled the storm, in order that the destined instrument might fulfil his mission—he, after his great work was done, had full time given him for contemplating the stroke of nature with all the clearness of his faculties, and at last met it, without pain, in his own peaceful bed-chamber. There is no occasion to envy for him even such a glorious exit as that of Nelson—passing at once from the fierce blaze of

victory into the valley of the shadow of death. 'His sun,' said the preacher, 'shone brightly through a long, unclouded day; and, in descending, continued to shed a mild, undimmed radiance over the hemisphere which it had so long gladdened. He survived the dazzling glories of his noon, that he might enhance them by the genial warmth and softened lustre of his declining day.'

A walk, imprudently prolonged by the indomitable octogenarian on a hot day in the second week of September, made him confess that 'he was fairly beaten at last;' and, on the 14th, an event, long in sight as it were, came on the country by surprise. The Duke awoke early as usual, complained of uneasiness, 'sent for the apothecary,' was seized with a fit, and spoke no more. He made signs to be moved into his arm-chair, and, seated there, at twenty minutes past three his mighty spirit passed quietly away like 'any Christom child,' and

'He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Seldom, indeed, could it have fallen to the lot of any conqueror to look back so entirely on the whole past without fear or reproach. More precious than the marshal's staff—the million—all the titles and trophies that sovereigns could crowd on him—more desirable even than his enduring place in the first roll of martial Fame—is the reflection that his deeds were done for the deliverance of oppressed nations—for the safety and honour of his own country and the civilised world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; sullied by no cruelty, by no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs had been followed by no curses; his laurels were intertwined with the olive-branch; and in the hour of expiring consciousness he may have remembered his victories among his good works. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having exhausted glory, having left no duty incomplete, and no honour unbested.

Apsley House, in its closed deserted loneliness on the 18th of November, formed a marked feature in the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington; it stood without sign of life, as the cold corse of its departed master was carried past. In consequence of a purely accidental occurrence a halt occurred at this spot, and the funeral car paused under the triumphal arch which pedestals his colossal statue. It has not perhaps been generally observed that on fine afternoons the sun casts the shadow of this equestrian figure full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding spirit-

like over the front. We may add also, that we consider the glorious weather of the 18th neither accidental nor without significance. The vaunted *soleil d'Austerlitz* never gilded occasion so worthy. For weeks and weeks previously, the buckets of heaven had been emptied, and murky was the pall that had long shrouded the earth: on that day the curtain was drawn up, and the heavens smiled approval as the just man was held in remembrance. When the last rites were concluded, and his honoured remains laid in consecrated earth, the curtain fell again, and, to mark the exceptional favour, dark and heavy clouds continued to weep for weeks, and the winds to howl and lament. Neither can we forget that, on the 9th of January, 1806, when Nelson marshalled the way to St. Paul's, a similar providential manifestation was vouchsafed.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,  
Than are dreamt of in your *Philosophy*.

The people, the congregated millions, lent to this solemnity its greatest grandeur, and the decorum and reverence of those who went to see formed to us the most memorable part of a spectacle which undertakers could not mar. On that day, when they buried him, all Israel mourned for him; the capital of England became the central scene of the hero-worship of Europe, saved, not subdued, by his sword—and some of the best and noblest soldiers of other lands were present, by command of their monarchs, to pay such a parting tribute as had never before been suggested in the case either of English or of foreign Worthy. A Prince of the royal blood was in immediate charge of the troops: but the new Commander-in-Chief, who had so often shared in danger and success with his lost friend, was active and conspicuous:—

'On battle morn or festal day the ranks might  
well be glad  
When Hardinge, rides along the line:—To day  
those ranks are sad.'

Dense files of horse, foot, and artillery slowly advanced through a living avenue greater than the population of continental kingdoms. Each animated atom was imbued with one thought and grief—a million hearts throbbed with one pulsation. The whole State of Britain was there. The sorrowing Sovereign herself appeared in the person of her Consort. Every civil dignity was represented—every military branch sent a delegate—every regiment a comrade and witness. A military funeral is always impres-

sive—but there will never perhaps be another like to this. Tramp, tramp the long procession moved on to the roll of the muffled drum, and to the dirge-like melody of the dead march, and the aged Pensioners from Chelsea followed their chief once more, and the poor old horse without its rider; and as the coffin passed, every head was bared, every breath held in, every eye moistened. Then to the booming of minute-guns, and to the tolling of the great bell, they carried him into St. Paul's to be treasured up in the heart-core of London. The pall was borne by those who had carried his standards from the Tagus to the Seine, and shared in every victory from Vimiero to Waterloo; and as the cold winds, blowing through the vasty aisles, moved the plumes of the helmet on the coffin, it seemed as if He stirred to dispute victory with death. Then amid swelling choirs, and with the noblest ritual ever composed, and never more impressively

read, they placed the soldier by the seaman; thus, while hoary veterans tottered over the grave, and thousands and ten thousands looked a last farewell, the coffin slowly descended into the dark vault—dust to dust—and Wellington was laid alongside Nelson.

We have been much struck, and we have reason to believe that the Duke's surviving friends have been much gratified, with a set of verses 'on the 18th of November, 1852,' from the pen of Lord Ellesmere—an attached and valued member of his Grace's private circle. We wish we could afford a larger extract from this poem—certainly, as far as we have seen, greatly superior to any other which the occasion has produced—but we must limit ourselves to the following lines. Having alluded in a very feeling and also skilful manner to the most eminent veterans that attended their chief's obsequies, Lord Ellesmere thus resumes the grand point of universal interest:—

'It is that while all these and more have answer'd to the call,  
No voice again shall answer to the greatest name of all.  
It is that we shall see no more on yonder esplanade  
That well-known form emerging from the vaulted portal's shade;  
That we shall miss from where we stand at many an evening's close  
That sight which told of duty done and toil's well-earned repose:  
Pursued by murmur'd blessings, as he pass'd upon his way,  
While lovers broke their converse off, and children left their play;  
And child or man who cross'd his path was proud at eve to tell,  
"We met him on his homeward ride. The Duke was looking well.  
We pass'd him close, we saw him near, and we were seen by him—  
Our hats were off—he touched his own, one finger to the brim."  
That sight the loiterer's pace could mend, from careworn brows erased  
The lines of thought, and busy men grew idlers while they gazed.  
Oh! throned in England's heart of hearts, what meed to man allow'd  
Could match that homage paid to thee, the reverence of the crowd?  
Oh! weigh'd with this, how light the gifts by thankful Sovereigns shower'd  
For thrones upheld, and right maintain'd, and lawless wrong o'erpower'd:  
The pictured clay from Sèvres mould, or stamp'd by Saxon skill—  
And ores, by Lisbon's craftsmen wrought, from mines of far Brazil—  
Broad lands on which thro' burning tears an exil'd King look'd down,  
Where silver Darro winds beneath Grenada's mural crown:—  
The Bâtons eight of high command, which tell, with gems inlaid,  
What hosts from Europe's reascent realms their bearers rule obey'd:  
Suwaroff's cross, and Churchill's George, the Fleece which once of old  
Upon Imperial Charles's breast display'd its pendent gold.  
Well won, well worn, yet still they came unheeded, scarce desired;  
Above them all shone Duty's star by which thy soul was fired.  
High prizes such as few can reach, but fewer soar above,  
Thy single aim was England's weal, thy guerdon England's love!"

ART. VIII.—*Results of the System of Separate Confinement as administered at the Pentonville Prison.* By John T. Burt, B.A., Assistant Chaplain—formerly Chaplain to the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. Pp. 287. 1852.

ONE of the most engrossing occupations of

childhood, as well as one of the most effectual allayers of its superfluous activities, is the business of building houses for the purpose of knocking them down. The small angers and epitomised passions of the tiny republic are wonderfully lulled by a box of bricks or a pack of cards. Even when the hubbub threatens to assume the dimen-

sions of a circular storm, and Jane is screaming for her doll, on which Charles has laid violent hands, because William has run off with his ball—even then the belligerents immediately pause: the constructive faculty is forthwith at play, and the troubled parent is too happy to acknowledge the amorphous mass, shown by the proud architects, as a veritable cathedral, castle, or cottage. Similar infantine conditions of mind seem to be exhibited periodically in that great collective—the public—and to be treated by its rulers after the method of the box of bricks.

A sustained clamour has long existed as to punishment in general, and every kind of system enforcing it has been canvassed, adopted, and abandoned in turn. The hanging system, the hard-labour, the solitary, the silent, the separate, and the transportation systems, with their various modifications, have all been taken up and thrown down with such astonishing rapidity as to make one doubt whether there is anything called experience, or whether it is of any use. Blue books and annual Reports, solemn treatises and pungent pamphlets, are to be had by the hundred weight—and yet here we still are, discussing the metaphysics of the 'reformatory' and the 'deterrent' principles: building our own veritable gaols after our own peculiar views; first taking care to demolish those which our playmates had erected. So that the box of bricks is charged to paternal John Bull, nothing else need give us a moment's uneasiness; we may determine at leisure whether the sudden extinction of life should not, in every case, be rigidly limited to the murdered, and the murderer taken care of, educated, and sent to some milder climate over sea; or we may expatiate on the theme whether corporal punishment is not very un-English—derogatory to the true-born British ruffian and high-spirited burglar, and only fit for our public schools and our warriors.

Some wholesome truths, however, do creep out from this weary rubbish. For instance, the public accepted it as a 'great fact' that the association of offenders is, and must be, the most efficient nurse of crime, and that our old gaols were merely so many guilds of sin, where, at the heavy cost of the national purse, the young and awkward pilferer could most conveniently study the niceties of the craft under veteran cracksmen, and must almost infallibly acquire an incurable passion for his profession. This principle of association at last came to be felt as the crying evil—the stumbling-block to all that class of philanthropists who insist no less on reforming than on deterring the

criminal. It alone ripens vicious tendencies into vicious acts: whatever the aptitude may be, the mind usually lacks the force to rush into solitary crime, but awaits for edge and courage from sympathetic corruption and the contagion of example.

This conviction of the dangers of associating criminals was brought to a point by the clear Reports of two diligent and thoughtful Prison Inspectors, Mr. Crawford and the Rev. Whitworth Russell, and their advice led to the erection of the great *Model Prison* at Pentonville, with an express view to a full and fair trial of the 'separate system.' The arrangement took place in 1842, and Sir R. Peel's government intrusted the experiment to a Commission, consisting of the late Lord Wharncliffe (then President of the Council), Lord John Russell, the Speaker, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Devon, the Earl of Chichester, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, Mr. Crawford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Ferguson, and Colonel Jebb.

For ten years this institution has now existed, during one moiety of which time the Separate System has been fairly worked out, and the other moiety has been devoted to overthrowing it. From 1843 to 1847 inclusive, the original commissioners enunciated, as they believed, year by year, the results of a most successful experiment; and we may refer to our Number of December, 1847, for a tolerably full account of the Prison as conducted on their principles. The fathers of the scheme both died suddenly in 1847: by a strange fatality, Mr. Crawford fell down dead in the Board-room of the Model Prison and Mr. Russell in the Millbank Penitentiary. Most of the other members retired—but Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Ferguson, who had also tendered their resignations, and had ceased to take any active part in the Commission, were requested to remain, by Sir George Grey, at that time Home Secretary, till some contemplated modifications of the prison-discipline should have been completed. These modifications, however, turned out to be a total upsetting of the original discipline—decreed by Sir G. Grey, in the teeth of the Reports of his own Commissioners, and without the assignment of any reason for such a summary stultification of those gentlemen's exertions and opinions; whereupon, of course, the two medical lingerers finally withdrew.

Thus came into regular operation a totally different scheme of discipline, the so-called *Mixed System*—a system, the merits or demerits of which are undoubtedly wholly due to Colonel Jebb. It was adopted en-

tirely under his influence. An original member of the former Commission, he became, and continues to be, the head of the new one—a Board which now consists of himself, as Chairman, and of two other Directors, amply salaried,\* and exercising a patronage over 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over a gross annual expenditure of about 200,000*l.*

As far as Pentonville is concerned, the present Board, though nominally responsible, is practically autocratic. Most other prisons are visited and reported on by a committee of magistrates, and by gentlemen who, under the name of Prison Inspectors, are unconnected with any of the establishments they watch. Pentonville is exempted from any such intrusion, unless one of the Directors, who happens to be also an Inspector of Prisons, is to be accepted as his own supervisor.

The following points characterise the two systems. The basis of the original one was *Separation*—not *solitude*—the terrible results of which, in America, forbade any similar experiment here. The principal and rule was the careful separation of the criminal from his fellow-criminals—but not from all intercourse with his fellow-men. He was daily visited by the various officers of the prison. The trade instructor frequented his cell and thought him a craft; he was taught also in the school and in the chapel;—so that a constant change of mental occupation was afforded to solace his confinement, to prevent that eternal brooding over unpartaken misery which is so likely to disorder even a vigorous intellect, and gra-

dually to reclaim his moral being through the substitution of better habits for those that had led to his misfortune. The term originally assigned to this ordeal was eighteen months, but circumstances over which the commissioners had no control extended it in some instances to twenty-two months. In fine, this discipline had been adopted expressly as a careful course of preparation for the carrying out of a sentence of transportation; a sentence of stern sound, but the general effect of which was merely the removal of those prisoners to a spot where they might begin life afresh, with new principles, it might be anticipated, and with new hopes.

The changes under the Mixed System were—1. The shortening of the term of separate confinement from eighteen to fifteen, and by and bye, professedly to twelve months; the fact however being that, as from this last term the time spent at the Millbank Penitentiary prior to the admission of the convict into Pentonville was deducted, the average period of Separation became reduced to about nine months. 2. To make up for this reduced term of separation, a period of *associated* labor at the 'public works' (Hulks, &c.) was interpolated between the cell and the final transportation. A thorough confusion of the elements of discipline was the consequence of these innovations. Henceforth, in the first place 10 per cent. of the prisoners were in constant association for the service of the house. The amount of mental culture was diminished; the staff of the prison was pared down, so that efficient supervision was impossible; the terrors of the separate system were greatly lessened; and the instructions of the chapel and the school were neutralized by the companionship and the commentary of felons. Among the reductions for economy's sake was that of the office of Physician held by Dr. Owen Rees, to whose intelligence and zeal the success of the primary system had been largely due; and this momentous and difficult problem, involving nothing less than the life or death of the mind, was confided to the sole care of the inferior medical officer of the prison, the resident apothecary.

Thanks to the assistant-chaplain, we are in possession of such data as will permit us to establish a comparison between the two systems, and to substantiate from evidence what we anticipated on *a priori* grounds—namely, that so much confusion of principles as marks the new set of regulations must lead to a host of evils—in a word, to more madness, more mortality, more expense and less reformation. The volume before us is

\* Colonel Jebb draws only 150*l.* per annum as Chairman of Directors, while his colleagues respectively get 700*l.* and 800*l.*; but the Colonel is in receipt of another salary, of 750*l.* as Surveyor-General—he has 202*l.* 5*s.* as military pay—he is also, we believe, Inspector of Military Prisons; 350*l.* per annum is given him for travelling and incidental expenses as Surveyor-General; and as Chairman of Directors, he shares with his colleagues 1000*l.* per annum for similar expenses. We do not think that these gentlemen are over paid, considering the magnitude of their duties and responsibilities. There is an item, however, in the estimates (for 1853), which is startling. We find the salaries of the minor Directors raised from 600*l.* and 700*l.* to 700*l.* and 800*l.*, as above stated—while the warders are still suffering under the annual fine of 172*l.* 12*s.* imposed on them for economy's sake, about three years ago, for lodging money. No doubt the public do not suffer by this arrangement—the augmentation of 200*l.* being nearly balanced by the saving of 172*l.*; but are the overworked warders equally fortunate? Their duties are constant—night and day; and if they break down before their service time is completed, they lose their retiring pensions and have nothing but the workhouse to look to. *Vide* Estimates for Civil Services for the year ending 31st March, 1853, No. III., pp. 10, 11, 12, and 14.

rich in facts carefully digested and simply stated. Mr. Burt appears to have been deeply imbued with the merits of the Separate System, and to have been urged by a sense of duty to reproduce in a fuller form those opinions and arguments which he had maintained before the select committee on Prisons discipline in 1850, and which he very properly thought would never be exhumed from the ponderous tome in which they are buried.

The main objection urged against the separate system rests on its supposed tendency to increase insanity. Let us see if this be well founded. The alterations now in force were begun in 1848, and came into full play in 1849; the original system was carried on from 1843 to 1847 inclusive: hence, as already stated, of the 10 years since the opening of Pentonville till now, five years have been devoted to the working of each of the two systems. In the first year of the separate system the ratio of insanity was high, being about 9 in 1000. The causes inducing such a result were diligently sought after and found by the commissioners:—upon the elimination of these specific causes the excess was immediately brought down—and the annual ratio of insanity was 1·68 per 1000 for the *whole of the remaining four years*. This was in fact bringing the ratio of insanity in the prison to the level of that of the healthiest portions of the general population; for we find from Colonel Tulloch's Report that the proportion of insanity among the British troops in Gibraltar is 1·41, and in the Ionian Islands 1·43 per 1000 annually. (*Quar. Rev.*, Dec. 1847.) Even among the Society of Friends Mr. Thurnam makes the cases of mania to be 1·50 per 1000 of persons of age correspondent with the average convict. Considering the previous habits of the criminal population, in contrast with those of the soldier and the Quaker, have we much reason to grumble when the amount of mental malady is measured by 1·68 per 1000 among our thieves and burglars, as against 1·43 and 1·50 among our men of war and our men of peace?

But to proceed:—Under the Mixed System, from 1848 to 1851 inclusive, the ratio of insanity per annum was 9 in 1000. If we exclude the year 1843 as an experimental year under the separate, and the year 1848 for a like reason under the mixed system, the results of each system, when in full operation, were for the separate, 1·68 as against 8·7 for the mixed system. In other words, the amount of madness under Colonel Jebb's system had been increased *just eight-fold*—in the name of humanity!

This seems so startling that we must put the Chaplain into the box. After detailing the reductions in the term of separation from eighteen to fifteen months, which were adopted early in 1848 on the alleged ground of excessive mental disease under the old system, Mr. Burt says:—

'In this one year, 1848, however, there occurred five cases of mania, four having occurred before the twelfth month, and the fifth having been produced by a too sudden return to association. Notwithstanding these results, a further reduction of the term took place in 1849, and twelve months was made the maximum period of separation. In this year there occurred four cases of insanity and a general deterioration in the mental health, which called for special animadversion from the physician. In 1850 there occurred seven cases of insanity. Thus the total number of cases of insanity during three years, under the altered system, was sixteen; the number which had occurred during the preceding four years, while the original system was in full operation, was three; even if the first year is included, the number is six cases in five years. It is clear, therefore, that the amount of insanity has been very much greater in proportion since the original system was disturbed.'

'In comparing the results at these two periods it is unimportant whether we estimate the proportion of the cases to the average daily population, or to the aggregate number of prisoners in the two periods, *compounded* with the duration of the imprisonment undergone by each body of prisoners. The three cases in the four years under the original system when in full operation, occurred among 1640 prisoners, undergoing *within that period* an average imprisonment of 396 days. The sixteen cases of the last three years, under the altered system, occurred among a population of 2387 prisoners, undergoing *within that period*, an average imprisonment of 224 days. The difference, therefore, in the proportion of the insane cases at these two periods is as 1 to 8·42, that is the insanity under the altered system has been EIGHT TIMES greater than during the four preceding years, when the original system was in FULL OPERATION. Even if the first year should be included, the proportion under the altered system would be about four times greater than during the first five years of the experiment.'—*Results, &c.*, p. 111.

No wonder that Dr. Owen Rees became alarmed at the changes in the mental condition of his patients. Under 1849, he reported:—

'The attempts at suicide, though made by men who could not be regarded as insane, were of a nature indicating a recklessness and desperation never before observed in this Prison. With respect to the general mental condition, there is an irritability observable which I never before noticed among men confined in Pentonville.'

In 1850 the rate of insanity rose to 14 per 1000, and there were in addition 11



cases of slighter mental disorder—a state of things which again called forth the animadversions of Dr. Rees. His name after this does not appear among the list of officers. In 1851 some efforts to reduce this frightful rate of insanity seem to have been successfully made, for the tables give only 3·7 per 1000—which, however, is *doubtful* that under the original system.\*

There is no attempt to deny the increase of insanity under the Mixed System, but its authors account for this by the plea that, under the former system, the prisoners were selected. Whenever any adverse result is brought out, the word ‘selection’ is always to be found in Colonel Jebb’s Reports. But this plea is really one of ‘guilty.’ Under the mixed system the board had, from the first, a full power of associating those whom they might deem unfit for the separation of the cell. At best if they could not discover who was or was not capable of sustaining that discipline, the plea should have been ‘incapacity.’ Either their system is bad, or it has been badly administered.

But granting the plea of selection, what does it amount to? Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Pentonville, complains that he is forced to receive pell-mell the prisoners sent to him by Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Millbank. Colonel Jebb of Pentonville, not having the power of selecting those fit for separate confinement before admission, as the original commissioners had, exercises his right of removing the unfit after admission; and when the increase of insanity under his system is to be accounted for, Colonel Jebb of Pentonville warns the public against Colonel Jebb of Millbank, and begs it may never be forgotten that the former commissioners selected the fit, while he could only remove the unfit.

The propounders of the Separate System, Messrs. Crawford and Russell, might no doubt have ridden their hobby hard, had it not been for the check imposed upon them in the shape of a commission of unpaid and independent men, who cared little what system was adopted, provided the ends of justice and morality were attained with as much economy as was compatible with these objects. But it is a misfortune to the community, and, let us add, to the private worth and well-intentioned zeal of Colonel Jebb, that this amiable enthusiast is not merely the confident propounder of his own theories, but practically the undisturbed executor of his own plans—his own sole censor and supervisor. *Inter alia* he is his own archi-

tect. The only nominal check to these multifarious powers is the Home Secretary, who probably has never seen a cell in his life, and from whom it would be a farce to expect he can afford the time to watch his servants the Directors. If we are reminded of the respectability of Colonel Jebb’s staff, we reply that most, if not all, of them having been *recommended* by the Colonel for the situations they fill, it is not very likely that they will avow opinions at direct variance from their chief. As to inferior functionaries, not a document can be published, nor a fact sifted, without the permission of the Board—and any officer runs the hazard of dismissal who should think it his duty to contravene this modification of the silent system.

It is not probable that the public will *a priori* attach unlimited faith to the Reports from time to time drawn up under such a constitution as this. But we think it our duty to show distinctly that the Reports issued by the existing Board bear the stamp of partizanship.

We wish to ascertain, for example, the rate of insanity under each of the two systems which have been in force at Pentonville. We know that each system has been tried for five years. Now, on looking at pp. 8, 9, of Colonel Jebb’s Report for 1852, we find his results, as to *insanity* and as to *mortality*, tabulated in the following curious way:—

‘The number of removals to Bethlehem, as compared with preceding years, is found to be—

- 27 per cent. on the prison population of the *first seven years*.
- 32 per cent. on the prison population of 1850.
- 16 per cent. on the prison population of 1851.

<i>Rate of Mortality per cent.—</i>	On Prison Population.	On Average Daily Number.
First seven years of experimental discipline....	• 37	• 64
1850 .....	• 49	1 • 20
1851 .....	• 33	• 75

‘Hence it appears that the *actual* mortality of the *prison population* for the past year is less than either of 1850 or of the preceding seven years. The *actual* mortality, as calculated on the *average daily number*, is also considerably less than that of 1850, and about only one per mille more than that of the first seven years of the prison’s operation.’

It is impossible that one extraordinary feature should not be at once appreciated. If we look at the table relating to insanity, two disastrous years of the mixed system are added to the five favourable ones of the separate system, and the increased rate of insanity thus obtained against the original

\* *Vide* Report of Directors for 1850, p. 59.

system is contrasted with the most favourable year of the new. This is the old story—if you want to mend your character, remove your nuisance into your neighbour's yard, and then challenge a comparison. But this is not all. The reader will observe that the rate of *mortality* in the second table is reckoned in two different ways, viz., on the *annual prison population* and on the *daily average of prisoners*. He will remark that the proportion of deaths is less when determined on the prison population mode than it is when calculated on the daily average mode. According to the former about 3 only in 1000 die; according to the latter the mortality is 6 in 1000, or nearly double. It is clear, then, that in the same prison, under similar circumstances, and with the same *apparent* data, very different results may startle the uninitiated. Colonel Jebb has fairly enough presented *both modes* of calculating the *mortality*; but when he comes to reckon the rate of *insanity*—that vital point of the argument on separation—he takes the rate on the most favourable, i.e. the prison population mode, and omits that which would have given an unfavourable and the true result. What that might have been the reader may realise by supposing the above table of the *mortality* to have been for *insanity*; in which case Colonel Jebb would have adopted the rate of insanity as 3 in 1000, when it really was 6.

This novel mode of reckoning on the *prison-population* plan is a gross misapplication of figures. It eliminates the element of time from a problem in the solution of which time is the essential point. When therefore it is required to compare the results of two systems, acting on 'equal numbers in equal portions of time,' such a method as that sanctioned by Colonel Jebb is simply and purely deceptive.\* Let us but call the emigrants passing through Mel-

\* The following examples, exhibiting the actual mechanism of these two modes of calculating, will assist the reader in considering the above remarks. For the sake of simplicity we limit the time to one week's observation: we begin with the *daily average* mode; and suppose that on

Jan. 1st. The actual number in the prison was	500
Of which were removed on the same day	15
" 2nd. Remaining on this day	350
" 3rd. Fresh prisoners admitted	150
Making a total in the prison of	500
" 4th. Remaining on this day	500
" 5th. Of which were removed in the course of this day	100
Leaving therefore at its close	400
" 6th. Fresh prisoners admitted	100
Total in prison	500
" 7th. Remaining on this day, there being neither admissions nor removals	500
Total number in one week	3250
Which number, being divided by seven gives, as the <i>daily average of prisoners</i>	464.3—

If we suppose that 4 deaths or insanity cases occurred in this week, the ratio of either would be 4 in 464, or about 8 in 1000. But the *prison population*

bourne to the diggings 'Population'—and a vista of immortality will be opened up to the sojourner of that town, by the evanescent fractional quantity which will then represent the deaths on the Prison-Population plan. Croydon, now actually decimated by drain-fever, may be proved to possess the salubrity of Eden, if the railway passengers rushing through the town are ranked and returned as Population.

These, however, were the ingenious views which ensured the erection of the Portland Prison, the fitting up of Dartmoor, the erection of the new prison of Portsmouth, at a cost ranging between one and two hundred thousand pounds; and may lead to the erection of some half-dozen more prisons on the associated system, at a cost of from two to three hundred thousand pounds more. The theory also secured the management of Millbank, Pentonville, Portland, Dartmoor, and the Hulks, patronage to the amount, as we have stated, of 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over an entire year's outlay of a fifth of a million.

But of this enough: let us endeavour to ascertain what the experience of Pentonville really proves as to the insanity question. Does insanity increase with the duration of separate confinement? On that hinges the general applicability of this, the most efficient of secondary punishments. It was, no doubt, the theory or assumption that the length of confinement tended to produce insanity, which led to curtailing the original term of separation from eighteen months to an average of nine. Mr. Burt has worked out this point, and shows that the risks of mental disorder are greatest in the earlier portions of separation, when the criminal is wrenched suddenly from all the stimulus of vicious habits, while all the improvement and the gathering force of reformation tells most in the latter parts of his sentence. If this be true, Colonel Jebb's modifications will have just hit that limit which includes all the chances of madness and excludes all the chances of reformation.

Consider this table:—

mode of calculating gives a very different result—thus:—

1st Jan. The number of prisoners was	500
Admitted on the 3rd of Jan.	150
" " 6th "	100
	250
Admitted, therefore, during the week	240
Making the <i>prison population</i>	730

As the casualties in the week were 4, their ratio would be 4 in 730, or a fraction more than 5 in 1000 on the *prison population*. The fallacy under which 5 is made to pass off for 8 is transparent. Take the population of the first day—add to it all the admissions and make no deduction for the removals—and you have your 'satisfactory report.'

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
<i>'Cases of—</i>								
Mania .....	3	..	1	1	1	5	4	7
Delusions .....	5	..	2	5	1	2	1	11
Suicide .....	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1
<i>Prisoners—</i>								
Admitted.....	525	240	283	243	360	519	599	777
Removed.....	24	408	132	386	200	513	621	696

'From these returns it is plain that the insanity has invariably increased when a greater number of new prisoners have been admitted, and that it has been decreased when the greatest number of old prisoners have been retained in the prison.'

The chaplain gives other tables establishing the same conclusions, if possible, still more irrefragably—and he then is well entitled to speak thus :—

'These returns are sufficient to show—and the more thoroughly the facts are investigated, the more complete the proof becomes—that, instead of this hypothetical increase of liability to insanity with the length of the imprisonment, there is a positive decrease.

'The twelfth month is the period which has been assumed as the limit beyond which separation cannot be safely prolonged. It is necessary, therefore, to compare the amount of insanity which has occurred within, with the amount which has occurred beyond that period. From the opening of the prison to the 31st of December, 1850, a period of eight years, there occurred altogether twenty-two cases of insanity: of these there occurred *before* the 12th month, nineteen; *after* the twelfth month, three. During the same period there occurred twenty-six cases of slight mental affection, or delusion: of these there occurred *before* the twelfth month, twenty-two; *after* the twelfth month, four. There have also been three cases of suicide; they have *all* occurred *before* the twelfth month. When these three classes of affections are taken together, there have been in all fifty-one cases; and of these, forty-four have occurred *before*, and seven *after*, the twelfth month.'

The preceding passage is so clear as to the comparison between the first twelve months and the subsequent term of imprisonment, that we need not follow Mr. Burt through all his tables. For one of them, however, we must make room. In order to bring out yet more fully the effect of time upon the development of mental disease, he tabularizes the cases as occurring within the first *six* months of imprisonment, or within successive periods of the same extent :—(See top of next column.)

Mr. Burt proceeds to say :—'The question will immediately suggest itself—to what extent may this decrease in the number of cases during each succeeding period

Number of Cases.	Six Months and under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two years.
Insanity.....	14	5	3	..
Delusions.....	13	1	2	2
Suicides.....	2	..	..	..
Totals.....	29	15	5	2

be accounted for by a decrease in the number of prisoners retained for the longer terms?—and he repeats, under various forms, the grounds of his belief to the contrary, as extracted from the Population Returns of the prison. For example, we have—

'TABLE, showing the Terms of Imprisonment at Pentonville of 3546 Prisoners, being the Total Number admitted to the 31st December, 1850, together with the Mental Cases as reported to that date, distributed under Four Periods of Six Months.

	Six Months and Under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two Years.
<i>Prisoners—</i>				
Removed.....	292	874	1138	715
Remaining in the Prison on Dec. 31, 1850. }	435	83	9	..
Total....	727	967	1147	715
<i>Mental Cases—</i>				
Insane.....	14	5	3	..
Delusions.....	13	9	2	2
Suicides.....	2	1	..	..
Total....	29	15	5	2

Among other just remarks on these comparisons of *completed terms*, Mr. Burt says :—

'The extent to which separate confinement has been prolonged without producing insanity is ascertained; the extent to which the separation *might* be safely protracted beyond its actual termination is not ascertained. But when the liability to mental disturbance is found to have decreased continuously as the term of separation has been prolonged, the result would, at least as an experiment, justify the extension of the term beyond the original limit of eighteen months or two years, whenever further punishment or reformation is required, rather than its curtailment'

These views of Mr. Burt are not promulgated for the first time. As they were discussed three years ago in the Medical Journals—and it can scarcely be doubted that these Journals reached Pentonville—why were they not called for and embodied in the reports of the Board, who are or should act as judges and not advocates? Instead of producing Mr. Burt's facts and reasonings on so vital a point, those of Dr. Baly, the Medical Superintendent of Millbank, are prominently set forth—and they are so exactly modelled on the statistics of Mr. Burt, that they appear to be intended to prove the reverse of that gentleman's known, though *unproduced*, deductions. But we shall do for Dr. Baly what the Surveyor-General has not done for Mr. Burt, and give this medical authority's table beside our chaplain's:—

'Periods of Imprisonment.	Approximative Number of Prisoners who passed through each Period.	Number of Cases of Insanity occurring in each Period.	Annual ratio per 1000 of Cases of Insanity for each Period.
'First 3 Months..	16,000	9	2.25
Second 3 Months..	8,400	9	4.28
Third 3 Months..	4,200	8	7.61
Fourth 3 Months, or later.....	1,200	4	..

We give Dr. Baly all credit for industry in the compilation of this table—but we doubt whether the doctor's industry is not displayed at the expense of his perspicacity; for, though his data unquestionably establish an increase of insanity keeping pace with the prolongation of *separate confinement*, the proof unfortunately applies only to the operation of that system in one particular prison—viz. the horrid place under the worthy doctor's personal superintendence. If, instead of losing himself in his figures, Dr. Baly had consulted his good sense, he would not need reminding that, if you want to disturb the mind, you have only to ruin the health; and how efficaciously the air of Millbank can do that Dr. Baly's own returns of Millbank Mortality will show. This awful pile was disused as a place of confinement for long periods, on account of its extreme insalubrity, and hence became a mere halting-quarter for culprits under summary sentence of transportation. These were retained at Millbank no longer than till they could be got on board ship—and yet this is one of the spots that have been selected, under the present Mixed System, for convicts undergoing the *first stage of probationary discipline*.

At Millbank the first year of the new system, 1849, gave an actual mortality of 84 in an average daily population of 869 males,

which was at the rate of 93 deaths per 1000. This great mortality was partly owing to cholera, but, allowing 34 deaths from that malady, we still have 59 per 1000 as a measure of the unhealthiness of Millbank in an epidemic year. In 1850 the mortality there was 21 per 1000—in 1851 it was 18.\* At Pentonville, during the four years of the original Separate System, it was a fraction above 6, and cholera, we believe, has never appeared in that prison.

Dr. Baly's figures, when done into plain language, show that, if you immure a number of wretched creatures in the midst of a foul pestilential marsh, a good many of them will go mad in three months; if you keep them in for six, a larger proportion will lose their wits; and, if you persist for six months longer, you may expect to turn Millbank into Bedlam. The stern common sense of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Russell abjured all tampering with the separate system at this prison, and insisted that, if the experiment were to be made at all, it should not be made in that miserable hole. It was on these grounds that Government sanctioned the building of the Model Prison from the plans of Colonel Jebb. But, besides the objection of insalubrity which vitiates Dr. Baly's conclusions, another militates against them at least as forcibly—viz., the inefficient style of the discipline at Millbank. In fact, of all that really characterises the original System of Pentonville, we recognise no resemblance at Millbank. In that sink the convicts are under a discipline much more allied to Colonel Jebb's than to Mr. Crawford's; the time of separation is short, the aids to the mind are insufficient, the association of offenders is frequent. We find without surprise that the chaplain at Millbank, the Rev. Mr. Penny—

'feels considerable diffidence as to the amount of real amendment, bearing in mind the circumstances of the prison, the somewhat brief period of separate confinement and the danger of good impressions being effaced when the prisoners are associated in large rooms and general wards.†

With such a state of things—an unhealthy atmosphere depressing the body, and a most inconsequent system worrying the mind by subjecting it alternately to the horrors of solitude and the ribaldries of a congregation of felons—did Dr. Baly ever expect that anything but madness could be developed?

The *separate system*, under such arrangements, is a mere name—that system cannot

\* Vide Report on Millbank for 1849, pp. 9, 10: Report of Directors for 1851, p. 128; also Colonel Jebb's Report for 1851, p. 112.

† Vide Report of Directors for 1851, p. 185.

be carried on thus—nor should it be intrusted to careless or to unwilling servants. If the harvest is to be great, all the means to produce it must be diligently pursued. The very holiest of aids, the comfort, the solace, the salt of life, if injudiciously used, either as to its terrors or its hopes, will raise the solitary criminal to ecstasy or sink him in despair. The first hours of the cell are hours of great anguish; all the stimulants of crime are gone, there is no voice nor fellowship in its passionless walls, no sympathy, no love, no hate, nothing present but the past; how can the mind resist, and not be subdued? Then arise the cravings of the social instinct: the trade-master's hour of lesson, the visit of the minister of religion, the chapel with its common worship, the school with its common instruction, are privileges not lightly to be forfeited. The heart imperceptibly yields up its impurities and is cleansed—kindness compels belief and gratitude—many a casual word gives issue to feelings long concealed under the lava-crust of vice. Is all this to be thrown away on an ill considered clamour about madness—which does not exist—or, if it does, it is not in a greater proportion than in half the pursuits and professions of life, which cannot be carried on without many a heart-ache and struggle, and much wear and tear of mind?—If the authority of thoughtful men have weight, it is all but unanimous in favour of the discipline of the cell. In England among its advocates are Bishop Butler, Howard, Hanway, Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, Paley, Sir Samuel Romilly, Wilberforce, Archbishop Whately, Lord John Russell, Lord Grey, Sir James Graham; in France, M. de Beaumont, De Tocqueville, and all the best of their inspectors of prisons; in Belgium, M. Ducpeteaux; in Germany, M. Julius; in Sweden, the King. In fact, the system is becoming universal in Europe, and its revival in the old world is attributable to its extensive and successful adoption in the new.

'It is, therefore, the opponent, not the advocate, of rigorous and uninterrupted separation that is in reality the theorist. The recent changes have been introduced upon purely theoretical grounds. It has been assumed that twelve months of separation was the utmost that could be borne without excessive injury to the mental and bodily health; that it would effect all the reformation required to render the congregation of the convicts at public works harmless; that the association of the prisoners after that period would confirm reformation; and that a great saving of money would be effected. These assumptions are not only based upon theoretical grounds, but upon theory opposed to experience; every theory involved in them had already been tested by

actual experiment, had been proved erroneous, and had been abandoned.

'The most important of the recent changes has been the dividing of the convict's period of imprisonment into two portions; the first portion consisting of separate confinement, the second of associated employment. This system of a first and second stage of discipline was tried long before at Gloucester, and found most injurious. It was again tried on a large scale at Millbank, again proved to be most mischievous in its effects, and abandoned. Another very important principle of the present system is, that the duration of the convict's imprisonment at the public works is made to depend upon his conduct in prison, to the extent of several years. This theory was acted upon at Millbank, but it was found to be most injurious; it was condemned by the Committee of the Lords in 1837, and an Act of Parliament was passed to abolish the practice. Another change is, that convicts are now allowed a gratuity for their labour. This was tried at Millbank, was condemned by the Committee of the Lords in 1835, and was abolished by the Act of 7 Will. IV. But the grand error of the present system lies in the necessity for prolonging the period of imprisonment at the public works to compensate for the less severe character of the punishment. This error is the more important, inasmuch as it is proposed to make such associated employment the basis of a universal system of prison discipline. This change offends against the first principles of penal science. It is a retrograde movement, by which both the country and the criminal will be deprived of the greatest boon resulting, both morally and financially, from the whole movement in favour of prison reform—namely, the condensation of punishment within the shortest limits. In reference to this important principle, the Second Report of the Committee of the House of Lords, in 1835, contains the following weighty words: "If the adoption of a more strict discipline should add to the actual weight of punishment, its duration may be proportionably diminished; and the Committee look with confidence to a diminution of the period of confinement as one of the greatest improvements that, under any change of system, can be introduced into the management of our prisons." The introduction of associated employment at the public works is a reversal of the policy so clearly and so confidently recommended by the Lords.—*Results, &c.*, pp. 242-244.

We are glad to understand that the existing Government has, at all events, declined to give any pledge as to the abolition of what every experienced Judge pronounces to be a most salutary system of discipline. If any of the ministers really feel at all doubtful, the satisfactory course surely would be, not to try for the tenth time a Parliamentary Committee, but to appoint a Commission of independent persons, apart from the turmoils and temptations of active party-politics—men with capacity and leisure for deliberately sifting the whole matter. Let these have the power of examining

the various officers and of calling for any documents calculated to elucidate the recent changes. We ask no more.

If the separation of the cell is to be retained, the selection of those who are to carry on the system in future should not be lightly made. Surely, if the education of the young and innocent is no light task, the education of the hardened heart and perverted mind of the criminal requires something more than the capacities which go to form the ordinary staff of our common gaols. Some experience, much temper, constant watchfulness, the absence of crochety theories and rash generalisations are essential. The power is great, extending over mind and body. That power should not be confided to the half-educated and the half-willing. There is no lack of men who are competent to fulfil all these duties—but there is a marvellous inaptitude and carelessness in seeking for such. If a board of such men were constituted, it should collect, compare, and digest information derived from our gaols and other sources, bearing on our practical administration of criminal law, for the use of the Home Office—whose own multifarious duties and the incessant changes of its chief make it almost impossible that this great subject of social well-being can otherwise receive due attention. All our prisons should be brought under public view and control. The errors of the model prison could not have occurred, had it been subjected to the authority of independent managers, and visited by a board of magistrates or others appointed for watching its workings. Pentonville, as a criminal institution—and Bedlam, as devoted to mental disease—are crying instances of the folly, not to say more, of preventing independent observation and public scrutiny.

For our own part, we are entirely convinced that, if the system of separate discipline is to be finally dropped, the Government and the Nation must make up their minds for the experience on a gigantic scale, hitherto hardly contemplated, of all the evils which always, in all places, have attended the aggregation of criminals. Norfolk Island, or the hulks at home, produce the same results—only it is better that this aggregation had not been under our eyes. Send away your criminals—for, most assuredly, the crowded society of this highly civilised country would not tolerate long the masses of convicts who, if *philanthropy* be allowed its swing, are ultimately to be let loose among us, in yearly multiplied masses, without a hope of gaining a livelihood but by a relapse into crime. Even now, the

expiree who returns from transportation is—nay, it may be said is all but compelled to be—the touter of some capitalised receiver of stolen goods, and the prompter and teacher of thieving among the young. If Mr. C. Pearson's system, or any other one based on associated labour, should be adopted, it would, we have not the least doubt, fail on account of the impossibility of efficient supervision. If a large staff of watchers is appointed, the expense will be enormous—if a few, then those few are of course soldiers, who, like the sentinels abroad, must at once shoot down the convict attempting escape. Would even the less sentimental classes of our community bear this?

Although we have not found room for much of Mr. Burt's detail as to the question of comparative *mortality* under the Separate and Mixed systems, we think we have given enough to satisfy our readers. If not, we beg them to consult the chaplain's book for themselves. In that section he includes also many tables as to bodily ailment generally, and here too his figures come out most distinctly in favour of the original system proscribed by Colonel Jebb. He says:—

‘Upon a view of the whole of the facts adduced, it appears that, under the system of rigorous and protracted separation at Pentonville, the mortality scarcely exceeded the mortality among the free population; that it was lower than throughout the prisons of England and Wales; that any advantages arising from the exclusion of a few individuals on medical grounds was, at least, counterbalanced by the demoralized habits and previous imprisonment of the convicts; that the health of the prisoners generally was “excellent;” that whatever was lost of robustness or florid looks by eighteen months or two years of seclusion, was regained in a few weeks; that, when a system of associated labour is substituted for prolonged separation, both the physical health suffers more severely, and the number which it is necessary to exempt from the severity of the discipline is also greater; that the mortality, the severe sickness, and the amount of consumption, have all been greater at the Public Works than at Pentonville—the removals on medical grounds very much more numerous.’—pp. 169–171.

So much as to Mortality, Insanity, and Disease generally. It remains to pause a moment on the third great plea of the Jebb partizans—and here we shall acquit our conscience by (with a reference to the volume before us) the following specimens of Mr. Burt's tables. It is only necessary to observe *in limine* that the average cost of each prisoner throughout the gaols of England and Wales in 1847 was about 29*l.* per annum. For that year it was as follows in the Prisons thus classified:—

'No. 1.—Prisons carried on wholly or partially on the Separate System.

	£.	s.	d.
Reading . . . . .	26	9	8½
Springfield . . . . .	26	12	3½
Preston . . . . .	23	3	10½
Usk . . . . .	26	19	10½
Lewes . . . . .	24	6	8
Stafford . . . . .	18	14	7

'No. 2.—Prisons on the Associated System.

	£.	s.	d.
Appleby (County) . . . . .	61	14	2
Chester (County) . . . . .	50	18	11½
Oakham (County) . . . . .	66	3	9
Peterborough . . . . .	46	15	3½
Morpeth (County) . . . . .	38	16	7½
Newgate . . . . .	38	8	0

Upon looking into the details we think it fair to conclude that the costliness in either class need not be the result of the discipline, but may arise, probably, out of circumstances which admit of economic control—and such Mr. Burt holds to be the case especially with regard to the excess of expenditure at Pentonville itself. In 1848 the average cost of each prisoner throughout England and Wales was 27*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*: the average cost at *Pentonville* was 35*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* But, if the accounts are carefully analysed, and if so much of the excess is deducted as arises from special circumstances connected with *Pentonville*, and not at all essential to the *separate system*, there will appear, as the chaplain asserts—and we think proves—a balance in favour of the Model Prison exceeding 2*l.* per prisoner.—pp. 177–183.

The cost of each prisoner at *Pentonville* in 1852 is estimated at 24*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*\* Compared with the cost in former years, this shows a large reduction. It is stated, however, by Mr. Burt that this reduction arises principally from the lowered prices of provisions; from the prison being kept constantly full, so that the expense of salaries, &c., is distributed over a larger population; from some offices being transferred to another department of the public service; and from other causes not connected with the *system*. The saving effected by the infringements upon the original discipline is estimated at not more than 1*l.* or 2*s.* per prisoner (pp. 193, 194). But the saving of a small per-centage on our annual gaol expenses will be bought at an immense loss, if, by such economy, an inefficient and non-deterrent discipline is substituted for an efficient and reformatory one. Crime will be increased, and, with it, all those expenses incidental to the administration of criminal law. Our outlays on the police force, on the conduct of prosecutions, on the convict service, &c.,

will all receive a serious augmentation. In short, the result will be, that, though our gaol expenditure of 600,000*l.* per annum may be reduced, yet the three millions which are now paid for bringing our criminals into these gaols will be greatly increased.

The Legislature has always aimed at concentration of punishment, so that, in the shortest possible time, the greatest amount of protection to society might be secured. This fundamental principle has been quite overlooked in the working of the *mixed system*, and a mitigated punishment, extending over a longer time, is substituted for a severer one, acting in a short time. Colonel Jebb, believing that eighteen months of *Separate Confinement* is too severe, reduces that term to nine months, and gives as an equivalent three or four *years* of *Associated Labour on Public Works*. The country, therefore, has all the difference to pay between the cost of keeping on hand for *years* criminals who would, or might, be discharged in *months*. This, the money view of the question, is serious enough without reference to the main thing—the moral effect of the discipline of the separate as compared with that of the associated system.

But then it may be argued that the associated prisoners work, and that their work will have a moneyed value. Let this be granted: what is that value? Mr. Burt shows that, owing to the longer detention of convicts under the mixed system, there will be an increase of about 4000 prisoners in the United Kingdom above the number retained on hand under the separate system. These additional 4000 prisoners must demand an additional outlay for lodging, feeding, and supervising; the yearly cost of each man of them will be about 30*l.*—or 120,000*l.* for the whole 4000. Allow that, one with another, the annual value of the labour per man is 10*l.*, or 40,000*l.* for the whole, it follows that 80,000*l.* will have to be paid yearly by the public under the mixed system, which would not be required under the separate. In other words, the expenditure will be equivalent to a perpetual vote of 80,000*l.* per annum for public works. Mr. Burt is of opinion that any good contractor would finish the work required as cheaply, in a much shorter time than he now can, when he is encumbered with convict labour, over which he has but a limited and divided control, and the individuals furnishing which are, for the most part, unskilled and unwilling workmen.

We are well aware that we have in this paper been dealing with little more than one branch of a wide subject—but we hope even so we may have done something for

\* Compare table in Appendix to Colonel Jebb's Report for 1851; and observe that in that the item of 'buildings and repairs' is omitted—whereas in the estimate stated above it is included. This item is usually rather a large one: in 1848 it was 3*l.* 0*s.* 4½*d.* per prisoner.



the correction of prevailling prejudices;—and as to the fearfully complicated controversy concerning the transportation system itself, we shall only say at present with what pleasure we received the disclaimer of any resolution to part with it utterly, which the Duke of Newcastle lately pronounced in the House of Lords. Every one must feel what a burthen of embarrassment the new Government has inherited as to this and indeed every other question at all connected with our position as the parent and head of a vast Colonial Empire. But we will not believe that as to this specific matter the difficulty is such as would be found insuperable by ministers of clear views and steady decision. If none of the old colonies will now take our convicts, we must found new ones on purpose—and when we look at the map it seems, in fact, almost absurd to doubt that for this purpose we have ample resources and opportunities at our command.

M. Maurel is ashamed of the low-minded, and indignant at the suicidal injustice of his countrymen, who endeavour to diminish a glory to which it would be more reasonable, and in fact more patriotic, to allow its fullest measure, since they cannot deny the great fact, that it had outshone and finally extinguished that of the Idol of their adoration. But the idol himself it was who bequeathed them the example of this inconsistent and ignoble feeling. Whenever he spoke of the Duke at St. Helena, it was in such paroxysms of rage and rancour that even Las Cases seems ashamed of repeating them. After making an apology for exhibiting his hero in one of these disgraceful fits of fury and falsehood, he thus naïvement accounts for their not being more frequent:—

‘I remarked,’ says he, ‘that the Emperor had an extreme repugnance to mention Lord Wellington’s name: to be sure he must have felt awkward at publicly depreciating HIM under whom he had fallen!’ (*il se trouvait gauche à ravalier publiquement celui sous lequel il avait succombé*). —Las Cases, vii. 209.

ART. IX.—1. *Le Duc de Wellington*. Par Jules Maurel. Bruxelles. 8vo. 1853.  
2. *Wellington—His Character—his Actions—and his Writings*. By J. Maurel. London. Fcap. 8vo.

THIS is a remarkable work, if it were only for its singularity. It is written by a Frenchman, who appreciates the actions and character of the Duke of Wellington, with not only a degree of care, candour, and justice, of which we know few, if any, instances amongst his countrymen, but with a delicacy, a sagacity, and a discrimination which have certainly not been surpassed amongst ourselves. He has of course no new facts to tell well-informed people in France, or any one in England, but he presents the subject in a point of view sufficiently novel to excite a considerable interest in both countries. We learn from a short preface which the Earl of Ellesmere has prefixed to an English translation, ‘that the name and antecedents of M. Maurel are well known in the highest literary circles of Brussels, where he now resides, and of Paris, where he was formerly connected with that most respectable of sources of public instruction in France, the *Journal des Débats*. His work (Lord E. continues) will speak for itself; but those who read, while they admire, may be glad to know that the author is a gentleman of high private character, as well as established literary reputation.’

The alternative of getting rid of the awkwardness, by speaking with common decency and truth of the Duke of Wellington, does not seem to have occurred to either Las Cases or his Master:—nor in truth to any French writer that we have seen, except to M. Lamartine,\* feebly, and more fully to M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, in their respective histories—the author of an article on the Duke’s Despatches in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839 (said to be M. Loève Weimar), who seemed willing to treat it as fairly as the prejudices of his readers would allow—and now M. Maurel, who, bolder than the reviewer, examines it more frankly, and from a wider and higher point of view, as a statesman and a moralist. *Fortune, Luck, Accident*—such, in the philosophy of all other French historians is the chief, and in most of them the only explanation of a gradual and unbroken series of successes which—not merely by their number and continuity but by their concatenation and the obvious identity of the principle that pervades them—could no more be the effect of mere chance than the great operations of the natural world—which offer, as we see, various phases and are subject to occasional disturbances—but, on the whole, bear unquestionable evidence of one great and invariable principle of order and action.

In the very motto of his work M. Maurel protests against this flattering unction for the *amour propre blessé* of his countrymen.

\* See ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. xc., p. 300.

'*Nullum nomen adest si sit PRUDENTIA: sed te Nos facimus, FORTUNA, deam, cœloque locamus.*'

Which may be rendered,

'FORTUNE's an idol, to whose share is given Results that PRUDENCE draws, in truth, from heaven.'

Even M. Thiers, who has something of a name to risk, and who labours to make an *étalage* of his candour, cannot get out of that vulgar *ornière*, and in the face of those immortal *Dispatches* which he pretends to have read, he persists in placing *chance* as the first ingredient of the Duke of Wellington's successes. We need not go far for examples. In the *first* three passages of his so-called 'History' in which the Duke makes his appearance, he is accompanied by this imaginary deity—who predominates over all the other elements of success which M. Thiers condescends to allow him.

'This was Sir Arthur Wellesley—since celebrated as much for his *good fortune* as for his great military qualities.'—*Hist. du Con. et l'Emp.*, ix. 172.

Sir Arthur's expedition to Portugal in 1808 was, it seems, intended at first for Spain, but, on consideration, he resolves to disembark near the Tagus—

'to avail himself of the *occasions* which *Fortune* might offer him, and of the *chance* of striking some *lucky stroke*,' &c.—*ib.* 175.

To this, like the pedant who lectured Hannibal on the art of war, M. Thiers adds that Sir Arthur's military movements were all rash and wrong, but that he was induced to hazard them from a jealous impatience to do something brilliant *before he should be superseded* by the senior officers that were daily expected (*ib.* 175); and these assertions he ventures to accompany with distinct professions of familiarity with the *Dispatches*, in which, had he read them,\* he must have seen the clearest proofs that Sir Arthur's disembarkation in Portugal was no result either of accident or of second-thought—that

\* We have heard, indeed (though we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact), that M. Thiers, when last in England, confessed that his acquaintance with the *Dispatches* was but slight, and even recent. Its slightness we never doubted, and that, such as it may be, he acquired it recently, is additionally confirmed by his long and pompous narration of the affair at Rolicca, in which he asserts that the English lost from 1200 to 1500 men killed—*tutés*. The Duke's official return, which we need not say is scrupulously correct, and accounts for every man, is 71 men and 4 officers killed. There is not a page of all this portion of M. Thiers' work that does not exhibit the same style of *fanfaronnade*, on which we think *even* he could not have ventured if he had read the *Dispatches*.

the first object of the instructions under which he himself sailed from Ireland, and the rendezvous prescribed from the outset for all the different detachments that were to compose his army, was the Tagus; and that, as to his having rashly hurried into action from selfish jealousy, the very same Dispatch from the Government at home, which announced that he might be superseded by a senior officer, directed him—

'to carry his instructions into execution *with every expedition* that circumstances will admit, *without awaiting the arrival* of the Lieutenant-General.'—15th July, 1808, *Disp.* iv. 18.

Again: when Wellesley wins the battle of Vimieiro—entirely—as *Field-Marshal* Thiers thinks—through the rashness and blunders of Junot, who 'ought to have thrown him into the sea' and 'precipitated him over the cliffs into the abyss' (*le jeter dans la mer—précipité dans les flôts de l'abîme*, *ib.* 182) in front of which he had taken up his very injudicious position—when, we say, he had won this battle, which he ought to have lost, M. Thiers's only remark is, that

'he was *always lucky* throughout his brilliant career.'—*ib.* 185.

Thus, on his very first appearance on the scene, *prejudging*—and by anticipation discolouring—the whole of that 'brilliant career' which the reluctant Historian must by and by deal with in detail, as being from first to last the creature of patronizing *Luck*. If his wry-mouthed candour allows Wellesley certain 'great military qualities'—to wit, 'good sense and firmness'—it is only to sharpen in the next line a sneer at his want of *genius* (*ib.* 175).

And again:—

'The *slow* and steady English soldier was the natural instrument of the *narrow* but wise and resolute mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley.'—*ib.* 177.

The '*narrow mind*' of the Duke of Wellington!—and this written sixteen years after the publication of the *Dispatches*!

It is in answer to the strain of M. Thiers, and to the still more flagrant malevolence of minor scribblers, but, above all, of the great father of lies—Bonaparte himself—that M. Maurel takes a nobler as well as a more philosophical review of the whole life of the Duke of Wellington. He asks whether *fortune*, unaccompanied by *prudence* and *genius*, could have fought its way through eight campaigns, of various characters, but of uninterrupted successes—in Portugal, Spain, France, and Flanders—from Vimieiro in 1808 to Waterloo in 1815. Who else,

he asks, of the privileged few who have influenced the destinies of mankind, can present himself to posterity, *proof in hand*, and say,

'Hence I set out—this was my object—here is my result, and these are the ways by which I arrived at it? I do not forget that I may have owed to *fortune*—which must always have a great share in these matters—but here is what I have done to limit and contract that *share*. I lay before you—without reserve—my hopes, my projects, my plans, my means, my victories, and the reasons of my victories. Judge them and me!'

'Such an appeal would have something theatrical, and not at all suitable to the character of Wellington; but it would nevertheless be exactly true—for the Dispatches are the real summary of his military life. He might have spoken thus without depreciating friends, without offending enemies, without departing from the most rigid and modest truth: but he has done the same thing in a still better taste. He has left these memorials of his life as a legacy to history, in their strict chronological order, in their exact original state—he has not suppressed a line—nor added a word of commentary—nor a word of argument—nor a word of accusation—nor a word of justification! A number of the letters are in French; and though these contain many striking thoughts and happy expressions, there are many incorrectnesses of style: nothing would have been easier than to have removed these faults without altering the sense, or even diminishing the force of the expression. Wellington would do no such thing. . . . If he has written bad French it must remain bad French. He chooses to appear what he is and nothing else. This literary good faith is but another form of the same uncompromising probity that distinguished him as a public officer and a private man. Even this trifle—if anything could be trifling where good faith is concerned—is his final homage to that devotion—that enthusiasm for truth, and that undeviating abhorrence of falsehood, that were the rule of his whole life.'—p. 66.

Some pages later M. Maurel gives us a *résumé* of some of his principal exploits, with a view of showing how little *chance* and how much *genius* must have had to do with so great a number of campaigns and battles, spread over so many years, so diversified in circumstance, but all identical in their triumphant issues.

'In his seven peninsular campaigns he passed through all the diversity of trials that fortune could create. He made defensive war, and triumphed. He made a war of positions and surprises, and triumphed. He then adopted the offensive on a larger scale, and still he triumphed. He had made the boldest advances without involving himself in any risks. He had made long and difficult retreats without suffering any disaster. He fought battles of the most different characters—with a *superiority of numbers*—at Vimieiro, the 21st August, 1808; at Oporto,

the 12th May, 1809; at Vitoria, 24th June, 1813; at Nivelle, 10th November, 1813; at Toulouse, the 10th April, 1814—and *all were victories*.—He fought—with *equal numbers*—at Salamanca, 22nd July, 1812; at Pampeluna, 28th July; at St. Martial, the 31st August, 1813; at Orthez, the 28th February, 1814—and *all were victories*.—He fought—with an *inferiority of numbers*—at Talavera, 28th July, 1809; at Busaco, 27th September, 1810; and at Almeida (Fuentes d'Onor), the 3rd and 4th May, 1811—and *all were victories*.'—p. 109.

We should, of course, have questioned the 'superiority' and 'equality' attributed to the Duke's army in some of these battles—but M. Maurel saves us that trouble by one general statement, which really brings all the cases under the last category:

'When I say that he had the *superiority of numbers*, it is only just to remark that—except at Vimieiro—we are not speaking of English troops, but of the aggregate of Germans, Portuguese, and Spaniards, regular and irregular, which were from time to time under his orders. The English were *everywhere* and necessarily very inferior in number to the French. The truth is, that from 1808 to 1813 Wellington never had 30,000 English under his orders—and this was at a period when the imperial armies deluged the whole Peninsula with not less than 350,000 men. Struck by this enormous disproportion of forces, Wellington himself said to his friends, '*Tis strange that with this little army we are able to keep them in check*. In 1813 the English contingent reached 40,000; but this was the army reinforced for the invasion of France.'—p. 110.

We may here mention that we have been allowed to see and to make extracts from a few *MS. Notes*, made, from time to time, by an early and intimate friend of the Duke's, of some of his conversations. Several of these Notes appear to us to afford interesting confirmations of some of the most striking points in M. Maurel's view of his character, and we think that this is a time and an occasion in which it would be hardly justifiable to withhold them from the public. We have been, however, restricted to the production of such only as bear on our present purpose.

We find in these *MS. Notes* the Duke's own estimate of the relative numbers in some of the principal battles:—

'What was the real number of your army and the enemy in some of your great battles?'

Duke.—Talavera was the only one in which I had a superiority—but that was only by reckoning the Spaniards—at all the others I had less. At Salamanca I had 40,000, and the French not much more, perhaps 45,000. At Vittoria I had many thousand less, 60,000 to 70,000. At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me; I had less than 60,000—per-

haps about 56,000 or 58,000; Buonaparte had near 80,000. The whole army in the South of France under my command was considerably larger than the force under Soult at the battle of Toulouse; but actually employed in that operation I had less than he; and he was posted behind works which we had to storm."—*MS. Note.*

In following the course of the Duke's life, M. Maurel shows that 'his growth, so far from resembling the fruits of *chance*, was at once gradual and rapid. His first experience was in an humble rank and in adverse circumstances—he served as a subordinate officer in the disastrous campaigns of Flanders and Holland in 1794–5. There he witnessed a series of reverses and retreats, which afforded no doubt, to that calm yet inquisitive mind, lessons which he turned to his future profit.'—(p. 100.) But, not content with the public lessons which he might thus receive, he was a remarkable instance of diligent self-instruction.

'He added to his natural gifts a most indefatigable and intelligent application to his duties. It was his habitual practice to enter—to descend into the most minute details of the service. "The regiment of Colonel Wellesley," says Lord Harris in 1799, "is a model regiment—for equipment, for courage, for discipline, for instruction, and for good conduct, it is above all praise!"'—p. 102.

Of the early disposition—which M. Maurel reasonably supposed the Duke's mind to have had—to acquire professional instruction, we find in the *MS. Notes* a most remarkable instance—one, indeed, to which, if told of or by any man but the Duke, we should hardly, we own, have given implicit faith:—

"D. of W.—Within a few days after I joined my first regiment I caused a private soldier to be weighed—first, in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. I wished to have some measure of the power of the individual man, compared with the weight he was to carry and the work he was expected to do." When I expressed surprise at such early thoughtfulness, he replied, "Why I was not so young as not to know that, since I had undertaken a profession, I had better endeavour to understand it." He went on to say, "It must always be kept in mind that the power of the greatest armies depends upon what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing."—*MS. Note.*

M. Maurel resumes his review by saying that Colonel Wellesley's early services in India, his rapid and brilliant successes there, were characteristic preludes to the greater scenes of his later life; but above all, as he says, the '*exploit fabuleux*' of Assaye fixed

every eye in that region of bold and skilful soldier-craft, on Major-General Wellesley, and marked him at once as one of the men most evidently destined to sustain the honours of the British arms. He adds, that this early glory did not at all alter his natural simplicity. Of this '*fabulous exploit*' we find in the *MS. Notes* an account which exhibits very strongly the modest and matter-of-fact way in which he himself estimated even the most extraordinary results and proofs of his *genius*.

'I was indebted for my success at Assaye to a very ordinary exercise of common sense. The Mahratta chiefs whom I was marching to overtake had made a hasty retreat with their infantry and guns, and had got round behind a river on my right, leaving me exposed to an overwhelming force of native cavalry. To get rid of these gentlemen and to get at the others, I had no chance but getting over the river also; but my native guides all assured me that the river was impassable in this part, and the superior force of the enemy would not permit me to have it examined. I was rather puzzled; but at last I resolved to see what I could of the river myself, and so, with my most intelligent guides and an escort of (I think) *all* my cavalry, I pushed forward till I could see with my glass one village on the right or near bank of the river, and another village exactly opposite on the other bank, and I immediately said to myself, that men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream, without some habitual means of communication either by boats or a ford—most probably by the latter. My guides still persisted that there were neither; but on my own conjecture or rather reasoning, I took the desperate, as it seemed, resolution of marching for the river—and I was right—I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry, and my force, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between that river and another stream that fell into it thereabouts and on which Assaye stood, so that both my flanks were secure. And there I fought and won the battle—the bloodiest for the number that I ever saw; and this was all from the common sense of guessing that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them.'—*MS. Note.*

As a preliminary to the European career, M. Maurel inquires how it is that the Duke, so unassuming in his manners, so full of consideration and courtesy even to rivals and enemies, who had made war with unparalleled moderation and humanity, and to whom France was subsequently indebted for very great services, when she was in danger of the vengeance of all the rest of Europe—how it is that the Duke of Wellington should be so misunderstood and misrepresented in France? He produces from the Dispatches several instances of

not merely the justice with which the Duke was always forward to treat every one, but of his personal good nature and even kindness to any individual Frenchman with whom he happened to come in contact. He takes particular pleasure in citing from the works of Alison and Napier some striking instances of the state of confidence, and even good will, which, under the Duke's example and influence, grew up between the two contending armies in the Peninsula. He expatiates on that romantic incident in the battle of Talavera, stated by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons—sung in poetry, and recorded by the historians—of individual French and English soldiers coming with mutual confidence, in an interval of the fight, to drink at a little stream that ran across the plain (p. 24). And again:—

'For some days before the battle of Salamanca (as M. Maurel tells after General Napier) the two armies were encamped on the banks of the Douro, and the soldiers crossed the river in numerous groups, visited each other as old friends, and chatted of the battles they had fought and were about to fight, so that at times the two camps might seem to belong to one army.'—p. 25.

And again:—

'The Duke one day ordered a detachment of carabineers to occupy a little hill at the advance posts, where a very small French detachment happened to be stationed. As the carabineers advanced, the Duke, seeing no firing, sent them an order to begin. "Unnecessary," said an old soldier, holding up his carbine, and playing on it with his fingers as if it had been a flute. This was meant as a telegraphic signal to say, "We want the post for a quarter of an hour—you are not strong enough to hold it. Be off; you may return by and bye." The signal was understood, and not a shot was fired.'—p. 31.

For these and several similar anecdotes M. Maurel cites the English historians, but we confess that, when told of *earlier periods* of the contest, they seem to us somewhat *embroidered*; but we are glad to find in the *MS. Notes* a confirmation of the *growth* of this generous spirit in the two armies.

'D. of W.—The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be very civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees; and the advance-posts and piquets were on the most friendly terms.\* One instance I particularly remember. There was a small public-house beyond the Adour where the English used to cross over and sup with the French officers. And on the

lines before Bayonne a French officer came out one day to our advance-posts, and saluting the English officer, inquired whether some of our parties had not possessed themselves of three muskets and three sets of accoutrements of a French party. Inquiry was made, and the arms, &c., were found. It appeared that the English soldiers had given the French some dollars to buy them some bottles of brandy, but, not trusting entirely to the honour of the enemy, had insisted on keeping three muskets, &c., as a pledge that the brandy should be forthcoming. The dollars were paid, and the Frenchmen got their accoutrements again. The advance posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army was advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts cried out to ours, "Courez vite, courez vite! on va vous attaquer." I always encouraged this: the killing a poor fellow of a vidette, or carrying off a post, could not influence the battle; and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way.'—*MS. Note*.

On another and more serious occasion he repeated, in his simple way, the same magnanimous sentiment.

'Were you close enough to see Buonaparte at Waterloo?

'Duke.—Why, we were close enough to see, but not to distinguish. In the morning, before the battle began, I could see a body of officers moving along their lines, and we had no doubt that this was Buonaparte and his staff. I think we heard the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" but I can't say that I distinguished his person. A battery near me had a mind to fire upon this assemblage, but I stopped them.

'Some one questioned whether this was not over nice, as one shot might have saved thousands of lives?

'Duke.—It may be so, but that was my way of carrying on the war throughout. I discouraged surprises of outposts, and the firing on videttes and sentries: the death of a few poor fellows thus picked off does no service. To be sure, when the fate of those two great armies, and indeed of all Europe, was concentrated in a single man, as in this case, the general rule might not apply, but I felt at that moment about Buonaparte as I should have done about any general of his staff.'—*MS. Note*.

'How is it then,' asks M. Maurel, 'that such a man as this should be unpopular in France? The reason is simple. He won the battle of *Waterloo*, and will never be forgiven—not because Wellington won a battle at *Waterloo*—he had won many others which excited no personal feeling against him—but 'the *Emperor* was at *Waterloo*' (p. 33), and the *Emperor* had become, by a strange vicissitude, once more the child and champion of Jacobinism, and the idol, or rather the watchword, of all the agitators whom he had so long restrained by his iron grasp (p. 36).

\* For numerous examples of this see Mr. Larpent's *Diary of the Pyrenean period*. One amusing passage is at vol. ii. p. 226.

Buonaparte during his power had the sagacity to discover, and in his exile sore cause to remember, the capacity of Wellington, whom he therefore always endeavoured to decry—at first from policy, and afterwards from hatred—and both with a blind vehemence that defeated itself with all reasonable men, but effectually succeeded with the masses who had been so long subdued into a stupid or an interested acquiescence in the *ipse dixit* of the Emperor. M. Maurel explains how this literary influence was obtained and exercised :—

‘Buonaparte might think himself only the greatest Captain and greatest Statesman of his age, but he was also, *pardie!*—what he did not so readily confess—though every body knew it—the first *Journalist* of the Empire—nay, the only one; for he alone in all France had a right to publish his opinions in conforming himself to the law;\* and strange to say, we have seen the influence of his pen surviving the power of his sword. . . . The impressions created by the Imperial Moniteur have survived the Empire. They became the texts of the Parliamentary Opposition and inviolable dogmas of a party creed.’ p. 35.

To enable men of the present day to form even a faint idea of the task which was imposed on Sir Arthur Wellesley and his little army, M. Maurel produces the view of the case in the Peninsula as taken and proclaimed early in the business by the *Despot-Journalist* himself—a proclamation which at first, as we believe, startled or alarmed every mind in Europe—except only Sir Arthur’s.

‘In a solemn proclamation to the grand army he invites it—

to plant its standards on the pillars of Hercules.’

He adds,

“that the hideous Leopard, whose presence defiles the Peninsula, will betake himself at our aspect to a disgraceful flight.”—p. 39.

To his servile Senate he announced,

“I go to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon.”—*ib.*

Again—

“English blood has at last been shed in torrents (*a grands flots*). Our struggle with that Carthage shall be decided on the plains of Spain. When England shall be exhausted, and half her families covered with mourning, a thunderclap shall quiet

\* A sly allusion to an article of the fictitious Constitution which Buonaparte had given France: ‘*tout Français a le droit de publier ses opinions en se conformant aux lois.*’

the Peninsula—avenge Asia and Europe—and thus end this second Punic war.”—*ib.*

Again; even when he had found the affairs of the Peninsula not quite so easy as he had promised, he utters this singular bravado:

“I should have driven back the English to Lisbon, and have destroyed them—if I had not thought that the moment of the catastrophe had not yet arrived!”—*ib.*

This was repeated so often, so solemnly, and so loudly, that all France and the rest of the Continent, and no inconsiderable portion of England, believed it. The impression that it made on the mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the moment he was about to take the command of the first expedition to Portugal, may be gathered from the following *MS. Note* :—

‘June, 1808.—Dined with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Harley-street. He was to set out for Ireland, on his way to Portugal, in two or three days. After dinner we were alone, and he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie. I asked him what he was thinking of? He replied, “Why, to say the truth, I was thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have never seen them since the campaigns in Flanders, when they were already capital soldiers, and a dozen years of successes must have made them better still. They have beaten all the world, and are supposed to be invincible. They have besides, it seems, a new system, which has out-maneuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. But no matter; my die is cast—they may overwhelm, but I don’t think they will out-maneuvre me. In the first place, I am not afraid of them, as every body else seems to be; and secondly, because, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one against troops steady enough, as I hope mine will be, to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect that all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand.”’—*MS. Note.*

We shall by and by have to recall our readers’ more particular attention to this remarkable reverie. We introduce it here as evidence of the thoughtful but determined spirit which had already, and we may venture to say, providentially, prepared him for the great part to which he was destined.

Of his first successes Buonaparte spoke in the most contemptuous style. When the Moniteur, says M. Maurel, condescended to mention him—

“it was only to describe him as “incapable, rash, presumptuous, and ignorant;” adding, “We desire nothing better than that the English armies may continue to be commanded by General Wellesley. With such a character as he has shown, he is destined to suffer grand catastrophes.”’—p. 40.

*Grand catastrophes* there certainly were in the womb of time, but not for General Wellesley!

M. Maurel continues—in singular coincidence with the opinion of Wellesley, as hinted in the private conversation just quoted—

‘The great merit of Wellington is to have understood from the first hour, that it required a *different kind* of genius and a different kind of luck to deal with Buonaparte.’—p. 45.

And after recapitulating the leading points of Napoleon’s astonishing successes against Prussia and Austria, he proceeds :—

‘In the midst of this hurricane of victories, one man only contemplated the real circumstances of the situation, and measured with a calm eye the depth of the abyss. . . . Wellington soon saw that Napoleon was not to be beaten *à la Napoléon*—that it would be madness to play as the Emperor, with his innumerable armies and colossal power, was in the habit of doing, at great strokes of neck or nothing; and that, before he could hope to obtain great victories, he must, in the first place, learn himself, and teach his army, not to be beaten, and, rather than run such a risk, not to fight at all.

This, to be sure, seems a very simple idea; but it was, in the circumstances, a *flash of genius*. The greatest officers in Europe, both in the practice and theory of war, in the cabinet and the field, had been looking for some such principle for the last fifteen years, but they had not found it. He that, like Archimedes, said *Eureka*, was what history will call the Man of Destiny—for he it was who changed the fate of the world. He was not to be whirled forward on the wheel of Fortune: he seized it in its most rapid movements, and guided it to his own purposes.’—p. 45.

M. Maurel exemplifies this simple but grand conception of Wellesley by the events of his first campaigns, and proves from the Dispatches that all the events—even those that seemed accidental or fortuitous—had been calculated, prepared, and ordered in his closet!

The ‘false system of manœuvres,’ to which allusion is made in the conversation in Harley Street, seems to have been that of massing armies in *columns*, not merely for movements but for actual fighting. To this process Buonaparte was supposed to have owed most of his great successes, and it long continued to be the bugbear of Europe. Sir Arthur thought it a palpable mistake, and that such attacks would be certainly defeated by receiving them in line. He had not long to wait for a practical experiment of his theory. Just two months later he first meets the French on the field of Vimieiro, and the following extract from the MS. Notes, besides

its bearing on this important strategic point, cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers from the vivid naïveté in which a well-fought battle and its consequences are sketched :—

‘The French came on at Vimieiro with more confidence, and seemed to feel their way less than [smiling] I always found them to do afterwards. They came on in their usual way—in very heavy columns—and I received them in line, which they were not accustomed to, and we repulsed them three several times, and at last they went off beaten on all points, while I had half the army untouched and ready to pursue; but Sir H. Burrard—who had joined the army in the middle of the battle, but, seeing all doing so well, had desired me to continue in command—said that he considered the battle as won (though I thought it but half done), and resolved to push it no farther. I begged very hard that he would go on, but he said enough had been done. Indeed, if he had come earlier, the battle would not have taken place at all; for, when I waited on him on board the frigate in the bay the evening before, he desired me to suspend all operations, and said he would do nothing till he had collected all the force which he knew to be on the way, and he had heard of Moore’s arrival. But the French, luckily resolving to attack us, led to a different result. I came from the frigate about nine at night, and went to my own quarters with the army, which, from the nearness of the enemy, I naturally kept on the alert. Towards morning a fellow rushed in to my bedside—a German sergeant or quartermaster—in a great fright, so great that his hair seemed actually to stand on end, who told me that the enemy was advancing rapidly, and would be soon on us. I immediately sent round to the generals to order them to get the troops under arms—and soon after eight o’clock we were vigorously attacked. The enemy were first met by the 50th—not a good-looking regiment, but devilish steady—who received them admirably, and brought them to a full stop immediately, and soon drove them back. They then tried two other attacks, as I told you—one very serious, through a volley on our left—but they were defeated every where, and completely repulsed and in full retreat by noon, so that we had time enough to have finished them if I could have persuaded Sir H. Burrard to go on.’—MS. Note.

This principle, ‘to which the French had not been accustomed,’ and thus successful at Vimieiro, he always pursued; and it was crowned with a still more splendid triumph at Waterloo. The idea familiarly thrown out in Harley-street is in fact but the text of General Napier’s commentary on the battle of Vimieiro, written twenty years later and with the experience of all the Duke’s subsequent successes.

‘The rapidity with which the French soldiers rallied and recovered their order, after so severe a check, was admirable; but their habitual method of attacking in column cannot be praised. Against Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, it may have



been successful, but against the British it must always fail, because the English infantry is sufficiently *firm, intelligent, and well disciplined*, to await calmly in line the adverse masses, and sufficiently bold to close on them with the bayonet."—*Napier*, i. 264.

Did ever accomplishment more accurately fulfil prophecy than the battle of Vimieiro the idea of Harley-street?

The next proof that M. Maurel instances of the Duke's prophetic sagacity is even stronger than those who only measure it by the modesty of the Dispatches could imagine.

'For the defence of Portugal,' says M. Maurel, 'he required that the English army should be brought up to 30,000—no more. "If I cannot succeed with 30,000 I should not with 100,000." But he would leave nothing to chance; and he had a strong reliance on the patriotism of the Portuguese. He directs the erection, in front of Lisbon, of those celebrated lines of *Torres Vedras*, which he had long before selected as a position of refuge in case of reverse, and which were for two years the base of his operations. He desired that these immense works should be a secret—and a secret, by the patriotism of the Portuguese people, they were for nine months miraculously kept.'—p. 53.

How well the secret was kept even from the disaffected Portuguese themselves is lively exhibited in one of the Duke's conversations:—

'Buonaparte said that Soult was the only real *homme de guerre* among his Marshals; I myself thought Massena the best I had met; at least whilst he was in front of me at Torres Vedras, I always found him where I did not wish to find him. When Massena came in front of Torres Vedras, he said to two Portuguese refugees—the Marquis d'Alorna and the Count of Suberra (or some such name), who no doubt had been urging him forward—"Mais comment, Messieurs," pointing to my works—"vous m'avez assuré que, le Mondego passé, je trouverais terre-plein jusqu'à Lisbonne—mais voyez donc." "Ah!" replied they, "c'est que ce diable d'homme—meaning me—a placé des forteresses partout." "Mais," said Massena, "ce diable d'homme n'a pas créé les montagnes que voilà." "Non," rejoined they, "mais que seraient les montagnes sans les forteresses?" And so they went on squabbling—I suppose as long as they lay before my lines.—*MS. Notes*.

But there is something to be added still more remarkable, and even more decisive,

\* Lord Wellington writes to the Secretary of State, on the 27th of October, from the lines of Torres Vedras—"I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had any communication with the enemy, inconsistent with his duty to his own Sovereign, or the orders he had received."—*Dispatch*, vi. 520.

both as to the Duke's military sagacity and his fearless love of truth. We remember with shame the storm which the spirit of party acting on popular ignorance raised against the Convention of Cintra:—

'Sir Arthur,' says M. Maurel, 'had negotiated and signed this Convention,\* which made so much noise, out of deference to his two senior and superior officers. Public opinion in England pronounced itself against this Convention with incredible fury. Nay, one journal was mad enough to exhibit at the head of its columns three gibbets, on which were hung the three generals who had just expelled the French army from Portugal.'—p. 103.

We find in the MS. notes the Duke's good-humoured way of treating this insanity, and a graver trait of character for which we were not quite prepared:—

'After the Convention of Cintra there was a pretty general desire in England that a General should be shot, after the manner of Admiral Byng; and as I was a politician—the other two not being in Parliament—I was of course the person to be shot; which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings, but as a subordinate negotiator under orders of my superior officers. Even the Government seemed inclined to give me up. When I came home the old King (George III.) was to have one of his weekly levees; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me, "as I must present myself on my return from abroad, and happened to have no carriage in town." Castlereagh, after some hesitation, though in a friendly tone, said that there was so much ill-humour in the public mind that it might produce inconvenience; and in short he advised me not to go to the levee. I said, "When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King, I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I therefore insist on knowing whether this advice proceeds in any degree from his Majesty; and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the levee to-morrow, or I never will go to a levee in my life."—Castlereagh immediately withdrew all opposition: I went, and was exceedingly well received by the King.'—*MS. Notes*.

It is curious indeed to find that even Castlereagh's high spirit was for the moment

\* Here is a slight mistake, very pardonable in M. Maurel, for all England made it at the time, and many do so to this hour. Sir Arthur signed, on the 23d of August, against his own opinion, but by order of his superior officer, a *suspension of arms*. He had nothing to do with the final *Convention* signed on the 30th, and of parts of which he seriously disapproved. The public not unnaturally persisted in looking on the whole as one transaction—though as far as Sir A. Wellesley was personally concerned they were very different. Digitized by Google

shaken—while the good ‘old King’ showed no such symptoms—but to proceed. We have seen that Sir H. Burrard superseded Sir Arthur during the battle. He allowed him to complete the defeat of the enemy, but stopped him from pursuing his victory—thinking enough had been done—though Sir Arthur entreated to be allowed to go on, saying, even while the enemy was retreating, ‘Sir Harry, now is your time to advance—the enemy are completely beaten, and we shall be in Lisbon in three days’ (*Report of Committee of Inquiry*, p. 103).

But when that occasion was lost, and the enemy had been allowed to reach and take position at *Torres Vedras*, Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the knowledge he had acquired of the ground, thought it would be difficult to dislodge them: he then concurred in the expediency of getting them out of the country by negotiation. This concurrence was loudly censured; and we ourselves can recollect the additional indignation which was expressed that so trivial a circumstance as the enemy’s halting at *Torres Vedras* should have operated so sudden a change in his opinion. General Tarleton pronounced, in the House of Commons, that the position of the French before Lisbon was ‘a bad one—a miserable one.’ Sir Arthur, on the other hand, maintained that, though he would have attempted to drive the French forward that day when in a state of defeat and disorder, yet, when they should have had time to rally in the position, they would be extremely formidable. Mark what followed. In two years the tables were turned—Sir Arthur was where Junot had been—Massena on the ground of Wellesley. Wellesley had found that his conception of the natural strength of the position was confirmed—he had increased it by artificial means—he foresaw that he might have to verify in 1810 the opinion he had given in 1808—and he did so; he first stopped, and then repelled Massena, with an army of 70,000 or 80,000, thus exhibiting in practice the indisputable soundness of his earlier speculations.

Long after this we find him (in the *MS. Notes*) repeating his deliberate opinion of the Convention of Cintra:—

‘He defended the Convention of Cintra as being at the time a prudent and advantageous result of his two victories—not that he defended all its details and two or three unlucky expressions—but the substance and spirit were right. “The French (said he) had not only the capital, but they had Elvas, Almeida, Palmela, and Santarem—all places that would have required sieges—as also Peniche and the forts St. Julien and Cascaes, without the possession of which our ships could not enter the Tagus—and the

season of bad weather was fast approaching; these places must have been all regularly invested; and, on the whole, the entire evacuation of the forts, the strong places, the capital, and the kingdom, was all that the most sanguine could have desired. I am disinterested in giving this opinion, for I had nothing whatsoever to do with the terms of the Convention. I had signed the armistice, indeed, but had no more to do with the Convention than any other general officer in the army. When I heard what was going on, I took the liberty to advise against one or two points; but I found that my superiors disregarded my advice, so I had no more to say.”—*MS. Notes*.

We find in the *MS. Notes* a memorandum of an incident that occurred in 1810, slight indeed, but which seems to us eminently characteristic. He had been solicited by some of the Portuguese authorities to sit for a whole-length picture to a Portuguese artist, which was engraved, *con amore*, by old Bartolozzi (himself, we believe, a Portuguese), with this legend, ‘INVICTO WELLINGTON, LUSITANIA GRATA.’ One of his friends in London, happening to hear of this print, wrote to him for one. He could not well refuse to send it, but was evidently reluctant to seem to adopt the flattering inscription; so he drew a couple of strong lines under the word *invicto*, and added, ‘*Don’t halloo till you’re out of the wood.*’ What good sense and good taste under this homely expression!

M. Maurel next proceeds to show that Wellington’s sagacity as well as his influence ranged far beyond the limits of his military duty.

‘One might reasonably,’ says M. Maurel, ‘after Buonaparte’s reverses of 1812 and 1813, have doubted the stability of the Empire. But to have doubted of it—nay, to have confidently predicted its overthrow—so early as 1809, when continental Europe lay prostrate at his feet, was assuredly to judge of futurity from a high point of view and with the *eye of genius*. The subjection of the continent did not impose upon Wellington; and even when the matrimonial alliance with Austria seemed an additional danger to England, he writes:

“4th April, 1810.—The Austrian marriage is a terrible event, and must prevent any great movement on the continent for the present; still I do not despair of seeing, some time or other, a check to the Buonaparte system. Recent transactions in Holland show that all is hollow within, and that it is so inconsistent with the wishes, the interests, and even the existence of civilized society, that he cannot trust even his own brothers to carry it into execution.”—p. 65.

Who at that time in all Europe—except the three brothers themselves, and perhaps their more immediate confidants—suspected the angry relations that so immediately de-

throned Louis and made Joseph anxious to be dethroned?

Again; in the addition of Holland, the Hanse Towns, and the Roman States to the Empire, which looked to common eyes like aggrandizement and strength, Wellington's sounder judgment saw nothing but weakness and a confession of it. M. Maurel exemplifies this theme, imperfectly, he admits, but still at greater length than we have room for;—we can only select a few sentences:—

'When Wellington found his hopes—thus boldly formed, though modestly expressed—of the ultimate delivery of Portugal, so wonderfully realized, he announces, without vanity or parade, his opinion that the resurrection of Europe will follow the resurrection of Portugal, and that the nations of the Continent will at last rise in self-defence like the nations of the Peninsula. In 1811, when the Empire seemed in its fullest vigour, and when no one assuredly thought of Moscow or Leipsic, this calm and vigilant eye saw that it was weakened, disjointed, and worn out; and he who never errs on the side of presumption, feels a new confidence, and says with forcible simplicity, "if Buonaparte does not remove us from the Peninsula, he must lower his tone with the world."—p. 70.

The following passage of a letter to Lord William Bentinck, written at his usual headquarters on the Torres Vedras, late in 1811, is a summary of what has been done in the Peninsula, and a warning of what there is to do if Europe means to liberate herself:—

'I have, however, long considered it probable that even we should witness a general resistance throughout Europe to the fraudulent and disgusting tyranny of Buonaparte, created by the example of what has passed in Spain and Portugal; and that we should be actors and advisers in these scenes; and I have reflected frequently upon the measures which should be pursued to give a chance of success.

'Those who embark in projects of this description should be made to understand, or to act as if they understood, that having once drawn the sword they must not return it till they shall have completely accomplished their object. They must be prepared, and must be forced, to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority and to shake off the government of Buonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object to save all or nothing.'—*Frenada*, 24th December, 1811.

From this moment, and with this new prospect of influencing the rest of Europe, adds M. Maurel—

'Wellington becomes a new man. He has hitherto deceived his antagonists by the excessive prudence and affected timidity of his proceedings. He will now startle them by a vivacity and boldness of operations which will be the more dangerous from being wholly unexpected. In the foregoing letter he anticipates the history of the Russian campaign. The government of St. Petersburg had been watching with great attention Wellington's proceedings in Portugal, and it can hardly be doubted that his defensive campaign of 1810 not only encouraged the Emperor Alexander to risk a rupture with France, but taught him how only such a war could be brought to a successful issue. Russia is now about to give, in 1812, a second representation of the Portuguese campaign of 1810. They risk their army only in parts—they decline pitched battles—they are no longer the *Russians* of 1805, 1806, or 1807, rushing angrily as it were and rashly upon the legions of Buonaparte—they are the *English* of Wellington. They are no longer solicitous of the *gloriot* of winning a battle more or less. They feel that they have embarked in a mortal strife, of which the final result is all that is worth thinking of; they retire slowly, systematically . . . they lead on their assailant to the very heart of the empire—there they make a gigantic effort to stop him [as Wellington did at Busaco]—they fail; but they leave the conqueror nothing but a corner of the field of battle. As a last resource, they sacrificed their capital, but they reserved their army. "Moscow," wrote Kutusof to Alexander, "is but a town—but we have saved the army—while it exists nothing is lost."—p. 75.

In pursuance of this idea (which, however, we confess we think not conclusively established) that the Russian retreat was a pre-conceived and well-combined operation—'a gigantic ambush of which Buonaparte was the *far from innocent* victim'—M. Maurel proceeds:—

'The germ of this terrible drama may have, no doubt, already existed in the mind of the Russian cabinet. But while they were hesitating as to its execution, the war in Portugal and Wellington's three memorable campaigns came to give to the councils of Russia the best of all advice and the most decisive of all encouragements—*example*.'—p. 76.

But, whatever may have been the influence on Russia of the *example* of the Portuguese campaign, M. Maurel proves that Wellington's movements in Spain were considerably influenced by his conviction of the immense risks to which Buonaparte's invasion of Russia must expose him:—

'On the 8th of January, 1812, Wellington, assured that Marmont was quiet in his winter-quarters, collected his own army with marvellous secrecy, and advanced into Spain. He immediately invested Ciudad Rodrigo—and took it too in twelve days—*contrary to all the rules and cus-*

tons of war—before Marmont had even got his people together. Two months later he plays Soult the same game he had played Marmont. He turns round upon Estremadura and takes Badajos after a siege of twenty days, before Soult could get half way to the relief of the place. The assault of Badajos was one of the most bloody and remarkable of the whole war. Wellington here lost above 5000;\* he had lost 2000† at Ciudad Rodrigo. Thus we see the same General who had so lately refused to win a great battle at the risk of losing a single regiment, now sacrifices thousands without scruple or hesitation. But it is because he is embarked in a new war. He thinks Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos the keys of Spain—they are necessary to his ulterior movements. He must have them at any price and he has them.†—p. 78.

We shall have occasion to remark by and by on Wellington's resolution to possess himself at any price of these fortresses.

The eventful campaign of 1812 is now in full progress—France is moving on Russia in the north, and Wellington on France in the south. On the 13th of June the English army crosses the Agueda. On the 24th the great French host crosses the Niemen—and while Napoleon is fighting his way through Lithuania and Old Russia towards Moscow, Wellington wins the battle of Salamanca, occupies Valladolid, expels King Joseph from his capital, and enters Madrid.

Of the battle of Salamanca, complete and important as it has been always thought, M. Maurel enhances the collateral influence to a height that will probably be new to most of our readers—and to our author's statements we can, we think, add something not less interesting:—

'This was no longer one of those battles which the Bulletin could venture to win on paper, after the General had lost it in the field. It was a fatal day—the army received a mortal wound—there was no ambiguous *Te Deum* to be sung—and the French army was forced to seek refuge and reinforcement on the frontier of France.'—p. 79.

We find in the private record before us the following memorandum of the Duke's own opinion of his battles:—

'D. of W.—I look upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo as my three best battles—that is, those that had the greatest permanent consequences. Salamanca relieved the whole south of Spain at once—changed the character of the war there, and was felt even in Russia: Vittoria freed

the Peninsula altogether, broke up the armistice at Dresden, and so led to Leipzig and the deliverance of Europe: and Waterloo did more than any battle I know of towards—what ought to be the object of all battles—the peace of the world.

'Did you ever talk to Marmont about Salamanca?

'D. of W.—Why it was a delicate subject to allude to: he once brought it on the tapis, but all I said was that I had perceived very early that he was wounded.

'That was a compliment. Did he seem to take it so?

'D. of W.—Oh yes! and it was true enough. I did not say what was equally true, that he gave me the opening. I did not intend to fight unless he should give me an advantage. He wished to cut me off; I saw that in attempting to do this he was spreading himself over more ground than he could defend, and I resolved at once to attack him, and succeeded so quickly that one of the French officers told, me, "*Monsieur, vous avez battu quarante mille hommes en quarante minutes.*" Marmont was a good officer and, notwithstanding all his ill-luck, both a clever and a worthy man.'—MS. Notes.

In the synopsis that M. Maurel makes of the two distant, but not unconnected campaigns of Spain and Russia, he quotes (p. 80) Kutusof's proclamation to his army (18th October), after the French had begun their retreat:—

"The French part in the campaign is over, ours is about to begin. The hand of God is falling heavy on Napoleon. *Madrid is taken!*"

He tells us also that when, previously to this, the Russian generals determined to accept battle on the heights of Borodino, 'they had heard that the French had lost a great battle—in Spain.' It certainly is possible that, as M. Maurel seems to think, the Russian generals might have heard of the battle of Salamanca (22nd July) before they resolved (about the beginning of September) to make their final stand at Borodino; and the allusion to its having been '*felt in Russia*' made by the Duke in the conversation last quoted seems to imply his belief that it had; but, extraordinary as it may seem, it is certain that Buonaparte had not heard of it so soon; and we think it more probable that the Russians had only heard of the minor successes which preceded Salamanca. However that may be, the details of this question, when closely examined, throw a new and unexpected light on a very remarkable point of Buonaparte's history. Though all the writers on the Russian Campaign mention the separate circumstances that compose the case we are about to produce, no one that we have yet seen has combined them to their logical results, and it seems strange enough that it

\* Exactly—killed, 1035; wounded and missing, 3785=4865.—Disp. ix. 48.

† This is an error (probably of the press); the real loss was, killed 178; wounded and missing 825=1003.—Disp. viii. 533.

‡ But with deeper sorrow for the price, as the Dispatches testify.

should be left to us at this time of day to arrive at a conclusion, the premises of which are to be found in M. de Segur's celebrated work, and which all the other evidence substantiates in its separate parts. The following is the substance of M. de Segur's narrative—which we request our readers to follow attentively—it may seem a long way round, but it will bring us back to Salamanca again:—

. On the morning before the battle of Borodino (6th Sept. 1812), and in sight of the Russian position, the Emperor wrote one of his most striking and celebrated proclamations:—

“Soldiers!—Here is the battle you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends on yourselves. It is necessary to us. It will give us abundance, good winter quarters, and a speedy return to France. Be what you were at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensko; let the latest posterity cite your conduct on this day, and let it be said of each of you—*He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow!*”

This last burst of military eloquence forcibly reminds us of that which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. on the morning of Agincourt. If ever Buonaparte read a translation of any of Shakspeare's plays, it would probably be Henry V.

Just after the Emperor had dictated this spirited and inspiring appeal, another circumstance occurred that looked like a good augury, and increased his satisfaction. About nine o'clock, A. M. arrived from Paris M. Bausset, *Préfet du Palais Impérial*, bringing with him a picture of the *King of Rome* by Gerard. Napoleon was delighted; he had it placed in front of his tent, and invited his generals and the veterans of his Garde to partake of his exhilaration. There the picture remained all day, and at the sight of the homage paid to it by his *vieilles moustaches* (says Constant, his valet-de-chambre) ‘the Emperor's countenance expressed that *expansive joy* of a father, who knew that next to himself his son had no better friends than these old partners of his toils and his fame.’—(*Mém. Const.* v. 60.)

‘I found the Emperor, (says M. de Bausset in his *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 77), in *perfect health in mind and body*, the same as I had ever known him, and not in the *least incommoded* by the excessive fatigues of such a rapid and complicated war.’

But this remarkable good humour, good health, and brilliant hope, were soon, and *most unaccountably*, to vanish. By bedtime Buonaparte had become exceedingly uneasy. M. de Segur, who dwells on all these details,

thought (or, we believe, affected to think) that his anxiety was, lest the Russians should retire without fighting, and should thus prolong a crisis very unpopular in his army—but this motive, *the only one assigned*, could hardly be the real one, for the Russians could not retreat without abandoning Moscow, which was Buonaparte's ultimate object, and where he would have found, without risk or delay (*Fain*, ii. 38), the ‘abundant winter quarters’ of which his army was so much in need. He goes to bed, but cannot sleep; he frequently gets up—he gives utterance to the most opposite apprehensions—he calls his attendants several times to inquire if the enemy are still where they had been. At one time he seems to fear that they have retreated; then he expresses a contrary fear that his own ‘soldiers are so weak and extenuated that they will not be able to resist so long and terrible a struggle.’ ‘In this danger he thinks his *Garde* his only resource (*unique ressource*). Marshal Bessières, who commands it and enjoys his special confidence, is called up several times to answer, whether the *Garde* wanted anything?’ Then he orders that an immediate distribution *in the middle of the night* should be made to each man of the *Garde* of three days' provisions, to be taken out of *his own private stores*; and so morbidly anxious was he about all this, that, lest he should not be exactly obeyed, he again got out of bed and went, undressed, to the outside of the tent to ask the *sentinels* whether they had received their quota of the provisions: when they said they had, he went to bed once more and tried to slumber. Hardly in bed he again calls for his aide-de-camp. Rapp\* finds him sitting up, with his head resting on his hands. He talks incoherently ‘of the vanity of glory,’ ‘of the horrors of war,’ ‘of the *inconstancy of fortune*, which,’ he says, ‘he begins to suffer’—then he dwells on the critical situation in which he is placed—says it will be a great day—a terrible battle. He asks Rapp if he thinks it will be a victory. ‘To be sure,’ said Rapp, ‘but bloody.’ Then he and Rapp, as the aide-de-camp relates, drank punch—(‘*fort léger*,’ says Constant)—and Buonaparte reverted to his former anxieties about the enemy's retreat:—being assured that the

\* Segur says Rapp, and so says Rapp himself in the *Memoirs attributed to him*, but Fain says that Auguste de Caulaincourt (who was killed next day) was the aide-de-camp. Fain tells us that he himself slept in the same tent, and *à côté* of Caulaincourt, but, strange to say, he does not make the slightest allusion to Segur's details of the transactions of the night. Can it be doubted that he would have contradicted them if he could?—all he states that is at variance with them is the *name* of the aide-de-camp.

Russians were still there he appeared to tranquillize himself, and tried to get some sleep—but 'a violent fever, a dry cough, and a revolution in his whole system seemed to consume him, and the rest of the night was passed in vain attempts to quench the burning thirst which devoured him.'—(Segur, vol. i. p. 378 *et seq.*)

All this is like insanity; and his conduct next day during the great battle, in which he took little, or rather indeed, no part, was equally extraordinary. He was timid and irresolute—though urged by every one round to allow the *Garde* to advance—never would part with a man of it\*—and he treated all who came near him with the utmost ill-humour, and even insult. What could have caused such a *bouleversement*, such a 'revolution of the man's whole system,' at such a moment? M. de Segur suggests the fatigues of the previous campaign; but that solution the more intimate observation and positive evidence of the *Préfet du Palais* (who tells us that he had, from the moment of his arrival, resumed his personal attendance on the Emperor) absolutely contradicts; as do indeed all the peculiar traits which M. de Segur himself enumerates. What then had happened between the remarkable 'good health in mind and body and the expansive joy' of the afternoon, and the bed-time of that agitated night? A single fact—known to no one at the time—now known to all—but by no one even to this day signalised as having any relation to the transaction—nay, which Segur mentions only incidentally, without appearing to attach to it the least importance!—'Late that same evening the Emperor received, by a special courier, the news of

#### THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA !'

\* The excuses which Buonaparte subsequently made for the inaction of the *Garde* by the pens of Fain and Gourgaud are futile, and only prove that there was a mystery which he did not venture to explain. 'If the *Garde*,' said he to Gourgaud, 'had been weakened at the battle of Moscow, the whole army (of which the *Garde* was, in our retreat, the noyau and the support) would have had great difficulty in recrossing the Niemen.'—Gourgaud, p. 244.

Of the many reasons that prove that this was an after-thought, one will satisfy our readers, namely, that it leaves totally unexplained and inexplicable, all the transactions of the preceding night, and especially the sudden distribution of the three days' provisions made to the *Garde* in the middle of the night preceding the battle from which he expected, when he wrote his proclamation, such a triumphant conclusion of the campaign. The battle itself, we admit, turned out to be of so undecided a complexion that we should not be surprised, however inconsistent it might seem with Buonaparte's general practice, at his having hesitated to risk his last resource. But this could have had no influence on the strange proceeding of the night before.

This sufficiently accounts—and nothing else can—for the impatience, the vexation, the nervous ill-humour, the *change which came over the spirit*—not of his dream—but of his sleepless agitation. It does not, however, at first sight, explain the more extraordinary events of the night. No indisposition, no fever short of delirium, could have produced such a moral *bouleversement*—the distribution at one o'clock in the morning of three days' provisions to the *Garde*—the calling up several times in the night on the eve of such a battle Marshal Bessières, only to inquire after the comforts of 6000 men out of 130,000 who were bivouacked around him—the affected fear, betraying the real hope, that the enemy should have retired, and the physical and moral dejection and sinister forebodings that ensued when he found that they had not—and then the irresolute and timid conduct next day, and the fact that in that tremendous and nearly balanced battle he took little or no part, while the *Garde*—about which he seemed raving all night—stood in the rear, laden with three days' provisions, and never fired nor received a shot! How is all this to be accounted for? Still, as far as we can discover, only by the news from Spain. The single solution which reconciles all these strange, and some of them apparently contradictory, circumstances, seems to be, that he himself had resolved on a precipitate retreat if the Russians, by going off in the night, had afforded him a reasonable pretence for abandoning the further advance on Moscow, which he knew would be approved by all his officers and confidants. This he had hitherto resisted, but the news of the evening from Salamanca had shaken him. We cannot guess at the detail of the conflicting projects that were passing through that distracted mind. One thing only is certain—that the 'six thousand men of the *Garde* wanting nothing, and with three days' provisions' (that is, as much as the men could carry), were to be, what he himself called them that night, his 'unique ressource.' Was it that they should be fresh and intact, to cover the general retreat, if that should be resolved on? or—as we, on a review of the whole case, incline to believe—did he reckon on them to protect his own personal escape? This latter idea would seem hardly credible, if, in addition to the circumstances related by Segur, we had not the evidence of three subsequent escapes *de sa personne* from difficulties of the same kind—a month later, when he fled, with a single attendant, from the débris of this army—at Leipsic, the year after, when he again made a personal flight, and blew up a bridge, and sacrificed 20,000 men to secure it; and finally at

Waterloo, when he again escaped, and sacrificed everything to the getting his own person safe to Paris. There are many circumstances that would have made such a flight from Borodino more excusable than any of the actual subsequent *escapades*. The success of Wellington might have appeared to require his presence at home. Wellington was, in fact, much nearer to Paris than Buonaparte was even to *Berlin*; and if, immediately after Salamanca, Wellington had been properly reinforced, and the Spaniards had had either prudence, activity, or steadiness, it is possible that he might have followed Marmont's broken army into France before one soldier of the *grande armée* could have got out of Russia. These are only speculations; but the preceding facts and dates seem to us to afford a very curious and conclusive confirmation of M. Maurel's estimate of the importance of the battle of Salamanca.

It was in this autumn that occurred the only check which in his long career Wellington ever received—the resistance of the Castle of Burgos, which could not be breached but by heavier artillery than he had the means of transporting; but even in this failure M. Maurel can see a striking exemplification of the high and honourable ‘character of the man.’

‘It might be expected that a General thus suddenly checked in a brilliant career, forced to retreat, and menaced, in consequence, with serious and in fact formidable dangers, would be but little inclined to tell the whole truth, and at his own expense; and would naturally, in a moment of ill humour, find fault with every body. They who should so judge of Wellington would be mistaken. In a long detail of the failure at Burgos, he enumerates, without reserve or mercy, the errors committed—by himself: “I neglected such and such means of success: I was wrong to commit so delicate an operation to inexperienced hands; I did not myself sufficiently superintend the execution of my orders;” and of the main design itself he adds, with a candour really sublime, “I see that they are already disposed to blame the Government at home for this failure at Burgos. The Government had nothing to do with it—it was all my own.”—*Letter to Lord Liverpool, 23rd November, 1812.*

‘There is the man! There is the style in which he settles his accounts with his Government and with *Fortune*. There is the source of the immense value of the documents he has left us. In these confidences, to whomsoever addressed, there is not a word that is not an instructive protest against falsehood, against insincerity, against all lax morality, against every form of charlatanism.’—p. 87.

Nor does M. Maurel fail to observe the lighter touches that fall from that fertile pen.

‘After having thus taken on himself the responsibility of those untoward events, he adds—rather as a kind of philosophic railery on his critics at home than as any excuse for himself—“The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect—so rich in resources of every description—having the use of such excellent roads, &c. &c., will not readily believe that important results depend *here* frequently upon fifty or sixty mules more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them—but the fact is so.”—p. 88.

The retreat from Burgos, every step of which may be traced in the Dispatches, is one of the most masterly ever executed; and one cannot read without astonishment the sagacity and the decision with which he moved all the pieces on that complicated chessboard, without even the loss of a pawn to the adversary, though we see in the Dispatches, and find in the *MS. Notes*, that there were occurrences in his own army that might excuse some loss of temper.

When at the close of this retreat, about the middle of November, 1812, the English General took up a position on the frontier of Portugal, he found collected in front of him all the French forces in the north of Spain, which he estimates—and he says he has always found his estimates correct—at full 90,000 men—of whom about 12,000, or, as the French themselves reported, 14,000 were cavalry—and they had probably 200 pieces of cannon. (*Disp.* ix. 563.) Wellington had 52,000 British and Portuguese, of whom 4000 were British cavalry. He had also from 12,000 to 15,000 Spaniards nominally under his orders. How many were actually with them, and what they may have added to his real force, we have no means of estimating, but taking them at their full amount, he had a majority of above 20,000 men against him. Yet even with this vast inferiority of numbers he again managed to stop the invaders short, and forced them to ‘canton their armies in Old Castille and the valley of the Tagus, and wait the arrival of fresh reinforcements and means from France.’ This result was obtained, he goes on to say, ‘by the possession of the strong places of *Ciudad Rodrigo* and *Badajoz*, the two great entrances into Portugal, which it is not possible for the enemy to attack’ (*ib.* 555)—and thus he explains and justifies his determination in the beginning of the year (to which we have already called the attention of our readers, p. 279) to possess himself *at any price* of these two places, alternately the keys of Spain and of Portugal. Thus again exhibiting by *facts* the sagacity with which—to use M. Maurel's happy expression—he *diminished the share that fortune might have in events*. If he had not been checked be-



fore Burgos, the loss incurred by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz might have remained on the page of history with a colour of haste or recklessness; but as events turned out, it became the immediate cause of the ultimate deliverance of Spain and Portugal, and subsequently of all Europe, as we shall now see:—

‘In the campaigns of 1813,’ says M. Maurel, ‘the influence of Wellington was still greater and more evident than in those of 1812. By a last effort of genius [a *gigantic exertion of despotism* would be a truer description] Napoleon had repaired the disasters of Moscow and had re-entered Germany at the head of a powerful army. He won the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and forced the allies to sign on the 1st of June the armistice of Pleaswitz. A congress was to assemble at Prague to treat of peace. Austria held the balance. The position of Bonaparte was still hopeful. He was victorious in Germany—his lieutenants had re-occupied Madrid—Wellington was in Portugal, and whatever might be M. de Metternich’s private opinion, Buonaparte was still in a powerful position. Hardly had the armistice been signed, and before the congress could be assembled, it becomes known that *all is lost in Spain*. In forty days Wellington has turned successively all the positions of the French armies of the south, the centre, and the north—he has crossed the Tormes, the Douro, the Esala, the Carrion, and the Ebro. He has reached Vittoria. There he has won a decisive battle, and King Joseph is now expelled, not from Madrid, but Spain. Wellington is on the Pyrenees and may enter France when he will. He was on the frontier of Portugal in the beginning of May—on the 23d of June he is on the frontier of France. If one wishes to understand what this battle of Vittoria was, he has but to read the following extract from the Official Report drawn up at Bayonne by General Gazan, the chief of the staff of the French Army:—“The army have lost everything—all their baggage, all their equipages, all their cannon, all their money, all their stores and provisions, all their papers, so that no one can reckon either what he has or what is due to him. Officers and even generals have no other clothes than those on their backs, and the greater number of them had not even shoes to their feet.”’—p. 89.

M. Maurel adds that, in spite of so awkward a preliminary to the congress of Prague, ‘Buonaparte affected to think that this victory had made no change in his position, and thought he had set all right again by forbidding that the *Moniteur* should make any mention of the battle of Vittoria!’ He was mistaken, ‘and judged as ill of the policy of M. de Metternich as he had done of the fortitude of the Emperor Alexander—the patriotism of the Prussians—and the military genius of Wellington.’ (*Id.*)

We find in the *M.S. Notes* a very interesting account, from the Duke’s own mouth, of the circumstances which M. Maurel has

thus cleverly sketched, and which we may adduce as an additional instance of the sagacity with which he seizes the true points of his subject:—

‘D. of W. When I advanced upon Burgos the second time, and had taken my measures for driving back all the French posts and attacking the place, I was very much surprised by a loud explosion—they had blown up Burgos.

‘Gurwood. Did they not blow it up rather too soon, Sir?

‘D. Why yes; we were even told that there was a whole battalion which in their hurry they blew up with the place. When I heard and saw this explosion (for I was within a few miles, and the effect was tremendous) I made a sudden resolution [*with emphasis*] INSTANTLY—to cross the Ebro and endeavour to push the French at once to the Pyrenees. We had heard of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and the Armistice; and the affairs of the Allies in Germany looked very ill. All about me were against my crossing the Ebro: they represented that we had done enough—that we ought not to risk the army and what we had already gained—that this Armistice would enable Buonaparte to reinforce his army in Spain—that we therefore should look to a defensive system and take up the line of the Ebro, &c. I thought otherwise. I asked them what they meant by taking up the line of the Ebro, a river 300 miles long; and what good I was to do along that line? I knew that the Armistice could not affect, in the way of reinforcement, so distant an army as that of Spain. I thought that if I could not *hurtle* the French out of Spain before they were reinforced, I should not be able to hold any position in Spain when they should be so; and above all, I calculated on the effect that a victory might have on the Armistice itself; in short, I would not listen to the advice. I crossed the river and pushed the French till I overtook them at Vittoria. The event showed I was right in my military expectations—and I found afterwards that I was equally right in my political speculations—the victory excited a great sensation in Germany, and particularly at the head-quarters of the Allies. The way it reached them was this—Buonaparte was at Dresden when the account of the battle reached him, in an extraordinary short space of time, and he immediately resolved to send Soult to take the command in Spain (as being, as he told Bubna, the Austrian Minister at Dresden, “la meilleure tête militaire que nous ayons”).\* Bubna soon found out the extent of the victory; and he sent off a secret messenger to Count Stadion, who, with the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Prince Metternich, were at a château in Silesia, where the messenger arrived in the middle of the night. Stadion, as soon as he had read

\* This he seems to have often repeated. He told Col. Desprès, an aide-de-camp of King Joseph’s, who reached him at Moscow, ‘that Marshal Soult was la seule tête militaire qu’il eut en Espagne.’—(Napier, v. 598.) The Emperor was not, nor is, alone in this estimate; we may suspect, however, that his Majesty’s opinion was at that moment strengthened by the remonstrances which Soult had made against the measures taken after the battle of Salamanca.—*Id.* 590.

the letter, went immediately along the corridors of the chateau, knocking at the doors of the Kings and Ministers, and calling them all (with some very bryuyantes expressions of joy) to get up, for he had good news from Spain. They soon assembled, and, seeing that it was a blow that in all probability would deliver Spain, the Austrians took their line, and hostilities re-commenced. You know the rest.'—*MS. Notes.*

When the Duke crosses the Pyrenees and enters France he appears in a still more remarkable light—in the combined character of the conqueror of the French armies and the protector of the French people. M. Maurel does full justice to this new phase of his glory, and dwells on the magnanimity with which he determined to send back into their own country the whole of the Spanish troops—30,000 men—'although they were excellent soldiers,' and who were of course of the utmost importance to his movements—because he could neither by advice, threats nor punishment, prevent their plundering the French peasantry. The Spanish generals solicited to be spared this disgrace; the Duke told them roundly that they were as much to blame as their soldiers; but so far acceded to their penitent request that a considerable number were present—though of little use—at the battle of Toulouse.

'Of this victory, which,' says M. Maurel, 'has been so much argued about, *there is but one word to be said*,—that Soult, in his own private letter to Suchet, does not look on himself as the conqueror.' Here M. Maurel must excuse us. As to the victory itself he need not have said even *one word*—we wanted not Marshal Soult's *private letter*—we have his public deeds and dates. But we think M. Maurel might have spared a few words to expose one of the most flagrant instances of the system of imposture which he, on other occasions, so ably stigmatizes. We ourselves will never submit to any misrepresentation or ambiguity on the subject; and we therefore repeat, that in the battle of the 10th April Marshal Soult was driven from his fortified position into the town; next day he abandoned the town—that night his army fled, marching twenty-two miles, and in the utmost disorder; the third day found him at Castelnau-dary, forty miles from Toulouse, and preparing to continue his flight, when the armistice concluded in Paris extended its protection to him. We cannot forget that when Marshal Soult was sent here as ambassador to the Queen's coronation, the French press and the French Government took that *favourable opportunity* of claiming for him—with a parade meant to be insulting, but in truth only contemptible—the *victory of*

Toulouse; and poor King Louis Philippe had the weakness to countenance this most glaring of falsehoods by subscribing officially 1000 francs towards erecting, on the field that Soult had abandoned, a monument in honour of his *victory*. We cannot but wish, merely for his own sake, that M. Maurel had marked a little more strongly this *fanfarronade*, which we think as discreditable as anything that can be reproached to Buonaparte himself. The honest historian, who has to account for the overthrow of the monarchy of July, will have many such concessions to add to the grand and most fatal one of sending a Bourbon Prince to bring home the bones of *him* whom his own Archbishop and Ambassador, M. de Pradt, estimated no higher than a '*Jupiter-Scapin!*' and whom Louis Philippe himself publicly characterized as '*a Corsican Usurper, whose atrocious designs he prayed Divine Providence to defeat!*'—*Letter of the Duke of Orleans to Bishop Watson, 28th July, 1804.*

M. Maurel, following out his theme of the noble conduct which the Duke pursued and inspired at last among all around him towards the French people, says:—

'He had taken such an irresistible ascendancy over the Basques as well as over all the population of the frontier, that Marshal Soult fairly told the French ministry, who had written to him about raising a *levée en masse*, that such a measure could not be thought of, as he found that the country people carried their money and drove away their cattle to seek protection in the lines of the English army.\*

This high and conciliatory line of conduct was, M. Maurel thinks, even as much as his victories, the motive which, on the return of Buonaparte, induced all the Powers of Europe to constitute him in truth Generalissimo of their armies.

'It was not only his victories and his immense military successes that pointed him out to the choice of Europe. He had shown an elevation of thought, a simplicity of purpose, a height of probity, and a depth of good sense, which, in the midst of such a whirlwind, such an insanity of ambition as he was opposed by, seemed not merely admirable, but miraculous. His genius, his character, the whole current of his life and deeds, and his slow and gradual growth, all concurred in making him the most effective obstacle that Europe could oppose to the aggression of Buonaparte.'—p. 115.

\* Hereabouts M. Maurel makes a droll mistake: in expatiating on the disinterestedness of the Duke of Wellington, he represents his own pecuniary affairs as being in such disorder that he is *harassed by his creditors*, &c. M. Maurel has omitted the word '*public*' before '*creditors*' (*Dispatches*, xi. 387), and has strangely mistaken the *public* finances for the Duke's own.

We need not say how this confidence was justified at Waterloo and after!

M. Maurel, as might be anticipated, treats the three days' campaign at Waterloo impartially, and with general accuracy, and arrives at a fair and full appreciation of the extent and consequences of the victory. He disposes, shortly indeed, but still conclusively, of the two grand pretexts of a concurrence of accidents and a superiority of numbers, to which his countrymen usually attribute Wellington's success. He shows clearly that the battle was won independently of any of those supposed fortunate accidents, and he admits (though not, as we shall show presently, to the full extent of the fact) that the Duke had no numerical superiority. On both these important heads of strategy and numbers there is, we think, something to be added to Mr. Maurel's

statements. He shows that long before actual operations commenced Wellington had taken his own sagacious and confident view of the result, and had made general arrangements for the entry of the allies into France, an event of which he never doubted. But we a little wonder that he does not allude more distinctly to the imputation—silly enough in itself, but having obtained, from the barefaced falsehood of Buonaparte himself at St. Helena, and the servile echoes of his party both in France and England—a degree of currency that makes it worth notice—that the Duke was surprised at Waterloo. A few words, we hope, will clear up that point, even to the meanest capacity.

Two great armies were spread in extensive cantonments for above one hundred miles along their respective frontiers, thus :

The Sea.	Ostend.	Ghent.	Ath.	Bruxelles.	Fleurus.	Gembloux.	Namur.
	* 38m.	* 30	* 30	.. *	.. 25	* .. 15	.. * 12 .. *
FRONTIER.							
	* .. 40m.	* 30	.. *	.. 20	.. * .. 10	.. * .. 18	.. * .. 25 *
	Dunkirk.	Lille.	Valenciennes.	Maubeuge.	Beaumont.	Philippeville.	Givet.

This diagram shows the chief places of the two lines of cantonments, and a rough estimate of the distance in miles between the towns, though their position is by no means equidistant from the frontier as we are forced to represent it. The French towns may be from five to twelve miles, and the allied towns from twenty to thirty miles, from the frontier.

It is evident at once that whichever party should determine on being the assailant, would, within a few hours, collect his forces by a lateral movement to the point whence he intended to move, and from that point he would reckon on surprising the single corps of the enemy's line opposite to him. It was doubtful—not merely to the public but to the armies, their Generals, and the governments on all sides—which was likely to move first—Buonaparte himself seems to have hesitated long about his own course. Soult and all his military confidants advised a defensive system, and to await the advance of the enemy behind the strong line of French fortresses (*Beauchamp*, ii. 240), and this was certainly the best course in a military point of view; but his political position was so precarious, and his personal impatience so great, that he decided, probably not much before the 12th of June, when he left Paris, on taking the offensive; but here again would arise complicated uncertainties. Which of three plans was he to adopt? 1, To move from Lille upon the

English right, and cut them off from the sea; or, 2, to move from Maubeuge on the English left, and drive them back to the sea; or, 3, to move from Philippeville or Givet, to attack the Prussians behind Namur, and force them back into Germany?—The second of these plans was probably the uppermost in his mind; but the advance of the Prussians towards a junction with the English resolved the two latter plans into one, and decided the question: on the 13th he was at Avesnes, and thence issued orders for the concentration of his troops at Beaumont on the night of the 14th; and it was probably not till he heard at Avesnes what the Prussians were about that he had finally decided on his precise point of attack; on the 15th his army advanced, crossing the Sambre at Charleroi; and a forced march of between thirty and forty miles brought him into the neighbourhood of the Prussians at Fleurus. The Duke of Wellington, so far from being unprepared, had all his troops distributed and his measures taken to meet whichever of those probable attempts should be made; and, as he himself tells us—

'as soon as he had intelligence to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real point of attack' (*Dispat.* xii. 478)—

he moved all the troops already stationed along his front in that direction—bringing up himself the reserves from Brussels, and meeting the enemy more than half-way at

Quatre-Bras; and Buonaparte was much more surprised at finding Wellington at Quatre-Bras, who he thought was only in front of Brussels, than Wellington could be at finding him whom he had come expressly to meet. If Buonaparte had come by Lille and Valenciennes, Wellington, *in utrumque paratus*, would have probably met him on the side of Ath. If he had come by Namur, the Duke might have met him at Gembloux—he chose to come by Charleroi, and he met him at Quatre-Bras. All these points of rendezvous were about equally within reach of Brussels, the protection of which was the first object, and where, as from a centre, Wellington was awaiting to see to which point of the circumference his force was to radiate. But the Duke, forsooth, was at a ball. He might as well be at a ball as in bed; but even the ball entered into his calculations. General Muffling, the Prussian officer attached to his staff, tells us, in his recently published Memoirs, that

‘towards midnight the Duke entered my room, and said, “I have got news from Mons, from General Dornberg, who reports [that the French were coming by Charleroi], &c.; therefore orders for the concentration of my army at Nivelles and Quatre-Bras are already dispatched. The numerous friends of Napoleon who are here will raise their heads; the well-disposed must be tranquillised; let us, therefore, go all the same to the ball of the Duchess of Richmond; after which, about five o’clock, we can ride off to the troops assembled at Quatre-Bras.” All took place accordingly; the Duke appeared very cheerful at the ball, where all the great people of Brussels were collected: he remained there till three o’clock, and about five o’clock we were on horseback.’

‘All the world knows the severe reproaches which Napoleon directed against Ney for having been *so late* at Quatre Bras. It was, he said, the key of the whole campaign, and all was lost because they found, to their great surprise, that Wellington had occupied it in too great force to be dislodged. So vanishes the envious fable of a ‘surprise.’

We have also a word to say on M. Maurel’s statement of the respective forces in the battle of Waterloo. He frankly acknowledges—what we all know, though the French in general do not choose to believe it—that our official returns are of the most scrupulous accuracy—the name of each individual man present, killed, wounded, or missing, in any British *regiment* or *ship*, is as scrupulously reported as it would be in a parish register. M. Maurel has therefore, with perfect confidence, abstracted the detailed official return given in the Dispatches,

and which gives the British army, as present in the field on the morning of the 18th June, 1815:—

Artillery and engineers . . .	7,310
Cavalry . . .	9,403
Infantry (including the German Legion 3,845) . . .	20,159
	<hr/> 36,872

So far is certain; but we know not on what authority he carries the Duke’s auxiliary troops to the following numbers:—

Brunswickers . . .	8,000
Hanoverians . . .	9,000
Dutch or Belgians . . .	17,000
	<hr/> 34,000*

We have no official evidence to test this statement by, but we find that General Guillaume (who latterly chose to call himself *de Vaudoncourt*), a violent Buonapartist, and who is most unscrupulously anxious to inflame the Duke of Wellington’s numbers, reckons these auxiliaries at only 25,000, which we are still inclined to think an exaggeration of at least 5,000 men. We have already seen the Duke of Wellington’s own opinion on this point (*ante*, p. 271). The whole difference, however, is as to the numbers of the auxiliaries, and it is enough to repeat M. Maurel’s former remark on the Campaigns in Spain, that, even when the numbers appeared equal, the unity of Buonaparte’s army, as against the diversity of Wellington’s, was already a vast superiority—how immense was it on this occasion, when, against 75,000, or, as the Duke thought, little short of 80,000, of the best soldiers of France, he had the disadvantage of having to manage, as M. Maurel says, ‘five or six different nations’—some of whom, for want of discipline, would hardly obey his orders, and for want of experience hardly knew how! It is very natural that M. Maurel, who has found, we understand, a hospitable asylum in Belgium, should wish to speak delicately on this delicate subject, and he does it with a mixture of address and truth which has somewhat amused us:—

‘These auxiliary armies may be ranged in two classes—the one, a great number of recruits and young soldiers who had never seen fire; and the other, old soldiers—Belgians, Dutch, and Germans—who had served long under Buonaparte, and were now suspected of serving reluctantly

\* By some error in his addition M. Maurel’s total is 37,890. We cannot discover how this discrepancy between his own figures arises, unless he reckoned the German Legion twice over.

against him. These suspicions were profoundly unjust. The Belgians, Dutch, and Germans conducted themselves with the *most brilliant courage and the greatest loyalty*. But the fact is, that the Duke of Wellington, knowing how superior in every way the French cavalry and artillery were, placed all his reliance on this 20,000 British infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo.

We have no inclination to revive any of those delicate questions to which M. Maurel alludes: we are quite satisfied with his candid confession that the Duke of Wellington, who knew pretty well how to handle troops, was reduced 'to place all his reliance on the 16,000 British and 4000 Hanoverian infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo!' We quite agree with M. Maurel that any suspicion of the auxiliaries being *disaffected* to the general cause and inclined to desert to Buonaparte would be unjust. Some of the Dutch corps behaved well, and three of them are mentioned in the Duke's great Despatch; but some of them were under a delusion as to the invincibility of Napoleon, which produced unlucky accidents. We find in the *MS. Notes* an interesting anecdote that will illustrate this part of the subject in the Duke's own characteristic style of telling the truth, while he good-naturedly suggests what may be urged in palliation:—

'The *prestige* of Buonaparte had an enormous influence on his troops. I'll give you an instance. There was a Dutch corps in the French army in the Peninsula—which *I knew very well*, for I had followed them from the Tagus to the Bidassoa—and they were always in the French rear-guard, and no men could behave better. On the counter-revolution in Holland they came over to us, and I sent them home by sea. The next time I saw my Dutch friends was on the field of Waterloo, where they were with the Dutch army under my orders; and, knowing them to be steady, good soldiers, I placed them in the garden of Hougoumont; but no sooner did they see the great French columns moving down upon them, but they took fright and ran away, and *I was obliged myself to go down to try and rally them*, but I could not. The Austrian General Vincent was with me, and I said to him, "There are the troops with which I am to win this battle." He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*C'est bien malheureux*." But luckily I had my own people at hand, and we kept Hougoumont and won the battle without the help of my old acquaintance, who were still possessed with the opinion of the invincibility of Buonaparte. This idea, which was even stronger amongst the officers of the continental armies than the soldiers, had a most powerful influence over every body—even emperors and kings; and you may judge what it must have had with his own troops."—*MS. Note*.

This anecdote exhibits another trait of the

Duke's character, which ought not to be unnoticed. He knew very well that it was not his proper duty on such a day to mix himself in the partial skirmishes that might occur on so extensive a field, and we have no doubt that if he had seen that a *British* regiment had given way he would have left to its own officers and the general commanding the corps the care of rallying them, but on this occasion he *went himself*, because *He 'knew these men very well,'* because they had '*come over to him in Spain,*' and *He 'had sent them home,'* and he naturally concluded that *He* was like to have a personal influence over them which no one else could have. Hence that risk—*dignus vindice nodus!*

When this great victory had opened to the allies, who had abundant cause for exasperation, the fields of France and the gates of Paris, there was, says M. Maurel,

'Nothing that more honourably distinguished the Duke of Wellington amongst the many illustrious figures of the period than his deep disdain of anything that could look like vengeance, of any feeling of jealousy or of rancour. The same perfect calm—the complete self-possession which he had preserved in the most difficult and painful circumstances of his career, he still preserves in the midst of his triumph. . . . His first thought on escaping from the terrible tumult of the battle was the peace and integrity of France.'—p. 127.

M. Maurel shows his own real patriotism and his intelligent affection for his country in dwelling with gratitude on the generous influence which the Duke was always prompt to exercise in her favour. 'We had been making war,' said the Duke, 'on Buonaparte, not on France;' and, whether advancing from the South in 1814, or from the North in 1815, he was desirous of being thought of, not as a conqueror, but as a deliverer from an odious military tyranny; and he was equally anxious to avoid doing injury to individual interests as offending public feeling. It is remarkable how identical in substance, and almost in terms, was the Duke's proclamation on entering France to that which Shakspeare attributes to Henry V. on a like occasion:—

'And we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages—nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.'—*Henry V.*, act iii. scene 5.

Such was the principle that before the battle dictated the prospective measures he had taken for the invasion of France. Such

was the able letter to Prince Metternich, in which, on the 14th of June, the Duke details the reasons for a convention which he proposed should be entered into between Louis XVIII. and the Allied Powers, by which on their entrance into France the most important as well as the most delicate of all questions—the subsistence of these immense and independent armies—was to be conducted by French authorities, and under the King's government. Nothing could be at once so conciliatory and so effective as this arrangement, by which the subsistence of the armies would be secured without bringing them into vexatious contact with the population, and by which a duty, unpopular in itself, might be adroitly made to conduce to the weight of the King's authority, and strength to the Royalist party.

Such precisely is the tone of a letter of the 11th of August to Lord Castlereagh, in which he develops the principle on which the war was really made, and which ought to reconcile the French people to the result, even at the cost of their military reverses, which, he often says, are not those of the French nation, but of Napoleon Buonaparte. He sees and he laments that France has a dangerous preponderance in Europe, but he will not consent to diminish it by any breach of good faith:—

'The French people submitted to Buonaparte, but it would be ridiculous to suppose that the allies would be in possession of Paris in a fortnight after one battle fought, if the French people in general had not been favourably disposed to the cause which the allies were supposed to favour.'—p. 129.

The whole of that letter, written in confidence to his colleague, ought—*sua si bona norint*—to have made the Duke of Wellington with the French nation the most popular of statesmen after having been the most modest of conquerors. But, as M. Maurel remarks in the outset, Buonaparte was the symbol of Revolution, and the Duke was the symbol of Order; and for sixty years, revolution—no matter in what direction—backwards, forwards, up or down—Louis Philippe—Louis Blanc—Louis Napoleon—anything—any one—that is *not* legal and legitimate—has been the principle of all those noisy classes who arrogate to themselves the claim of conferring popularity. Bacon said that knowledge is power. This is true in the abstract, and was still more so when *knowledge was reason*; but we have unhappily too much evidence that in modern times *noise is power*; and if we were driven to select the most commanding trait of the Duke of Wellington's career, it

would be that he had made his way indifferent, though not deaf, to mere popular noise, till it at length died away, soon to revive into a pealing anthem of national gratitude, admiration, and affection.

M. Maurel commences some very judicious observations on the Duke's personal disposition and temper, by a protest against the false idea that might be raised by the surname of the *Iron Duke*. His remarks are perfectly just, but he mistakes, as a foreigner might naturally do, the date and cause of that appellation. He says—

'the horror the Duke had of pillage, and of every kind of disorder or excess, and his inflexible severity in maintaining discipline, have gained for him the surname of the *Iron Duke*.'—p. 137.

Now, if our recollection be correct, this epithet—though it would, no doubt, have been applicable enough to the Duke's rigid sense of duty on all occasions—had no relation to his military character, and, in fact, was never heard of till the *last very few years*; and, we believe, it was occasioned thus:—The eminence of the Duke, and his known sense of justice, exposed him to a vast number of applications from a variety of persons, a few of whom might have had some, but the great majority had not the slightest claim on his interposition. Yet he had always the courtesy to answer the applicants, and was often too ready to credit the appeals made to his charity. When this habit of his came to be known, it is, we have been informed, almost incredible what a waste of his time and patience those applications inflicted upon him. Faithful to his principle of considering himself a public servant, he would not give up answering these importunities and impertinences; but at last, finding that his correspondents not only increased, but were proud of showing his letters, he fell into the habit of making his answers as concise as possible; and to persons who he thought had no right to address him, he would throw in some expression which without being uncivil, would at least not flatter the impertinent correspondent, nor encourage a continuance of so inconvenient and annoying a practice. Some of these answers got into the newspapers, and amused the public by their dry epigrammatism. The hundreds of *benevolent, instructive, and affectionate* letters that he wrote to those who had some claim to his advice, were known but to him and them, while the public saw only the hard, dry specimens with which the newspapers amused them—and which, after all, are admirable specimens of their kind.

The same observation may be made as to his manners. In private, nothing could be

easier, more cheerful, more social, more entirely unaffected, more personally obliging; but, when it came to matters of business, he was staid, attentive, cold—above all things, scrupulous of not exciting hopes or incurring liabilities beyond his precise intentions. In political differences of opinion, when they were candid, he was indulgent and accommodating. It was only when he suspected something of trick or intrigue that his nature suddenly hardened against it; and two or three remarkable instances of this kind which became public made of course more impression than the much more numerous but less known occasions in which he appeared in the character which he loved best of all—both in public and private—that of a peace-maker. About twelve or fourteen years ago, when iron roads, and iron ships, and iron everything were in fashion, some one, in reference to the general opinion of the Duke's inflexibility, called him the *Iron Duke*; and as the phrase had enough of compliment to please his admirers and of criticism to gratify those who were not, and of truth to satisfy both, it has obtained a kind of trivial vogue, of which, *when it is rightly understood*, we have no inclination to deprive it.

After this explanation, we pursue with pleasure M. Maurel's qualification of the term *Iron Duke*, which would be very just if it had been (as he supposed) applied to him in his campaigns:—

'There may be something of truth in this expression, but we must not take it too literally. It would give a very false idea of the character of the man. It was only true when applied to a graver class of offences or errors which were likely to compromise the interests of the State or the safety of the Army.

'But, moreover,' adds M. Maurel, 'there never was a general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers, or who endeavoured to lighten their labours, their privations, and their fatigue, with a more paternal affection. Never did a commander-in-chief take more care, or give himself more trouble, to secure the individual and general comfort of his army. When some minor fault occurred, that did not seem to compromise higher interests, he was not only placable, but even indulgent, and *good-natured* in the full and honest vulgarity of the term!'

M. Maurel proceeds to illustrate this feeling by instances from the Dispatches, and especially one remarkable letter, in which he deprecates what might do honour to himself at the risk of giving pain to others. One of his friends (whose name is left blank in the Dispatches, and M. Maurel designates as 'Mr. A.,' but who, we believe, was Mr. Croker) had some idea of writing an account of the battle of Waterloo, and had mentioned

it to the Duke, who, however, dissuaded him from what he feared might be an invidious undertaking. M. Maurel truly calls it 'a very original letter':—

'The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which or the exact moment at which they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value and importance.

'Then the faults or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the causes of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged.

'Believe me, every man that you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in an account of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unnoticed, it is better for the general interest to leave those parts of the story untold than to tell the whole truth.'—*Maurel*, p. 138; *Disp.* xii. 590.

But, besides this gentlemanlike reserve and consideration for the feelings and characters of those of whom he could not honestly record his public approbation, there are scattered through the Dispatches numerous instances, the most minute as well as the most elevated, of the natural benevolence and humanity of his heart, and of its unaffected tenderness towards his private friends. Though such details might not fall within the scope of M. Maurel's general essay, and though every one who has read the Dispatches must be familiar with them, we cannot refrain from improving our own humble sketch by one or two instances picked up, as it were, on the field of Waterloo.

Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, had long been one of the Duke's aides-de-camp. About the middle of the day, whilst endeavouring to rally one of the Brunswick battalions, he received a mortal wound, and died that night. The very next day, besides writing his great dispatch and arranging the infinite business that such a situation required, the Duke found, or we should rather say *made*, time for announcing, with his own hand, to Lord Aberdeen their double loss:—

'Your gallant brother,' wrote the Duke, 'lived long enough to be informed *by myself* of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

'I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions,



so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss.

'Your brother had a black horse, given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it.'—*Disp.* xii. 488.

The moral sentiment of this letter, which affords war its only excuse, and the loss of friends its best consolation, is of the highest order; but the remembrance and identification, at such a moment, of the *black horse*, which poor Gordon's friends would naturally prize so much, creates in us something of the same impression that filled a hundred thousand eyes when the Duke's *own horse* was seen, as it followed, with empty saddle and drooping head, the hearse of its illustrious master!

On the same day, and in the same peculiar circumstances, he wrote to the Duke of Beaufort to announce the severe wound of his brother, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, another of his aides-de-camp. Indeed, we believe that hardly one of his staff escaped unhurt—so arduous was the conflict, and so prominent his position.

'I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother Fitzroy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired. I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.'

These hopes were happily fulfilled; but it is due to the constancy of the Duke's friendships, and the importance of Lord Fitzroy's services to him and to the country, to observe the singular, and to both most honourable, circumstance, that from July, 1808, when the young Lord joined—as an extra aide-de-camp—the young General then about to sail for his first expedition to Portugal, they never were separated except during the short interval in which the former was sent home with the Talavera despatch, and again when recovering from his wound at

Waterloo—Lord Fitzroy following his illustrious friend's career *gradatim*, we may say, for above forty-four years, in the progressive characters of aide-de-camp, private secretary, secretary of embassy at Paris, minister plenipotentiary there during the Duke's absence at Vienna, secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and, finally, as military secretary at the Horse Guards, till the fatal 14th September, 1852. He has been, during his whole life, so close to the great luminary, that he has been as it were absorbed in its splendour; but such a proximity is of itself fame, and closer observers saw that the pupil was personally worthy of the master; and during the long and difficult years of his service at the Ordnance and at the Horse Guards we have never happened to hear so much as a murmur of complaint of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. On the death of the Duke his eminent services received what we should have called a *tardy* reward, if he had not considered his connexion with his illustrious friend as its own reward. He was created a peer, and the country enjoys, at a moment when they seem peculiarly needed, the services of Lord Raglan as Master-General of the Ordnance. No one, we hope, will think that we have, in a review of the Duke of Wellington's life, misplaced this tribute to his oldest and closest military follower and friend and nearest witness, and, in his proper measure, the companion of his glory.

These, it may be said, are instances of friendship for highborn men connected with him by peculiar ties. Let us take two others which we find in the Despatches, where there were no such influences. On the 30th September, 1803, General Wellesley writes to General Lake, the Commander-in-Chief in India, to solicit a favour for one Lieutenant Campbell:—

'From the conduct of Lieutenant Campbell at the attack of the pettah of Ahmednuggur, I was induced to appoint him my Brigade-Major; and since that time, and particularly in the battle of the 23rd (Assaye), he has conducted himself much to my satisfaction. He had two horses killed under him, and was struck himself, and had a brother and a cousin killed in that action. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to your favour.'—*Disp.*, i. 414.

The application was not successful! and when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned home eighteen months later, he could not, of course, take his *protégé* from his regiment; but one of the very last letters he wrote on his departure was to recapitulate Lieutenant Campbell's services, and to ask as a personal favour that his brother, the Governor-General, would show him some countenance,

and he accordingly became aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley. The remarkable details of the circumstances that first created this peculiar interest have been already told in a former article in this Journal, which we must now venture to reproduce.

'The important fort of Ahmednuggur was taken by a most gallant escalade; in the thick of the assault General Wellesley saw a young officer who had reached the top of the "very lofty wall" thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed, by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris—continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air*: that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, a Major-General in the army, and Governor of Nova Scotia?'—*Q. R.* vol. li. p. 423.

We have now to add an important circumstance omitted in this statement. We do so on the authority of a gentleman than whom few enjoyed more of the Duke's society. As his Grace repeatedly told the details in his hearing, young Colin not only mounted the ladder at the Indian fort a second time, but, getting within the place, forthwith contrived to arrange his own company into perfect order, so as to hold in check the still numerous garrison;—General Wellesley, on himself entering the town, recognized him by the bloody handkerchief round his head, and observed his steady conduct till all was over.

Another similar instance is that of Colonel Gurwood, immortalized, we may venture to say, as the editor of the Dispatches in a note to which his gallant exploit at Badajoz, and consequent introduction to the Duke's notice, is briefly and modestly stated.

Many such instances could be repeated, and some too that, from being of a far humbler class, were not the less amiable—such as the poor old Irishwoman Judy, who having been accidentally employed to make his bed early in the Peninsular campaigns, he would never permit to be displaced. She was for the rest of her life provided with a cottage adjoining the offices at Strathfieldsaye, and her  *fervent blessings* on her benefactor, uttered with the genuine accent and feeling of her country, in return for his constant re-

cognition of her, used to amuse and better than amuse, the visitors at Strathfieldsaye.

We may add that the two last times he left Walmer Castle were to visit an old friend who, he happened to hear, was in ill health, and within fifteen miles of him; and on one of these occasions as he was returning through Dover, he stopped at the corner of a bye street to make some inquiry, which turned out to be after the health of one of the pilots or some other subordinate person, whom he desired to be told to take care of himself, and not to return to his duties until he should be quite well. These were, we believe, his last appearances beyond his own threshold! The incidents themselves are trivial, but they tend to show that it was not in his private and social intercourse that this not more illustrious than kind-hearted man could be called the *Iron Duke*.

We now return to M. Maurel. In our general testimony to his candour, we must not be supposed to subscribe to all his views. There are points—though we admit very few—on which we think he is not quite above national prejudices. We do not complain of them. On the contrary, they are the stamp of the writer's sincerity in the main and more important portions of his essay. If he were not a *good Frenchman*, we should not have so much respect for his opinion. There is but one of these points which we see any occasion to notice, and we wish to treat it with M. Maurel *à l'aimable* as a matter of history. After doing justice to the success of the Duke's administration of affairs and to that of his diplomatic exertions in the negotiations at Paris, he adds—

'This success is quite enough to console him for the checks which he had afterwards to suffer in this line. In expiation of his triumphs on the field of battle, he had the pleasure of being beaten by M. de Châteaubriand and by M. de Montmorancy and by M. de Villèle in the field of diplomacy.'—p. 141.

And this he attributes to the Duke's having been in a false position at the Congress (we suppose) of Verona—where, he says, England being on one hand the enemy of all revolutions, but, on the other hand, an enemy to putting them down by foreign intervention, he had in fact nothing left but to protest against everybody on all sides.

We wonder that a person of M. Maurel's logic does not see that his statement, instead of extenuating, as he kindly intends, the Duke's diplomatic defeat, does much better, for it contradicts the *fact* itself, since, if his position was originally and essentially hos-

tle to all the contending parties, he could hardly be said to have been 'beaten' by the *diplomacy* of one of them. No one better understands, and no one has more lucidly shown, than M. Maurel himself, that the Duke of Wellington's mind was not to be baffled by the tricks and intrigues of mere diplomacy, and we can assure him that, if a supplementary publication of 'Dispatches' should come to complete the history of the Duke's public life, it will be made very clear that he was no more beaten in the cabinet by Châteaubriand, Montmorency, and Villèle, than in the field by Marmont, Massena or Soult.

That France did invade Spain, contrary to the *advice* given by the Duke of Wellington from his Government, and corroborated by his own private opinion, is true, but there was no room for any trial of diplomatic skill or struggle in the affair; he gave his advice, but only advice, and advice so disinterested and so rational, that it is said to have had a great effect on the mind of the ablest and wisest of the French ministers whom M. Maurel has named—M. de Villèle—though he was subsequently overborne by his rasher colleagues. Nay, it happens by a singular coincidence that, on the Duke of Wellington's return through Paris from this very mission in which M. Maurel thinks he was defeated by the French diplomatists, he had an audience of Louis XVIII. to repeat the advice he had given at Verona, and the King, says M. Lamartine, 'who had long before discerned that the Duke was a *statesman* as well as a soldier, was, like M. de Villèle, much affected by his opinion.\* Whatever of diplomatic struggle there was in the affair was in the French Ministry itself, and fatal were its results. M. de Montmorency was dismissed, and replaced by M. de Châteaubriand, who (we say it with personal regret) giddily and selfishly separated himself from M. de Villèle, thwarted him in all his measures, and finally, by a series of party intrigues, led to the overthrow of the wisest, the most moderate, and, till these unhappy dissensions, the strongest government that the Restoration had had. Thus those three diplomatists whom M. Maurel describes as 'beating the Duke of Wellington in statesmanship,' showed their boasted abilities only in defeating and ruining each other, dethroning their sovereign, and plunging their country in a series of revolutions of which who can foresee the end?

We must now conclude. We have, we are aware, given an imperfect idea of the *entrainant*, though somewhat discursive

style of the original, but we hope that we have added not inconsiderably to its value and authority by the elucidations and corroborations of the author's reasoning afforded by our extracts from the Duke's conversations, and we wish we saw any reason to expect that a work at once so amusing and instructive, so attractive and so convincing, was likely to exercise in France the salutary influence which it certainly would have if it could be read there; but we are informed that it is expressly prohibited in France, and we can ourselves say, in confirmation of the truth of this strange exercise of despotism, that we have been unable to procure a copy at any shop in Paris, and that persons high in the literary and political circles of that centre—as they love to call it—of liberality and civilisation—of literature and of light—had not—when we last heard from Paris—been able to obtain a sight of it. We can scarcely believe such monstrous tyranny, but, if it be true, our regret at the impediment thus arbitrarily interposed to personal justice and to historical truth is considerably alleviated by the consideration that such an impediment is already a testimony, odious, indeed, but decisive, to the truth and justice which it attempts to smother. It is also a wholesome and instructive lesson to see that the grand constitutional principles which France boasts of having conquered and consecrated in 1789—that the expansive liberties of the Republic, which they tell us have survived and excused its horrors—that the ineffaceable and immortal glories of the old Empire, and finally the stupendous agency of universal suffrage—or, in plainer terms, the omnipotent *gendarmérie* of the new one—are altogether afraid to face a shilling pamphlet, in which there is not a fact, and hardly a word, that is not forty years old—of European notoriety—of the most unquestionable authenticity and veracity, and of which the sole offence can be that a Frenchman ventures to lay before his countrymen *in their own tongue* a review of historical facts which have been for almost half a century inscribed in the annals of all the other nations of the world.

For our parts we confess that it is chiefly for the sake of France herself that we care that M. Maurel's estimate of the Duke of Wellington should make proselytes amongst his countrymen. She is now expatiating in a *strait-waistcoat* her former extravagances, and her prospects are worse than dark; but we still hope and believe that there is in France, under that fear-frozen surface, a depth of good feeling and good sense which must eventually awaken a degree of *moral and political courage* sufficient to deliver her

\* Hist. de la Rest. vol. vii. p. 79.

from the monstrous anomaly that she has during such rapid succession of revolutions and usurpations exhibited, of being at once the wonder, the contempt, and the terror of the rest of the world, and—we really believe—of herself. M. Maurel's work is marked with that moral courage, and we heartily wish that we could extend its influence. Happy will it be for France and the world if she can be taught that the true glory of soldiers and statesmen, and the real safety and dignity of nations, is to be found in those eternal principles of justice and truth, of which the Duke of Wellington was while living, and bequeathed to us in his works, the most per-

fect model. 'Those,' to borrow M. Maurel's eloquent expressions, '*were the qualities by which this man won step by step the admiration of those who began by envying, fearing, and even hating him: and this is the reason THAT HIS NAME—ILLUSTRIOUS AS IT ALREADY IS—WILL GO DOWN WITH STILL INCREASING GRANDEUR TO THE LATEST POSTERITY.*'

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Erratum to last Number, p. 130, for '*eighteen full-manned pilot boats,*' read '*eighteen PILOTS.*' The Act does not prescribe the number of *boats*, but only of the *pilots*, eighteen of whom must be always at sea.



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43.  
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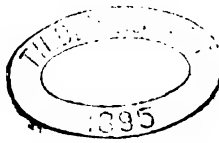
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THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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FOR JULY, 1853.

ART. I.—*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616.* Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation and copious notes, by John O'Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-law. 7 vols. quarto, pp. 4096. Dublin, 1851.

It cannot be said of Ireland that she is much inferior to other countries in such materials for history—such dates and facts—as the annalist supplies. The founder of Irish history was Tighearnach O'Brain, Abbot of Clonmacnois, who, out of scattered materials, compiled and composed the Annals of his native island in a mixture of Latin and Erse, from a certain king Kimbaoth three hundred and five years before Christ, down to A.D. 1088, the year of his own death. He fills a place analogous to that of our Saxon Chronicle; and, if the revival of decorative arts should ever place a temple of history among our public buildings, his honoured niche must not be wanting. Besides his production, the Annals of Ulster, which Johnstone had given in an imperfect form, were edited by Dr. C. O'Connor—the Librarian of Stowe, then flourishing, and rich in Irish manuscripts—together with the Annals of the Isle of Inisfallen, and some others, in the rare and splendid volumes entitled *Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum*. It begins to be acknowledged that this work, honourable to the editor and to the family of his patrons, was thrown into his hands more by circumstances than by his peculiar competency to perform it—though he certainly excelled in his own particular line and department, the knowledge of books and manu-

scripts. His last volume contained the early part of the Annals of the Four Masters, down to the year 1171—the epoch of the English invasion. For this complete edition in Erse and English—extending as it does from the Deluge to the year of our Lord 1616—we are indebted to the man who of all others was best, if not alone, equal to the undertaking.

Mr. O'Donovan was before known as the Grammarian of the language of his forefathers, and conversant with that difficult branch of philology in all its forms—the common, the local, the technical, and the archaic. As the editor and rich commentator of the *Tribes and Customs of the Hy-Mani*, of those of the *Hy-Fiachrach*, and of the *Battle of Moira*, and as the useful coadjutor of nearly all who have laboured in the same vineyard, he is scarcely less known. If you desire to track your way through old and middle Ireland, changed as is its topography from the personal and clan-divided to the territorial and feudal, and from Gaelic forms of speech to English—and if you want a nomenclator to make know to you those whom you encounter on that rough journey, and teach you the pedigrees of individuals and of septs—in short, if you would understand anything of Hibernian history—(ὅν ἐθέλησθα, καὶ αἱ κεν τοὶ τὰ μετέλθῃ)—in him you have the guide that will seldom fail you. It is a higher gratification to be enabled to add that none of the topics on which a national and antiquarian vanity, or the resentments of an old conquest followed by many oppressions, or the jealousies of religious opinion, might be expected to fasten, appear to warp the candour and upright fidelity of this laborious writer. Whether his judgment is yet thoroughly weaned from all the erroneous pre-

possessions of his country's antiquaries, we may have occasions to inquire.

This work—originally a large, and in its present aspect a huge one—was compiled at the Franciscan Convent of Donegal, from which circumstance it was known and cited as the *Annales Dungallenses*. The chief author, Teige O'Clery, surnamed of the *Mountain*, and (in religion) Brother Michael, had claims of high origin, namely, of being descended from the kings of Connaught, and was Guardian of the Franciscans of Donegal. He was aided by his brother and cousin, Cucogry (otherwise Peregrin) and Conaire O'Clery, laymen, and by a fourth person named O'Mulconry. For this reason, and in compliment to their antiquarian diligence, the celebrated biographer of Saints, Father Colgan, invented for it the title *Annales Quatuor Magistrorum*, which has finally prevailed.

Their book does not seem to merit praise for the superior accuracy of its dates, in times or circumstances obscure enough to render the chronology doubtful. Nor does its editor consider the spirit of it thoroughly impartial, as between the northern and southern parts of Ireland; at any rate, it bestows more attention upon the former, with which the *Masters* had a more ample acquaintance. The O'Donnells of Tirconnell are their chosen heroes. Throughout, however, in narrating the struggle of ages between the English and the native people there is a laudable abstinence from bitter words, and it is, upon the whole, a favourable specimen of the lion's painting. But the peculiar value of the *Annals of Donegal*, either to read or to illustrate, consists in their embracing in one series all the ages of Hibernian story, from its remotest fables to the achievement of the Elizabethan conquest.

Erin has, in truth, too much ancient history. When Solomon was reigning in Jerusalem, the first ancestors of Brian Borumha were landing in Kerry. The preceding dynasty had been established thirty years before the taking of Troy. And the race of Belgæ from Gaul, although they visited this nearer island at a period not yet remote when Cæsar was writing, had planted their dynasty in Ireland 1291 years before the Nativity. To those who are able to travel thus far, the anterior races up to the flood will give no great uneasiness. To all these dates, which challenge the kings of Assyria and Sicyon, there is not merely appended, as there is to theirs, a catalogue of names; but the skeleton of history is clothed with many curious particulars.

Down to a pretty recent period all these lays of her harp (or nearly all) were most

implicitly believed by the children of our green-robed sister. With a childlike faith, unquestionable probity, and no mean scholarship and learning, Roderick O'Flaherty digested and vindicated them in a Latin work, which he appropriately named *Ogygia*. It is difficult to peruse that curious specimen of man's mind without a smile of affection for simplicity, piety and virtue. Whoever knows that book well is nearly master of the subject. His contemporary and friend, Dr. John Lynch, a learned man of a somewhat sterner and more contentious patriotism, had not a clearer judgment in these respects, and adopted the whole for truth in the celebrated eighth chapter of his *Cambrensis Eversus*. The History of Ireland was written by the Abbé Jacques McGeoghegan and by O'Halloran in the same temper; which indeed, was prevalent until the present century.\* The chief learning of the matter was to know what accounts the most celebrated antiquaries and poets had received and transmitted. It was like that of an Apollodorus in mythology. A race of critical archaeologists has since sprung up—and with every prospect of advantage. To that school belong the works of our editor, those of Dr. T. Wood, Dr. Petrie's fascinating essays on the Round Towers and on the Antiquities of Tara Hill, the labours of Dr. J. H. Todd, Mr. Eugene Curry, and various others. Mr. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth, who is engaged in the republication of Lynch, must be named as one of the most independent and inquiring minds that have yet taken in hand the mysterious lore of ancient Erin. But Mr. John D'Alton, the meritorious author of the *Histories of Dublin*, of Boyle, and of the Archbishops of Dublin, still intrepidly maintains (whether alone, we know not) and keeps whole and undefiled the Milesian creed. An author who is influenced by the venerable *Wyn-town's adopting the traditions of the Irish chronicles*, evidently belongs to days of more faith than we are fallen upon.

Admitting the comparative recency and obvious untruth of such tales, an important class of questions will remain, which as yet it would be premature to solve—namely, whether they be (in the main) mere figments to fill up the black space of unknown ages—or whether, and to what extent, and

\* Another sect, still lingering in existence, is not content with old inventions. It teaches that the Carthaginians talk Irish, and that the Irish talked Etrurian; and it found urim and thummim in a bog, and the mariner's compass, which guided the Celtic Etrurians to Wexford, in a museum at Florence. See the comic scene in Mr. G. Dennis's *Etruria*, ii. p. 105.

in what modes, they were steganographical expressions of things very different and really occurring in very different times. Ingenious minds cannot be too strongly cautioned to move circumspectly in that direction. Meanwhile it may be, and it is, justly deplored, that the Government of a great empire should furnish no means for publishing the many treasures which now lie buried in manuscript and in daily hazard of destruction. Honest Geoffrey Keating's rich and valuable compilation remains to this day unpublished, and (unless incompletely, or in any way discreditable to literature) untranslated in English; while the manuscript Latin version of the learned Lynch is sharing the fate of the text. The old English version of the Annals of Clonmacnois, made by Connell McGeoghegan, being all that remains of that celebrated history, is in the like predicament. Manus O'Donnell's voluminous memoirs of his own immediate fellow-countryman, St. Columkille, lie unprinted and untranslated. The same may be said of the Annals of Kilronan, the Book of Leinster, the Dinnseanchus, the Book of Conquests, the antiquarian writings of O'Duvedan and MacFirbis, and numerous historical or legendary works in prose and verse preserved at Trinity College, or lately dispersed from Stowe; the reliques of those far ampler stores which a barbarous and illiterate policy has already suffered or caused to perish. If these remarks are otherwise wasted, they serve at least *liberare animam nostram*.

A curious instance may be cited from the commentaries of Mr. O'Donovan, to show that the annals of Erin possess some basis of chronological accuracy as far back as the reign of Muircheartach MacErc, who is now recognised to have been the first Christian monarch of the whole island. We find that ascertainable truth is inherent in the statements of Tighernach, the father of history to his country. The event in question is nothing less than the original foundation of that little colony in the north-western parts of Britain by Scots, or men of Hibernia, which, having in process of time swallowed up the kingdom of the Picts, that of the Strathclyde Welsh, and some rich portions of the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, became expanded into the ample and famous realm of Scotland. The Donegal Masters declare that, in A.D. 498, Feargus Mor, son of Erc, son of Eochaidh Muinreamhair, with his brothers, went to Alban; in ratification of which date Mr. O'Donovan makes this interesting statement:—

'The Annals of Tighernach place the migration of the sons of Erc to Alba (Scotland) du-

ring the pontificate of Symmachus, the calends of January being on *feria prima*. Now Symmachus succeeded Anastasius the Second on the 10th of the calends of December, A.D. 498, and died on the 14th of the calends of August, A.D. 514; and during this whole period the calends of January did not fall on *feria prima*, except twice—viz. A.D. 506 and 516. And as Flann refers this migration of the sons of Erc to the 15th year after the battle of Ocha, it follows from this singular coincidence, which could not happen otherwise than from historical verity, that this migration is to be referred to the year 506 of the common era. The Annals of Clonmacnois refer this migration to the year 501, which is much nearer to the true date than that given by the Four Masters.'

The same coincidence tends to verify the date assigned by the historical poet Flannus Butensis, or Flann of Monasterboice, to the battle of Ocha (which thus appears to have been the year 491), and, consequently, to the death of King Oilioll Molt, who fell in that battle. This date not only absorbs O'Flaherty's five years of interregnum before the accession of King Muircheartach MacErc, but draws back that interesting epoch from the year 513 to 511. If this reasoning be admitted, it adds weight to those various dates given by Tighernach and others, which extend to the days of the month and the week, while it points out the latter as means for rectifying the year; for that more important item of chronology was more liable to be falsified from various causes:—such for example, as the wish to ascribe a share in certain transactions to a person not then living—or confounding together two persons of the same name. Therefore, when we read that St. Columkille, the apostle of the Picts, died at Ion, at the midnight between Saturday and Sunday on the 9th of June, the uncertainty to which day of the week the moment of his death appertained leaves the year of it nearly fixed. And so the precise year of the disastrous battle of Atheliath or Dublin—where Niall, king of Erin, his Rioghdambna or heir-apparent, and the king of Ulidia, were slain by the Danes on October the 17th—is ascertainable from the bardic dirge:—

'Fierce and hard was the Wednesday  
On which hosts were thrown under the feet  
of shields;  
It shall be called till judgment-day  
The destructive morning of Atheliath.'

The spirit of Irish chronology, however, went beyond the mere days of month and week. Witness (for one instance) the words of the *Battle of Moira*, fixing the date of that conflict, as the editor thinks, to A.D. 637:—

'The sign through which the sun was travelling was the bright-lighted sign of Cancer, it being the ninth day of the summer quarter, the eighth of the calends of July, Tuesday being the day of the week, and the moon's age twenty-five' (p. 115).

But if these forms of dating are available for the first origins of the Scottish kingdom, nearly synchronous with those of the Christian kingdom of Ireland, it is a meet question for the curious how far back they are genuine. The little schooling which that island had imported before its kings became Christians, was, no doubt, in the hands of Christian men, familiar with the Dominical Day, and, consequently, with the Hebrew cycle of days, called the Week. We must not however, be led away too far by that admission. The pseudo-Christian planetary week was an idea of small antiquity among the pagans, and never was an institution among them. It seems to have sprung up in Egypt, after the rise of Gnosticism. Dion Cassius, writing about A.D. 230, considered it to be a modern affair—*οὐ πάλαι ποτὲ ἀρξάμενον* (Lib. 37, p. 123):—but neither then, nor ever, did they adopt it for use. An Irish week cannot, with common probability, be supposed anterior to Irish Christianity. But it is a farther question whether they kept any calendar of months; such a system is not usually met with in such low degrees of ferity; nor, if they did so, could the names of their months have perished out of memory. Such months as we find with names have names derived from the Latin; and such as have only numbers are numbered, from seven to ten, as in the Latin calendar. Nor, if Irish months had existed, would they have coincided with those of the Romans, any better than do the Hebrew or Athenian months. Natural lunations, observed by the eye, and unreconciled to a solar year, would probably pass under the name of *moons*. But of the words to denote a *month*, *mois* is from the Latin, like *mois* and *mese*, with no resemblance to any Erse name for the moon; and the phrase *four sennights* implies the use of that factitious period. It would be no answer to say that Cromcruch,\* surrounded by his twelve minor gods, was probably a solar-zodiacal systema. Not improbably it was so. But paganism, during its later generations in Hibernia, as everywhere else, was systematizing itself; and there is no more reason to doubt that Mithriacism was creeping in than that Christian knowledge was.†

\* See S. Patricii Vita Septima, lib. ii. cap. 31, for the description of the gods.

† Of course this reasoning may affect the days called La Bealtaine and La Samhna. But why not?

-Therefore, the sanguine author of Ogygia is *cautè legendus*, even when he maintains that Conn of the Hundred Battles was born on a Monday, and died on Tuesday, the 20th of October, A.D. 212; and that such distinctions of days were familiar to the Ireland of those times, though 'non penitus Christiana' (iii. c. 62). Not entirely Christian, it must be confessed. Yet his readers might suppose them pretty regular in their observances, all things considered; since they called the fourth day *the first fast*, the sixth day *the fast*, and the fifth day (our Thursday) *the day between the two fasts*! In deed, the fact of the Irish having no heathen names of days, except Luan, Mart, and Sathuirne, proves that their week came to them ecclesiastically, and that they never had received the planetary week. Therefore, these aids to chronology originated in ecclesiastical Ireland; the 'non-entire' existence or entire non-existence of which in the happy days of Conn—(the *aurea Quinti sæcula Centimachi*, as some poet of that pugnacious paradise expressed himself)—renders them plainly inapplicable to his history.

One admires the strength of Tighernach's mind in saying, 'Omnia monumenta Scotorum usque Cimbaoth incerta erant,' and beginning his annals no earlier than B.C. 305. But still there is a difficulty in comprehending on what sufficient grounds he has set up the name of this king for the terminus of certain history. Surely, few stories can bear a more striking character of fable than that of Kimbaoth, the third of the three grandsons of Airgheatmar by three different sons, who alternately reigned for seven years at a time, under the guarantee of seven magicians, seven poets, and seven lords, until Kimbaoth remained the survivor. His reign no otherwise constitutes an epoch; and the father of history by *usque Cimbaoth* evidently meant *usque Emanium conditam*, and relied on the same grounds that weighed with O'Flaherty—viz. the agreement of the date B.C. of the founder of Emania with the sum total of the alleged reigns of the Ultonian kings of Emania, as recorded by the Ulster seanachies. But it is plain to any one that, if chronology is to be pronounced authentic whenever it is not inconsistent, fictions will become true in proportion to their deliberate and cunning artifice.

This fabric of imposture was built up with no little craft. The Book of Clommacnois asserts that the Milesians arrived A.M. 2934; and some ancient writings, *nostri veteres*, record that they landed on Thursday, the 1st of May, being the seventh day of the moon:—

'Septima Luna, Jovi sacra lux, Maisaque calendæ.'

But Mr. O'Flaherty, a competent inquirer on such points, found that in that annus mundi the first of May really fell on the fifth day of the week and seventh of the moon (Ogyg. ii. 84). Of such laborious artifices was his ingenuousness the dupe, to believe utter extravagances. But art and care were not applied to extravagances alone.

Some very general considerations may guide our judgment on Kimbaath and Emania. Letters and civilization stretched westwards along the Mediterranean Sea from Asia to Tartessus. Their northern boundaries were those of Greece and Italy; whence they penetrated slowly into upper Europe. But the Massylian colonies introduced the use of their alphabet into Gaul, which country was found by its Roman conquerors in a decided state of incipient civilization. That was true in a far less degree on this side of the channel. The Cantii were the nation nearest to Gaul, and received (as Cæsar tells us) 'ferè omnes ex Galliâ naves;' and, accordingly, they were, 'ex omnibus longè humanissimi,' and did not vary much from the customs of the Gauls;—for they cultivated corn, instead of depending, as the *interiores* did, on pasture, and had other garments besides the skins of beasts. But they, as well as all the rest—'omnes verò Britanni'—tattooed their skins, and were accustomed to have one wife to ten or twelve husbands. That usage, which exists among the Tartars of Bootan, is highly deserving of explanation. It is scarcely consistent with an equality in the numbers of the two sexes. Savage or poor communities have been found to shrink from the burthen of rearing their female offspring, as expensive to maintain, and inefficient in war and that feeling did not become extinct while the law of exposure lasted—

θυγατέρα δ'ἐκτίθουσι κἄν ἢ πλούσιος.

With such people for the longè humanissimi, we may judge what manner of bipeds inhabited the forests and mountains to the north and west.—Then how did all this bear upon history? That they had none is sufficiently shown by Cæsar's describing the interior (that is the non-Belgic) Britons as 'natos in insulâ ipsâ.' And Tacitus says to the same effect, 'Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerint, indigenæ an advecti, ut inter barbaros, parum compertum.' It is true these words relate to the first inhabitants. If, however, we look to the practice of all

nations that have acquired any literature, their furnishing themselves with no *origins* is pregnant evidence that they had not yet learnt to occupy themselves with history. And in fact, their only histories that we now possess in any shape (not relating to origins, and therefore not directly repudiated by Cæsar and Agricola), are palpably imitated from Latin literature.

But Hibernia, being always the most remote from the continent, and, in Roman times, divided from the provincial boundaries by no imaginary and fluctuating line, but by a broad channel, was the last of these territories into which improvement could be expected to penetrate. And to this presumption the statements are conformable. Diodorus (v. 32) speaks of the Britons who inhabited Iris as cannibals. To Strabo they were known as 'consummately wild'—ἀγροὶ τελῆως ἀνθρώποι—wilder than those of the greater island—and he too had heard (though not on the testimony of sufficient witnesses) that they were anthropophagous and incestuous (ii. 153—iv. 281). Some two centuries later, Solinus regarded Hibernia as 'inhuman from the rude manners of her inhabitants,' who 'used to drink the blood of the slain, and smear their faces with it,' and who 'made no distinction between *fas* and *nefas*.' And after another century and a half, St. Jerome understood them to be unacquainted with the ordinance of marriage. Even if these statements could be reduced to mere inferences of conjecture, it would still appear that, from the beginning down to a saint contemporary with Palladius,\* nothing had transpired to rebut those inferences; and the Ogygians are crushed by that argumentum negativum.

According to Cæsar, the Britons, even where most civilised by proximity to the Mainland, had no other towns than thick woods, which they fortified with a bank and ditch, and in which they used to assemble to avoid the incursions of their enemies. Strabo (iv. 380) says, 'their forests are their towns, of which they fence in a large circle with felled trees, and make huts there for themselves and stables for their cattle, but not for long at a time.' Such was the state of affairs on the banks of the Thames, 300 years after the time at which we are to believe that a king of Erin was building a town and a stately palace for his successors in Ulster.†

\* That bishop went to Hibernia just ten years after the death of St. Jerome.

† Between Kimbaath and Ptolemy were 450 years; yet, when the latter spoke of several Irish *céltas*, he was probably misled by the Latin word *ciuitates*, ap-

With such data, we may freely reject the idea that a chronological and authentic history of the Irish monarchy was in existence in the fourth century before Christ. Whether the Caffre or the New Zealander be the true type of that Hibernian century, would be a more rational theme. We see the ruins of Eamain, and we read the catalogue of her kings, but seeing the former is not believing the latter,

Another consideration, anterior to enumerating and dating kings, is whether Hibernia had any kings at all. Of a monarchy existing in Britain no hint or trace is to be found. Strabo affirms (*ibid.*) the reverse; and Cæsar, in his account of transactions, manifestly implies it. Cynobelin, who died shortly before the conquest of Claudius, offers the first semblance of a monarch.

From the mere arbitrary epoch of Kimbaoth, we may turn to the reign—(A. D. 218–60)—of Cormac McArt, grandson to Conn of the Battles, reputed author of extant laws and precepts, as well as works not now forthcoming. For the Irish question seems inclined to resolve itself into an essay on Cormac. ‘Cormack,’ says old McGeoghegan, ‘was absolutely the best king that ever reigned in Ireland *before himself*.’ He wrote a book entitled *Princely Institutions*, which in Irish is called *Teagasg Ri*, which book contains as goodly precepts and moral documents as Cato or Aristotle did ever write.’ Therefore there is reason to fear that he wrote it a good while *after himself*. This work is a dialogue, in which his son Cairbre asks questions (What is good for a king? What is good for a country? &c.), and the father replies to him. It is a Christian forgery. If Cormac was a teacher of improvement in those savage days, his precepts would be a mixture of the barbarism in which he lived, and the light after which he yearned, truly curious and instructive, full of allusions to the former, with suggested modifications; such (for example) as the discouragement of human sacrifices, except on great occasions—of infanticide, except in cases of extreme want—or of the extremely promiscuous, in point of intercourse. But a simple deism with Christian ethics, or, in its own words, ‘adoration of the great God,’ is what a Christian forger, with just the skill to keep his own doctrines out, would produce. Such is the vague un-instructive *Teagasg*. It recommends ‘mercy and good morals, union and brotherly love,’ ‘attending the sick,’ and ‘learning every art and language,’ and bewails the

plied to the British clans or nations, in the very pages which deny the existence of an *oppidum*.

man ‘that has got a bad wife.’ Fortunately for the intended dupes, it speaks of convening the senate\*—*senad*—of hell, *ifrina*, and giving *almsan*—*elemosynam*!

The same Cormac has credit for founding three colleges,—one for war, one for history, and one for jurisprudence. Dr. C. O’Conor’s remark, that the Brehon laws of Cormac ‘are written in an idiom so very obscure and remote as to justify, ab intrinseco, the positive assertion of Cenfaelad that they are the genuine laws of that prince,’ requires to be confirmed by very different judges of Erse than he is considered to have been. Besides which, there is ambiguity on the face of it, for *obscurity* is quite distinct from *remoteness*. Much of the language of lawyers and conveyancers is obscure as soon as written. And the Irish had a technical dialect, called the *beurla fém*, in which the jurispudent rejoiced. In some such the Cormac laws were worded. But since Cenfaelad could expound them, he or another could write them; and he lies open to the suspicion of having done so.\* This pretension, however, is only the most modest of a whole set; for laws exist purporting to be written by the monarchs Ollamh Fodla and Kimbaoth, and by Achy, king of Munster, anno mundi 3900. In respect of the laws of Cormac we cannot but recall the words of O’Flaherty, ‘moneo inter veteres non defuisse, qui aliorum nomine scripta in lucem emittebant.’ This much is clear—thas a more savage episode scarcely occurs in history than the bloody struggles of Cormac of the ‘fifty battles’—one affording less leisure for pacific exertions and improvements.

The case which had seemed to indicate some new energies, viz. his first appearing on the seas at the head of a piratical navy, remaining abroad three years, and (as some

\* Or the synod, for the same word serves the Gael for both. Of course, this palpable Latinism will be vindicated on the score of the common root—*sen*—old. So will *ifrina*, hell—derived, like *ifearn*, *ifrean*, *ifrionn*, and *ifreun* (Erse), *ufern* (Welsh), *ifern* (Armoric), *ifarn* (Cornish), *enfer* (French), from *is-fernum*—be vindicated as meaning *i-fuar-in*—island of cold land!

This learned man got a broken head at the battle of Moira in 637; and his cerebellum flowed out, which so improved the retentive powers of his cerebrum, that he remembered all he had ever learnt in three schools, and became a teacher in three schools himself. See Mr. O’Donovan’s curious notes on the Battle of Moira, p.p. 278–83. Perhaps, after he was disencumbered of his brains, he remembered a little more than he had learnt. He published a book of laws, including the Cormac laws, in two portions, with a glossary and commentary. See Vallancey’s Collect., ii. pp. 10–22. It was beyond our hope to find as we do *palas*—for a court of justice—in the Cormac portion of this work.

add) conquering North Britain, falls to the ground. This premature and exaggerated picture of an Irish sea-king is shown by Mr. O'Donovan to be imaginary, for the words *loingeas Chormaic*, rendered *fleet* of Cormac, are found to signify his *expulsion* or *banishment*.\* This was only the first and longest of Cormac's four exiles from Erin, spent in Alban, among the most savage and naked warriors of the whole globe †—his *loingeas mor*, or great banishment. Censaead was well aware of it, and extended it to four years; but differed from Tighernach in making his *second* flight the *loingeas mor*. Dr. Petrie relies on the acquisitions 'made during the three years which, according to Tighernach, he spent with his fleet abroad.' But it turns out to be one of the vicissitudes of a prince continually in difficulty, and perhaps flying for his life in a single coracle. The absurd notion of his being a Christian must arise out of the bare statement that the Druid Maelcinn was his enemy, because 'Cormac did not believe in him.' That it does so, appears from the whole statement upon that subject in Keating.‡ But unbelief in the pretensions or suggestions of one arrogant priest can never imply a rejection of the gods of his fathers. This pretended writer of books flourished 170 (if not 200) years before Saint Patricius: one of whose famous works was teaching the Roman alphabet. He wrote 365 copies of the abge-torium, or A B C; and perhaps, if he taught it every day he may have thought that number requisite, like the gentleman who bought two copies of a book he intended to read twice. The antiquity of the mode of writing called Ogum is a broken reed to lean upon, as may be collected from O'Donovan's undogmatic, but evidently not believing, review of it.

Cormac, pretended founder of the war college, derives celebrity from a fiction evidently of no recent origin; the fable of his son-in-law, Finn or Fionn MacCumhaill, Ua Baisgne, founder of the pretended Fionian militia; a sort of Irish Xenophon or Giovanni de Medici. To found a real militia must have seriously modified clanship, and changed society to its very core. But Finn's warriors were nothing but the clan of his

ancestor Baisgne,\* and were opposed on equal terms by the Clanna Morna; and both were nearly exterminated in the battle of Gabbra, in which Cormac's son and successor Cairbre fell. The whole story seems to be a fiction. The name of Finn-gall (vulgo Fingal) was concocted by Irish romancers, from that of the Finn-gall, Finn-geinte, Finn-lochlannaigh,† *white invaders*, gentiles, sea-rovers, of the North, who bequeathed their name to the district so called and lying to the north of Dublin. Indeed we find it as the name of an individual reigning over Man in the 11th century, and the antithetic name of colour, Dubh-gall, *black invader*, adopted both by Irishmen and Ostmen. The whole Ossianic story of *Fingal*, and of his connexion with *Lochlin*, or the lochlannaigh of the Baltic, is of necessity subsequent to A.D. 795, when those pirates first visited Ireland. All this is more plainly apparent from the extracts made by Meredith Hanmer, in 1571, from a sort of Hiberno-Danish romance, called the Book of Howth. In that book, Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Trenmor, son of Ferrelough, son of Conn Cathmor, and father to Oisín, father of Oscar, is a Dane of the line of Finn Erin, who originally came out of Denmark, and gave to Erin his name. In the days of Finn MacCumhaill fresh swarms of Danes flocked into Ireland, and were commanded by Finn, who set over them forty-two captains, of whom 'Osker Mac Oshen Mac Finn, with his souldiers, kept the haven of Dublin.' Till some one has produced a document, *penned before the capture of Dublin by the Finngall in 836*, and mentioning the Fionian militia and its captains, no reason will exist for doubting that the armies of the Gall or Ostmen are alluded to in that fable;‡ none for supposing, that the clan Baisgne differed from, or excelled, the other tribes, some or other of whom were conspicuous in every period of the island's bloody history.§ This is another

\* Dr. C. O'Connor has not scrupled to render Ua Baisgne, *genere Vasconius*!

† Norwegians. See the notes on Four Masters, annis 849, 925. However, it may be considered still uncertain what Baltic nations were the *finn* and *dubh*, respectively.

‡ Can any one prove the existence of Galloglasses, before that of Gall principalities of Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick.

§ We have but just now obtained a sight of Dr. Hamilton Drummond's Ancient Irish Minstrelsy, 1852. It is a fresh collection of *Irish Ossianic* poems, translated into highly spirited and harmonious verse, to which we cannot here do justice. Of their date thus much appears—that warriors anterior to the 13th century are not supposed to have been

'All brightly clad in burnish'd mail,' &c. In of the finest poems, a Danish battle of A.D. 1103 is referred to the age of Finn and the Fiann. The

\* 'Loingeas, i. e. longas, i. e. ionnarbaidh.—Peregr. O'Clery's Vocabulary. Observe that, with islanders, *exile* is *navigation*.

† See Herodian, Life of Severus, lib. iii. p. 83. H. Stephani. Severus died ten years before the accession of Tighernach's Cormac, but thirty-six before O'Flaherty's.

‡ For if that statement, 'pre-existing, was thus abridged by Tighernach, the latter must have suppressed the momentous fact of an Irish monarch's conversion.



heavy blow to the pretensions of Cormac's reign.

The year 430 introduces us in form to Irish Christianity, and its abgetorium; for which the maritime and piratical reign of Niall the Great had opened the way. Under Muircheartach MacErc, circ. 511, the pentarchy of Erin was first ruled by a Christian monarch,\* and that is the earliest reign to which any organic system of historical deception could be referred. But the fable of the Irish dynasties has really a somewhat more recent origin. A bard named Fintan, with certain coadjutors under him, fabricated the history of Erin, from Ceasair, granddaughter of Noah, who came to that island forty days before the deluge,† to the time of Diarmid McCearbhaill, who reigned from about 544 to 565, and under whom Fintan flourished. But in order to obtain vogue for stories of which a bard of that period could know nothing, it was given out that Fintan had in fact lived in Ireland, from the first peopling of the island, under various names and metempsychoses. The strange words used concerning the bard Amergin, that he 'fasted three days and three nights on Fintan, in the presence of the Irish,' so that Fintan manifested to him the true histories, seemed to imply that he claimed a sort of worship.‡ Hanmer mentions the proverb, 'had I lived Fintan's years I could say much.§' In the poem ascribed to Fintan, the name of Tuan stands foremost among his coadjutors. But of Tuan also it is told that he came to Ireland 312 years *post diluvium*, underwent many transmigrations, and finally survived Fintan.||

Dr. Petrie has drawn the highly important inference 'that the fictions relative to the early colonization of Ireland were first concocted in the reign of Dermot.'¶ For even if this imposture was never practised by those men, but was subsequently imputed, its imputers must have been convinced that they were the earliest authorities. It were to be wished that this great dictum might

want of *Antiquarianism* encourages the doubt if this mythus be purely Irish. Besides the perpetual intrusion of St. Patrick in *propria persona*,

'The Danan foe in shining mail

Come on, proud Tara's walls to scale,'

though the power of the Dananns had been extinguished 1200 years. The confusion of the words Fiann, men of Finn, and Feine, is a suspicious point pervading this literature.

\* Petrie's Tara Hill, p. 119.

† The universal deluge not including Ireland, as being *oceanic*, and no part of the ancient world? Giraldus was disposed, O'Flaherty indisposed, to hearken to this story.

‡ Petrie. Ibid, p. 130.

§ Chron. of Ireland, p. 5.

|| Ogygia, part i., p. 4.

¶ Tara Hill, p. 132.

never be let out of sight; as perhaps it is, in a certain degree, by the editor of the Masters. The legend of Erin emanated from persons of biblical knowledge. It begins with Noah; it proceeds to one Partholan, undeniably the gospel name Bartholomew; and it derives the latest dynasty from Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. It was framed, after scripture names were popularly known.

But these operations on the past were linked on to the present; for the latest fable was that of the then reigning race, the Gaedhil or Gael kings. Into that section of history the concoction entered largely. And where it stopped, we cannot by any means tell. Dr. Petrie observes, 'No fact can be more uncontrovertibly established than that the Irish committed to writing in their native language, immediately after the introduction of Christianity, not only the laws, bardic historical poems, etc., of their own time, but those which have been preserved from times preceding, *either traditionally or otherwise*.' This assumes that 'historical poems'—an elastic phrase, applicable to the most casual rhapsody, or to poetical chronicles like those of Maolmura of Fathain and Gilda Coeman—were existing before, and written down 'immediately after,' an epoch itself undefinable. It seems also to assume that such efforts of genius might have been till then preserved in some third way (*otherwise*) besides tradition or writing; but this is a trifle.

The existence of a pentarchy, under the *ardrigh*, or monarch, may be taken as a fact. The synonyme of *fifth* (coige or coigeadh) and *province* demonstrates it. The formation of the monarchical domain of Meath, out of four portions borrowed from the four provinces where they touched each other, must be considered as another fact. The three annual festivals, in the three portions less immediately regal, the Momonian, Connachtian, and Ultonian, and the triennial, *feis* (or parliament) of Lagenian Temora, confirm the quadripartite origin of Meath. The payment of a toll or tribute from these assemblies to the kings, from whom the portions were separated, is conclusive—if authentic. (*Ogyg.* iii. 56.) But it is not even pretended that the central kingdom was compounded before the reign of Tuathal, A.D. 130–160; and therefore tricks have been employed to set up an anterior and primeval pentarchy.—Slange, first monarch of Erin, at a wild date, divided her into five kingdoms, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, *Desmond and Thomond*. (*Ib.* iii. 8.) This fable, firstly, by dividing Munster, makes it an unmeaning term from the very beginning, no one thing having *ever* been signified by it; secondly, it disregards the

earliest tolerable history of Munster, that of Oilicell Olum and his two sons; thirdly, it proves Meath to be improperly compounded from only four kingdoms, with four festivals, and four tolls; and fourthly, it makes Erin, after the formation of Meath, a hexarchy.—But other antiquaries admit that Heremon divided the island into but four provinces, Munster, and the other three.\* And the ancient authority of the Psalter of Tara declared that the five kings were the Ardrigh and his four toparchs. Therefore the forming of Meath was, ipso facto, that of the pentarchy; for previously there were not the Cuig Coige na Herinn; 'five fifths of Erin.'—Whether the Median toparchy was originally (and continued theoretically) in the crown, and the monarch himself the toparch of Meath; or whether the dignity held by the long line of Southern Hy-Niall, the O'Melaghlins of Meath, existed from the beginning, is perhaps not obvious to find in printed books.

The Boarian mulct, or penal tribute, paid by Leinster to the monarch in perpetuity, and divided by him between Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and the Queen of Tara,† was surely a fact, since its abolition in 693 is on record. Doubts may exist whether it originated with Tuathal in the second century, or with Cormac in the third. The former imposed it to punish the king of Leinster for causing the death of his two daughters; and Cormac reimposed and increased it, and put to death the twelve princes of Leinster, because its king had massacred thirty 'royal daughters,' with their handmaidens, at the southern *claeinfert* of Temora. Both sought to revenge the death of young women; but in very different cases. For the Lagenian had married Tuathal's eldest daughter, then pretended she was dead, and so obtained the younger, who died of shame, and the elder sister of grief. This story is absurd and modern; more than two centuries later Erin was quite proverbial for its extreme indifference to sexual restraints and sanctions;—the canting romance seems like a veil thrown over the bloody truth, substantially told in Cormac's story.‡ But the two stories together, combined with the reservation of the mulct to the Queen, and the reginal, not regal, foundation of Tara itself, for the sepulture of a Queen, and the residence of her pos-

terity, show that there was a gynæceum, and a violation thereof.

That Tara was the capital of the kings of all Erin, while it was an undivided part of Leinster, and before the composition of Meath, if not exactly a contradiction, is at least an incredible proposition. It is also absurd to suppose that a land of perpetual slaughter would avenge an act of murder (simply as such) by fining a whole kingdom for ever. These events (Tuathalian, or Cormacian) seems to have accompanied the formation of the pentarchy. That institute would alarm Leinster especially, by requiring her to receive within her territory the court of the Ardrigh and the Fesi of all Erin. And the Lagenian outrages against Tara (probably against the vestals of its sanctuary\*) may have arisen from hostility to the new constitution of the island. It appears in no decently historical shape, that Leinster was ever an unmulcted member of the federal kingdom.

Whose young women were killed, and to whose Queen the fine was first reserved, is perhaps no other question than who was the first king of Tara. The Psalter of Tara, ascribed to Cormac himself, was possibly one of the most ancient books in Erse, and somewhat anterior to the great fictions of the reign of Diarmid. That work would seem to have considered Cormac M'Art as only the seventh monarch that Erin ever had. For he was its reputed author; and the Bard Cuan says of it—

'It is the Psalter that gives,  
Seven monarchs of Erin of harbours,  
Five kings of the provinces it makes,  
The king of Erin and her toparchs.'

But if the Psalter gave no more than seven monarchs in all, its fabricator was not aware of either Tuathal or his son Feidlimidh, as they now stand. It is not impossible that Cormac's real title to celebrity may have been, that he constituted and shaped the federal monarchy; some ruder attempts at unity of government having preceded him. But all is premature at present. Publish the documents, and then we will discuss them fully.

The great key to mythical Erin, the imposture of the bards of king Dermot, points out the doctrine of metempsychosis and

\* Ap. Halliday's Keating, p. 313. How did the four divisions really arise? Probably they were four permanent leagues of clans, like the Franci and Allemanni.

† Here is no allusion to any king of Meath, other than the sovereign.

‡ Finn, of the royal blood of Leinster, obtained Cormac's two daughters, by alleging that the first had run away, and afterwards taking her back again. Keating, p. 267; Ogygia, p. 338.

\* Mr. Kelly is harsh in calling this 'the Vallancey mania.' Cambrensis, i. p. 479. A penalty, with a kingdom for its sufferer, the rest of the monarchy for its recipient, and perpetuity for its duration, is to be accounted for; a *modus* is to be found worthy of such a surprising *viudez*. The massacre is referred to the Samhna or Allhallow's-day, one of the two great feasts of religion, and the season of the Feis of Temora; which may imply a meaning, whether the Calendar was thus ancient or not.

Druidical reminiscence as no feeble engine of power.\* The avowal of it was common among the Welsh bards:—

'I was on the pinnacle of felicity  
In the court of Cynobelin;  
I was with Bran in Erin;  
I have had understanding of precious things,  
Remembering the very ancient Britons'—&c.&c.

A Druid had only to stand up and say—The things complained of as novelties (the Boarian mullet for instance) are ancient, and I remember their first promulgation, when I was Euphorbus and Tuathal was king!—A system so adapted to deception must add to our uncertainties.

It is not unimportant, with a view to the future progress of these studies, to observe how the editor of the Masters has dealt with the matters so boldly 'concocted in the reign of Dermot'—whether he cordially confines himself to the conjecture of things probable, and the maintenance of things reasonably certain, or cherishes Ogygian thoughts in a corner of his mind. According to the school of Fintan, and to vulgar belief, a certain race called Tuatha De Danann reigned in Erin during 197 years:—namely, writes O'Flaherty, from A.M. 2737 to 2934—one year after the foundations of Solomon's temple. Certain mounds, cairns, and stones, said to be 'of the most remote antiquity,' are ascribed to them, in 'a compilation made at Clonmacnois in the twelfth century.' (*F. M.*, p. 1068.) These monuments (says the editor) 'prove that the Tuatha De Danann were a real people, though their history is so much wrapped in fable and obscurity, (p. 23, *note*.) It is essential to the cause of truth that this point should be cleared up. That something real was alluded to, in absurd chronology, is very possible; the mode of proving it is the important point. Is it true that mounds and stones, of origin otherwise unknown, can prove the reality of the persons to whom popular credence has ascribed them? If so, the days of mythology might revive. Not only men, but heathen gods, cyclopes, dives, and genii, might resume their place in history. At any rate Ludgate would become a living monument of king Lludd, though his history is 'wrapped in obscurity.' Let this doctrine be applied to the Annals of the Four Masters. With Ceasair, the antediluvian lady, came over a hero called Bith, who in pro-

cess of time died, and was buried in the cairn of Sliabh Beatha. (*Ib.* in A.M., 2242.) Does this prove the reality of Bith? Yea verily. For 'if this cairn be ever explored, it may furnish evidences' [not of its own date, itself no likely supposition, but] 'of the true period of the arrival of Bith.' (*Ib.* p. 4, *note*.) For if Bith did not arrive, how should the cairn be his? 'I did not say my name was Daniel,' murmured Mr. N. Winkle. 'Yes, you did, sir,' replied the judge, 'else how should it be on my notes?' And how should Bith be on the notes of Fintan and Tuan? Ceasair herself lies buried under the Carn Ceasra, which perhaps conceals from the eye of man the true date of her arrival.

The pedigree of Patrick elicits another manifestation of our editor's inward prepossessions. Flannus Butensis has preserved a pedigree of the saint, which deduces him in fifteen generations, counting both inclusively, from

'Britan, otter of the sea, from whom the vigorous Britons came.'

At thirty years to a generation, Patrick was born 420 years after the birth of Britan; consequently, if Ussher be right in saying that Patrick was born 372, Britan was born in B.C. 58. And if Blair was correctly informed that Julius Caesar came over in A.C. 55, he arrived many years too soon to find any of the vigorous Britons. Banagher must be invincible if this does not beat it. Upon that passage, so worthy of serious criticism, Mr. O'Donovan has bestowed the following:—

'This pedigree is clearly legendary. Because Britan, from whom the Britons are said to have derived their name and origin, is said, by all the Irish writers, to have flourished before the arrival of the Tuatha De Dananns in Ireland; and, therefore, to deduce the Irish apostle's pedigree from him in fifteen generations, cannot now for a moment stand the test of criticism.' (*Ib.* p. 131.)

We must now conclude that Britain was inhabited before the days of Cæsar, because the wits at the court of the last king of Tara have taught us that it was inhabited more than 1213 years before the Nativity.

Mr. O'Donovan, following O'Conor and Petrie, invokes the Latin author Cælestius, as 'decided evidence' of Irish literature flourishing in the fourth century.\* The case is,

\* The bard Amergin, son of Milesius, was poet to the original Scot-Gaels; and we find the real bard Amergin an active agent in the forgery of their legend, in the sixth century. Herein there may be some working of that system.

\* Introduction, p. l. He also, with Dr. Petrie reproduces O'Conor's strange whim of identifying Annian's 'bellicosa hominum natio,' distinct from the Scotti, and called Attacotti, whom no author connects with Ireland, and that order or class of Irish called Aitheach-tuatha (plebeians, or rather rustics), upon whose story it is still premature to offer an opinion. Even similitude of sound is wanting.

that he wrote a book *to his parents*; and if they were Scoti in Ireland, it follows the Scoti used to read Latin books. These are the words of Gennadius:—

‘Cœlestius, before he ran into the Pelagian dogma, nay, when still a youth—[circa 370 or 380 ?]—wrote three epistles, De Monasterio, to his parents, of the size of little books, in all respects necessary to those who desire God. Their moral language contained nothing of the error afterwards disclosed, but everything that could incite to virtue.’

But St. Jerome, indulging in course jocular-ity, speaks of ‘a very stupid man rendered heavy by the gruel of the Scoti.’ (In Jerem. iv. 835.) And that man had a precursor, Grunnius, i. e. the Grunter. It is certain that Grunnius was Tyrannius Rufinus, inasmuch as he was the translator of Sextus Pythagoreus. Again, he complains of a mute instigator, who spoke with the tongue of another. ‘Being mute himself, he barks by a large and corpulent Albine (or Alpine) dog, better able to kick than to bite.’ (*Ib.*, 923.) And proceeds to say ‘habet ENIM progeniem Scoticæ gentis de Britannorum vici-niâ.’ As Rufinus was certainly the first man in the first passage, so Maffei and Vallarsi are probably right that he was also the first in the second passage. For that Origenist was mute on what is called Pelagianism, and did not himself propound it, though he sowed the seeds of it; which is false, concerning Pelagius. The words canis Alpinus would yield no sense. But the editors restore Albinus from the best MSS. That word stands in opposition to Rufinus—the dumb red dog and the white barking dog. But antithesis does not dispense with truth. Rufinus was such by name. How was the other Albinus? Because he was Albionius, a man of *Albion*—a name of Britain usually derived from *albus*. That is demonstrated by the ENIM, which refers to nothing, if not to Albinus, taken geographically.\* Therefore the man here named is Pelagius, not Cœlestius. It was Pelagius who fattened upon Scotian gruel, and who came of the Scotica gens. Orosius says (p. 621) that Pelagius was noted for his pinguedo and crassitudo, and therefore he was the prægravatus and corpulentus, unless the same personalities were applied to both men. It is well known that he was a Briton. He was the *author Britannus* of the heresy, and the *coluber Britannus*, and bore the agnomen of Pelagius Brito

to distinguish him from Pelagius Tarentinus. (*Augustin Ep.*, 106.) The phrase of Jerome, ‘Scotorum pultibus prægravatus,’ is similar to the verse of Prosper on Pelagius, ‘hunc fruge suâ æquorei pavere Britanni;’ and the word Britannus was large enough to include an Hibernian.\* Still it is very doubtful whether he describes anybody at all as being a native of Ireland. The words ‘habet enim progeniem Scoticæ gentis’ are not easy to construe; but they would rather imply what we signify by the word *extraction*. It is as though he had said, *habet prosapiam Scoticæ gentis*. An Irish mother or grandmother would suffice.

It is now known from Marius Mercator, his contemporary, what Cœlestius really was. He ‘adhered to this Pelagius, being a man noble indeed *by birth*, and at that time an Auditorial Scholastic, but naturæ vitio eunuchs from his mother’s womb.† As to his localities, he ‘came forth from the city of Rome to Carthage, the metropolis of all Africa.‡ But Garnier was too sanguine in thinking that his publication of Marius would silence the Scotica gens; nor is Dr. O’Conor so easily to be done out of his heretic. For he coolly maintains that ‘nobilis natu’ signifies his descent from a Gaelic chieftain in the wilds of Erin! If this strange claim were not reproduced, the notice of it would have been spared.

This voluminous history is a book of rapine, vengeance, and bloodshed; the annals of a race of disunited warriors and nomadic cattle-lifters, preying upon each other. The deaths of churchmen or penitents, in an odour of sanctity, furnish its peaceful and unguilty records. But the impulses of violence were too strong for those of religion; and the crimes of profanation and sacrilege were not rare.§ All this kept the Saints in such a temper as must almost have impaired their beatitude. Giraldus || observed that the Saints of this nation, even when dead and exalted to heaven, seemed to be more vindictive than those of other nations. In truth the accepted system of miraculous agency

\* As in Pliny and Diodorus. It cannot be replied, ‘Very well, then we will take Pelagius instead;’ for nobody doubts that a Scotus could learn Latin, or that a negro can. But Pelagius never wrote *ad parentes*, on which the case of Cœlestius hinges.

† Mar. Merc. Common. ad Lect., p. 30, ed. Garnier. The Scholastici Auditoriales, Forenses, or Jurisperiti, were lawyers who pleaded the causes of cities or communities before the higher auditories or tribunals.

‡ Marius Common. ad Imp., p. 6.

§ See pp. 331, 391, 447, 453, 479, 553, 561, 665, 693, 749, 751, 759, 797.

|| Topogr. Hibern., ii. 55. But he elsewhere owns that his own Cambrian saints were a match for them. Itin. Camb., ii. 7.

\* In the Palatine Academy of Charlemagne, where names were assumed, Alcuin of York took that of Flaccus Albinus; probably in the same sense, and with St. Jerome (to whom he was devoted) in his eye.

amounted to what Warburton would have called a pure Mosaic theocracy in the dispensations of nature. Whatever mischief befell a man, such as diseases, being drowned, or murdered, or expelled, was a miracle of the Saints. So a man had a gangrene in his neck 'by the miracles of God and St. Kieran.\*' And the whole kingdom, according as its rulers were acceptable or otherwise to the Saints, either abounded in fine weather, milk, fruits, and fish, or was visited with bad seasons and scarcity.\*

The civilization of Ireland, not forwarded by the prevalence of such a doctrine as this, was undoubtedly retarded by the schism which divided her from the continental Church on the observance of Easter. The question was only whether Easter should be the Sunday falling from the 16th to the 22nd day of the moon, or from the 14th to the 20th.† But it is difficult for us now to appreciate the importance of schism to those ages, in which religion contained within itself the whole of civilization and the whole of literature. In spite of the auspicious change, which should have united her morally to Europe, she continued to be

'La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda.'

The most sinister working of this division was, that her clergy, instead of being missionaries and their *élèves*, were mere natives, that is, ill-taught barbarians, and, by reaction on that working, all the best of them were fain to join that remarkable emigration of the Saints for ages, from Columbanus down to Marianus Scotus.§ Although the south of Ireland had received the ordinary compute some time before 633, the northern half was only converted to paschal orthodoxy by Adamnanus, abbot of Iona, in 703.‖

To the same useful mission of the Hebridean abbot, or one slightly anterior, we may refer the Cain (or Penal Law) of Adamnan; curious as a proof of barbarism, and as a move towards civility. It was still the custom for women to wage active war in those feuds which desolated the island. The mo-

ther of Adamnan, journeying with him through the plains of Bregia, (within sight of Tara Hill), beheld one of these furies hacking the breasts of another with a sickle. And she obtained through him the Cain of a synod held at Tara, by which women were exempted from going to the wars.\* We may compare this enactment with that of the seaking Olver Barnakall—(Olverus Infantum Præsidium)—by which (so Bartholinus testifies, p. 457) the piratical Norwegians were interdicted from the game of catching little children on the points of their spears. An uncertain date, but subsequent to the Cain Adamnan, belongs to the Canon Phadrui—which enjoins the clergy of all ranks to officiate in suitable vestments.† It does not, however, descant on copes and chasubles, but rather on the first vestments of Adam, if we may thus paraphrase the unutterable words of the reverend synod. Dr. Lanigan would torture them into a censure of tight garments, fitting to the shape; but they are all too plain. St. Gildas spoke with equal plainness; no doubt, from his own ample opportunities of observation, though of an earlier age; but as he spoke not of churchmen, he is not subjected to their quibbles.‡ The Cain of Daire in 811—so called from a virgin of the fifth century who seems to have been a patron saint of milch cows and dairies—forbade the killing of cows; a wasteful practice, at variance with the best interests of civil war and cattle-lifting.§ For the like reason, the Cain against killing clergymen (which was enacted—in Tighernach's phrase, 'tenuit Hiberniam'—in 737, and often re-enacted) was called the Cain Phadrui, or Law of Patrick.

The charter of King Aedh Oirdnidhe is mentioned in the Ulster Annals as a solemn republication of the Cain Phadrui. In 804, at the instance of Fothadh of the Canons, he exempted the clergy from taking part in those 'hostings and expeditions' with which he was wont to ravage his own dominions. Of the character of those wars the Four Masters (who consider his charter as quite a novelty) gives us this information from one of his bards:—

\* For the like formula see pp. 183, 527, 639, 717, 751, 757, 813, 831, 841, 843, 917.

† See Four Masters, pp. 91, 97, 99; Lynch's Cambrensis, by Kelly, pp. 459, 465; Battle of Moira, p. 101; and O'Donovan, *ibid.* The Masters themselves say of the powerful Hugh O'Donnell, who died in 1537, 'a man in whose reign the seasons were favourable, so that sea and land were productive' (p. 1439).

‡ The change of the Catholic compute to 15-21 left the schism equally unreconciled.

§ A very curious passage of history, to which little attention has hitherto been paid.

‖ Bede, iii. cap. 3, § 16, 23. Lanigan's Hist., cap. 15, s. 6.

\* Ant. of Tara, pp. 171, 172. This law did not soon become forgotten, from the obsolescence of the evil; for in A. D. 927 the bishop of Derry was still entitled Maor (guardian) of the Cain Adamnan. Four Masters, in anno.

† Spelman Concilia, p. 52.

‡ Epist., c. 15. The fallain, or cloak,\* fastening precariously in front, required a round tunic, or braccæ, under it. For the Chapter of black African Canons performing divine service, see Sévigné, Letter 34.

§ See Life of St. Corbmac, cap. 8, in Colgan, Acta SS, p. 752.

'He returns to Leinster, Aedh, a soldier who shuns not battles:  
The robber king did not cease till he left them in dearth.'

But 'it was not pleasing to the clergy to go upon any expedition,' and 'they complained of their grievance.' They were, however, content to accompany their robber kings for 300 years after St. Patrick, and from 30 to 40 years longer than the women. This was another step in advance; another path cleared in the thick wilderness. But it is a mark of the times that Fothadh drew up this memorable act in bardic poetry.\*

In the tenth century pilgrimages to Rome became a feature of intimacy between Erin and the world. The eleventh witnessed the labours of St. Malachi, and his friendship with his illustrious biographer, St. Bernard. The twelfth brought over the legate Papiron 'to establish rules and good morals and set all to rights from their faults.' And the beginning of the thirteenth poured into Ireland those more important, though humbler, visitors, the mendicant orders.† The history of the early civilization is, really, that of the Church. We must not misunderstand how this was, because it is so no longer. Scarcely any other power was then at work, except for havoc.

Now all is past and gone, and the Gael are at an end. They belong to history; their neglected, unpublished, and perishing history. For the Irish people (English of the empire) differ from the English of England, as the Scotch do, more or less. Separation itself could only leave two English states. The Gael dealt largely in sheep and cattle, with a very scanty and unskilled husbandry; for crops could not be driven into the hills when visitors called. But our Irish are emphatically agricultural, tenacious of land, and dependent for existence on the spade. The government of chieftains, so cherished when Connaught was petitioning Elizabeth to have a *Mac-William*, is now long forgotten; and even republicanism, the extreme of the civic theory, endeavours to creep in. The language of Erin is no more; for the vernacular of districts is not national language; and if a Republic had been successfully proclaimed on the Sliabh Naman,

it would as likely have adopted for its use the Croatian tongue as the Erse. The wars which raged through the country, till England eradicated the Irishry, bore no analogy to the rows and factions in which (as Tacitus says of old Germany) *rarus ferri, frequens fustium usus*. If the boys of our time could behold the days of Surley Boys and Shan O'Neill, and the long-haired galloglasses who followed Tirone and Hugh Roe O'Donnell to Athboy and Kinsale, they would be utterly astonished, and overjoyed to come out of that.\* The ill-fated Edmund Campion knew of 'a grave gentleman' in Ulster who, being asked at confession concerning homicide, 'answered, that he never wist the matter to be haynous before.' He had heard of another who, *for increase of his name*, had in various places more than two hundred wives. The people, when hungry, squeezed out the blood of raw flesh, and asked no more dressing thereto; and used to bleed their cows, let the blood grow to a jelly, bake it, and eat it. Their tanistry, or inheritance by the 'most valiant' of the kinsfolk, 'breedeth among them continuall warres and treasons.' (*Historie*, pp. 20-7.) They were, he says, 'utterly another people than our English,' and we may as truly say, than our Irish.

Those who complain of a slow progress evince more feeling of present ills than knowledge of the past. For the world exhibits but few examples of more rapid advancement, than that which has placed a wild country by the side of the most civilised upon earth, in the enjoyment (real, though inferior) of its laws and constitution, its literature and arts. Whether in the absence of various evils, alleged by various parties, that progress would have been greater, is another question; or, rather, it is no question, for mankind are everywhere retarded by many causes. But it is due to a people of rare natural gifts to acknowledge that their improvement has been rapid, and is in a course of manifest acceleration.

Upon the whole, this branch of history is somewhat too dreary, ethically it is too repulsive, and even æsthetically is rather too monotonous, to obtain general popularity. But we may hope that the more instructed, and consequently more athirst for instruction, will cease to undervalue and neglect it.

\* For his verses see *Four Masters*, p. 409. These acts are the genuine legislation of unassisted savages, gradually creeping on; not the lying cant of literary forgery.

† Six houses of Dominicans were founded between 1224 and 1229. De Burgo, *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 38. The Franciscan houses of Athlone and Knockmoy in 1224 (*Four Masters*, in anno) render superfluous Luke Wadding's pains to prove that his order was in Ireland before 1831. *Annales Minorum* i. 203, ii. 250.

\* 'Now was Shan O'Neal come out of Ireland to perform what he had promised a yeere before, with a guard of ax-bearing Galloglasses, bareheaded, with curled haire hanging downe, yellow surplises dyed with saffron or man's stale, long sleeves, short coates, and hairy mantles; whom the English people gazed at with no less admiration than nowe a dayes they doe them of China or America.' Camden's *Elizabeth*, p. 48.

It is just thirty years since one of the most zealous advocates of one of the greatest delusions upon earth expressed himself as follows:—"Temorah, Teamrah, Emania, and Connor, are each and all the same place to which the Irish priests of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries alluded, when in their rhapsodies they spoke of Tara.\* We have no acquaintance with the clerical rhapsodists who spoke to any such effect; and the fact is, that Connor, Emania, and Temora were all abundantly, if not quite equally, remote from one another. But it is now become impossible for such matter to be sent to the press without detection from even the general reader."

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ART. II.—*Etudes sur la Situation Intérieure, la Vie Nationale, et les Institutions Rurales de la Russie.* Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen. Hanovre. Edition 2de, 1852.

RUSSIA has not been overlooked by our many narrators of recent tours—whether performed in consequence of ennui, dyspepsia, a mission from the Row, or any one or more of the numerous other causes which, at the end of the London season, impel such hordes of Her Majesty's subjects, Red Murray in hand—

"To ship themselves all aboard of a ship,  
Some foreign country for to see."

These English literati, however, appear for the most part to have penned their journals of Muscovite observation in some hotel of St. Petersburg—just taking a trip to Moscow and back, in order that they may say something about the gilded spires of the Kremlin—at most venturing on to Nijni Novgorod, if the time of their being in those regions coincides with the great fair—but wisely declining to roam about the provinces, with the probability of being jolted to a jelly in a rough carriage on bad roads, and eaten alive in dirty inns, to say nothing of a black bread and tallow diet, so unsuitable for stomachs accustomed to Wimbledon breakfasts and Mayfair dinners. We have, therefore, received ample information as to all outward shows of things in the political metropolis:—we can form a very tolerable idea of the appearance of the Neva on the breaking up of the ice; of a great review—as we should call it—though it is merely an in-

spection of a small body of some thirty or forty thousand of the household troops; of a court ball; of the "majestic figure and affable manners" of the Emperor—on which points, indeed, there is no discrepancy—as well as the less favourable aspect and demeanour of some of the same illustrious family;—and generally whatever is worth notice in the habits of the upper world. As to this last matter, indeed, there was no great call for revelation. Probably those of us who have travelled at all—and who has not in these days?—must already have seen enough of the style and bearing of the grantees and millionaires that swarm about every inn in Germany, Italy, and France—with their endless trains of heavy carriages and fourgons, their bevvies of couriers, cooks, jagers, dames de compagnie, and femmes de chambre.

In this age of steamboats and railroads, every capital has got rid of its national characteristics, and become Europeanized. Before our time the ideas and manners of the highest classes had pretty well assimilated themselves to one standard of fashion—but everywhere like progress has of late years been obvious over a far wider range;—and now whoever is desirous of studying the old and peculiar customs of a country, must seek them in its more remote districts, and there among the most laborious or least ambitious of the population. What we have said of capitals in general applies with double force to the most modern of them. St. Petersburg is essentially a foreign city, built upon foreign ground for the purpose of opening a communication with foreign civilization. It continues to be foreign in the eyes of every true Russian of the unsophisticated classes—not one of whom ever saw the spires of Moscow on the horizon without uncovering his head. As for the wealthier of the nobility—with some honourable exceptions of men who reside on their estates and are intent upon the improvement of them—they pass their time either at the Court or in parading about foreign parts—having no further relation with the humbler orders of their own fellow-countrymen than that of receiving a certain annual tribute from a number of serfs whom they have probably never seen. Surrounded from their childhood with foreign attendants, the language of society is French (except in the presence of the Emperor, who, "born and bred among them, glories in the name of *Russian*"); their education, their fashions, and we fear we may add, their religious principles generally, are French. We hear them converse with apparently equal ease and fluency in English, French, German, and Italian, but we believe two St.

\* Campbell's Poems of Ossian Authenticated, &c. p. lxxxiii. London, 1822.



Petersburg dandies would no more think of talking together in Russ, than a couple of Scotch peers would greet one another in Gaelic. On the other hand Russia at large, from its position, its political history, and some other subsidiary causes, has escaped the obliteration of ancient characteristics which is so obvious throughout the modern world. Here, in fact, that process has hardly as yet shown itself any further than on the court nobles and their immediate satellites. There are outlying provinces, as we all know, and some that perhaps can never be thoroughly amalgamated; but the vast Czarism proper is a rare example of homogeneity; and undoubtedly we look upon it as one of the signs of most promise for the future greatness of the Empire—(supposing disruption to be avoided)—that the whole population of a country six times the size of Germany is of the same blood, knows but one and the same mother-tongue, without even dialectical variations, and adheres with nearly as much pertinacity to the same type of thought, existence, manners, and customs—including *costume*. Under any circumstances, the social condition of so large a portion of the human family must be full of interest; but, considering the part which Russia is probably destined to play on the theatre of the world, and that under the auspices of the present Emperor the government itself is not only not assuming a less national tone and character, but doing exactly the reverse, we think that the question touches us more nearly and more deeply than as one of mere curiosity.

The author of these *Notes* affords us but scanty materials for his history or description of himself; his Introduction, however, intimates that for more than twenty years he has devoted himself to a very locomotive life—for the purpose of studying the various phases of rural existence—especially the relations of the classes engaged in agriculture to the Governments and to the Nobles of their respective countries. With this view he went all over Prussia, and, at the request of its rulers, drew up a Report on the state of the peasantry. More lately he turned his attention to Russia, where, like all strangers of respectability that we have yet heard of, he met not only with civility from the Emperor, but with every assistance towards prosecuting his researches, as well by the communication of statistical returns at head-quarters as by introductions to the local authorities. His two well-filled volumes are given as the result of rather less than a year passed in Russia;—within that time, however, he contrived to visit all the European provinces, from the northernmost

limits of cultivation down to the Crimea—and experienced tact enabled him to collect a most respectable mass of information. Nor is his style of remark and reflection that of a galloping tourist. The only signs of haste appear in the compilation of the book itself—the great fault of which is a most puzzling and vexatious want of arrangement. There is—oh, shame to Germany!—no index—and if you wish to recur to any particular discussion or anecdote, you might almost as well attempt such a thing in the case of H. Walpole's *Collected Letters*!

The Preface having told us no more about our Baron, we are reduced to gather what we can from incidental allusions in the course of his most miscellaneous Notes—for we must plead guilty to a feeling of idle curiosity respecting the author of every book we read: we (like the original subscribers to the *Spectator*) wish to know all about our benefactor's birth, parentage, and education—even whether he is tall or short, fair or dark, fat or thin; and we cannot help being secretly pleased with those gentlemen, to say nothing of ladies, whose vanity leads them to place a portrait in the frontispiece. This M. de Haxthausen has not done—peradventure on the same principle that was said to make a late sovereign of his and our own so much of a recluse for some years of his reign—that is, simply because the noble Baron is aware that he has got past the very flower of youth: while, may be, the Hanover R. A.'s lack the flattering skill of Trafalgar Square. At all events, among others trifles that we pick up as we go on, it appears that our author was old enough to serve on the staff of General Tschernischeff during the campaigns of 1813-14—and we have no doubt that the practice of a veteran campaigner was of use in enabling him to sojourn for a twelvemonths of peace, with apparently little or no discomfort to himself, in regions where many strangers seem to struggle with ever-recurring dread of starvation, or, worse still, of being victimized out and out by the incessant attacks of those light skirmishers—both crawling and hopping—which lurk everywhere about the houses and persons of the natives. In M. de Custine's pages we have all sighed over the doleful complaints which these foreign bloodsuckers elicited from an *élegant* of the boulevard: in Professors Arndt's '*Erinnerungen*' (a book which, by the way, gives a short but most interesting account of the appearance of Russia to a traveller during the war of 1812), we find that they caused hardly less terror to a youth bred in the frugal cottage of a

North German peasant. He and his companions used actually, after leaving a Russian inn, to retire behind the nearest tree, strip themselves naked, and give their garments a good shake in the wind. We will not shock our fair readers by producing the detestable English name of the enemy: let it suffice that that vile trilateral monosyllable stands also on all maps for a grand river in South Russia—and, to drop unpleasant nomenclature for still more distressing essentials, that the evildoers in question seem to bear a strong family resemblance to the *chinchas* we have heard of in South America which, when the fresh pilgrim retires to rest, in size and shape are like a pillar-dollar, but by the morning have become like a cricket-ball. But with all the Baron's capability of enduring hardships, he seems, like a sensible man, to enjoy the good things of life when he comes across them. He pronounces the chicken outlets of Tarjok well worthy of their European reputation—(M. de Custine by the way tells us that, like all the civilization in Muscovy, they are a legacy from the Grande Armée of 1812). He duly chronicles the *petits pois sucrés de Moscou*; and, on finding some ice, sets to work making a *limonade glacée*. In one point, only, our hero shows himself degenerate. We had fondly believed that from the day when Mars made himself so very particular by his attentions to Venus, all his gallant sons had ever been distinguished by their devotion to 'honour, love, and beauty'; that the brave always appreciate, as 'none but the brave deserve the fair,' but we are shocked to see that the Baron, amid all his observations moral, physical, social, political, religious, or agricultural, never alludes to female beauty—or worse, he *does* say that the women in one place *are* handsome, but explains himself by adding that they have all moustaches! Now we maintain that this is the fault of the Hanoverian veteran's own optical organs, however skilled and spectacled—for, to the best of our experience, there are only two things you cannot travel away from—a bad conscience and pretty women. Most assuredly, whenever driven abroad in younger days by the cruelty of our 'ladye love,' we found the angels more divine in each country we entered, from the Mississippi to the Mediterranean, than in the one before—always (of course) excepting the scene of our original start.

The Baron had for companion a certain Dr. Kosegarten, who, however, seems not to have been quite of so locomotive a tendency as himself, and to have made a longer stay in some of the large towns. He has furnished accordingly the most interesting de-

tails on the affair at Nijni Novgorod, on Toulou (the Birmingham of Russia), and even on Moscow. He tells us he is *not* a physician; and we do not think his writing reads like that of a D.D.—so we suppose he must be, or have been—

'a tutor, law-professor in the University of Göttingen.'

Howbeit, this Doctor's contributions are evidently the fruits of industry and investigation creditable to his unnamed Faculty:—in fact, the only passage on which we must bestow a touch of the critical rod, is where he speaks of a third occasional comrade of the tour who, from a long stay in England, had contracted sundry habits peculiar to our insular discipline, and, for example, indulged *passim* in 'enormous quantities of Madeira.' We had often stared at Russian travellers' stories about champagne: but the familiar comeatibility of Madeira in the hosteleries of the Provinces is a novelty to us. This Englishified virtuoso seems, however, to have retained some sufficiently hyperborean tastes and predilections, for he accompanied his Madeira with frequent slices of raw cucumber, and varied his potations with *two or three* cups of tea every time they changed horses. We wish we knew his address, in order that we might present him with a copy of the 'Art of Dining.'

The Baron himself, we must confess, produces here and there a startling specimen of the marvellous—and this without anything equivalent to the saving clause—*ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λεγόντες λεγούσι δ' ὡς*—wherewith the venerable Father of History usually prefaces what undergraduates (now we fear his chief readers) are, or used to be, in the habit of calling 'a whopper.' We are gravely assured that herrings abound in a certain fresh-water lake. Then we have minute details of the adventures of a Russian beauty, who, being carried off by a horde of Tartars in order to be sold in China, made her escape in the middle of the desert, and after several months, walking all night, resting by day, and building boats with her own hands to pass the rivers, came back sound and safe to her native city—where she died in 1840 at the age of 70. Again, we had always been told that the periodic waves of cholera could be traced as they gradually advanced on us from the East; and we knew that some savans ascribed that awful scourge to a blue insect too minute for most microscopes;—but now we find that we are threatened with three additional and decidedly living pestilences which are slowly coming towards us from the same quarter: *viz.*, a monstrous fly which

infests all dwellings, and has already reached the frontiers of Poland;—a little but fearfully destructive ant;—and a gigantic yellow rat, which extirpates all other rats, not to mention mice, but moreover sets the cats at defiance. We tremble at such forebodings, and can only hope that our island may prove a Goshen in the midst of these worse than Egyptian plagues.

Nicholas of Russia may say, with more truth than any other sovereign—at least than any other legitimate one—of the present day, 'l'état c'est moi;' and if we set aside any little English prejudices in favour of Habeas-corpus and Trial by Jury, and fairly take into account the state of his people, we must allow that he seems to act (towards them) with uniform wisdom and kindness. It has been the rule among the popularity-mongers who make capital out of the griefs of bearded exiles, to represent him as equaling in wickedness his namesake of the lower regions;—whereas, according to our German authors, and to all late English travellers of much importance, he is a patriot of the purest water—never sparing himself in his earnest exertions to do his duty by the humblest of his subjects—hated by the majority of his nobles as the only bulwark against their tyranny and extortion, and equally adored by the peasants as their firm friend and best patron. As painted by some eminent friends of our own, he is the first, since the title of Emperor was adopted, who might with good right have stuck to his ancestral *Czar*—the first real tory of the line—in short, the first who has ever taken a true view of the domestic polity of Russia—anxious to foster by all possible means the old national ways of thinking and feeling, instead of encouraging and tempting high or low to a servile copying of outlandish models. Prodigious as was the increase in the material power of his country, produced by the genius of Peter the Great, he yet set a bad example in trying to abolish everything really Russian and put in its place something imported; and his successors imitated him best in his worst blunder; but this fashion seems to have of late been entirely dropped, and in fact a Russo-mania is now the rage—nowhere more, to all appearance, than among the courtiers. The Emperor, our reporters all say, is chiefly pestered and impeded in his efforts for improvement by the thoroughly corrupt and demoralised nature of the instruments he has to employ, and especially of the *Tschin*—that organized bureaucratic class, forming a recognised grade of the inferior nobility, from which the civil servants of the administration are as invariably selected as were the soldiers and swineherds

of ancient Egypt from two particular castes; in Russia these gentlemen not only cheat themselves, but do all in their power to suppress any tendency to honesty among the people. We have heard a liberal M.P., and enthusiastic supporter of the '*civis Romanus*' doctrine of a late foreign secretary, declare, after visiting St. Petersburg, that Nicholas left on his mind the idea of one weighed down by the feeling that he is the *one* honest man in his dominions. The only way by which he keeps any kind of order is by making journeys at full gallop at the risk of his neck, coming upon the officials before they have time to alter the everyday state of things—promoting the efficient, and summarily degrading the remiss. We may mention one small specimen. The Emperor had received information that the naval stores at the arsenal of Cronstadt—like the water in the fountains at Charing Cross, or 'the army' at Astley's—were carried in at the gate, entered by a clerk, taken out by a side-way, and brought in and entered again—each entry of course being charged to the Treasury with the full market-price of the article. Determined to catch the culprits *flagrante delicto*, the steam of the imperial yacht was ordered to be got up forthwith—the Great Man in person embarked—but just as he was nearing the port, a column of smoke was seen to rise from the dockyard, and in a few minutes all evidence of guilt was destroyed by the fire, which was meant to be as useful a respondent for everything missing as the cat in Dean Swift's Directions to Servants.

The extremest Liberals will hardly deny that in countries still touched with barbarism, where capital is rare among the industrial orders, much good may be done by the fostering aid of even an autocratic government. Besides the establishments for the education of the imperial servants, here are others signally beneficial to larger classes of the people. The College for Foresters—the first noticed under the former division—consists of a school for 13 officers and 202 cadets at St. Petersburg, with a branch-establishment for 32 more at Lissino, to which a portion of forest, a nursery-garden, and some arable fields are attached. Of this College, which is intended to supply superintendent foresters throughout the empire, the pupils are chiefly selected from the sons of the nobility.

'At St. Petersburg the course of studies is divided into six classes. In five they are taught Russian, German, French, geography, history, mathematics, drawing, and physical science. The sixth is exclusively devoted to what concerns forests. The pupils leaving this class receive the rank of officer, and are sent to the

school at Lissino to finish their practical studies. They then return for another year to St. Petersburg, where, by passing a second examination, they may obtain a testimonial that they are qualified for actual employment.'

Although a great portion of the soil, north of the steppes, is covered with forest, yet a reckless cutting can by no means be carried on with impunity: in many places they already suffer much inconvenience from such proceedings in time past. In British North America we ourselves feel the consequences of the early settlers having treated the woods as valueless and inexhaustible, in the distances which the lumberers have to penetrate into the wilds for logs of respectable bulk. Would it not be worth while for the East India Directors (if they outlive the present hurricane) to have some of their young servants properly instructed, with a view to the systematic care of the immense teak forests? We might get from thence a much ampler supply for national purposes at a much smaller expense than we have ever done (or are ever likely to do) from the New Forest or the Forest of Dean; but tracts of such extent would require the Russian and German plan—felling square miles at once, and leaving standards enough to re-sow them—not the English daintiness of treating each tree like a garden-plant.

There is also an Imperial College near St. Petersburg, where they take in a certain number of peasants' children and instruct them carefully in the elements of the science of Agriculture—especially explaining how general principles are applied to particular localities. The pupils do all the farm-work, and often acquire no small skill in the management of sheep and cattle. At the conclusion of the *curriculum* they are given some land, with 1000 roubles to stock it, and are expected to set a pattern to the neighborhood. Two persons are placed on each farm, so that either they must lead a very unpleasant life, or the Russian peasants, and still more their wives, must be remarkably free from any turn for quarrelling. M. de Haxthausen, who strictly examined one of these farms near Wologda, speaks of it as in a very creditable state of cultivation on a six-course system, and as having produced a visible improvement over the adjoining country. The house was comfortable and scrupulously clean—there were even flowers outside and a few books indoors; all the furniture as well as the farm-implements had been made by the occupiers themselves while at the school. A second agricultural seminary, including a model-farm on a very great scale, is now, we understand, flourishing at Lipetz, in South Russia; but when

our Baron saw the locality, its buildings only existed on paper. He however inspected and admired a third school of this class in the South—namely, one of Horticulture, established, under German teachers, in a large public garden at Jekaterinoslaw.

Few capitals can boast so many great educational institutions as now exist at Moscow under Crown patronage. Beginning with the University—the Baron speaks of the upper professors as fully acquainted with all that has been written in other countries on their respective subjects; nor is he less pleased with the state of the numerous schools subordinate to this University. Other schools are those of Commerce (partly supported by the merchants of Moscow), of Drawing, for soldiers' Orphans, and for Cadets; but the greatest of all seems to be the Imperial House of Education, founded by Catherine II. It has at least 26,000 children belonging to it, either within its walls or put out to nurse in the country: all of them orphans of officers or else foundlings. Of the children in the house, the boys are brought up to be schoolmasters, or to be sent to the University; the girls to be governesses, learning German, French, drawing, dancing, history, geometry, and music, besides sewing, knitting, &c.; places are found for them by and bye—but not in either of the capitals, which are thought unsafe for 'unprotected females.' They are watched for six years, and if marriage comes in their way, proper inquiries are made about the swain. Attached to this institution is a School of Arts, the pupils of which are thoroughly trained in the practice of some one of the different trades that figure on the list, and which are in number *seventeen*. These vast establishments are mainly supported by the profits of a compound between a savings bank and a *mont de pitié*, which allows 4 per cent. interest for money deposited, and lends it out again at 5 per cent. on the security either of land or chattels left in pawn.

M. de Haxthausen gives an account of several factories at Moscow, which he considered to indicate a condition of high prosperity; but as to the general prospects of manufactures in Russia, we fear many of our readers will attach but a slender value to the Baron's opinion on such matters. He says, for example:

'It is not a Principle of Political Economy that the trades which work up the raw products of a country, and adapt them to home-markets, are the most beneficial and most worthy the patronage of a Government:—that those which work up foreign materials for the home-market also deserve encouragement, though the Govern-

ment is not bound to establish them;—but that manufacturers employing only foreign raw materials to form goods for foreign markets are dangerous and hurtful, since, without bringing any real profit to a country, they infer the formation of a class which, in the hour of pressure, may be too likely to increase the difficulties of Government?—i. p. 157.

In illustration of this *Principle*, we find him elsewhere pronouncing (ii. p. 239) that the trade with China must be a losing one for Russia, since it is carried on by the export, in exchange for tea, of goods, which, though of Russian manufacture, are made of foreign cotton. What says Manchester?

In a notice of so discursive a book as this we cannot pretend to anything like a logical sequence of topics. Before the time of Peter the Great, whatever nobility there was, was of a patriarchal, not a feudal nature; but in his eagerness for bringing everything to the western standard, he took the existing aristocracies of States in all respects very differently situated as the model to which he must approximate, as far as might be anyhow possible, the most fortunate of his own subjects: and this circumstance, together with their foreign education, is in a great measure the reason why the Nobles of the present time seem a sort of excrecence on the social system of the nation they belong to. Hence also, while in other countries the lower classes have been gradually emancipating themselves by encroachments (favoured by the courts of law) on the ancient privileges of their superiors, in Russia on the contrary, the lords have been enlarging their privileges by encroachments on those under them. It appears, in fact, that the rural labourers had, from time immemorial, been in all essential respects freemen, and so remained up to the year 1601, when on a discovery, real or pretended, that they were too much given to wandering about, the Czar Boris Godounoff published an Ukase to prohibit any peasant from moving out of his own district. With this exception, however, they still kept their personal freedom until the reign of Peter the Great, when they became practically serfs; we say practically, because to this day there is no positive law establishing serfdom. The servitude was not at first very onerous, as the lords used only, as of yore, to charge each village with a fixed tribute or obrok, allowing them, in consideration of it, the use of all the land. By and bye, however, on the introduction of manufactures, certain villages were granted to particular factories, which were worked by the forced labour of the people. One factory of this sort, to which Peter himself gave 1200 peasants, exists to this day near

Jaroslaw, but it is in a state of decay not very encouraging to imitators. The proprietors of peasants possessing mechanical skill seem now to have found out that it answers better to let them work on their own account, paying a yearly sum for the privilege, than to turn tradesmen and employ them themselves. The position both of lord and villein has been greatly changed since the French invasion of 1812. Up to that critical epoch the mass of nobles unconnected with the court used to live at Moscow in great luxury, especially as to servants, some of them being reported to have kept as many as 1000, few less than 20 or 30. In fact, in those days Moscow was the headquarters of rank and fashion, instead of commerce and manufactures, as it is at present; and the number of nobles, with their domestic serfs, reached 250,000, making more than half the population. After the burning, being unable to rebuild their palaces, they went to live, not commonly indeed in rural halls or castles, but in their provincial towns, from which they frequently visited their estates—and, a liking to manage the cultivation on their own account having gradually become prevalent, there has ensued a general abolition of the obrok: the Seigneur now-a-days rarely claiming more than from each peasant a certain number of days' labour, like the old French *corvée*. Some noblemen in the south of Russia have done great good by the establishment of studs on a vast scale, managed by Newmarket jockeys: one of these, belonging to Count Orloff, near Lipetz, contains no less than 500 brood mares.

The great feature of the rural system is that every head of a peasant-family is a member of a *commune* and, as such, has a right to a portion of land. These village communities, which are found in their most perfect state on the domains of the crown, have a very regular though complicated organisation. At the head of each village is the *starosta*, who presides over a council called the *ten*; because, says the Baron, every ten families are entitled to nominate a councillor; but we think it more likely, both from the distinctness of the title and its application, and from the fluctuating number of members which must have attended such a system as the Baron supposes, that the council itself consisted originally of ten persons and no more. These officers are all elected annually by the peasants: their duty is to divide the obrok, which is levied upon the community collectively, among the individual members according to their ability; and to distribute any lands which may escheat to them by the death of

the occupiers; they also form a court for the settlement of local disputes and the punishment of minor offences: in short, there is perfect self-government as regards internal matters. Several of these villages form a district under an officer styled a *starchina*, who, with assessors, holds a superior court and levies the recruits required for the army: he is elected by deputies sent from the villages within his jurisdiction. A number of these starchinates again form a *volost*, under a functionary, also elective, who, with his assessors, presides over a court possessing higher as well as wider authority. We think it is impossible not at once to be struck with the resemblance of this system to that of frankpledge, commonly said to have been founded by Alfred. Our old *tithing* was generally co-extensive with the modern parish, and is said to have been so called as containing ten freeholders; whether this is exactly correct or not may be doubtful, but certain it is that here, as in Russia, the number ten had something to do with the arrangement, and the persons, whether ten in fact or more or fewer, were sureties or free-pledges to the king for the good behaviour of each other. They annually elected a president called the tithing-man or headborough, who therefore answered to the Russian *starosta*. Ten of these Tithings formed a Hundred under its bailiff, who, like the *starchina*, held his hundred-court for the trial of causes. Many of these hundreds together formed a shire, having, like the *volost*, its higher or county court under the Shirereeve, who was formerly, as mentioned in a statute of Edward the First's reign (and exactly as now in Russia), chosen by the inhabitants; though in these days he is 'pricked' by Her Majesty's justices in the Exchequer chamber, much to the annoyance of quiet squires, who do not relish, with wheat at 35s., spending 800*l.* or 1000*l.* in javelin-men.

Other village communities, quite as perfect as the Russian, as far as their completeness within themselves and management of their internal affairs go, but not bearing such systematic relation to each other, are to be described in quite an opposite direction from England. In Mr. Campbell's most interesting book on India we have a full description of them as they now exist in the North-western provinces, and as they probably existed all over India, until, in our eagerness to find equivalents to the terms of English law, we established the *Zemindaree* system in Bengal, where we consider the freehold of the land as residing in the head man, and the cultivators as his tenants

at will; while, in the Madras Presidency, we have put a different interpretation on the same terms, and, under the Ryotwar system, treat each cultivator as having the freehold in severalty of the plot on which we found him. Be this as it may, in our more recent conquests these societies are to be seen in a perfect form; they have a headman, scribe, and other officers, who, with the assistance of a *Punchayet*—i. e. a council of Five, distribute the common land, as well as the tax, which is paid by them in one sum to the Company's superintendent for the district.

The condition of the Crown peasants has been very much improved, under Nicholas, by the establishment of the *ministry of domains*—the Russian 'Woods and Forests'—but said to be more economical in its stewardship than ours—a question too delicate for journalistic decision. Its duty embraces a rigid care of all the Imperial estates—but more especially the protection of the poor from the extortion of the employes—and this function certainly seems to be so discharged that the Crown villages are everywhere the envy of those belonging to private persons. All the peasants are free to go where they like; and any man leaving his village to exercise a trade pays no higher tribute than his share would have been at home as an unskilled labourer; whereas the nobles generally charge the out-living mechanic according to their estimate of his earnings. It is even asserted that the Emperor has been considering seriously a plan for the entire abolition of the *obrok* and the substitution of a rent on all crown lands. Meantime the ministry of domains has a sort of museum of geology, agriculture, and manufactures at its office in each province; and in many villages it has established elementary schools for the peasants. The 'Autocrat's' hand is everywhere felt indeed—or at least everywhere wished for. By stringent laws—whereon no man in that region dares to exercise his talent for quibbling, or any other tricks of evasion—he has prevented the manufacturers from exercising over their people that tyranny which the Manchester school have imported with their cotton from the latitude of Louisiana. The sanitary condition of the workshops is matter of most strict surveillance—the truck system forbidden—and every master forced to provide a hospital, a physician, and a school. The Baron adds, that some of the nobles also treat their serfs with great indulgence: for instance, M. Scheremetjew glories in the wealth of those belonging to him—some of whom have acquired (in his name, as they

cannot hold them by law) six or seven hundred serfs, nor does he charge them a higher tribute than the poorest. So much for a good example. Nor is the care of the imperial supervisor confined to his subjects of the great dominant blood:—no one is allowed to settle within the limits of the wild tribes of Siberia, lest they should be oppressed by the superior power of civilization—a policy which, as the Baron de Haxthausen observes, is very different from that of the 'free and enlightened citizens' of the United States towards the unhappy red men.

The Russian peasants are described as physically a fine race of men, generally indeed eating meat only once a week, but having a variety of other food, and well contented therewith—comfortably and even expensively clothed: in one village, the author says, a man's dress usually costs 3*l.* 15*s.*, and women's 4*l.* 4*s.*, also that all the men revelled in the luxury of a cotton shirt—we presume he did not venture to inquire into those mysteries with the fair sex:—the cottages are well built—and our German Baron even has a word of praise on the score of their cleanliness—though that hardly tallies with the bulk of his own *Notes* on certain entomological phenomena. Very often, especially in the government of Jaroslaff, the people of which are noticed as the most intelligent in the whole empire, villages are met with in which all the inhabitants practise the same trade: old and young being, for example, without exception, tailors, haters, chandlers, potters, blacksmiths, or carpenters. On those estates where the system of *corvée* is established instead of the obrok, the owner keeps a certain portion wholly in his own hands, generally one-third, though in the poor soils of the north it is often as little as one-fourth, and in the rich soils of the south as much as one-half; while the serfs are allowed to use the rest of the land on condition of giving three days' labour a week to the lord's reserved portion. In some parts the soil is cultivated by quite a different class from any we have hitherto spoken of; they go by the name of Polowniki, are perfectly free, and seem to stand to the owners of the land in nearly the same relation that our tenant-farmers do. Their existence as a distinct class may be traced to a very remote period—some antiquaries say even so far back as the eleventh century: an ukase in 1725 declared that, not being serfs, they might go where they liked, subject to certain regulations; and their condition was further regulated by an order of the Minister of the Interior, in 1827. Their present tenure seems to be nearly as follows: the rent consists of half the harvest—the

tenant finding the stock, as also the labour in the erection of farm-buildings, for which the landlord provides the materials; the length of the leases varies from six to twenty years, but either party contemplating an actual dissolution of the connexion must give a year's notice before the expiration of the expressed period.

The state of agriculture is described at considerable length in the work before us: our own space will not allow of our entering at all into details; suffice it to say that the farming is generally far inferior to that in western Europe, and in the north the severity of the climate adds greatly to the difficulties. At the same time many exceptions are mentioned in the shape of intelligent owners, who have set up model farms, and who, it is firmly asserted, realize handsome profits upon their outlay—which is at any rate more than most English model-farmers will be found to say. There are also, scattered over different Governments, not a few colonies of Germans, whose lands can be immediately distinguished by their superior condition; and we suspect it must be owing to having surveyed with special attention some of these German districts, in his journey through South Russia, that Professor Arndt speaks of the cultivation there as equal to that of Pomerania. The Empress Catharine made a law giving great privileges to any strangers who would form colonies in Russia: among these are, liberty of conscience, and dotation of their clergy by the state; perpetual exemption from civil, nay, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, from military service; no taxes for a certain time, after which they pay the same as the Crown peasants; a permission to form a kind of corporate body for their own purposes—and the right of choosing their local magistrates. It should be recollected that foreigners may live within the Empire for any number of generations without acquiring the character of subjects, unless they either marry into a Russian family, or take place under Government for one of their sons.

The portion of the imperial territory, whose soil and climate are most favourable to agriculture is pronounced to be—however many of the Baron's readers may stare—no other than the district of the steppes; there, he assures us, abundant crops of wheat are produced with no more labour than a mere scratching of the ground to receive the seed; no manure is ever used, and when the land becomes exhausted, a fallow of five years enables it to bear harvests for fifteen years more; they throw the manure into the streams, and many of their rivers are choked



by this practice. We have been told of similar habits in Kentucky, and of farmers doubting whether it was easiest to move their houses from the nuisance or to cart it into the Ohio. Sheep thrive equally well, but the wool grown is wanting in elasticity, and valueless, owing, as is supposed by our Baron, to the drying effect of the sun, wind, and dust; though we are rather doubtful about the correctness of this supposition, as sun, wind and dust are nowhere more dominant than in that part of Spain which is the home of the Merino sheep. These steppes, which cover so large an extent of central Europe and Asia, seem, from the description of our Baron, and many other travellers,\* to be very like the prairies which occupy so much of the centre of North America; in each we have an apparently endless extent of treeless flat, except where it is broken by the groves on each side of the rivers that penetrate it; in each, though the general contour of the country appears so level, yet, on closer inspection, it is often made up of a series of gigantic waves all precisely of the same height and form. Trees, when planted on the prairie, are known to grow well, and the absence of them in its unreclaimed aspect is popularly attributed to the frequent prairie-fires. We do not know whether the same cause would apply to the steppes, but it is certain that many trees planted there grow luxuriantly; and one chief object which occupies the attention of the school of forests is to find the best trees and the best methods. The southern portion of the steppes was governed up to 1783 by the Khan of Crimea, who boasted—and M. de Haxthausen says he believes it—of being a lineal descendant of that famous lord of all the steppes, and leader of all the vagabonds who lived on them, Gengis Khan. The modern Khans, though vassals of the Porte, were greater men with him than even the Lord Mayor is with Queen Victoria; they had not only the right of presenting what petitions they chose, but also that of always having them granted, whether they asked for green fat or the grand vizier's head. The Baron is told, to his astonishment, that the last of Gengis' descendants, Kerim Girei, has become Christian, and lives in England! We believe that the gentleman he alludes to spent some years in Edinburgh (where he was styled *Sultan Kerim*), and married a lady of family and fortune there, but long ago returned to the land of his ancestry, and thenceforth devoted himself and all his resources to the im-

provement and instruction of its native race. If yet alive he maintains, we doubt not, an intimate correspondence with our Bible and Missionary Societies.

The more we peep into these hyperborean countries, the more truthful we find the descriptions of Herodotus, in spite of the old and general suspicion to the contrary. As his account of Scythia (under which vague name the ancients included all the north-eastern nations) is a remarkable instance of his accuracy, it may be worth while to recall some of his remarks in the fourth book, where he tells of Darius's ill-fated expedition from the Danube to the Don, which must have taken him through the centre of the steppes. He says, 'all the land is quite bare of trees, either wild or sown, and, as wood is dreadfully scarce, they have found this plan for boiling meat: they clean the bones and burn them under the caldron.' Our county members lament over the quantity of wheat exported from Odessa—the outlet for all the produce of South Russia; and accordingly Herodotus says that the Scythians live in waggons (as the Tartars of the steppe do to this day), and 'do not sow corn for food, but for export.' North of these nations he says the country is quite unfit to inhabit, from the quantity of snow and its eight months' winter; and 'if we go on far enough, we come, it is affirmed, to people who sleep six months at a time:—but he adds, 'I do not believe a word of this'—a remark exactly similar to what he interposes on the story of the people who said that the sun at mid-day, in South Africa, was to the north of them. The Father of History does not even think the quantity of vermin beneath his notice; he mentions one tribe as—saving your presence—eaters of lice.\* Peter Pindar would have been their poet-laureate, if he had lived in those days. But the most extraordinary statements of any, when taken in connexion with the recent discoveries in the Ural mountains, are those which he makes concerning gold. He tells us that going north-eastward from the Don, we pass several tribes and at last come to very high and steep mountains 'which no man can cross'—(the worthy ancient did not foresee a Pallas or a Murchison)—and there are said to live the 'gold-watching griffins and the one-eyed Arimaspians.' In another book he tells us that 'towards the north of Europe there certainly is a very great quantity of gold: how it came there I cannot exactly say—but they report that the one-eyed Arimaspians take it

\* Perhaps the most lively and picturesque account of the Steppes is that given by the late M. Xavier Hommaire de Hell and his very clever lady in their joint book of *Travels*—translated here in 1847.

\* C. 109. φειροπαγετον— which some translate, 'they eat *fir cones*,' but we, with Liddell and Scott, are for the *animal food*.



by force from the griffins.' Milton suggests lower means than those of force—

'As when a gryphon through the wilderness,  
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale  
Pursues the Arimasian, who *by stealth*  
Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
The guarded gold.'

We do not know on what authority our great poet relied here, but Herodotus was no very strong one to the contrary, for he takes occasion to throw in once more a sceptical salvo—viz. that he in his own mind disbelieves the existence of any one-eyed nation anywhere. For the prevalent creed, however, as to this particular in connexion with the existence of gold in those regions we have the still more ancient testimony of *Æschylus*:—

ἄνυστόμους γὰρ Ζηνὸς ἀραγαίς κύνας  
γρύπας φύλαξαι, τὸν μουνῶπα στρατὸν  
'Ἀριμασπὸν ἱπποβάμον'—οἱ χρυσόρυτον  
οἰκοῦν ἀμφὶ νῆμα Πλούτωνος πόρον.

We will not profane the words by a translation; suffice it to say\* that Prometheus warns Io to beware 'of the griffins and the one-eyed host of Arimasian horsemen, who dwell around the *golden stream at Pluto's gates*.' Herodotus confirms the story of gold coming from that quarter by some incidental allusions in his account of the more accessible Scythian tribes. Thus he says that they gild the heads of their friends before burial—(having previously eaten the rest of the body, cut up with mutton and made into an Irish stew); that they bury golden goblets with their kings; and that they set in gold the drinking-cups which they make from the skulls of their enemies.

On the actual criminal system of Russia M. de Haxthausen does anything but echo the affecting statements of our Polish and other philanthropists. To prevent disappointment in those who expect to hear thrilling tales of women knouted to death, we think it best to say at once that, according to our Baron and other trustworthy authorities, the use of the knout was entirely abolished several years ago; and that, for some time before, it had been reduced within narrow limits and strict control, any one punished unjustly having a right to recover 200 silver rubles a stroke from the court which sentenced him. Political offenders, who are merely to be kept under surveillance, live, to all appearances in the ease of freedom, at Wologda; those whose sins are of a deeper dye become *Exiles*—that is, go to Siberia. The Exiles are removed to their destination in convoys of 100 or 200 under charge of an

escort, and until the number is complete they are kept in a comfortable prison well lighted and warmed. While *en route* they experience much kindness from the Russian peasants, who send them presents of their best food at every resting-place; and in large towns the excess of such contributions over what they can consume is so great that it is sold to buy them better clothing. Before starting, the convicts are inspected by a surgeon, and those who are unable to walk are put in carriages: of the others, every two men carry a chain of 4 or 5 lbs. weight—and the Baron says, they declared they *rather liked* being chained to each other by the leg; but tastes differ—anyhow they only walk 15 miles a day, and every third day, they rest. Wives are allowed and expected to accompany their husbands—(some will perhaps ask if this is part of the punishment?)—nay, should a lady refuse to march, her marriage is dissolved—a consequence, no doubt, calling for serious deliberation. The journey lasts seven months. In the Asiatic part of it the comforts are not on the same scale, and there is often great mortality; between 1823 and 1832 it amounted to about one-fifth, and the average number of exiles was 10,000 a-year. On arrival, the worst subjects are sent to the mines; and in former times, they hardly ever again saw daylight, but by the present Emperor's regulation they are not kept underground more than eight hours a-day, and on Sunday all have undisturbed freedom. Those of a less heinous stamp are employed on public works for some time, and then allowed to become colonists. The least serious offenders are at once settled as colonists in Southern Siberia, and thenceforth may be considered as quite free, except that they cannot quit their location. In such a soil and climate, with industry, they may within two or three years find themselves established in good houses of their own, amidst fields supplying every want of a rising family. It is asserted that the young people reared in these abodes turn out, on the whole, of most respectable character, and are associated with accordingly on the kindest terms by neighbours of other classes—especially the peasants of native Siberian race, who, by the way, are all entirely free and many of them very rich. The only drawback to this paradise arises from the recent and rapidly increasing production of gold, which is said to have already done considerable harm to morals; let us hope that the Arcadian simplicity of Van Diemen's Land will escape the similar pollution threatened it by the vicinity of Port Phillip.

A model-prison at Odessa is described as

greatly more successful than any we know of nearer home :—it contains, we are told, 700 criminals, who all work at different trades, their earnings being either applied to promoting their comfort while in durance, or given them, to start in an honest life with, on their emancipation. On entering the prison they wear a chain, but on good behaviour—very generally within three months—they walk the streets without it; they are allowed to go out to work for private individuals, under the direction of one of the best conducted prisoners, and are constantly employed to put out fires, yet have scarcely ever been accused of stealing on such occasions. After ten years a full pardon is very often granted: in fact, not one-tenth of the whole number are detained beyond that period, and on its expiry many obtain small offices under government.

The Emperor, it is well known, is the head of his own branch of the Greek church—being indeed, truly and substantially 'in all causes and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, in those his dominions supreme.' The services of the church seem to be in general conducted with great order and decency; M. de Haxthausen repeatedly mentions the singing as really beautiful. He considers all classes (excepting the Frenchified fashionables and Germanized *savants*) to be at heart sincere believers—describes the rural gentry as prostrating themselves before the images no less reverentially than the peasants, and lord and vassal alike ready to subscribe to the utmost of their means for either repairing an old or building a new church. Several of the parish clergy are spoken of as possessing very fair literary knowledge, and eager to assist in educating their flocks. Their subsistence is mainly from glebe lands, which the peasants are usually willing to cultivate for them, but they also have fees on marriages, &c. There are convents in Russia, both of men and women, but they have no great hold on the affections of the people, who did not much regret the confiscation of their lands by Catherine II.: they are therefore now dependent on their own industry and the free-will offerings of devout individuals, assisted sometimes by a small subsidy from government. By far the most remarkable of the Russian convents is that of Troitza, which includes quite a town within its limits, and in old times has stood sieges by the Poles; the treasure it is reported still to contain is enormous, but the 500 or 600 monks, who dined daily of old in its refectory, have dwindled to not more than 100.

Even with an autocratic head of the church, the Russian clergy are no more free

from dissenters than ours are; though dissent being—(unless in special localities already alluded to)—forbidden by law and only winked at by government, they are not every day annoyed by seeing the vulgar front of the meeting-house, as they pass along the village street. In the book before us there is a long and interesting chapter on the different bodies of dissenters. The first mentioned are of exceedingly mysterious character, probably remains of ancient paganism, strangely addicted, it is said and believed, to practices of self-destruction and mutilation. But the most considerable sect is that which arose from the schism caused in 1659 by the patriarch Nikon's audacity in substituting a corrected text of the Scriptures for the very corrupt one previously in use. They call themselves Starowertzi, i. e. old-belief-men. These northern 'Tractarians,' divided into many fractions among themselves, entertain considerable varieties of custom and observance, but are said to be generally well instructed, especially in their Bible, and to have in most places very considerable influence among their countrymen of the old school; their chief strength, however, lies among the class of tradesmen and artisans. They look upon the potato as a wicked modern invention, and the cholera as a punishment for its introduction. But Western critics have little right to wonder at this Muscovite theory, when we all know that the Archbishop of Besançon, in a recent pastoral, has told the most enlightened of nations that the scourge of railroads is a retribution for the crying sin of innkeepers in supplying their guests with meat during Lent. We ourselves never found any difficulty in procuring Protestant provender within the States of His Holiness, yet their soil has as yet escaped that awful visitation; but of course the French Archbishop would readily account for this little apparent difficulty. The Baron says there are some other Russian sects, of a totally opposite character to the starowertzi, of recent growth, who hold new doctrines, instead of clinging obstinately to the old. Our space will not permit us to enter into their individual tenets, which are some of them very wild. We must not, however, omit to mention that there is a colony in South Russia of Mennonites—a sect descended, with modified doctrines, from the Anabaptists of Munster—for the knowledge of whose history the unlearned are generally indebted to the opera of the Prophète): finding themselves uncomfortable in Germany, after several abortive migrations, they availed themselves of an invitation from the Russian government, and their settlement is in a most flourishing condition.

We wish the author of these often curious but loose and inconclusive *Notes* would himself state the results of his observations in the form of a regular report,—such as he appears to have made for the government of Prussia. But if he be disinclined again to rush into print, we should think that, now the National Protection Society is dissolved, there must be plenty of young English squires, with a competent knowledge of country matters, at a loss how to expend their superfluous energy; if one of these, who did not mind roughing it, would really explore and publish an accurate and farmer-like account of rural Russia, he might produce a book as interesting to the world at large as was Arthur Young's *Tour in France* at the end of the last century. To our own agriculturists, and to all practical statesmen, such a work would be indeed a most acceptable gift 'under existing circumstances.'

M. de Haxthausen tells us little or nothing about the Russian army—a subject on which we should have been happy to hear more from a German officer of his ability and experience. In this country we are aware that there is a general belief, founded mainly, no doubt, on the lingering progress, of the Russian arms in Circassia, that, with the exception of a few show regiments of guards, their troops are in no very efficient condition; but, besides that the history of the war in Caffraria ought to make Englishmen slow to condemn a foreign military *en masse* on such grounds, we think the Russian soldiers had a weighty *primâ facie* testimony for them in their conduct when opposed to the French, from the days of Suwarrow to the battle of Leipsic. This favourable presumption was confirmed by the rapidity with which they turned the scale which the Hungarians had so long held evenly poised against troops acknowledged to be among the best in Europe. We shall only add that an English traveller of experience, well known to ourselves, inspected at Cracow one considerable corps on its march to Hungary, and he affirms that the men composing it were as fine, and manœuvred with as great precision, as any we could produce in Hyde Park or the Phoenix; the horses of good blood and excellently trained: the artillery, with all its equipments, impossible to be surpassed.

In conclusion, we cannot but deprecate that partisan view which many take even of *facts*, when relating to Russia. There was a time when England was at war with all the world, and thank God! she came out victorious: we have no doubt that, if she be but true to herself, she need not fear the worst her foes can do, but we have no wish that she should

again pass through so terrible an ordeal, and therefore we cannot understand the policy of those people—we are sure they cannot themselves—who, together with the most virulent invectives against Louis Napoleon, persist in flinging expressions of hatred and defiance to those allies who fought side by side with us not so very long ago in resisting the tyranny of France. As to the Emperor Nicholas in particular, we consider such rash language as supremely reprehensible. No man of sense has lately returned from his dominions who does not, with whatever opinions or prejudices he set forth, give this Sovereign credit for an understanding of the clearest and most comprehensive class—and we should regard it as the greatest by far of all possible political misfortunes, were such a Prince by any of his acts to hazard his estimation with the friends of order throughout the world, and justify, in any shape or degree, the representations which we have hitherto despised.

ART. III.—I. *Lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S. 1843.

2. *On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* [This and the following by the same.] 1848.
3. *On the Nature of Limbs.* 1849.
4. *British Fossil Mammals and Birds.* 1846.
5. *On Parthenogenesis; or, the successive Production of Procreating Individuals from a single Ovum: a Discourse introductory to the Hunterian Lectures on Generation and Development, for the year* 1849.
6. *British Fossil Reptiles.* 1848–51.
7. *Description of the Impressions and Footprints of the Protichnites from the Potsdam Sandstone of Canada.* 1852.
8. *Description of some Species of the extinct Genus Nesodon.* 1853.
9. *Description of a Batrachian Fossil from the Coal-shale of Carslake.* 1853.
10. *Catalogue of the Osteological Series in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.* 1853.

In resuming, according to promise, the advance of Comparative Anatomy, as recorded in the labours of Mr. Owen, we should by rights proceed to the most curious and profound series of his writings—the treatises on the Archetype and Homologies of the Skeleton, on the Nature of the Limbs, and

on Parthenogenesis; but before opening them we are tempted to pause for a moment upon some minor Essays, which have thrown new light on the variety and promptitude of his resources in the interval since the appearance of our 180th Number.

The foot-tracks in the Potsdam sandstone of Lower Canada had arrested the attention of Mr. Logan, who, on the 24th of March, 1852, communicated to the Geological Society of London a brief memoir on those apocryphal impressions, but chiefly explanatory of the mineralogical character of the district. On the same evening Professor Owen, in the paper which stands seventh in our list, grappled with the darkness and difficulties of the whole subject, and selected the best marked and most intelligible portions. None who were present will ever forget the patient investigation, the lucid illustration, and the logical power which carried his audience with him to the conclusion, that the several tracks which have certain characters in common—viz., a more or less regularly marked longitudinal furrow, accompanied on each side by numerous closely-set imprints—must, from their peculiar arrangements, have belonged neither to a quadrupedal nor to a fish-like creature, but to some articulate and probably crustaceous genus, either with seven pairs of ambulatory limbs, or with three pairs, of which two were bifid at the impressing extremity, and the third trifid. In one of the slabs, the shape of the pits accords best with the hard, subobtus, subangular terminations of a crustaceous ambulatory limb—such as exist in the blunted legs of a large *Palinurus* or *Birgus*; and Mr. Owen made it evident that the animal of the Potsdam sandstone moved directly forwards after the manner of the lobster, and not sideways like the crabs. One specimen favoured the notion of the median groove having been formed by a caudal appendage, rather than by a prominent part of the under surface of the trunk; and the Professor has now, we understand, no doubt that this most ancient crustacean resembled the *Limulus*, or well-known King-crab of the Moluccas. Well might he say that the imagination is baffled in attempting to realize the lapse of ages since the objects of these conjectures lived and moved upon the sandy shores of the Silurian sea; for we know that all existing species of animals—(with the exception of such as the microscope alone brings within our observation)—disappear at a period very recent, geologically speaking, in comparison with the Silurian epoch. As we descend into the depths of past time, the forms of life present modifications more and

more strange, and differing more widely from actual exemplars. This truth is manifested by the Plesiosaur and Ichthyosaur in the reptilian class; and by the *Pterichthys*, *Coccosteus*, and *Cephalaspis* in that of fishes. Six well-marked varieties of those Potsdam imprints recognized by the Professor, induced him to give them for convenience the appellations of *Protichnites septemnotatus*, *P. octonotatus*, *P. latus*, *P. multinotatus*, *P. lineatus*, and *P. alternans*.

This lucubration was followed, in January 1853, by No. 8—a brief but very remarkable paper on the extinct genus *Nesodon*. The genus is proved to have been herbivorous and ungulate, with the nearest affinity to the odd-toed or perissodactyle order among the existing species; but certain modifications of structure, hitherto peculiar to the even-toed or artiodactyle ungulates, and important marks of affinity to the *Toxodon*, are pointed out. Four species are defined and named:—the first about the size of a Llama; the second about that of a Zebra; the third not bigger than a Sheep; and the fourth not less than a Rhinoceros. The Memoir (No. 9.) on the Batrachian fossil was read on the 19th January, 1853—the same night when Sir C. Lyell communicated his account of Batrachian remains from the coal-fields of Nova Scotia. There is now no doubt of Batrachian life having gone back as far as the coal period; but the animals were of the lowest and most fish-like order.

We now return to our discussion of the principles involved in the most important series of Mr. Owen's publications, and invite attention, firstly, to the light thrown upon the great *Law of Progression from the General to the Particular*.

The law of the closer adherence to the *archetype*, in other words, of a *more generalized* structure, in the embryos of existing species, is distinctly appreciated in his previous works, with a plain indication at the same time of that higher and still more interesting generalization of the corresponding closer conformity to type in the primeval quadrupeds, as contrasted with the modern ones—which manifest more modified or *specialized* structures. But the Professor refrains from the tempting opportunity of hazarding a more extended generalization of this principle than his facts warrant. Pursuing his investigations in the same spirit, and gaining confidence as the data accumulate, he at length enunciates in more precise terms his beautiful and suggestive law of extinct organisms. Thus in the article 'Teeth' (Oct. 1849), we read as follows:—

'Examples of the typical dentition are exceptions in the actual creation; but it was the rule in the forms of Mammalia first introduced into this planet; and that, too, whether the teeth were modified for animal or vegetable food. Fig 576, *e. g.*, shows the dental series of the upper jaw of the *Amphicyon major*, a mixed-feeding ferine animal, allied to the Bear. Fig. 577 shows the dental series of the under jaw of a more strictly carnivorous beast, the *Hyændon*; the fossil remains of a species of which have been discovered in the tertiary deposits of Hampshire. The symbols denote the homologies of the teeth. The true molars in the one are tuberculate, indicating its tendency to vegetable diet; in the other, they are carnassial, and betoken a peculiarly destructive and blood-thirsty species. In the Quarterly Geological Journal, 1848, I have described and figured the entire dental series of one side of the lower jaw of an extinct hoofed quadruped, the *Dichodon cuspidatus*, from eocene or oldest tertiary strata, also manifesting the normal number and kinds of teeth, but with such equality of height of crown, that no interspace is needed to lodge any of the teeth when the jaws are closed, and the series is as entire and uninterrupted as in the human subject. A great proportion of the upper jaw and teeth has been discovered, and the marks of abrasion on the lower teeth prove the series above to have been as entire and continuous as that below. The *Ancrotherium*, from the gypsum quarries of Montmartre, geologically as ancient as the eocene clays of this island, long ago presented to Cuvier the same peculiar continuous detail series as is shown in the *Dichodon*. In his original Memoir Cuvier described the canines as a fourth pair of incisors, on account of their small size and their trenchant shape, but he afterwards recognised their true homology with the larger and more lanariform canines of the *Palæotherium*. The *Charopotamus*, the *Anthracootherium*, the *Hyopotamus*, the *Hyacotherium*, the *Oplotherium*, the *Merycopotamus*, the *Hippohyus*, and other ancient (eocene and miocene) tertiary mammalian genera presented the forty-four teeth, in number and kind according to that which is here propounded as the typical or normal dentition of the placental Mammalia. Amongst the existing genera the hog (*Sus*) is one of the few that retain this type.'

In discussing the difficult question of the precise homologies of the teeth, which we believe to be finally set at rest by Mr. Owen's extensive range of comparisons, we find him guided by the light of the same general law to conclusions which were missed by the greatest of his predecessors:—

'Had Cuvier been guided in his determinations of the teeth by their mutual opposition in the closed mouth, and had he studied them with this view in the Carnivora with the dentition most nearly approaching to the typical formula, *viz.*, the Bear, he could then have seen that the three small and inconstant lower premolars were the homotypes of the three small and

similarly inconstant premolars above; that the fourth false molar below, which as he observes, "alone has the normal form." (*Dents des Mammifères*, p. 111.) was truly the homotype of the tooth above (p. 4), which he found himself compelled to reject from the class of "fausses molaires," notwithstanding it presented their normal form; that the tubercular tooth, which he calls "carnassière" in the lower jaw, was the veritable homotype of his first "molaire tuberculeuse" above, and that the tooth in the inferior series which had no answerable one above was his second "tuberculeuse" and not any of the four false molars. The true second tubercular above (*m. 2*) is, however, so much developed in the Bear as to oppose both *m. 2* and *m. 3* in the lower jaw, and it might seem to include the homotypes of both those teeth coalesced. One sees with an interest such as only these homological researches could excite, that they were distinctly developed in the ancient *Amphicyon*, which accordingly presents the typical formula.'—*Ibid.* p. 906.

When the wildest and most gratuitous hypotheses are seductively set forth and popularized to explain, without reference to creative acts, the introduction of the successive forms of animal life, it is satisfactory to discern any steps taken in the spirit of cautious induction by which only, if at all, we can aspire to reach a view of the law or conditions of that orderly and progressive succession of the highest class of natural phenomena—the coming in of new living species. We cannot but consider the subjoined passages as marking one such step:—

'With regard to the homologies of the complex molars of the Proboscidian quadrupeds, a species of insight which may come to be deemed, in the course of anatomical science, as of equal import to the knowledge of the formative processes of parts, I must admit that the mere fact of the marked and disproportionate increase of size of the first of the three last molars over its predecessor, the last of the first three that are developed, may appear but a feeble support to the analogical evidence on which, chiefly, I have classed the three last developed molars of the Elephant, in a category distinct from that of their smaller predecessors. But the value of such indication and analogy will begin to be apparent when we examine the condition of dental development in the primeval forms of Proboscidiens. I have already shown that the typical character of the *Diphyodont* dentition was more closely and generally adhered to in the genera that existed during the oldest tertiary periods in geology than in their actual successors: it became of course highly interesting to inquire whether the miocene Mastodons, the earliest of the great Proboscidian quadrupeds of which we have any cognizance, manifested any analogous closer adhesion to type than their elephantine successors, and whether they would afford any actual proof of the true deciduous nature of the first, second, or third molars, by the development of a vertical successor or premolar.

Cuvier first ascertained the fact, though without appreciating its full significance, in a specimen of the upper jaw of the *Mastodon angustidens* from Dax, in which the second six-lobed deciduous molar was displaced by a four-lobed or quadricuspid premolar developed above it and succeeding it vertically. The same important fact was subsequently confirmed by Dr. Kaup in observations of the *Mastodon longirostris* of the Miocene of Eppelsheim. This satisfactorily proves the true deciduous character of the first and second molars; and that the third molar in order of appearance is also one (the last) of the deciduous series, is indicated by the contrasted superiority of size of the antepenultimate tooth, which I regard as the first of the true molar series.—*Odontogr.* pl. 144.

'The great extent and activity of the processes of the dental development required for the preparation of the large and complex true molar teeth of the Elephants would seem to exhaust the power, which in ordinary Pachyderms is expended in developing the vertical successors of the deciduous teeth. In the old *Mastodons* above cited, this normal exercise of the reproductive force was not, however, wholly exhausted; and one premolar, of more simple form than its deciduous predecessor, was developed on each side of both jaws. But even this trace of adherence to the archetypal dentition is lost in the more modified Proboscideans of the present day.

'Another and very interesting mark of adhesion to the archetype was shown by the development of two incisors in the lower jaw in the young of some of the *Mastodons*, by the retention and development of one of these inferior tusks in the male of *Mastodon giganteus* of North America, and by the retention of both in the European *Mastodon longirostris*. No traces of those inferior homotypes of the great premaxillary tusks have been detected in the fetus or young of the existing Elephants.

'The typical dentition is departed from in the existing Hippopotamus by the early loss

of p. 1, and the reduction of the incisors to —

2—2

in both jaws: in the extinct Hippopotamus of India p. 1. was longer retained, and the incisors

3—3

were in normal number —; whence the term

3—3

*Hexaprotodon* proposed for this interesting restoration by its discoverers, Cautley and Falconer.—*Cyclop. Anat.* iv. 931.

We may refer, also, to that unexpected illustration of the combination in extinct animals of characters separately manifested in existing species, which was produced in Mr. Owen's remarks on the fossil Sloths:—

'The tardigrade and scansorial Edentata appear to the classifier conversant only with existing forms as a very restricted and aberrant group:—but they may now be recognized by the Paleontologist as the small remnant of an extensive tribe of leaf-devouring and tree-destroying animals, of which the larger extinct

species were rendered equal to the Herculean labours assigned to them in the economy of an ancient world, by a gigantic development of the ungulate type of structure, combined with such modifications as unequivocally demonstrate that they were at the lowest step of the series of Mammals furnished with claws, and that they completed the transition to the Ungulate division of the class.—*Myiodon Rebus.* 163.

Of the combination of Ruminant, Pachydermal, and Cetaceous characters in the ancient Ungulata, many instances not less unexpected and striking are brought to light in his disquisitions concerning the toxodon (*Beagle*, p. 28), the Dichodon, and the Hypotamus. He has not, however, confined to a single system of organs, or to one class of animals, his illustrations of the analogies of adult extinct to the embryo existing species, and the consequent closer adherence to the general archetype in extinct animals. We find him as early as 1841 calling attention to this significant principle in his report on British Fossil Reptiles:—

'Some general analogies may be traced between the phenomena of the succession of Reptiles as a class and those observed in the development of an individual reptile from the ovum. Thus the embryonic structure of the vertebræ of the existing Crocodiles accords with the biconcave type; and this is exchanged, in the development of the individual as in the succession of species, for the ball-and-socket structure as the latest condition.—(p. 201.)

Two years later, in his Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrata—amongst many exemplifications of the same principle—his description of that closer adherence to the more general type of the column which is illustrated in the Heterocerical fishes by the continuation of the vertebræ into the upper lobe of an unsymmetrical caudal fin, is followed by these words:—

'In the embryos of existing Osseous Fishes these vertical fins are developed from a single continuous fold of integument, which is extended round the tail from the dorsal to the ventral surface; a condition which we shall see in the tadpoles of Batrachia, and which is persistent in the Eel and Lepidosiren. The growth of this fold is progressive at certain parts and checked at others; and where development is active the supporting dermal rays make their appearance, and the transformation into dorsal, anal, and caudal fins is thus effected. At first the caudal fin is unequally lobed and the terminal vertebræ extend into the upper and longer lobe; the dorsals and anals are also, at first, closely approximated to each other and to the caudal fin. M. Agassiz has shown that all these embryonic characters were retained in many of the extinct fishes of the Old Red Sand-

stone; and the development of the caudal fin did not extend in any fish beyond the heterocerical stage until the preparation of the earth's surface had advanced to that stage which is called Jurassic or oolitic in geology.'—(*Ibid.*, 145.)

Again, at the close of the Lecture on the Echinodermata (1843), we read :—

'Other highly interesting considerations arise out of the predominance of the Pentacrinite forms over the Asterias or Echini, in the limestones of the ancient transition epoch in Geology. As we advance in our survey of the organization and metamorphoses of animals, we shall meet with many examples, in which the embryonic forms and conditions of structure of existing species have, at former periods, been persistent and common, and represented by mature and procreative species, sometimes upon a gigantic scale.'

So much as has appeared in type of the Lectures on the Generation and Development of the Invertebrate Animals, 1849, offers many illustrations of the same law; but we must restrict ourselves to the passages which throw light on one much-mooted question—the affinities of the Trilobites.

'One cannot witness the earlier stages of *Branchipus* and *Apus* without being struck by their resemblance to certain forms of Trilobites. And so likewise with the larva of the *Limulus*. The argument against the affinity of this genus to the Trilobite which had most weight with Burmeister, was the peculiar bayonet-shaped weapon proceeding from the post-abdominal division of the body in the fully-developed King-crab. Now when it quits the ovum this weapon is not developed; the cephalo-thorax is relatively smaller; the abdomen longer, and more trilobed, and altogether the larva is much more like the Trilobite than the later stages. The cephalo-thoracic shield is enormous in the larval *Sao*, but becomes reduced to comparatively small dimensions in the adult animal. Some of the forms of the smaller Trilobites, which figure as distinct genera, e.g., *Battus* and *Agnostus*, may also be larval forms of other genera; for, like the existing Entomostraca, the Trilobites underwent their metamorphoses, which, as in the case of the *Ogygia*, were also of a similar nature. Therefore, by these facts in the development of the lower Crustacea, few indeed, I admit, when compared with the great number of known Entomostraca that now exist, a clearer light is thrown on the real nature of those ancient Trilobites than could have been expected in regard to extinct creatures, the affinities of which were so long and so lately considered problematical.'

After other details, the Professor says :—

'Sufficient has been observed to show, that if certain stages of the development of a higher Crustacean were arrested, and growth alone proceeded with, an animal would result having the characters of the Crustacea of an inferior

order. The Crab is anomourous before it becomes brachyurous—at an earlier period it is macrourous—and it is edriophthalmous before it becomes podophthalmous; and all these stages typify the successive forms of the Crustacea, as they were introduced into this Planet. The entomostracous characters were never overpassed by the Crustacea anterior to the coal measures, and the type of the Macroura did not begin to be departed from until the period of the deposition of the chalk. All the decapod Crustacea are at first Macrourous, or manifest the Oolitic type; and all Brachyura pass through the anomourous or cretaceous type before the proper brachyurous or tertiary character is finally acquired.'

But, whilst the progressive exchange of the embryonic or general for the adult or special types is effected in the successive forms of the class *Crustacea* characteristic of successive strata, and the analogies of these to the transitional phases in the development of existing Crustacea are pointed out, the Professor guards his audience against unwarranted conclusions as to the identity of the embryonic phases with lower or earlier forms of the class, as well as against the equally unsupported hypothesis of transmutation of species; and he concludes this Lecture by affirming—

'No extinct species could be reproduced by arresting the development of any known existing species of Crustacea; and every species of every period was created most perfect in relation to the circumstances and sphere in which it was destined to exist.'

Von Baer, whose elaborate studies led him to accept—like Wolff, his great predecessor in the University of Petersburg—the theory of Epigenesis in preference to that of Evolution, clothed his view of epigenetic development in the phrase, 'A heterogeneous or special structure arises out of one more homogeneous or general;' that is to say, the special structures of an adult animal are not merely the evolution of pre-existing minute structures of the ovum or embryo, but are formed, in the course of development, out of more general structures; as, e.g. nerve, muscle, bone, &c. out of a general pre-existing cellular basis. In the somewhat inflated language of the German school he speaks of animal development as proceeding 'by a continued elaboration of the animal body, through growing histological and morphological separation, together with a development out of a more general into a more special form.' Hunter, after citing the three hypotheses of embryonal development mooted in his day—viz. of evolution, epigenesis, and metamorphosis—thought that so far as his observations went he could see 'all the three



principles introduced, but probably not always in the same animal:—in the more perfect animal we have new parts arising, changes taking place in those already formed, and old parts lost.' Owen, in his researches on the general type of the skeleton of the Vertebrated Animals, has adduced many illustrations of the closer adherence to that type by the embryos than by the adults, and he has stated in more general terms, that 'the extent to which the resemblance, expressed by the term "Unity of Organization," can be traced between the higher and the lower organized animals, bears an inverse ratio to their approximation to maturity.'—(*Lect. on Inverteb. An.*, p. 366.)

In this succession of illustrations, most of them derived from original observations by the author, of the analogy of extinct animals with the embryos of existing species, and their consequent manifestation of more general and less special types of organization, we discern plainly enough as many inductive steps towards the establishment of a great law applicable to the whole animal kingdom. Such a generalization, however, can only be worked out and established on an adequate basis of fact by a long continued series of patient researches, in the collection of which the original observer and thinker has not only to contend with the intrinsic difficulties of the question, and to exercise his patience in abiding the advent of the requisite subjects for his scrutiny, but he must, especially if he hold the office of a public teacher, and conscientiously fulfils it by laying before his hearers the annual progress of his science, prepare himself to bear the attempts of the popular writer and compiler, to seize his reward by rushing to a hasty enunciation of the Principle with, perhaps, some unmeaning modification of the general terms, and with an extent of application, which, however probable it may appear to the original Indicator of the Law, he yet refrains from advancing until he can adduce all the facts which he knows to be requisite to justify and support such enunciation.

Mr. Owen, as we have seen, in his latest illustrations of the law or principle in question, prefers the phrase of 'relative adherence to, or departure from, the ideal Archetype of animal or class forms,' with which that of 'the departure from a more general to a more special structure' is, indeed, synonymous. To affirm, therefore, that the closer adherence to archetype is manifested in the earlier forms of animal life as in the earlier phases of individual development, appears to us to be synonymous with their closer adherence to more general, as contrasted with more special forms. We have adduced

some of the many illustrations of this principle which the deep-thinking Professor has made public in writings ranging in date from 1841 to 1849. Now, in the preface to the third edition (1851) of the 'Principles of Physiology,' Dr. Carpenter 'thinks it well here to specify the most important of the facts and doctrines which he regards as *more particularly his own*.' Of these he enumerates eight, and the 'fourth' is 'The application of Von Baer's Law of Development from the General to the Special, to the interpretation of the succession of organic forms presented in geological time (§ 345); *here first brought forward*.'—(pp. viii. and ix.) Turning to p. 578, we find an illustration from the fossil Echinoderms, analogous to that above cited from the typical number and kinds of teeth in the fossil Mammalia, showing that the fossil species 'presented in combination those characters which are found to be separately distributed, and more distinctly manifested, among groups that subsequently appeared'—the force of the illustration, by the way, resting on the assumption of the non-existence of *Echini* and *Holothuræ* during the Palæozoic period. The other illustrations are as follows—the 'homocercal tail'—(*compare* Agassiz, Poissons Fossiles, fasc. xxii.); 'multiplied groups of Reptiles representing Fishes, Birds, and Mammals:' (*comp.* Owen, Report on Br. Foss. Reps., 1841, Summary, pp. 189–204); 'Batrachocrocilian affinities of Labryrinthodon:' (*compare* *ibid.*):—'Chelonian affinities of Rhynchosaurus' (Ib. p. 153); 'connexion of Edentata by extinct Megatherioids with Pachyderms:' (*comp.* Owen on the Mylodon, p. 163).

In a pressed compilation, not of the downright German sort, a precise reference of facts to their first observers is perhaps hardly to be demanded. However, of any original discovery of a palæontological fact illustrative of the closer adherence in primeval species to the general type, by the author of the 'Principles of Physiology,' we are compelled, with all humility, to confess our ignorance at present. Dr. Carpenter is so pleasant a writer, and leads the student so amiably and effectively by the hand, that we shall rejoice to see him in the character of a discoverer. As to the broad phrase about '*doctrines* more particularly his own,' sure we are that he would, on reflection, be the last to appropriate the palæontological application of 'Von Baer's Law' by the right of capture.

We come next to the *Law of Vegetative or Irrelative Repetition*.—The leaves of a tree are its assimilative and respiratory organs: in them the sap is perfected, and by



them its noxious elements are exhaled; but their function would not be appreciably affected were there a score or a hundred more or less in any given oak or elm. The Flowers, also, and their parts, such as the stamens and pistils, are repeated over and over again, so that our apple-trees and furze-bushes, in the season of hope and beauty, are enveloped in a blaze of blossom. But it is plain that there is no definite relation to a final purpose in any special number of these or other parts of the plant; and that were complexity or perfection of an organism to be judged of by the number of its organs, vegetables must rank the highest in that respect. It seems strange that so obvious an illustration of the insignificance of a multiplicity of like parts in an animal should ever have been lost sight of: and yet the question of relative complexity and simplicity—perfection and imperfection—of animals, has been discussed by high authorities in natural science, and down to recent times, without reference, or even in direct contravention, to the principle of ‘vegetative repetition,’ which has therefore required, and has received, from the present Hunterian Professor, its full development and exact definition.

There is an instinctive repugnance in some minds to using, with respect to the works of Creation, any terms implying degrees of perfection. Now, in regard to animals, we believe with Owen that ‘every species at every period was created most perfect in relation to the circumstances and sphere of life in which it was destined to exist;’—nevertheless, the parts that animals are destined to play differ; and one part may demand far more energy or include far more variety than another. The organic machinery shows correspondent diversity;—and therefore, if we would denote by language what is thus discerned, we are compelled to speak of the higher, or more perfect, or more complex organization of one animal in comparison with another. The results of such comparisons are most compendiously shown in the order in which great Naturalists, in their systematic works, have found it necessary to arrange the subjects of their contemplation, placing one above another in the scale. Even the anatomical grounds of this subordination of different living beings one to another have, however, been called in question, and the organs of different species have been reckoned up *numerically*, in order to test the validity of the inference that an insect should be put below a mammal. Sir Charles Bell, for example, in arguing against any attribution of inferiority to the smaller creature, was wont to cite Lyonet’s wonderful

Essay on the Willow-caterpillar, and contrast its plates with the famous Human Myology of Albinus.

‘Here,’ says Sir Charles, in one of his lectures, holding up a dissection of a Caterpillar by Hunter—‘Here is a preparation exhibiting that which others have dwelt upon with so much interest. Take off this general muscle, and you find that other layers are beneath it. Then take off these layers and you find others still beneath them. You are not entitled to suppose that these are accidental arrangements. Do not presume, because they are minute, that they are accidental. There are 500 muscles attached to this hard ring, which passes round the animal, each muscle having its nerve. Now, let me ask whether there be any part of Man which presents a complication equal to this?—There are the powers of the hand and the action of the muscles—but the source is from the brain, the circulation of the heart, the organization of the lungs. Is that member simpler or more complex than is the structure of this animal?’

Such was the question put by the greatest Physiologist of his time before an audience whom he might not unjustly address as ‘deeply learned in the subject;’—and his eloquent appeal, directed, as he said, against the ‘continental views’ of the so-called ‘inferior animals,’ described ‘as deficient in organization—as early attempts of the Creator’—met with a ready response, and in the sense to which his facts and arguments plainly led, viz., that the human hand—the masterpiece, as it had been held from Galen’s time, of anatomical structure—was inferior, as a specimen of organization, to the segment of a grub, by reason of the ten-fold amount of muscles and nerves in such segment.

We may first humbly suggest that the number of muscles ascribed by Bell to a single segment of a caterpillar, can only be made up by reckoning as distinct, different fasciculi of a stratum having one and the same action. We freely admit, however, that the number of segmental muscles properly so called, multiplied by the number of segments in which they are repeated with scarcely any variety in a caterpillar, far surpasses the number of muscles in the human body. But then how few of these muscles in *man* can be called repetitions of each other! And can any two be truly said to perform precisely the same function and no other? Such appear to have been the considerations that led Sir Charles’s successor in the Hunterian Chair, to endeavour to impress his audience with truer and more definite ideas of the value of the numerical character of parts. We quote from the concluding Lecture for 1843:—

'The diversified structures of the Invertebrate Animals not only teach us the most remarkable and instructive modifications and correlations of individual organs and systems, but lead to an insight into, and can alone furnish the demonstrations of some of the most important generalizations in zoological science.—Of that which I have termed "the law of vegetative or irrelative repetition," by which is meant the multiplication of organs performing the same function, and not related to each other by combination of powers for the performance of a higher function, the Invertebrata afford the most numerous and striking illustrations.—Almost every organ of the body illustrates this vegetative condition at its first appearance in the Animal Kingdom. A stomach or assimilative sac is the most general characteristic of an animal. Such sacs are developed in great numbers in the body of the Polygastric, but each sac performs the same share of the digestive function, irrespective of the rest. The case is very different in the ruminant animal, in which each of the four stomachs has its appropriate office, and all combine together to produce a more efficient act of digestion. The organs of generation, the next essential parts of the mere animal, when first definitely introduced with their characteristic complications in the low organized Entozoa, illustrate more forcibly the law of irrelative repetition.—We trace the definite development of the heart and gills in the Anellida, in some species of which both organs are irrelatively repeated above a hundred times. And when these, like most of the vegetative organs, assume a more concentrated form in the Molluscan series, we perceive in the structure and relations of the two auricles of the bivalve as compared with the single auricle of the univalve, and of the twenty tufted gills of the Phyllidia, or of the four gills of the Nautilus, as compared with the two branchiæ with their perfect circulation in the Sepia, that plurality is but a sign of inferiority of condition.—When locomotive and prehensile appendages first make their appearance in free animals, they are simple, soft, and unjointed, but they are developed by hundreds, as in the Asterias and Echinus: they manifest the principle of vegetative repetition to a remarkable extent when they are developed into symmetrical pairs of setigerous tubercles in the Anellides, and even when they first appear as jointed limbs in the Myriapoda; but as they become progressively perfected, varied, and specialised, they are reduced to ten in Crustacea, to eight in Arachnida, and to six in Insecta. We have just seen that the same law prevails in the introduction of the analogous cephalic organs of locomotion and prehension in the Mollusca. It is beautifully illustrated in the introduction of the organ of vision into the Animal Kingdom.—The numerous ganglions, nerves, and muscles, which the vegetative succession of the segments of the body and their locomotive appendages in the Articulata calls forth, have sometimes been adduced as invalidating the claims of the Vertebrata to be regarded as of higher or more complex organization; but when the law of irrelative repetition is rightly understood, the multiplication of similar parts for the repetition of

the same actions is at once appreciated as essentially the more simple, as well as the inferior condition to the assemblage of less numerous parts in the same body with different offices, and with prospective arrangements that enable them to combine their definite powers for definite ends.—*Inverteb. Anim.*, p. 364.

As an example of a special application of this most instructive generalization, we may refer to a passage (*ibid.* p. 346), bearing upon the once moot point of the relative superiority of the ordinary Cephalopoda to the Pearly Nautilus. Let us add that the same principle has been found equally applicable to the right comprehension of embryonic and larval structures as to those of mature animals—for, in an able Summary of the labours of Müller on the development of the Echinoderms, Mr. Huxley, F. R. S., thus writes:—

"We have hitherto considered the various zooids of each form as complementary to another, and all necessary to the perfect manifestation of the individual. But the law of *Irrelative Repetition*, long since established by Prof. Owen, is illustrated here in the development of zooid forms, where they are not necessary to the manifestation of the individual."

*Unity of Organisation. Parthenogenesis.*—The *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* for June 1835 contained a much admired Memoir by Professor Milne Edwards on the Metamorphoses of Crustacea, which he sums up by saying: "These changes, whether due to arrest or excess of development, seem to me to have all the same character, and to tend to withdraw the animal more and more from the normal type of the group to which it belongs." The memoir had been communicated to the Académie des Sciences in 1833, and the reporters (MM. Duméril, Serres, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire) stated that it gives "additional confirmation of the Law of Arrest of Development, as elucidated by M. Serres"—(and they might have added Professor Tiedemann)—"in his writings on the development of the brain—and on the remarkable analogy which exists between the permanent organization of different species of animals and certain transitory states of the human organization." Glimpses of this generalization had occurred, as we have seen, to John Hunter, before the beginning of the present century; but it has since been very rashly extended and egregiously misapplied. Borrowed in this overdressed state from a foreign compilation of Physiology, it has been used here to give colour to an old idea of the origination of animals by progressive development and transmutation of species. Every well-observed fact has been shown to

millitate against this resuscitated Tellur-medism:\* but *vestigia nulla retrorsum* seems to be the motto of our famous though still unnamed *Vestigiarian*, through all the numberless editions of a work, the only real merit of which lies in its clever literary composition. The generalization, of which the French Academicians might, with more truth, have stated M. Edwards' Memoir to be an illustration, is the one which we have already quoted from the *Entwickelungsgeschichte* of Von Baer; viz. that "special structures arise out of more general ones," and that "each particular organ is a modified part of a more general organ." In an able summary of the views of Von Baer, Valentin, and other embryologists of the German school, given in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* (1837), it is the avowed object of Dr. Martin Barry to show "that there is no such passage by the embryo of the so-called *higher animals* through the lower grade as would imply the possibility of an individual, at certain periods, laying down its individuality and assuming that of another animal." These propositions, however, lacked the support and illustration of the special instances requisite to define the limits of their applications, and we consequently find, both at and after this period, much vagueness and occasionally much extravagance in the notions entertained and expressed as to the Unity of Composition of the classes of Animals, as well as of the representative states of the embryo stages of higher animals and their parallelism with the mature forms of lower animals. In what sense they were understood by the more sober disciples of the Cuvierian school in France, at least as late as 1837, we may best learn from the eminent Professor of the *Jardin des Plantes*:—

'When the young individual begins to be developed in the germ, it is not, as might be supposed, the miniature of that which it will subsequently become. It does not yet resemble its parents, and it has neither the form nor structure which it will afterwards have. In fact, its organs appear successively, and they undergo during their evolution very remarkable changes. One may say, in a general way, that the totality [*ensemble*] of the organization of the embryo as well as of each of its parts, viewed by itself, passes through a series of transitional states, which recall to a certain point that which exists in a permanent manner in other animals less elevated in the series. The Human Embryo, for example, presents at the first moments of its existence, only a rounded body, deprived of members, having some analogy of structure with

certain very simple animals [*ayant quelque analogie de structure avec certains animaux très simples*], for one does not find in it either brain, or heart, or bones, or distinct muscles.'

The question here rises, to what species would M. Milne Edwards compare the Mammalian embryo cited? And he proceeds to instance one:—'The heart is at first like that of certain worms, only a simple vessel.'—With regard to the nervous system, he tells us that—

'It undergoes in developing itself a series of modifications still more remarkable than all those which we have adduced, and the transitory forms which we perceive in it have the greatest analogy with those at which the same parts are permanently arrested in the lower animals of the Zoological Series.'—*Elémens de Zoologie* (1837), p. 212-17.

The reader is left to infer or guess at the species alluded to, and he can only conclude from the order in which the animals are arranged in the *Elémens* that M. Edwards meant by 'lower animals' those on a par with the 'worms' cited in the comparison of the vascular System of the Human Embryo.

Referring again to the paper published at Edinburgh in that same year (1837) by Dr. Barry, we find him putting this question—(the *italics* are his own):—'Are we not then led fairly to the conclusion that *all the varieties of structure in the animal kingdom are but modifications of essentially one and the same fundamental form?*' The reply, so far as could be gathered from contemporary writers, and those coming after, down to 1843, was in the affirmative. The doctrine of essential Unity of Composition throughout the animal kingdom was in the main generally accepted, but variously illustrated as analogies swayed different minds. In the diagram by which Dr. Barry endeavours to convey his idea of this 'fundamental Unity,' he states: 'the cross lines (arcs) indicate, at the points where they cut the curves, *corresponding stages* of development. It is in corresponding stages of development that resemblances occur.' The first of these lines, B, is thus made to indicate that the fully developed fish corresponds with the reptile three-fourths-developed, with the half-developed bird, and the one-third-developed mammal:—not that they are identical—the author expressly repudiates that conclusion—and accordingly draws the lines distinctly from each other; but the resemblances are indicated as recurring at these stages in the series above defined—(pp. 127, 134.)

In 1836, on the retirement of Sir Charles Bell, Mr. Owen was appointed Hunterian Professor, and it became his duty to bestow

\* The theory subsequently adopted by and still vulgarly ascribed to Lamarck, was originally put forth by De Maillet, under the anagram of *Tellurimed*.  
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a deliberate study on the notions and propositions as to Unity of Composition and Embryonal Representation which then occupied and agitated the physiological world. In regard to the latter idea—which had indeed been enunciated by Hunter himself in terms hardly less general than those employed by M. Milne Edwards—we find the new professor bringing it to the test of the appearances presented by the more important organs of Man as they successively come into view. Thus, in reference to the primitive vasiform condition of the Mammalian heart, Owen considers not only its structure, but its relative position; and, seeing that it is situated not above the nervous axis but *beneath* it, he tells us that he could not view it as a transitory representation in the human embryo of the vasiform heart of a Worm; but, on the contrary, as much more decidedly stamping the vertebrate character on the vermiform Mammalian embryo. So, likewise, with regard to the nervous system, he particularly calls attention to the fact that, from the period when its first lineaments are traceable, before any cerebral expansion is manifested, the dorsal position of the spinal chord in the Mammalian embryo—i. e. *above* not only the vascular trunks but the digestive viscera—distinctly marks the true vertebrate character of the embryo, and not the condition at which the nervous system is arrested in the *Vermes* or any animals below the Vertebrata. Such illustrations had been given—such definite expressions of the law of developmental conformity or affinity had been maintained by Owen in his different Courses—and, indeed in the 18th Lecture of the very First Series (May 6, 1843) we have this clear statement:—

'As the insect must pass through the earlier forms of the *Articulate*, so must Man through those of the *Vertebrate* subkingdom. *The Human embryo is first apodal and vermiform; not, however, at any period an articulated worm.* The metamorphoses of the germ-cells in the spherical (hydatid-like) ovum, have laid down the foundation of the nervous system coeval with the first assumption of a definite animal form; and, by placing it along the back as a rudimental spinal chord, have stamped the vermiform Human embryo with the characters of the apodal fish. The development of the heart, of the vascular arches, of the generative organs, typify the fish and the oviparous reptile. But these stages are rapidly passed, and the special character acquired.\*

\* This lecture was also printed in May, 1843. Next year M. Milne Edwards, writes thus:—"C'est ainsi que l'embryon d'un mammifère, par exemple, ne présente jamais les caractères essentiels du type des Radiaires, des Mollusques, ou des Insectes; il

Again, in closing that course, May 20th, the Professor says:—

'The extent to which the resemblance, expressed by the term *Unity of Organisation*, may be traced between the higher and lower organised animals, bears an inverse ratio to their approximation to maturity. All animals resemble each other at the earliest period of their development, which commences with the manifestation of the assimilative and fissiparous properties of the polygastric animalcule: the potential germ of the Mammal can be compared in form and vital actions with the *Monad* alone,\* and, at this period, unity of organisation may be predicated of the two extremes of the Animal Kingdom. The germ of the Polype pushes the resemblance farther, and acquires the locomotive organs of the *Monad*—the superficial vibratile cilia—before it takes on its special radiated type. The *Acalephe* passes through both the Infusorial and Polype stages, and propagates by gemmation, as well as spontaneous fission, before it acquires its mature form and sexual organs. The fulness of the unity of organisation which prevails through the Polytypes and larval *Acalephes* is diminished as the latter acquire maturity and assume their special form.† The *Ascidian* Mollusks typify more feebly and transiently the Polype state in passing from that of the cercariiform ciliated larva to the special molluscosous form. The *Gasteropods* and *Bivalves* obey the law of unity of organisation in the spontaneous fissions of their amorphous germ, and in its ciliated epithelium, by which it gyrates in the ovum; but they proceed at once to assume the molluscosous type without assuming that of the Polype; the *Bivalve* retaining the acephalous condition, the *Univalve* ascending in its development to the acquisition of its appropriate head, jaws, and organs of sense.

'Thus all Mollusks are at one period like *Monads*, at another *Acephalans*; but scarcely any

peut, dans l'origine, être comparé à l'embryon de l'un ou l'autre de ces groupes avant que celui-ci ait reçu le cachet de sa classe, ou même peut-être à l'état permanent de quelques zoophytes inférieures, tels que les *Amibes*; mais dès qu'il fait un pas de plus, il se constitue comme animal vertébré. . . . Les Vertébrés ne représentent jamais un type quelconque appartenant, soit à l'embranchement des Mollusques, soit à la division des Animaux Annelés, ou à celles des Radiaires. . . . Je suis loin de croire qu'il y ait jamais identité entre les germes d'animaux d'espèces différentes—mais il y a similitude—et cette similitude est d'autant plus grande qu'on remonte plus haut vers l'origine de ces êtres."—*Ann. des Sci. Nat.* 1844, 3d ser., tome i., p. 71.

\* 'Je suis très porté à croire que tous les animaux, ou, ce qui revient au même, les germes dont ils doivent naître, affectent dans le principe une forme analogue, celle d'une cellule peut-être.'—Ib., p. 71.

† If by chance any elderly reader does not at once recognize the *Acalephe*, let him call to mind the *Jelly-fishes*, *Sea-blubbers*, or *Sea-nettles*, of the times when he swam about at Brighton. These living and floating, inviting but dangerous, transparencies, were all ranged by Linnæus under his genus *Medusa*—multiplied by modern science into heaven knows how many genera. It is hard enough to define a species. Will any of the wise condescend to tell us what a genus really is? Digitized by Google

typify the *Polypes*, and none the *Acalephes*. In the Encephalous division we meet with many interesting examples of the prevalence of unity of organisation at early periods, which is lost in the diversity of the special forms as development proceeds. Thus the embryos of the various orders of Gasteropods are nudibranchiate; but only a few retain that condition of the respiratory system through life. The naked Gasteropods are at first Univalve Mollusks, like the great bulk of the class at all periods. The testaceous Cephalopods first construct an unicellular shell, which is the common persistent form in Gasteropods, and afterwards superadd the characteristic chambers and siphon. This simple fact would of itself have disproved the theory of evolution, if other observations of the phenomena of development had not long since rendered that once favourite doctrine untenable.

Thus as we trace the development of the Molluscos animal we find the application of the term unity of organisation progressively narrowed as development advances; for whilst all Mollusca manifest, at their earliest and most transitory period, a resemblance to the lowest or monadiform zoophytes, only the lowest order of Mollusca in the next stage of development represents the Polypes; and all analogy to the radiated type is afterwards lost until we reach the summit of the Molluscos series, when we find it illusively, though interestingly, sketched by the crown of locomotive and prehensile organs upon the head of the Cephalopods.

In the great Articulated branch of the animal kingdom there is unity of organisation with the Molluscos series at the earliest periods of development, in so far as the germ divides and subdivides and multiplies itself; but the correspondence does not extend to the acquisition of the locomotive power by superficial vibratile cilia: the progeny of the fissiparous primitive nucleated cell begin at once to arrange themselves into the form of the Vibrio or apodal worm, while those of the Molluscos germ diverge into the polype-form, or into a more special type.—Unity of organisation prevails through a very great proportion of the Articulate series in reference to their primitive condition as apodal worms: . . . after which the exact expression of the law must be progressively contracted in its application as the various Articulata progressively diverge to their special types in the acquisition of their mature forms.

—In the proper Radiated series itself we discern the same principle: the radiated type culminates in the Echinoderms; but the most typical forms, called emphatically Star-fishes, are pedunculated in the embryo state, at least in one family, and so far manifest conformity of organisation with the Polypes and the vast and almost extinct tribes of the Pentacrinites, before acquiring their free and locomotive maturity.—It will be found when we enter upon the consideration of the development of the Vertebrate embryo, that its unity of organisation with the Invertebrata is restricted to as narrow and transitory a point as that of the Articulate with the Molluscos series. Manifesting the same monad-like properties of the germ, the fissiparous products proceed to arrange and metamorphose themselves into a vermiform

apodal organism, distinguished from the corresponding stage of the Insect by the Vertebrate characteristics of the nervous centre, viz., the spinal chord and its dorsal position, whereby it is more justly comparable to the apodal fish than to the worm.—Thus every animal in the course of its development typifies or represents some of the permanent forms of animals inferior to itself: but it does not represent all the inferior forms, nor acquire the organisation of any of the forms which it transitorily represents. Had the animal kingdom formed, as was once supposed, a single and continuous chain of being progressively ascending from the Monad to the Man, unity of organisation might then have been demonstrated to the extent in which the theory has been maintained by the disciples of the Geoffroyan school. There is only one animal form which is represented, permanently or transitorily, throughout the animal kingdom: it is that of the infusorial Monad, with the consideration of which the present survey of the Invertebrate animals was commenced, and which is to be regarded as the fundamental or primary form.—Other forms are represented less exclusively in the development of the animal kingdom, and may be regarded as secondary forms. These are the Polype, the Worm, the Tunicary, and the Lamprey; they are secondary in relation to the animal kingdom at large, but are primary in respect of the primary divisions or subkingdoms. Thus the *Radia*, after having passed through the Monad stage, enter that of the Polype; many there find their final development; others proceed to be metamorphosed into the Acalephe or the Echinoderm. All the *Articulata*, at an early stage of their development, assume the form or condition of the apodal and acephalous worm; some find their mature development at that stage, as the parasitic Entozoa; others proceed to acquire annulations, a head, rudimental feet, jointed feet, and finally wings; radiating in various directions and degrees from the primary or fundamental form of their subkingdom. The *Mollusca* pass from the condition of the ciliated Monad to that of the shell-less Acephalan, and in like manner either remain to work out the perfections of that stage, or diverge to achieve the development of shells, of a head, of a ventral foot, or of cephalic arms, with all the complexities of organisation which have been demonstrated in the concluding Lectures of this Course. The *Vertebrate* ovum having manifested its monadiform relations by the spontaneous fission, growth, and multiplication of the primordial nucleated cells, next assumes, by their metamorphosis and primary arrangement, the form and condition of the finless cartilaginous fish, from which fundamental form development radiates in as many and diversified directions and extents, and attains more extraordinary heights of complication and perfection than any of the lower secondary types appear to be susceptible of.—pp. 368–371.

The minute researches concerning the ovum and germ in different classes of animals, which Owen pursued while preparing to lecture on Generation—those unwearied and microscopical studies, upon the stable

foundation of which alone could such clear and definite propositions as to the higher generalizations of physiological science have been announced with confidence by such a man—that patient course of scrutiny led to the discovery of phenomena and conditions of phenomena, which, if of more limited application, are scarcely of less interest or importance. We are compelled, however, to confine ourselves to the Professor's observations on the mysterious multiplication of the *virgin* Aphides or Plant-lice. Cuvier states the fact as certain—but leaves it as he does the almost equally dark one of the generation of the Marsupial and Monotrematous Animals, without any attempt at explanation.\* We have already shown how our Professor grappled with the latter question. His Lectures on the Invertebrates, and still more fully his later work 'On Parthenogenesis, or the Successive Production of P-ocreating Individuals from a single Ovum,' record his method of investigating and solving the problem of the 'Lucina sine concubitu.'

The boldest scoffers at the mysteries of our religion, on the ground of their being opposed by the regular course of Nature, are invariably, we believe, persons whose own acquaintance with Nature is superficial and at secondhand. The contrast which the earnest and therefore humble student of Nature presents, is strikingly exemplified in the case now before us. The startling occurrence among the Aphides of propagation by a virgin and immaculate parent was observed and announced about a century ago by Bonnet and Réaumer; and, although credence was long withheld, the circumstance has not latterly been questioned by any—not even by those who, like KIRBY and SPENCE, still consider it to be 'one of the mysteries of the Creator that human intellect cannot fully penetrate.' Nor do we wonder at such a conclusion by our great entomologists, after so many futile hypotheses as are referred to in the Parthenogenesis. In this unpretending volume, however, the mystery is at last cleared up, with profound science indeed, but yet so as to be universally intelligible. The phenomenon—verified by many experiments at once exact and various—is shown to be dependent on a retention of part of the original germ-cells, or of their direct and untransformed descendants, within

the body of the parent. The term 'germ-cell,' or 'derivative germ-cell,' is given by Owen to the ultimate divisions or multiplications of the primary impregnated germ-cell, which take place prior to the combination and transformation of the germ-cells to form the tissues of the future embryo. The sum of the 'germ-cells' is the 'germ-mass.' The wonderful series of steps preliminary to the building up of the embryo, first noticed by Prevost and Dumas in the impregnated egg of the Frog,\* and commonly called the 'cleavage process,' has since been shown to be common to the impregnated ova of all animals. Owen seems to have been the first who discerned the intent of the 'cleavage process,'—viz., as that by which the spermatie principle is distributed, in combination with the nuclear matter of the germinal vesicle, throughout the germ-mass—and pointed out the consequent relation of such inherited subdivision and combination of the spermatie principle to future developments of embryos in virgin parents. We are not aware, at least, that the meaning of the geometrically progressive division of the germ-yolk due to the generation by spontaneous fission of the germ-cells had been previously recognised, or had been a clear conception in any other mind.

As propounded in the 'Parthenogenesis,' it became, like other true hypotheses, capable of application far beyond the case originally contemplated. The progress of scientific research had added many other instances of virgin-birth analogous to that first noticed in the *Aphides*. Attempts had even been made to classify and generalize these phenomena; of which the Essay on Alternation of Generation, by Professor Steenstrup of Copenhagen, is a noticeable example. But even in this very ingenious work (a translation of which was published by the Ray Society), we seek in vain for an intelligible solution of the problem of the development of an aphid in the body of a virgin creature. When we find the writer endeavouring to explain the phenomena by stating 'that they take place agreeably with the law of *alternata generation*' (*generations-wechsel*) 'by the vital powers and by means of the bodies' of the producing individuals; and by applying to certain of these (from whom he withholds the name of *Parent*) the metaphorical style of 'wet-nurse' (*amme*) and 'nursing generations,' we can regard such phrases only as indicating an imperfect knowledge of the organic conditions essential to these most curious reproducers.

\* 'Chaque société offre, au printemps et en été, des pucerons toujours aptères, et des demi-nymphes, dont les ailes doivent se développer; tous ces individus sont des femelles, qui mettent au jour des petits vivants sortant à reculons du ventre de leur mère, et sans accouplement préalable.'—*Règne Animal*, t. v. (ed. 1829), p. 227.

\* *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1824, pp. 110-114.

We have to thank Steenstrup for throwing much and unexpected light upon doubtful affinities and positions of species, by his descriptions of the marvellous phenomena of this class among the invertebrated animals; but it was reserved for Mr. Owen, besides widening largely our examples, to bring out the whole question in a clear and scientific shape. By him the term 'metagenesis' has been invented to express the changes of form which one species undergoes in a series of successively produced individuals, extending from that developed from the ovum to that which becomes the imago or last perfected individual—in contradistinction from the term 'metamorphosis,' which he restricts to the changes of form undergone by one and the same individual. A partial knowledge of the strange phenomena of metagenesis might at first be mistaken for direct evidence of 'transmutation of species;' but in every case where the series has been traced out, the fertile ova engendered by the last perfect forms have recommenced the first step in the cycle of change, which is ever repeated in the same specific round.

The transition from absolute metagenesis, as shown in a succession of active, propagating individuals, to ordinary metamorphosis, is illustrated in the following remarks on what our author has termed the 'retrograde metamorphosis' in the Barnacles and certain singular parasites of Fishes: in which 'development would seem to have been at first, as it were, hurried forward at too rapid a pace, and the young parasite, starting briskly into life, ranging to and fro by the highest developed natatory organs we have yet met with, and guiding its course by visual organs, must lose its eyes and limbs before it can fulfil the destined purpose of its creation.' After giving the details as to the Epizoa, our Professor offers 'a few remarks on the real nature of these changes:—

'They are commonly spoken of under the same name as that given to the changes of insects, and perhaps they differ only in degree. The metamorphosis in all insects is attended with a casting off of a certain proportion of the precedent individual, called the "moult," or the new animal may be said to creep out of the old, from which the process is called the "ecdysis." With regard to the so called metamorphosis which issues in the succession of a fixed, blind, sessile, multivalve barnacle, to a free-swimming crustacean with pedunculated eyes, or in the succession of a rooted vermiform parasite to a natatory animal with articulated setigerous limbs;—when these phenomena are closely traced, they are seen to depend in a greater degree upon the action and coalescence of retained cells, than upon a change of form of pre-existing tissues. If the development of the ovum in the pedunculate ovarian sac of the low crustaceous

external parasite of a fish be closely traced, the peripheral cells of the germ-mass are seen to combine and coalesce to form the smooth transparent skin of the embryo Lernæa, from which also tubular processes extend in two (*Achtheres*) or three (*Lernæocera*) pairs, including setæ which project from their extremities. . . . The formation of the new integument and of the new feet proceeds connectedly and contemporaneously; but the new parts are not moulded upon the inner surface of the old ones. The plastic force has changed its course of operation. A hinder segment of the body is added to the front one, which answers to the whole of the body of the first larva. If antennæ did not before exist, a jointed pair is now developed. Instead of two pairs of tubular setigerous limbs, three pairs of uncinated prehensile limbs are developed from the anterior or cephalothoracic segment, and as many pairs of articulated setigerous limbs from the abdominal segment. New muscles, new nerves, and new vessels are formed for the support and exercise of these various instruments. The outer case, and all that gave form and character to the precedent individual, perish and are cast off; they are not changed into the corresponding parts of the new individual. These are due to a new and distinct developmental process; rendered possible through the retention of a certain proportion of the unchanged germ-cells. The process is essentially the same as that which develops the cercariform larva of the Distoma within the gregariniform one, or the external bud from the Hydra, or the internal bud from the Aphia. It is a slightly modified parthenogenesis; and the phases by which the locomotive annelidous larva of the Lernæa passes through the entomostracous stage before retrograding to the final condition of the oviparous, limbless, bloated, and rooted parasite, are much more those of a *metagenesis* than a *metamorphosis*.'

With respect to the class of Insects to which the term Metamorphosis appears to be more strictly applicable, we may remark that certain modifications of the generative functions have served as a basis for the classification of the hexapod insects, some of which, as the *Aptera*, are said to undergo no metamorphosis, and have consequently been called *ametabola*. Others, as the *Hemiptera* and *Orthoptera*, are described in entomological treatises as undergoing only a partial metamorphosis, and are called in like manner *hemimetabola*. The metamorphosis being more patent and conspicuous in the rest of the class, is admitted, said to be perfect or complete, and made the characteristic of the *metabola*. Mr. Owen, however, in his Lecture on the Generation of Insects, affirms that the divisions thus framed and stated are 'insufficient for the generalizations of the comparative anatomist, and, by that very defect, are evidently less natural than the orders in the Linnæan system;' and he proceeds to demonstrate that the degrees of difference in the amount and kind of change



which takes place in the Insects that are defined, in the Treatises of pure Entomology, as undergoing respectively 'no metamorphosis,' 'half a metamorphosis,' and a 'whole metamorphosis,' are not such as to justify those expressions. As far as we are acquainted with such Treatises, they all pass from the description of the egg to that of the insect as it quits the egg, without any exposition of the nature of the changes by which the matter of the egg is converted into the *larva*—as the embryo insect is termed in Entomology under whatever form it may emerge from the egg-coverings.—This gap is filled up in the lectures on Generation—the 16th being almost wholly devoted to a summary of the observations which have been made on the development of the insect *in ovo*, from which Mr. Owen deduces the principle that appears to associate harmoniously all the facts of the metamorphoses, the differential features of which had acquired, or seemed to acquire, undue prominence from the pretentious nomenclature affected by certain leading Entomologists. The interesting changes of the external parts and internal organs which attend the transformation of the silkworm to the moth are then detailed, and the Professor proceeds to discuss the long-mooted question of the essential nature of these changes.

Recurring to the principle of Unity of Organization, we have finally to consider his treatment of the idea with reference to the homologies of animal structures.

*Archetype and Homologies.*—Professor Oken's view of the head as being a second trunk, and consequently having vertebræ as well as limbs, seems to us to be one of the same order as that which he published in his earlier 'Essay on Generation' (1805)—viz., that 'all the parts of higher animals are made up of an aggregate of infusoria, or animated cells.' Science would have derived no more profit from the one, without the subsequent inductive demonstration of the segmental constitution of the skull by Owen, than from the other notion without the microscopical observations of Brown, Schleiden, and Schwann. It must be added that neither of the ideas originated with Oken. That of the organization of all the parts and tissues of organized beings from cells had been, in different forms and degrees, more or less distinctly advanced by Malpighi, Grew, Haller, Buffon, Treviranus, and others. The notion, again, of the analogy between the skull and the vertebral column had been expressed in a general way by Autenrieth, Jean-Pierre Frank, and Kiemeier. By Oken it was applied chiefly in illustration of

the mystical system of Schelling—the 'all-in-all and all-in-every-part.' From the first to the last of his writings on the subject, 'the head is a repetition of the whole trunk with all its systems. The brain is the spinal chord; the cranium is the vertebral column; the mouth is intestine and abdomen; the nose is the lungs and thorax; and the jaws are the limbs' (see, for example, his *Lehrbuch* of 1843, p. 300). Spix, in his *Cephalogenesis*, presents the facts of Osteology, which are finely illustrated in the plates of that work, under the same transcendental guise; and Cuvier drily avails himself of the extravagances of these disciples of Schelling to cast ridicule on the whole inquiry into those higher relations to the Archetype, which Owen has called General Homologies. 'M. Spix,' he says, 'makes of this bone, which I call *posterior frontal*, the scapula of the upper limb of the head; and M. Oken, according to the same mystical language, makes it the *merrythought* (fourchette) of the upper limb of the head; for, it must be remarked, that the *Philosophy of Nature*, in pretending to find again in the head all the parts of the trunk, acts so arbitrarily, that each of those who would apply it employ these strange denominations in a different manner. . . . *Cet humerus de la tête de M. Oken devient pour M. Spix le pubis de cette même tête, ou, pour parler un langage intelligible, un des osselets de l'ouïe.*' (*Ossemens Fossiles*, 1824, v. part ii. pp. 75–85.)

With an antagonist so skilful in wielding the weapons of a severe and sarcastic logic against *a priori* guesses, it is no wonder that, after the formal discussion before the Academy of Sciences—which are summed up in the 'Principes' of Geoffroy St. Hilaire (1830)—Physiologists and Anatomists should accept as demonstrated the last and most clearly expressed convictions of Cuvier—viz., that the highest and most fecund Principle of zoological and anatomical Science, and that to which every other is subordinate, is the Principle of Final Causes—or, as Cuvier expresses himself, the 'conditions of existence, of the adaptation of parts, of their co-ordination for the *role* which the animal is destined to play in Nature.' (*Princ. de Phil. Zool.*, 65.) Well, indeed, might Cuvier call this principle fertile, since under his skilful tillage it had brought forth fruits which led to all his marvellous restorations of the extinct species of a former world. And great indeed must it have appeared, in contrast with the principle of *Unity of Organization*, as supported in opposition to that of *Teleology* by the loose declamation, inaccurate instances, and ex-



travagant analogies of Geoffroy St. Hilaire. What, then, it may be asked, had Science gained by the labours of the so-called 'transcendental Anatomists' at the close of the career of Cuvier and Geoffroy? The answer will be found by consulting the ablest works of their successors—for example, the 'Lehrbuch der Zootomie' of Wagner (1843, 1844); the 'Lehrbuch der Vergleichende Anatomie' of Siebold and Stannius (1845); the 'Physiologie' of John Müller; or the 'Outline of the Animal Kingdom and Manual of Comparative Anatomy' by the learned Professor in King's College, London. By all these authors the principle of Unity of Organization, as applied and attempted to be illustrated by Oken and Geoffroy, is tacitly abandoned. By M. Agassiz it was directly opposed. The few who continued to set forth the vertebral theory of the skull restricted themselves to a servile reproduction of the ideas of Geoffroy, of Spix, or of Oken. M. de Blainville, in the prospectus of his last work (*Ostéographie*)—in reference to 'the great questions of Comparative Anatomy, which the German Organologists have comprehended under the term *Signification of the Skeleton*'—offers merely a passing allusion to the 'gross errors of some who have occupied themselves with these questions.' Such was the state of this problem at the period when it became the duty of Owen to prepare a Catalogue of the Osteological Collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields,\* and to set forth his ideas of Comparative Osteology in the Theatre of the Royal College.

His first labour was to test, by an appeal to nature, those conclusions which Cuvier had himself admitted relative to the existence in the skeleton of the lower animals of bones answerable to those in Man, and therefore determinable and definable by the same names. The determinations proposed by other anatomists—often conflicting, and contrary to those of Cuvier—were submitted to the same rigorous comparison. The relation so demonstrated between a bone—say the 'frontal' in Man—and the bone shown in this way to merit the same name 'frontal' in a Bird, Snake, or Fish, Professor Owen calls a relation of Special Homology; and the bones thus bearing the same names are 'homologues, or namesakes.' He first suggested the use of these terms in this clearly defined sense, and as contradistinguished from 'analogy' and 'analogous,'

which he proposed to apply to the relations between parts in regard to their similarity of use or function: thus the wing of the *Draco volans* is *analogous* to the wing of a bird, but not *homologous* with it; whilst the fore-limb of a Slo this homologous with the wing of the bird, but has not an analogous function (see his work on the *Invertebrates—Glossary*). The quest of Special Homologies dates from the foundation of Natural History as a science. When Aristotle discerned that what the wing was to the bird, the arm was to man, the fore-limb to the beast, and the fore-fin to the fish—he commenced the study. In Cuvier's time the comparisons could be carried out more in detail, embracing not only the instrument as a whole, but its parts; and the scapula or blade-bone, the humerus or arm-bone, the bones of the fore-arm and hand could be determined under the same names, in the fore-limb, from Man down to the Fish. So, when Geoffroy attempted to determine the same special homologies with regard to the parts of the hyoid arch, he really did no more, as Cuvier said, than add to the old and well-known bases of zoology. P. Belon, in the sixteenth century, had delineated side by side the skeleton of a Man and of a Bird, and had indicated the homology of their bones to a certain extent by corresponding letters.

The determination of the corresponding bones from species to species having been carried out to an extent beyond that of any previous Homologist, Mr. Owen next entered upon the higher and more difficult question as to the Law or Condition upon which the relations of special homology depend. Cuvier maintained it to be subordinate to the law of 'conditions of existence,' i. e., of teleology, or final causes. According to this view, the same or answerable bones occur in different animals, because they have to perform similar functions in them. To this Owen objected that bones obviously answerable or homologous by the characters of relative position and connexions are, in many instances, adapted, by modifications of size and shape, for totally different functions; and that the characters by which the homologies of the cranial bones—e. g., those in Man—can be discerned in the fetal skeleton, become masked by the modifications superinduced thereon to adapt such parts of the skeleton for a function different from that to which the same moveably-connected bones of the skull are destined in the Fish. The numerous and loosely attached bones in the skull of the human fœtus, it was affirmed, bear relation to and are destined to facilitate childbirth, by permitting a certain de-

\* This Catalogue (No. 10 of our list) ought, we feel, to have been somewhere treated of in detail—but it must now suffice to say that it is perhaps of all the author's works the one of most signal importance for the anatomical student. It extends to about 1600 pages, and comprises nearly 6000 specimens.

gree of yielding and overlapping. And this is, no doubt, a rightly recognized final purpose. But is it all that can be deduced from the facts? First, the coincidence of the multiplied points of ossification in number and place with the permanently separate cranial bones of the reptile and fish could not but raise other and deeper thoughts in the philosophic mind. Our Professor accordingly says:—

‘The cranium of the bird, which is composed in the adult of a single bone, is ossified from the same number of points as in the human embryo without the possibility of a similar purpose being subserved thereby, in the extrication of the chick from the fractured egg-shell. The composite structure is repeated in the minute and prematurely born embryo of the marsupial animal. These and a hundred such facts forced upon the contemplative anatomist the inadequacy of the teleological hypothesis to account for the acknowledged concordances expressed in this work by the term *special homology*.’

There remained, therefore, the clear conviction that those particular concordances must be partial ‘manifestations of some higher type of organic conformity on which it has pleased the Divine Architect to build up certain of his diversified living works’ (*Archet. Vertebr. Scelet.*, p. 73). And here, then, he arrived at the grand question:—what might be that higher type or paradigm? No rational or feasible answer had been offered from any quarter. The ‘Natur-philosophic’ school, with its ‘all-in-every-part’—its humerus of the head—pubis of the head—and other ‘*mystical jargon*’—(so deemed by Cuvier and common sense)—helped, like a will-o’-the-wisp, further to perplex and mislead the traveller of this dark region. Carus, who saw a vertebra in every bone, to whom the humerus was a lengthened-out body of a vertebra, and all the ‘long bones’ of the limbs were, like it, vertebræ of the third degree, was no better guide. Geoffroy might work his arbitrary will on fish-skeletons, cut up the cranium into ‘seven vertebræ,’ each consisting of a body ‘with four elements above and four elements below;’ he might crowd all the viscera within a spinal column, as arbitrarily expanded for the purpose—turn the vertebral processes outside to make jointed legs, and setting the so-modified rat to creep upon its back, belly upwards, convert it into a lobster; or, bending the body double, with limbs and tail stretched forward from the forcibly-associated head and rump, metamorphose and mammal into the cuttle-fish (*Philos. Zool.*, 1830, p. 35). But the same arbitrary will was powerless to repress, even among his admiring audience of the Jardin des Plantes,

the smile due to such efforts of the warm-hearted enthusiast to coerce a stubborn Nature to his *Principes des Connexions*.

Our Hunterian Professor has grappled with this problem in a different spirit. He had been taught that Man must serve, before he can command or interpret, Nature. The first result of his study was the primary division of the bones of vertebrate animals into the endo-skeleton, exo-skeleton, and splanchno-skeleton; and the precise determination of the osseous parts which belonged respectively to the nervous system, the skin and the viscera. No common type could be discerned in the hard parts developed in and for the two latter systems of organs: that developed in the skin seemed, on the contrary, to be the seat of endless variety. A great step was gained by removing from the field of inquiry every part of the general skeleton of the vertebrate animal, save that primary division in which alone traces of a fundamental pattern were discernible. A deeper study of it proved the Archetype to be segmental. ‘The natural arrangement of the parts of the endoskeleton is in a series of segments succeeding each other in the axis of the body: and certain parts of each segment maintain such constancy in their existence, relative position, connexions, and offices as to enforce the conviction that they are homologous parts, both in the constituent series of the same individual skeleton and throughout the series of vertebrate animals.’—(*Archet.*, p. 81.) The typical segment is then defined, and distinct names are proposed for its elements or constituent parts. These are classified as ‘autogenous,’ or elements proper, which are developed from independent centres of ossification; and ‘exogenous,’ or processes, which shoot out of the elements. The vertebral elements form canals about a common centre, one above for the nervous axis, one below for the vascular centres and their developments, and one on each side, less constant, for particular vessels or nerves. Appendages diverge from these arches, and most commonly from the lower or hæmal arch. The chief modifications which the segments of the skeleton undergo in the trunk are pointed out, and by these the student is prepared to comprehend the nature of the greater, but not different, modifications which the primary segment or ‘vertebra’ undergoes in the head. These changes of form are traced out inductively, and illustrated by accurate figures of the parts in Nature as they are manifested successively in the skull of the Fish, the Reptile, the Bird, the Mammal, and in Man. The relation in which any single bone stands to the typical vertebra,

as being demonstrably an element thereof, is called one of General Homology. The progressive steps in this arduous investigation having been announced by Mr. Owen in his Lectures for 1841 and subsequent years, the attention of Naturalists began to be recalled to the ideas which the authority of Cuvier had for a time almost banished from the science. The British Association deemed the subject of sufficient importance to call upon our Professor for a special Report on the moot question of the vertebral constitution of the skull. The general results of his study were accordingly stated to them at Southampton in 1846: at which meeting, he had the advantage of discussing both principle and facts with some eminent Continental Anatomists, most of them disciples of Cuvier, and prepossessed against whatever might seem akin to the transcendental notions of the school of Schelling. In a contemporary notice of this Report and discussion, we find the editor of the British and Foreign Medical Review—than whom no one knew better the prevalent views and feelings of the anatomical circles at that period—deprecating their too hasty rejection of ideas, some of which undoubtedly presented a startling aspect of novelty:—

‘If such persons will go to Nature, and interrogate her by a careful and candid scrutiny of the various forms and combinations which she presents, with the real desire to ascertain whether there be a guiding plan, a unity of design, throughout the whole, or whether each organism is built up alone without reference to the rest—we are confident that they will find the former doctrine to be irresistibly forced upon them; and if, having adopted it, they will further inquire into the particular mode in which this plan is worked out, and will follow the guidance of the distinguished Hunterian Professor in the examination of the cranial bones of fishes, we are quite certain that if they do not feel every probability of his general correctness, they will at least be unable to prove him in error on any important point. We speak this advisedly, after having been present at a long debate between Professor Owen and the greatest Ichthyologist of the present or other time, Professor Agassiz; in which we perceived that every objection which the latter could urge against the vertebral theory (to which he *had been*, though we doubt whether he *still can be*, a decided opponent), had been met by anticipation in Professor Owen's system, and that he was consequently able to afford a satisfactory solution of it.’ (April, 1847.)

In 1848 Owen published his researches on this subject, with ample Illustrations, in his treatise ‘On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.’ The Introduction gives a general explanation of the principles and terminology of this branch of

Anatomy: the first Chapter contains the elucidation of the Special Homologies of the bones, and handles fully the points on which the greatest diversity of opinion had previously prevailed. In this driest and most trying of the Homologist's labours, we would call special attention to the author's treatment of the parts of the temporal bone, pp. 24, 29, and 60, and of the much discussed ‘opercular bones’ in Fishes, p. 63. In the second Chapter we read the higher question of the general relations or homologies of the skeleton, with a preliminary sketch of the successive glimpses which had been obtained of this principle by Kielmeyer, Autenrieth, Oken, Dumeril, Spix, Goethe, Carus, Bojanus, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Cuvier, and De Blainville. The nature of the primal pattern or archetype on which the framework of all vertebrate animals is constructed is then unfolded, the inductive steps on which the conclusion is based are clearly narrated, and their comprehension facilitated by good figures. The interest of the work, for the general philosopher, increases as he proceeds, and he will probably derive most pleasure from the perusal of the third Chapter on Serial Homology. By this term the Professor expresses the mutual relation of corresponding parts of the different segments of the skeleton in the *same body*. Having demonstrated that every bone of the endoskeleton is an element or part of an element of one or other of the series of essentially similar segments or ‘vertebræ’ of which the whole endoskeleton consists, it follows that each well-determined element in one segment tallies or is homologous with the same element in other segments of the same body, just as it tallies with the same element of the same segment in another animal body. When a vertebral element has been modified for some particular function it has usually obtained a *special name*, e. g., Alisphenoid, in addition to the *general name*, as Neurapophysis, which is indicative of its elementary nature. The special name signifies the particular part of a particular segment, and it is applied to the same element or part in all vertebrate animals. But it cannot be applied to the corresponding elements of other segments, for these may be differently modified and may have received other special names. They are not, therefore, ‘namesakes’ or ‘homologues,’ but are, in the terms of Professor Owen's system, ‘homotypes.’ The alisphenoid of Man is the homologue of the bone so called in the lower animals; it is the homotype of the orbitosphenoid, the exoccipital, and all the other neurapophyses in the rest of the Human skeleton; and the latter relation is that

which the Professor calls one of Serial Homology. Some of those serial or homotypal relations had been discerned by the older anatomists, especially in the bones of the upper and lower limbs: but without any idea of the general law from which both 'serial' and 'spécial homologies' flow: and Owen, after citing Vicq d'Azyr's '*Parallèle des Os qui composent les Extrémités*,' adduces it as a striking instance of the then 'secret but all-prevailing harmony of the vertebrate structure which permitted the determination of serial homologies to such an extent in the parts of the diverging appendages, which are the seat of the greatest amount and variety of deviations from the fundamental type.'

We should also notice, in referring to this Chapter, the contrast between the treatment which some of the most assailable transcendentalisms of Oken and Spix have received at its writer's hands and those of Cuvier. Mr. Owen does not dismiss Oken's phrase applied to the *os tympanicum*, viz., 'the blade-bone (scapula) of the head,' by citing it as an instance of the mystical language of a soi-disant 'Natur-philosoph,' but strives to discover its latent meaning. He had attained to the demonstration that certain bones of the skull were the same vertebral elements as those which were modified in the trunk for the special service of the limbs: he saw, therefore, that they actually stood in the relation of serial homology with such bones of the trunk. The tympanic and stylohyal, *e. g.*, were, like the scapula and ilium, 'pleurapophyses.' Their special names had arisen out of the peculiar modifications of these 'rib-elements.' Any proposition as to their serial relationship could only be rightly expressed by means of the general terms: as, *e. g.*, that the 'tympanic' is a 'pleurapophysis' of the head. And Owen shrewdly asks whether it might not have been some glimpse of this serial relationship that induced Oken, whilst aiming to show the repetition of the parts of the body in the head, to call the *os tympanicum* the 'scapula of the head,' the temporal bone 'the furculum of the head,' &c.: and whether these expressions, instead of being wholly mystical, might not be unintelligible merely from the erroneous or inadequate expression of a relationship actually existing in Nature; *i. e.* from the use of a 'special' instead of a 'general' term. It is thus, indeed, that every true and comprehensive theory gathers up the scattered ideas which had previously been thrown out, and lost, like detached beads, for the want of the thread requisite to string them in their right places. The work concludes with some

remarks on the bearing of the discovery of the Archetype upon the ideas prevalent on the nature of Life and the Vital Principle, which further exemplify the power of generalization so characteristic of our Professor.

His industry in assembling, and capacity for mastering details are, perhaps, best manifested by the TABLES which form his Appendix. The first exhibits at one view the 'Synonyms of the Bones of the Head according to their Special Homologies.' In this the student may compare, at a glance, the conclusions to which Cuvier, Geoffroy, Agassiz, Meckel and other German Anatomists, and the type of Anthropotomists, Soemmerring, had arrived, and contrast them with the Author's. A second TABLE gives a similar view of the 'Synonyms of the Elements of the Typical Vertebra.' A third is devoted to 'The Synonyms of the Bones of the Head according to their General Homologies.' And this gives, truly, a remarkable picture of the luxuriance of the human imaginative faculty when not under the strict guidance of inductive subordination to Nature. Oken, Spix, Bojanus, Geoffroy, and Carus are the authors selected as the most original thinkers on this subject, and whose ideas may be thus at once contrasted with Owen's own conclusions. Finally he shows, in a very remarkably-conceived diagrammatic plate, the special, general, and serial homologies of every bone of the skeleton in Man and the four classes of Vertebrate Animals. Here the *Vertebrate Archetype*, so often accepted for the mere verbal and vague indication of a more or less inchoate abstraction—is placed bodily before our eyes in the same 'picture language' as that by which the type-skeletons of the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the beast are distinctly represented in one comprehensive field. By a careful examination of this plate alone, we venture to say, any one intelligently desirous to comprehend the structure of the bony frame-work of Man and the lower animals, would learn more, and more easily, than from any previous work on Comparative Osteology. Every bone has its number, and the tallying bone bears the same number in each skeleton. These numbers refer to a column of names of the bones. Thus the student, tracing the same bone by its number from Man to the Fish, learns not only its name, but its 'special homology.' The parts in the diagram of the Archetype bear the same numbers, and by reference thereto the student perceives to what vertebra or segment, and to what part of the segment, the bone belongs; he thus learns its 'General Homol-

ogy.' And this knowledge is further and more readily conveyed by an ingenious artifice in the engraving: each vertebral element having its own peculiar mode of marking, like the metals and colours in Heraldry. By this means the 'serial homology' of the bones is readily traced in each particular skeleton. Supplementary figures are added to illustrate the nature and homologies of the limbs.

The conclusions to which Professor Owen had been led with respect to these organs of support and locomotion are some of the most original that we owe to him, and consequently no small difficulty was felt by the readers of his 'Archetype' in comprehending the full import of each proposition which conducted by brief but strictly connected logical steps to the demonstration of the essential nature of the organs of locomotion. To this subject, therefore, the author subsequently devoted a separate treatise—that 'On the Nature of Limbs,'—a work characterised, as Sir Charles Lyell might well say, 'by grand and comprehensive views,' and those views made intelligible by accurate figures of the various structures of the organs of locomotion, as modified for swimming, creeping, running, burrowing, and flying. The admirable adjustment of each of those modifications to the destined purpose had been skilfully exemplified by Sir Charles Bell in his volume 'On the Hand.' Mr. Owen carries on the investigation to the higher generalization of the facts observed. After a rigorous demonstration of the homologies, special, general, and serial, of the constituent parts of the limbs, traced, according to the Hunterian method of elucidating the animal organs, from their simplest to their most complex conditions, he says :—

'If we pause to take a retrospect of the ground over which we have been travelling, and consider the numerous and beautiful evidences of unity of plan which the structures of the locomotive members have disclosed, evidences so little to be expected, *a priori*, seeing the different shapes and sizes of instruments adapted to such diversity of functions;—when also we find that besides the general conformity of structure in the limbs of different species, a more special parallelism could be traced between the fore and hind limbs of the same species, no matter to what diversity of office they might be severally adapted—a parallelism or "serial homology" demonstrable even to each little carpal and tarsal bone, from man down to the monodactyle horse,—the thinking mind cannot but be forcibly struck by such harmony, and be impelled with the desire to penetrate further, and ascend, if possible, to the higher law or generalization from which those harmonies flow.'

We concur with him in the belief

'that the principle of final adaptation alone fails to satisfy the conditions of the problem. That every segment and almost every bone which is present in the human hand and arm should exist in the fin of the whale, because they were expressly required in such number and collocation for the support and movements of that undivided and inflexible paddle, squares as little with our idea of the simplest mode of effecting the required purpose, as the reason which might be assigned to the great number of the bones in the cranium of the chick, viz., to allow of the safe compression of the brain-case during the act of exclusion from the brittle egg.'

Recognising the justice of Bacon's comparison of final causes to the Vestal Virgins—he fears not to pronounce that they are 'barren' and 'yield no clue to the comprehension of that law of conformity of which we are in quest.' But in thus plainly avowing to what problems in Physiology the principle of final causes, or 'conditions of existence,' fails to be applicable, Mr. Owen in no way depreciates the value and importance of teleology in the numerous cases to which it is applicable. His great aim has been to put an end to the old controversy so obstinately maintained on the presumption that a special adaptation of parts was incompatible with a common type of construction: and when he at length arrives at the clear conception of the archetypal plan of Vertebrate structures, he associates it with, perhaps, as full a recognition of the teleological significance of the great principle as our finite capacities are able to attain to. 'For it is certain,' writes the professor, 'that in the instances where that analogy' (of a machine) 'fails to explain the structure of an organ, such structure does not exist in vain, if its truer comprehension lead rational and responsible beings to a better conception of their own origin and Creator.' He thus develops a teleology of a higher order than that of Cuvier. Far from giving support to the transmutational, pantheistic, or any other forms of Atheism, the conclusions of the Homologist, being based on rigorous deduction from carefully observed facts, furnish new arguments in support of the highest attainable truths. The Democratic philosophers had argued, as he says, that—

'If the world were made by any Antecedent Mind or Understanding, that is, by a Deity, then there must needs be an *Idea* and *Exemplar* of the whole world before it was made, and consequently actual Knowledge, both in the order of Time and Nature, before Things. But conceiving of knowledge as it was got by their own finite minds, and ignorant of any evi-

dence of an ideal Archetype for the world or any part of it, they affirmed that there was none, and concluded that *there could be no knowledge or mind before the world was, as its cause.*

Plato, feeling the force of this argument, met it by a counter-affirmation, and opposed to it his doctrine of pre-existent ideas and paradigms. These, however, were but *a priori* guesses, profound indeed and brilliant, but illustrative of the genius that conceived them rather than of the actual nature of the world which that genius contemplated.

"Now, however," says Mr. Owen, "the recognition of an ideal Exemplar for the Vertebrated Animals proves that the Knowledge of such a being as Man must have existed before Man appeared. For the Divine mind which planned the Archetype also foreknew all its modifications. The Archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh, under divers modifications, upon this planet, long prior to the existence of those animal species that actually exemplify it. To what natural or secondary causes the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed, we are as yet ignorant. But if, without derogation to the Divine Power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers and personify them by the term *Nature*, we learn from the past history of our globe, that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea, under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arranged in the glorious garb of the human form."

As in the case of the "Nature of Limbs" so with regard to other more difficult problems of Homology, our author has, since the publication of his comprehensive work on the Vertebrate Archetype, devoted to them special Memoirs with more ample illustrations. The homologies of the atlas and dentata and of the cervical wedge-bones, discovered by Sir Philip Egerton in the neck of the Ichthyosaurus, are treated of in two Papers of the Annals and Magazine of Natural History. The strangely-modified thorax of the Chelonian Reptiles, forming the so-called "carapace and plastron" of the Turtle and Tortoise, is the subject of an Essay in the Philosophical Transactions for 1849. The teeth of all classes of animals have been studied in the same point of view, and the limits with which they can be traced and determined homologically from species to species, are defined in a tract read to the British Association in 1848—in the Article *Teeth* often already cited—and in a Memoir on the Development and Homologies of the Wart-hogs (*Phacocharus*) in the Philosophical Transactions for 1850. In this Memoir the Mammalia are divided into Monophyodont, or those that generate one set of teeth,

and Diphyodont, or those that generate two sets. In the latter, which includes the major part of the class, Owen shows that it is possible to trace and determine each individual tooth, like each bone of the skeleton, from species to species. An abstract idea, therefore, may be formed of each tooth, and it may be signified by a symbol as well as by a name. He founds on this discovery a system of dental notation, just as he had previously proposed to indicate the bones by numerals—a system equally the fruit of the determination of their homologies. After exemplifying the advantage and convenience of such notations in other departments, the Professor concludes:—

"In my work on the Archetype of the Skeleton, I have denoted most of the bones by simple numerals, which, if generally adopted, might take the place of names; and all the propositions respecting the centrum of the occipital vertebra might be predicated of "1" as intelligibly as of "basioccipital." The symbols of the teeth are fewer, are easily understood and remembered, render unnecessary the endless repetition of the verbal definition of the parts, harmonise conflicting synonyms, serve as an universal language, and express the author's meaning in the fewest and clearest terms. The entomologist has long found the advantage of such signs as ♂ and ♀, signifying male and female, and the like; and it is time that the anatomist should avail himself of this powerful instrument of thought, instruction, and discovery, from which the chemist, the astronomer, and the mathematician, have obtained such important results.

The Professor must regard with entire satisfaction the reception which these doctrines, new rather than revived, new at least in the best sense as being the results of strict induction, have met with from the Anatomical and Physiological world. Some few exceptions only illustrate the rule. Men disqualified for appreciating such points of correspondence as those which Homology demonstrates between the "basilar process of the occipital bone" and the body of a trunk-vertebra, are apt to take credit to themselves for their "power of restraining the imagination." They stigmatise a Treatise which points out analogies of relative position and correspondences of development, and which thus elucidates the essential nature of an organ previously obscured by mere modification of form and proportion, as "an imaginative one." They call the intellectual labor concerned in its production "a hunting after resemblances and an overlooking of differences;"—as if it were not the true business of the observer of Nature to trace out her harmonies—and as if the giving their due value, and *no more*, to the prominent characters of size and shape, which first

catch attention and too often arrest it, was overlooking them. But the generation who listened with applause to M. Cuvier's vague declamation against a mode of investigating the laws of organic structure which bears the closest analogy to the precise methods of geometry, is fast passing away, and all the active cultivators of physical study seem to be impressed with the conviction that Homology can alone elevate Anatomy, and with it Zoology, to the high position of the exact sciences. Such aspirations were once encouraged by Cuvier himself, whose subsequent hostile attitude was less against investigations into the Law of Unity of Organization than against those who, in his time, abused the name of Philosophical Anatomy by their extravagant modes of illustrating it. Cuvier, indeed, with an instinctive prescience, asks, "Why should not Natural History one day also have its Newton?"—and the best proof of the reasonableness of that question we hold to be the success which has attended the last researches of Cuvier's English successor—justly styled by Humboldt "le plus grand Anatomiste de son Siècle."

'partly from natural ambition, and partly, perhaps, from jealousy of the rapid advancement of the Prelate of Constantinople, who, under the shadow of the Court, was trampling upon the independence of the Churches around him, the Roman Bishops determined to avail themselves of their favourable position, and pursue a similar career in the West. . . . Precedents would materially assist them. But they had none.' And therefore, 'not only was ecclesiastical history largely tampered with, if not rewritten, if not even composed, but a series of documents, professing to relate to events in the previous centuries, were perhaps even before the close of the fifth century, invented to supply this defect.'—pp. 124-5.

Mr. Shepherd then sets himself to clear away the fictions which were thus imposed on the world. He tells us that the epistle ascribed to Polycarp is spurious, and his story a fable (pp. 11, 21); that the account of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne is a baseless forgery (pp. 17, 18); that the story of a quarrel between Victor, bishop of Rome, and the Asiatic bishops, as to the time of keeping Easter, is a fiction (pp. 18, 19); that Irenæus' book on Heresies is interpolated (p. 206); that Tertullian's writings altogether are doubtful, and that the treatise *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum* is certainly not of the third century (pp. 520-2); that *Cyprian* is 'probably an imaginary personage' (p. 126); that Dionysius of Alexandria is little better (pp. 16, 32, 189, 197); that the epistles and documents of the Cyprianic cycle are a set of clumsy forgeries; that the proceedings of Stephen, bishop of Rome, are as fabulous as those of his predecessor, Victor (pp. 24, 27, 28, &c.); that the accounts of the Donatistic schism are not to be relied on (p. 47); that the story of Constantine's having referred the Donatistic question to certain bishops, and of the consequent Council of Arles, is a fabrication (pp. 38, 49, 50, 221-6); that the Councils of Nice and Constantinople were not general, but merely oriental (pp. 50, 349); that the Athanasian writings are forgeries (pp. 59, 164, 189, 191, 229); that as to the life of Athanasius himself, it is 'almost next to a miracle that such a mass of absurdity should have maintained its place in history' (p. 245); that Hosius, bishop of Cordova, was most likely 'altogether a mythic personage' (p. 341); that a multitude of councils during the Arian controversy—including that of Sardica—are imaginary; that the Life of Constantine ascribed to Eusebius is a forgery, (p. 39), and that that writer's *History* and *Chronicle* are interpolated to such an extent as to be utterly untrustworthy (*passim*); that the works of Hilary of Poitiers are questionable (pp. 59, 164, 189, &c.); that Optatus has been largely corrupted (pp. 524-5);

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- ART. IV.—1. *The History of the Church of Rome to the End of the Episcopate of Damasus*, A.D. 384. By E. J. Shepherd, M.A., Rector of Luddesdown. 1851.
2. *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, accurate J. P. Migne. Tom. iii. (*Minorum Patrum a Tertulliano ad Cyprianum Opera*); tom. iv. (*S. Cypriani Opera Omnia*). Paris, 1844.
3. *A Library of Fathers*. Vol. III. *St. Cyprian*. Oxford, 1839-44.
4. *Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, Bischof von Carthago—nach seinem Leben und Wirken*. Von Dr. F. W. Rettberg. Göttingen, 1831.
5. *The Life and Times of St. Cyprian*. By G. A. Poole, M.A., Oxford, 1840.
6. *A First Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian*. By E. J. Shepherd, A.M. 1852.

We trust that in speaking of Mr. Shepherd we shall not use any language inconsistent with the respect due to a man of ability and learning, who has investigated a difficult subject with perfect honesty of intention and in entire independence of party. But some of his results are rather startling. He supposes that in the fifth century—



that everything ascribed to Pacian is spurious (p. 173); that Jerome's *De Viris Illustribus* is so much interpolated as to be of no authority (*passim*); that his *Dialogue* against the Luciferians is a forgery (p. 166); that Epiphanius *Against Heresies* is a forgery (p. 290); that Basil's treatise *On the Holy Spirit* and his *Epistles* are forgeries (pp. 193, 214, 451); that Gregory Nazianzen's autobiographical poem is a forgery (p. 433); that the histories which pass under the names of Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret are all forgeries (pp. 68, 274).

Innumerable lesser documents are disposed of in the same way. The process is to be carried on through the later ages. Repeated hints are given that the next volume will demolish the credit of St. Augustine's controversial works. And, if Mr. Shepherd should bring down the story to the nineteenth century, there is reason to apprehend that, after exploding the myths of Pope Pius and Cardinal Wiseman, he will finish by proving his own book to be a forgery, and himself as fabulous as Hosius or Cyprian. Nay, even as to the period embraced in this first volume, we are told that there is much more scepticism in reserve. While Mr. Shepherd's readers might suppose him to be a ruthless destroyer, delighting in the havoc which he makes, he has, by his own account, really been dealing with his subject in the tenderest and most conservative spirit. He declares that he arrived at his views 'very gradually—I may almost say, unwillingly' (p. vi.). When an overpowering conviction first compelled him to execute justice on a forgery, he was ready to cry out, like Nero when first asked to sign a death-warrant—'*Quam vellem nescire literas!*' And even now he tells us—

'I have been desirous to preserve as much as I could of the small remains of history which we possess; and I have therefore felt myself justified, even in cases where I entertained doubts, to speak at times without imputation of doubt respecting some things which pass unquestioned in history.'—p. vii.

We are fully sensible of the kindness intended in this condescension to our weakness; but for our own part we should have rather chosen to know the worst at once.

No one, we imagine, can go through the volume without sometimes feeling that the author's assumptions are a little strange. When, for instance, he decides (as very often happens) that a book or a letter must be a forgery because it is unworthy of the supposed writer's reputation, we begin to think how such a canon would operate on

the literature of our own day. So, when we are told that two writings, professedly by the same hand, must be spurious because there is a difference of style between them, we cannot help wondering how Mr. Shepherd would deal with a certain Pastoral 'Given out of the Flaminian Gate,' and a certain 'Appeal to the People of England.' Again, when a book is pronounced to be forged because the alleged writer must have been old at the supposed date, and yet 'he does not write like an old man' (p. 175)—it occurs to us that the most vigorous and spirited of living English controversialists is a prelate whose age is midway between seventy and eighty. So, when the existence of Hosius is denied on the ground that he is described as having taken a part in the Arian controversy at the age of from ninety to a hundred, our mind turns to a great master of early Christian learning who lately at *ninety-three* completed a new edition of a large and very elaborate work, enriched in the revision with additions from the latest sources, and within the last few months has given, at *ninety-seven*, a fresh proof of mental vigour and unabated interest in the literature of the day.\* Again, when we read that a letter ascribed to Saint Athanasius must be spurious, because 'it is a libel on his intellect,' being 'a piece of profane and vulgar fanaticism' (p. 276), we are tempted to ask whether Mr. Shepherd has seen certain recent Lectures delivered at the 'Oratories' of London and Birmingham, which are pretty generally thought to exhibit a tolerable allowance of 'profane and vulgar fanaticism,' and yet are undoubtedly the productions of 'a person of a high order of mind.' And to take one more instance—when the genuineness of a letter is denied on the ground that it speaks of the Apostle Saint John as having worn on his forehead something called a *πέταλον*, and that this word has puzzled the commentators (pp. 199, 203, 215), we bethink ourselves of another old Greek letter, in which it is directed that women should have on their heads something which is styled *ἐξουσία*—a word which has caused infinitely more of perplexity than St. John's ornament—and we ask whether our author would reject that Epistle too, and class its alleged writer among 'probably imaginary personages.'

Very often objections are taken to statements when it is evident that, if the grounds of objection were removed, the alteration

\* 'Reliquiae Sacrae. Recensuit notisque illustravit, M. J. Routh, S.T.P.' 5 vols. Oxf. 1846-1848. 'Bishop Burnet's History of the Reign of King James the Second—additional observations now enlarged.' (By Dr. Routh.) Oxf. 1852.



would give a pretext for equally plausible doubts of an opposite kind. Indeed Mr. Shepherd himself sometimes indulges in objections which are opposite to each other. In one page he complains that travelling is represented as too easy; in another that it is too difficult. If a story is fully told, its circumstantiality is a proof of forgery; if it wants filling up in the details, its vagueness shows that it is forged, and that the forger lacked invention. Is an event spoken of very soon after the supposed date?—it is a fiction, since it could not have been generally known so early. Is it mentioned many years after?—then too it is fabulous; for, if the thing had really taken place, it must yet have been forgotten long before. If two books agree in their notices of the same subject, they were fabricated or interpolated in concert; if they vary, they were no less forged, but the forgers neglected to make them tally.

Mr. Shepherd cannot fancy it possible that there were any defects among the Christians of the second and third centuries—that any of them were inconsistent, or unreasonable, or ignorant, or inclined to superstition—that any of them wrote in a style offensive to his own severe purity of taste—that any bishops of Rome were disposed to be assuming—that eminent prelates ever used harsh language in denouncing their opponents—that any writer's memory misled him as to little matters of dates and historical order. He will not hear of anything wrong except the villany of the fifth-century Macphersons and Irelands, who have peopled Church-history with imaginary persons, and have stuffed the *Bibliotheca Patrum* with a mass of falsehood and nonsense. Little as he probably suspects himself of such weakness, he is as much an idealist on the subject of the early Church as the simplest young gentleman who ever took his creed from Littlemore.

Although, however, even a cursory reader must be struck with some such difficulties as those which we have mentioned, the author's assertions of his own correctness are so positive, and the book presents such evidences of labour and acuteness, that we are not justified in setting it aside without some more particular examination. But how is this to be managed? The field is so large—the questions raised are so many and so intricate—that a review cannot afford space for a full discussion of the subject; nor, indeed, is it reasonable to expect that a reviewer should afford the time necessary for so laborious an investigation. We have, therefore, restricted ourselves to one part of the work—the Essay on St. Cyprian. This

may be examined within a moderate compass, and without greatly tasking the reader's patience; while on the other hand we presume that Mr. Shepherd himself would not object to our choice of it as a specimen. He supposes this part of his case triumphantly proved; he insults over Cyprian as if he were clearly no better than an ecclesiastical Phalaris; he seems to put the dissertation forward as especially conclusive and important, since he places it first among his 'Proofs and Illustrations'—giving it precedence over those which relate to the earlier subjects of Polycarp and Irenæus, Victor and the Quartodecimans.\*

At the outset of our inquiry we must notice an extraordinary delusion which runs through the whole of Mr. Shepherd's essay—the idea that the writings connected with the name of Cyprian are in their bearing favourable to the pretensions of Rome. Our author takes much credit to himself for independent study of his documents; but we are very sure that, in this instance, independent study would never have led him to such a conclusion. Nay more; the meaning which he attaches to the words of Cyprian and his correspondents is one which very few even among Roman Catholic writers would venture on. We have to deal with the extraordinary case of an Anglican clergyman, strongly opposed to Romanism, who sees in these writings an extreme Roman sense which no reasonable Romanist would acknowledge—which even ultramontane writers in our own day give up as untenable—which is only to be found in the audacious and antiquated school of Baronius!† In truth the Cyprianic writings have

\* Mr. Shepherd has lately published a Letter to Dr. Maitland on the Cyprianic writings. This pamphlet (which is announced as the first of a series) is little more than a popularized specimen of the matter contained in the 'History.' We do not find that it at all affects our argument, and therefore have not thought it necessary to take much notice of it, our article having been in type before the Letter appeared. We may as well mention here that Chevalier Bunsen's elaborate work on 'Hippolytus and his Age' (4 vols. 1852) does not (as might perhaps have been expected) contain any reference to Mr. Shepherd's arguments.

† On this point there is a mischievous passage in the 'Letter,' where Mr. Shepherd is speaking of the martyrdom to which he exposes himself by assailing the writings ascribed to Cyprian. 'The High-Churchman, if an Anglican, reads in them episcopacy, through an apostolical succession, as the only channel for Christ's gifts to his Church; if a Romanist, he reads further, and sees that this episcopacy, to be such a channel, must be in communion with the Roman see' (p. 5). Can Mr. Shepherd name a single Anglican writer—whether 'High-Church' or of any other party—who (if he mentions Cyprian in connexion with the Romish controversy) does not maintain that the Cyprianic writings are decidedly opposed to the pretensions of the Papacy?

always been regarded by Protestants as among the strongest supports of the historical argument against Rome; the late Paris editors—whose opinions are certainly free from all suspicion of liberalism—acknowledge the fact, and endeavour to explain it away:—

‘Whence,’ they ask, ‘comes this praise, unworthy of so great a man as Cyprian? Whence this unhappy celebration of him? It is from his conflict with Pope Stephen. Hence it is that Neoterics have brought their studies to bear on him, and have expended on him so much of their labours; hence the splendid Oxford edition of his works [by Bishop Fell, 1683]; hence the unwearied diligence of Pearson, Dodwell, Rigault, Routh, Marshall, Poole, and Matthies.’\*

And the learned editors go on, with very indifferent success, to relieve the Saint from such discreditable admiration.

This brings us to a matter connected with Mr. Shepherd himself. He speaks in his preface (p. v.) of the Cyprianic writings as having ‘floated down the broad stream of history, if not unsuspected, yet, as far as I know, unchallenged;’ and then he adds on his margin:—

‘It is a curious fact, that, after I had written this page, I received a letter by this morning’s post, informing me of a note of Mr. Poole, in his *Life and Times of Cyprian*, in which he mentions a Raymund Missorius having attributed the Letters of Cyprian and Firmilian (I suppose the Letters confined to the question of Rebaptism)—to the Donatists of Africa. I am not aware that until to-day I ever heard of Raymund Missorius; and I regret it, as I should have been glad to have seen his objections. The idea of a Donatist origin to these letters had, however, already passed through my mind, and been rejected.’

Now we do not blame Mr. Shepherd for having omitted to look at Mr. Poole’s book—which does not profess to be anything more than a popular account of St. Cyprian, drawn up without any view to historical criticism; but the fact is, that the impugner of the letters on Rebaptism, far from being unknown to all mankind except Mr. Poole, is mentioned by almost every one who has written on the subject of Cyprian within the last one hundred and twenty years. If, for example, our author had thought fit—as might have been not unnatural in a gentleman engaged on the history of the early Church—to refresh his acquaintance with Mosheim’s Commentaries ‘*De Rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum*,’ he would have met with

a rather significant account of his predecessor in scepticism—to the following effect:—

‘The story of the controversy on the baptism of heretics affords the clearest possible proof that, although the bishop of Rome held the chief place among Christian bishops, his power was in this age very small, and his sentences were freely set at nought and rejected. Hence the Romish writers in general confound everything relating to it, and, partly by empty conjectures, partly by violent interpretations of the ancients, endeavour to prevent the truth, which is abundantly plain, from striking our eyes and understandings too strongly. One of these writers—well knowing that such arts, although they might hinder the truth, yet could not destroy and extinguish it—thought to cut with Alexander’s sword this knot which the advocates of the papacy were unable to untie—I mean Raymund Missori, a Franciscan, who, in a quarto published at Venice in 1733, attempted to show that the letters of Firmilian and Cyprian against Stephen, and some others, were forged by the Donatists of Africa.’—pp. 535–6, ed. *Helmstedt*, 1753.

‘We learn from other sources that the genuineness of Firmilian’s letter (although not of any others) had been questioned by the Jesuit Christian Wolf, in the end of the seventeenth century; and that Missori has been followed by Tournemine, another Jesuit; Molkenbuhr, a Franciscan; Morcelli, author of ‘*Africa Sacra*,’ and Hebermann. Schröckh (*Kirchengesch.*, iv. 321–2) and Gieseler (*Lehrbuch*, i. 396, ed. 4) treat the attempts of these writers as unworthy of the serious refutation which has been bestowed on them by Sbaralea, Walch, and others; the Paris editors, while they evidently wish the objections valid, yet cannot venture to think them so (*Patrologia*, iii. *Præf.* xvii.); and the venerable President of Magdalene is so excited by their barefaced audacity as to exclaim in indignation, ‘*Quidni Deum deprecere meae animæ, ne sit in futuro sæculo cum tam iniquis et improbis sophistis!*’ (Routh, *Scriptorum Eccl. Opuscula*, i. 260, ed. 2.) The only one of the dissertations with which we are acquainted is that by Molkenbuhr (reprinted in the Paris *Patrologia*); and if we have no hesitation in characterising as a string of irrelevant and tumperry cavils. But, whatever be the merits of these treatises, it is important to observe that hitherto the attempts to get rid of any part of the Cyprianic writings have been exclusively the work of *Romanists*.\*

\* In his doubts as to Tertullian, however. Mr. Shepherd has been preceded by the father of German Rationalism, Semler, who supposed the works ascribed to that writer, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus to have been forged at Rome for the purpose of discrediting certain *Gnostic* sects. The theory appears to have taken no root in Germany, and is very fully

\* ‘*Patrologia*,’ ed. Migne, vol. iii. col. vii.

Although we have given Mr. Shepherd credit for honest intentions, and fully believe that he started with no thought of conducting his case improperly, we must remark that an unfairness of tone runs throughout his representations of facts and documents. Sometimes he tries by outrageous exaggeration to throw an air of improbability over statements which in themselves are quite free from everything of the kind; sometimes he seeks to attain the same end by the use of ludicrous language and illustrations; and on such a subject the clumsy banter of these attempts is as little creditable to his taste as to his wit. Then, again, his translations can never be relied on. He does not quote the original passages, as he might have done without greatly adding to the bulk of his volume; and when any pains-taking reader searches them out elsewhere—which very few readers *will* do—it is continually found that by misconstruction, omission, determination to make nonsense, or some other such means, a turn has been given to the English version which makes it very suitable for Mr. Shepherd's purpose, but utterly disguises the real meaning. For instances of these practices we refer to the extracts which will be given in the sequel of our article—extracts which, as having been made without any view to the exhibition of the author's unfairness, will better convey an idea of the manner in which it is mixed up with his whole argument than if we were in this place to single out any number of especially flagrant examples.

Mr. Shepherd begins by telling us that, until the middle of the third century, there is not the least trace of any intercourse between the bishops of Rome and Carthage; indeed we scarcely know anything of either church; that 'during the short interval between A.D. 250–258 the two churches are seen in the closest possible intimacy;' and then again, until the middle of the fifth century, 'there is not the slightest fragment of any intercourse between these two sees.' (pp. 127–8.) Here we must take a general exception to the reasonings from improbability which occur in almost every page of the book. A Greek poet observed long ago that 'it is most likely that unlikely events will happen.'

exposed by the late Bishop of Lincoln in his work on Tertullian. It is curious enough that Semler considered the writings attributed to Irenæus unworthy of him (*Kaye on Tertullian*, p. 175), while Mr. Shepherd, who often uses a like argument as a proof of spuriousness, speaks of *these* as proving Irenæus to have been 'a very able man and a good man' (p. 204.)

τάχ' ἂν τις εἰκὸς αὐτὸ τοῦτ' εἶναι λέγει  
βροτοῖσι πολλὰ τυγχάνειν οὐκ εἰκότα.\*

And every one must have met in his own experience with incidents, coincidences, and connexions of things which, if they occurred in a novel, would be regarded as wildly improbable. Mr. Shepherd himself has furnished an example in a passage already quoted, where he tells us that, when his work was so far advanced at press that he could not benefit by the information—on the very day when he had stated in his Preface that, in so far as he knew, the Cyprianic writings had hitherto been unquestioned—he received a letter informing him that they had been questioned by 'a Raymund Misorius.' Nobody, we imagine, will doubt the truth of this; but how, we ask, would our author have dealt with such a story if he had found it in the writings ascribed to St. Cyprian?†

To return to the particular improbability which is here alleged—we should like to know what Mr. Shepherd supposes the state of things to have really been. He does not, we presume, deny the existence of Rome and Carthage in the times of which he treats; or the greatness of these cities; or that there was a frequent communication between them;‡ or that the language of educated persons in both was the same; or that there was a Christian church in each. The supposed improbability is therefore reduced to this—that, while there are no extant records of any intercourse for a long period on each side Cyprian's episcopate, there *are* preserved to us documents which show that these two chief churches of the west were in active intercourse at a time when all Christians would naturally have been drawn together by the first outbreak of *general* persecution,§ and when a schism originating at Rome involved

\* Agathon, ap. Aristot. Rhet., ii. 24.

† It is superfluous, certainly, to ask that question. We see how he deals with an exactly parallel story as to St. Hilary of Poitiers, p. 295: Hilary, it is said, was just on the point of setting 'certain persons' down as heathen men and publicans, when, 'at this critical moment a packet of letters arrived,' &c. Mr. Shepherd at once assumes that the story is a manifest fable.

‡ We have assumed rather too much here. In the 'Letter' Mr. Shepherd begins an argument thus: 'If the mutual intercourse between the two cities is not likely to have been great (we have no evidence that it was)' &c., p. 8. Has Mr. Shepherd looked for such evidence? Considering the relative position of the cities, and that Rome received immense supplies of corn from Africa, the natural presumption is that Carthage had more of intercourse with the capital than perhaps any other city in the empire.

§ It will be remembered that the persecution under Decius was the earliest which can be described as *general*.

the Carthaginian church in its consequences—the see of Carthage being then filled by a man of eminent character and ability. We must say that the antecedent unlikelihood of this does not appear to us very overwhelming. Mr. Shepherd's statement that 'we know hardly anything of either church' will surely go far to account for our knowing little or nothing of their intercourse with each other. Moreover, there are notices of earlier communications between the churches (although, indeed, the bishops do not personally appear), in the histories of Tertullian and Praxeas; and as to the want of *later* communications, let it be observed that this is no part of the story as commonly told, but is the result of Mr. Shepherd's own destructive process, applied to the Donatistic schism and the council of Sardica.\*

Mr. Shepherd makes himself vastly merry about the alleged frequency of correspondence within the eight years from 250 to 258. 'Ships,' he says, 'must have been in constant readiness to convey messages; nay, so urgent is the intercourse, that Cyprian makes a clerk on the professed ground of carrying his letters to Rome. They seem as busy on the Mediterranean as ants on a gravel walk'—(pp. 127–8). As to the affair of the clerk, it seems to be very sufficiently explained by Cyprian's statement (*Ep.* 29)†—that since clerks were usually employed for conveying such letters,—(a practice of which we have traces a century and a half earlier, in the epistles of St. Ignatius)‡—and since the Carthaginian clergy were at the time so scattered that those who remained at their posts were fully occupied by their ordinary duties—he somewhat anticipated the season for advancing two persons to ecclesiastical offices for which they had been already designed. And as to the frequency and facilities of communication which draw from Mr. Shepherd such repeated displays of humour, let it suffice to say that the order of the letters and events has been investigated by Bishop Pearson—no less eminent

as a chronologer than as a theologian—that in his scheme there is ample room for all that is stated to have occurred; and that, while some of his details have been questioned by later writers, yet neither he nor they—although all alike unacquainted with the powers of the 'Great Western Express' (p. 251)—appear to have had any feeling that the incidents with which they had to deal were too many for the time allotted to them.

Another general observation is premised (p. 128) by way of discrediting Cyprian's writings: viz. that the distinctness with which they exhibit the whole system of church-government is in startling contrast with the want of definiteness on such points in earlier writers—Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement, and Origen—(*Ignatius* is significantly omitted.) In so far as this objection relates to those orders which were in the Church from the beginning, the simple answer is, that in Cyprian the subject leads to the frequent mention of orders and offices, and in the other writers it does not. As to the inferior orders—it is, we believe, generally agreed that these were introduced or settled in the third century; that the first mention of a *reader* is in Tertullian (*De Praescr.* c. 41); that the earliest notice of sub-deacons, &c., is in Cyprian's letters, and in that from his contemporary Cornelius of Rome to Fabius of Antioch, given by Eusebius, l. vi. c. 43 (which our author, of course, pronounces a forgery). No one has yet been struck by any improbability in the notion, nor has Mr. Shepherd fixed the time at which he supposes these orders to have originated. To the objections that 'all seems of long standing—an old established system'—that on 'the first announcement in ecclesiastical history of the name of such a church-officer' as a *sub-deacon*—'he is not mentioned as a novelty'—we reply that our own experience may show us how soon novelty wears off in such matters. Would any one think it necessary in this year 1853 to speak of a *vice-chancellor* as a novelty? or a *revising barrister*, or a *county-court judge*, or a *railway-director*, or *navigator*, or *stoker*, or an *honorary canon*, or an *ecclesiastical commissioner*, or a *poor-law guardian*? Yet all these are of the last forty years—most of them of the last twenty. Would Mr. Shepherd have thought better of the letters if the novelty of sub-deacons and acolytes had been stated, and the functions of these officers had been formally explained in them?

We now proceed to the details of the correspondence.

It opens during the persecution under Decius, A.D. 250. Many of the Carthagin-

\* Mr. Shepherd says in his 'Letter' (p. 11), 'The reference [from Carthage] at Rome and Arles [in the Donatistic controversy] are not, in my sense, intercourse between the Churches.' We do not see what his argument gains by narrowing the definition of *intercourse*. The official intercourse of formal letters, notifying elections of bishops and recommending members of one church to the other, may be taken for granted, since it was an undoubted part of the ecclesiastical system in those days. That which makes the case of Cyprian an exception to the usual state of things is the existence—or rather the preservation—of letters belonging to another class.

† For the sake of uniformity with Mr. Shepherd, we follow Bishop Fell's numbering of the Epistles.

‡ Dodwell, *Dissertat. Cyprianicæ*: t. i. § 16; Tillmonte, *Mémoires*: t. iv. p. 79.

ian Christians, on being put to the test, had consented to sacrifice to the heathen deities, so that

'Cyprian positively makes a melancholy jest about it. He says, "They ran to the marketplace of their own accord; of their own will they hasted to their [spiritual] death; as if they always wished it, as if embracing an opportunity to which they had all along been looking. How many, whom the magistrates put off at the time through press of nightfall! and how many who even entreated that their undoing might not be delayed!" (*De Lapsis*, 8). 'I ask the reader,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'to exercise his own judgment, and think whether a Christian prelate, especially such an one as Cyprian is represented to have been, would or could have so described his own people, however unworthy their conduct.' (p. 130.)

The reader will probably be somewhat surprised at this appeal. We therefore explain that we have taken the liberty of substituting the late Oxford version of the passage for that given by Mr. Shepherd; and that whatever may seem unbecoming in the words which our author (in his *book*) ascribes to Cyprian is entirely owing to his own mis-translation.\*

When the danger was over, those who had disowned their faith wished to be readmitted to the communion of the Church; and this Mr. Shepherd speaks of as a 'surprising inconsistency.' (p. 130.) The rector of Luddesdown must have been unusually happy in his experience of mankind, if any such inconsistency seems incredible to him. We presume that in some future volume he will pronounce the English Reformation a fable, on the ground that some persons who had been Protestants under Edward are said to have carried faggots and to have gone to mass in the reign of Mary, and yet after all to have returned to their Protestantism on the accession of Elizabeth!

At every step our critic meets with improbabilities—

'As Cyprian objected to receive [the Lapsed], they went to the few martyrs and confessors, and procured from them letters requiring Cyprian to readmit them into the Church. In some cases he was allowed a previous examination as to their repentance; in others, the order was peremptory—even in this form, "Admit A. B. and all belonging to him." [*Communicet ille*

. . . cum suis, Ep. 15.] The granting of pardon to the penitent lapsed is stated to have been a martyr's prerogative, out of compliment to him, and from a notion that his wishes must avail in heaven. These letters, Cyprian says, were given by thousands; there was even a trade in them. I leave these statements also to the verdict of common sense.'—pp. 130-1.

Common sense would probably reply that such practices were very unreasonable and unscriptural; but that we must not on that account deny their existence. The custom of pleading the letters of martyrs in abatement of penance had been mentioned by Tertullian half a century before (*Ad Martyres*, c. 1; *De Pudic.*, c. 22) and is supposed to have arisen at least as early as the middle of the second century.\* It is surely not difficult to conceive the feelings which originated such a privilege; nor are we inclined to reject the Cyprianic letters because they represent it as in course of time depraved by corruptions:—which, be it remarked, the writer denounces as such—as alike novel and pernicious.

Cyprian had withdrawn from the persecution, and Mr. Shepherd is disposed to lay much stress on the circumstance that we are not informed as to the name of his retreat—an omission which appears to us insignificant, and by no means unnatural. (p. 131.) On this the Roman clergy wrote to their brethren of Carthage (*Ep.* 8). 'They state that Crementius, a sub-deacon, had been sent to them by the Carthaginian church, *certū ex causā*, and from him they had learnt of Cyprian's retirement.' (p. 131.) It is apparently implied that in Mr. Shepherd's opinion the sub-deacon's mission must be imaginary, because the reason of it is not stated. But here again the translation is in fault.† The words *certū ex causā* evidently relate, not to Crementius' visit to Rome, but to Cyprian's withdrawal from his see; and it is not said in the original letter that Crementius had been sent by the Carthaginian church but—that he had come from it to Rome. It would seem that he went on his own business, or, at least, not on a mission from the ecclesiastical authorities of Carthage; that he was not charged with any letter, as a messenger of the church would probably have been, but that (as the word *didicimus* intimates‡) he gave an oral report of Cyprian's flight, which made an unfavourable impression on the Roman clergy

\* 'They showed such readiness—it must have been an opportunity long desired by them—that, even when the pagan magistrate wanted to close the day's performances, the African Christians would not allow him to retire. So eager were they to abjure Christianity, that they could not wait till the next day.'—p. 130. We must add that in Mr. Shepherd's Letter, p. 9, the passage is correctly translated, and the charge of improper jesting disappears!

\* Tillemont, iv. 69, 70; Mosh. 'De Rebus Christ.' 490.

† The original is as follows:—'Didicimus secessisse benedictum papam Cyprianum a Crementio subdiacono, qui a vobis ad nos venit, certū ex causā.'

‡ Rettberg, p. 77.

—who had just seen their own bishop martyred, and, during the vacancy of the see, were much under the influence of the rigid party which afterwards formed the Novatianist schism. They therefore wrote a letter in which Mr. Shepherd (p. 132), after Baronius, supposes them to assert for themselves, as *Romans*, a right to order all the churches upon earth, whereas to common eyes it seems merely to say that it is the duty of the *whole clerical body* to watch over the flock of Christ.\*

'Cyprian,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'is represented as being exceedingly hurt at their letter to his clergy, and, as it had no subscription, to have doubted of its genuineness. He therefore immediately sent it across the Mediterranean again, with a letter requesting satisfaction on that point' (*Ep.* 20); and then follows the usual drollery about the time requisite for such a proceeding. But—not to speak of points in the epistle which our author has omitted to mention†—is it incredible that Cyprian may have taken this way of hinting to the Roman clergy that their letter, written on imperfect information, was not altogether proper, and may have intended so to give them an opportunity of withdrawing or explaining it? (*Rettberg*, p. 79.)

After this are noticed two letters which passed between Celerinus, a confessor of Rome, and Lucianus, a Carthaginian confessor. Mr. Shepherd, with an exaggeration which is meant to be humorous, says that from these 'the reader might imagine the two churches one family. Every one seems to know every one.' (p. 133.) Surely it is not impossible that *some* Roman Christians may have known *some* of Carthage. At this rate, what is to become of those Apostolical epistles which end with greetings from members of one church to members of another far more distant than Carthage was from Rome? Celerinus would seem to have had ample means of knowing how things were at Carthage; he mentions that sixty-five Carthaginian confessors had lately arrived at Rome (*Ep.* 21); nay, he was himself most likely a native of Carthage or connected with it, since we afterwards find him in Africa, receiving ordination from Cyprian. (*Ep.* 39.)

Passing over some small doubts which do not require a refutation, we come to the notice of a letter said to have been written by the Roman presbyter Novatian (*Ep.* 30) in

the name of his brethren. It will be remembered that Novatian soon after founded a schism—his distinctive tenet being the denial of reconciliation with the Church to those who had lapsed in persecution. This letter, then, says our author, 'probably had two objects—one to injure his character, by assuming that when he became a schismatic he changed his views from interested motives; and the other, to insinuate Roman supremacy.' (p. 135.) As to the first of these, we may remark that the change ascribed to Novatian was, at the utmost, not from a lax to a strict view, but from one degree of strictness to another—the only case in which the letter itself allows of reconciliation being that of penitents on their death-bed; and that writers of the class with which every schismatic or reputed heretic is a hero—such as Mosheim and Neander—deny that Novatian was guilty of any real inconsistency at all. As to the 'insinuation of Roman supremacy,' we can only admire the extraordinary licence of mis-translation which produces it. The letter, we are told, 'opens to this effect:—

'Although a mind conscious of having done its duty is satisfied with the approbation of God—[*solo Deo—God alone*—]—and neither seeks the praise, nor fears the blame, of others; still, they are deserving of double honour who, *feeling conscious of God's approval*, desire also that their conduct should be approved by their brethren.'

Now the Latin of the words which we have marked by italics is—*Cum conscientiam sciant Deo soli debere se iudici*; i. e., "although they know that they are bound to submit their conscience to God *alone* as their judge." After such distinct and repeated acknowledgements that Cyprian was independent of any human judgment, we might allow the remainder of the passage to stand as in Mr. Shepherd's translation; but for the sake of correctness we prefer quoting from the "Library of the Fathers:—

'That you, brother Cyprian, should do this is no wonder, who, according to your innate modesty and diligence, have wished us to be found not so much judges as partners in your counsels; that we, while we approve what you have done, might share the praise with you, and be partakers of your counsels, because we concur with them. For we are all thought to have laboured together, wherever we are found united in the same agreement of censure and discipline.'—*Cyp. Epistles*, p. 62.

Instead of a claim of supremacy, we are unable to discover anything here except thankfulness for Cyprian's courtesy, and desire to act in conformity with his measures as to the treatment of the Lapsed.

\* See Baluze, not. in loc.; and Pearson, 'Annales Cyprianici,' p. 24, col. 2.

† As to Cyprian's remarks on the questionable appearance of the Roman letter, see Dodwell, 'Dissert. Cypri.,' ii.

'All these letters,' says Mr. Shepherd. 'Cyprian is then supposed to send to Carthage with an order that every facility may be given to foreign bishops, presbyters, and deacons, who may chance to be at Carthage, to copy them. But what had foreign bishops to do at Rome and Carthage in this time of fiery persecution? And why should the Roman clergy have been so angry with Cyprian for a temporary concealment in the neighbourhood of his people, and so friendly with these foreign and Italian bishops who had entirely deserted their flocks? Flight in the time of persecution was episcopal ignominy.'—p. 136.

Flight, even in a bishop, was not necessarily ignominy; in some cases it was regarded as the most proper course;\* and among the bishops who adopted it, not from fear but in obedience (as they believed) to scriptural precept, were Polycarp, Gregory of Neocæsarea, Dionysius of Alexandria, and, in the next century, the great Athanasius. If, however, it were disgraceful, how could a forger have thought of representing his hero as fleeing? But on reference to the letter we discover no such state of things as Mr. Shepherd represents. The words are—'If any bishops, &c., should be present, or should arrive.'† The heat of persecution was over; Cyprian evidently contemplates not refugees who were known to be then actually at Carthage, but possible visitors of other kinds. There is, therefore, no ground for representing this letter as inconsistent with that of Cyprian's retirement.

Next it noticed a letter from the Roman clergy to Cyprian (*Ep.* 36), in which they mention one Privatus, a deposed African bishop:—

'As respects Privatus of Lambese, you have, according to your custom, made us acquainted with what troubles you [*"Nunciare vultis"*—"you have been pleased to make us acquainted"—a slight, but not insignificant, difference.] We all ought to watch over the body of the whole church, whose members are distributed throughout every province. But before your letter had arrived, we had not been deceived by his cunning. For when previously Futurus, one of the party, wished fraudulently to obtain a letter from us, we knew who he was, and we did not give it.'

'What,' asks Mr. Shepherd, 'was the object of this mysterious letter, for which Privatus had sent to Rome, but which he had failed to obtain? No doubt it was meant that the reader should gather from this notice that Privatus had made an appeal to Rome for a reversal of the African decision; that Cyprian, having heard of it, had written to deprecate such an inter-

ference; and that the Roman church, knowing the character of the appellant, had not granted the letter.'—p. 137.

To all this we answer that the Romanist editors of St. Cyprian put no such meaning on the passage; indeed we cannot imagine how Mr. Shepherd—even according to his own loose and inaccurate translation—can reconcile the idea of a Roman claim to the right of reversing African decisions with the language of the sentence in which the writers assert the duty of *all* to watch over the *whole* church. Even Rohrbacher—a living ultramontane historian, the popularity of whose loose compilation does no credit to the church of Tillemont and Fleury—even this writer—unscrupulous as he usually is in reproducing all manner of obsolete fallacies and fictions—can make no more of the matter than that—'On voit ici une nouvelle preuve de l'intérêt que mettaient dès lors les hérétiques mêmes aux voyages de Rome pour y obtenir quelque faveur' (*Hist. Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*, ed. 2, vol. v. p. 432).\* The letters which Privatus attempted to get were evidently, as Tillemont (iii. 30) says, '*lettres de paix*,' i. e., letters of communion with the Roman church, of which he might make use elsewhere. Cyprian had put the Roman clergy on their guard against him; and for thus 'watching over' *their* church they thank him in words which have been strangely misinterpreted as expressing an assumption of superior jurisdiction.

After a vacancy of sixteen months, the see of Rome was filled by the election of Cornelius. Two African bishops were present; 'it is not exactly said that it was their duty to go, but,' in our author's opinion, 'it is a very suspicious-looking proceeding' (p. 138). In truth, this simple act of communion might as well be said to prove that Cyprian exercised a superintendence over the Roman church, as that he acknowledged any authority in it. The new bishop soon reports to his brother of Carthage the reconciliation to the Church of some confessors who had joined Novatian in his schism. Any communication of this sort from Carthage to Rome is interpreted by Mr. Shepherd as a token of subjection; any from Rome to Carthage, as an assumption of superiority. He tells us that Cornelius—

\* Of this *Universal History*, which extends to twenty-eight volumes, Paris has already given two large editions, and both have been pirated in Belgium. Moreover, the author mentions in the Preface, p. vii., that an English translation is in progress, '*faite par un ministre Anglican devenu prêtre Catholique, l'Abbé Brown-Barris.*' We have met with no other notice of this translation, and are quite in the dark as to the English Abbé.

\* See a note in the Oxford translation of Cyprian's Treatises, p. 159.

† 'Si qui de peregrinis episcopi, vel presbyterii, vel diacones præsentēs fuerint vel supervenerint.' *Ep.* 32.



'even sends the information off to Cyprian, the very same evening, of the Synod . . . . Ships were always ready, and the wind was always fair.' [A curious inference from the statement that Cornelius had been obliged to make haste in order to catch an opportunity!] 'And, as he puts down word for word the language of the schismatics on their return to unity, I suppose there is some meaning in it, more, perhaps, than is at first sight imagined.'—p. 139.

As the words were evidently a prescribed form, we see no great unlikelihood in the bishop's recording them. The conclusion is this—'We are not ignorant . . . that there ought to be one bishop in the Catholic Church.' And Mr. Shepherd remarks—

'In spite of all the twistings of commentators, I suspect that there is some meaning in those expressions which will be more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury.'

The writers who take the side of Canterbury, however, are not Protestants only. We may name Baluze (*not. in loc.*); Dupin, (i. 158); Tillemont, (iii. 460); and even the late Paris editors, who give the explanation, '*In Catholica ecclesiâ, hoc est, in unaquaque ecclesiâ*' (*Patrol.* iii. col. xxxiii.) To say that there was but one *bishop* in the whole Church would surely have been rather too much; besides that the question was not whether the Roman bishop were superior to others, and the source of their episcopacy, but whether Cornelius or Novatian were rightful bishop of Rome. The meaning of the words obviously is, either 'in a Catholic church' (which is favored by the Greek of Cornelius' letter to Fabius—*ἐν καθολικῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ*—*Euseb.* vi. 43), or 'in the Catholic church of a particular place.' But Mr. Shepherd will not give up his Baronius!

One Felicissimus had formed a schism at Carthage, and now set up Fortunatus as bishop of that city in opposition to Cyprian. 'The pseudo-bishop,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'had been consecrated by a party of African bishops, all of whom, either for crimes or heresies, had been excommunicated at Carthage, and one of them also at Rome' (p. 140). As it had been expected that five-and-twenty bishops would share in the consecration, and as there were eventually only five, we cannot think it incredible that these—the most desperate of their party, and that the party of laxity—were persons such as are here described. The new bishop sent an envoy to announce his election at Rome—a 'rather bold' step, no doubt, as our author says, but yet nowise inconceivable—more especially if we consider that Cornelius belonged to the more lenient of the Roman parties, and that there is reason for

supposing him to have gone further in the way of lenity before than after his late elevation, so that, while his policy as bishop was not yet very clear, the laxer party at Carthage might have had some grounds for expecting to meet with sympathy from him. Cornelius at first repelled the envoy, but, on a threat that the letters of Fortunatus should be publicly read, he was induced by a regard for the peace of his Church, to temporise in some way which is not particularly described. We need not point out the extreme improbability that a Roman forger would have invented such an incident.

'Cyprian,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'in [the 59th] letter replies, but, instead of saying—What right have you to interfere in an African quarrel, or to receive any letters from Carthage except from me?—he expresses great distress at Cornelius's conduct, and enters upon a proof that he is the true bishop of Carthage . . . all which implies that there was an authority vested in Cornelius to enter upon the question, whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage. . . . We are told, moreover, that Cyprian had sent the names of all the orthodox bishops to Cornelius, that he might know to whom to write.'—p. 141.

Now the fact is, that Cyprian remonstrates with Cornelius in the strongest manner; that, far from acknowledging any supremacy in Rome, he takes him to task for having by his weakness lowered the dignity common to the whole episcopal order; that he protests most forcibly against the carrying of any cause out of the province to which it belonged.\* The only authority acknowledged in Cornelius is the right, which every Catholic bishop had, to ascertain the title and the orthodoxy of those with whom he was to communicate. The names of the orthodox bishops were forwarded to him, because the opposite schisms of Novatian and Felicissimus had both intruded their bishops into Africa;—and the purpose of this was not only that the bishop of Rome alone 'might know to whom to write,' but that he and others of Cyprian's colleagues might know with whom to communicate, either by writing to them or by receiving their letters (§9). In the case of Marcian (which will be noticed hereafter), we find Cyprian desiring his brother of Rome to report to him the name of the new bishop of Arles, that he might know to whom to write and to direct his brethren:—namely, in giving the 'letters of peace' by which Christians were recommended to the members of any church which they might visit (*Ep.* 68).† This may help to explain

\* Baronius has very hard work to get over this—Ann. 255, § xxi.

† In his pamphlet Mr. Shepherd again and again

the purpose of such correspondence; it will hardly be construed as a claim of supremacy for Carthage over either Rome or Gaul.

Such being the main purport of the 59th Letter, it is not to be interfered with by the terms in which Cyprian incidentally magnifies the church of Rome, when, in a strain largely savouring of his old calling as a professor of rhetoric, he denounces the audacity of the schismatics in seeking communion with a church which was the very type of unity—a church founded by the chief of the Apostles—and whose orthodoxy had been celebrated by St. Paul himself.

The later letters of the collection relate to the manner of admitting into the Church converts from heretical or schismatical sects. Cyprian maintained that such persons ought to be baptised, unless they had formerly received regular ecclesiastical baptism; while Stephen, then bishop of Rome, held that baptism administered in heresy was valid, and that converts who had been so baptised required only imposition of hands for admission to Church-communion. The controversy which arose in consequence has generally been regarded by Romanists as a difficulty, and by Protestants as a decisive proof that in Cyprian's days the see of Rome had no superiority over other churches. 'If,' says Mosheim (*De Reb. Christ.*, p. 541), 'any one, after reading the language held by the Africans to the bishop of Rome, can still maintain that the Roman prelate in that age had any power or jurisdiction over other bishops, such a person must either be beyond measure obstinate, or vehemently in love with opinions imbibed in his childhood.' What would the learned Chancellor of Göttingen have thought of an Anglican divine who supposes not only that these letters favour the papal pretensions, but that they were manufactured for the sake of enforcing them?

Mr. Shepherd's first objection to this part of the correspondence is, that some letters from Stephen are represented as lost. This is, however, the less to be wondered at, since several of the extant letters are wanting in many manuscripts. And, if there *must* be a theory to account for the non-appearance

dilates (*e. g.*, pp. 20–22) on the improbability of the 'important epistolary intercourse' which the Cyprianic writings, according to his view, represent as having been carried on 'not only between the Roman bishop and the individual African bishops, but also between the Italian and African bishops generally.' The improbability entirely disappears if we consider that the 'epistolary intercourse' usually consisted of nothing more than ecclesiastical passports issued to travellers. When a see was contested by rival bishops, it was, of course, necessary that the orthodox bishops of other places should know to which of the rivals such passports ought to be addressed.

of those from Stephen, Bishop Pearson's supposition—that they have been destroyed out of regard for the Roman bishop's reputation\*—is far more plausible than Mr. Shepherd's insinuation that the forger was too dull or too lazy to invent them. Our author continues—

'Many synods were held, and one synodal letter is sent to Stephen, containing two decrees, which they had made. These are, in reality, the forty-fifth and forty-sixth of the Apostolical Canons,'—p. 142.

The identity is not quite clear to us; at all events, although it might be a very good argument against the pretended apostolical origin of the canons, it is none against the genuineness of the Cyprianic epistles.

'Although' says Mr. Shepherd, 'Cyprian maintains his right of private judgment in his diocese, still there are angry insinuations about a *bishop of bishops*, and expressions like the following are now and then seen:—

"Reason, and not custom, should prevail. Peter, whom the Lord chose first, and on whom he built his Church, when Paul was disputing with him afterwards on circumcision, did not claim more than he ought, or arrogantly take upon himself to say that he was the primate, and that he ought to be obeyed by more recent Apostles; nor did he despise Paul because he had been previously a persecutor; but he yielded to truth and reason, setting us an example."—*Ep.* 71.

What is to be said to a gentleman who sees in this passage an admission of Roman supremacy?

'But,' we are told, the important letter of this controversy is one from Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, a man second to none of his day. It is represented that he is of the same opinion with Cyprian; and that Cyprian had sent a deacon to him, all the way from Carthage, with a letter—and this, the 75th in the series, is his reply. It reads exactly as if it was one of Cyprian's; but the writer, I suppose, intends to account for that by saying that he had read over Cyprian's letter so often that he had got it by heart, and that there was no harm in saying the same thing twice over. Moreover, as Cyprian's deacon was in such haste to return home, owing to the approach of winter—(after a journey from Africa to Cappadocia the rest of a day or two might have been thought but reasonable)—he really could only say what first came into his head. But he adds some facts, very much indeed to the purpose; namely, that Stephen had boasted of the place of his bishopric, of his succession from Peter, on whom the Church was built, and that Stephen had excommunicated him and crowds of Churches around him.'—pp. 143–4.

\* 'Annales Cyprianici,' p. 54. Mosheim gives the same explanation, '*De Rebus Christ.*,' p. 541.

Mr. Shepherd certainly deserves the praise of originality. So little has the real meaning of the letter been understood by those for whose benefit he supposes it to have been forged, that the first Romanist editors to whom it became known suppressed it; and that others, although they could no longer withhold it when it had once been published, openly justify the original suppression, and regret the indiscretion which had allowed so mischievous a document to get abroad.\* Even Baronius had not the ingenuity to penetrate into the true construction; and Rohrbacher can make nothing better of the letter than to say that Firmilian writes like a man beside himself. 'Quant au pape,' says the ultramontane Abbé, 'il en parle avec l'emportement d'un homme qui ne se possède plus: il le traite d'aveugle, d'insensé, de Judas, d'hérétique, et de pire qu'hérétique: avec cela, il lui reproche la colère, lui recommande l'humilité et la douceur!'—(vol. v. p. 477.)

Mr. Shepherd has also been the first to perceive the improbability of the story that Cyprian, finding himself drawn into a disagreement with the great church of the West, thought it well to look for support from the Eastern churches, which were already embroiled with Stephen on the same account; † that he chose the most eminent of the Asiatic bishops as the person with whom he should open his communication; that, as was usual in such cases, he sent the letter by one of his clergy; and that this deacon, having left Carthage after the breaking up of a council held in the beginning of September, was somewhat pressed for time that he might return from Cappadocia before winter set in—although it is clear enough, from the statements in the letter, that he enjoyed more than *one or two* days of rest at Caesarea.

The likeness of style between Firmilian's letter and the others had, indeed, been before observed; but editors and historians have been content to suppose that it was translated by Cyprian, or under his superintendence; while at the same time they have found indications of its original language in some remaining traces of Greek idiom. ‡

As to Stephen's boasts and claims, we wish we could find room for the passages in

which Firmilian deals with them, but shall content ourselves with the quotation already made from Rohrbacher, as giving some idea of the Asiatic bishop's unceremonious style. We must, however, notice the very misleading language which Mr. Shepherd uses here and elsewhere on the subject of excommunication. He tells us (p. 144) that 'Stephen *excommunicated* crowds of Churches'—that his predecessor Victor 'had already by implication *excommunicated* at least some three or four of the Apostles'—namely, in his dispute as to the time of Easter with some Orientals, who professed to ground their practice on apostolical authority. Such statements are repeated over and over; it is said at p. 186 that 'there are no events of the ante-Nicene period to be compared with these in importance if they be true,' since 'on their truth or falsehood rests the independence of the churches;' and the same remark in substance recurs elsewhere.

No doubt excommunications in the style of the later Popes *would* have been events of vast importance if they had taken place in the period to which Victor and Stephen belong. But in reality the Roman bishops of those days made no Hildebrandine pretensions, and the term *excommunication* gives a very exaggerated notion of their proceedings. They did not pretend to separate the churches which they censured from the body of Christ, or to deprive them of the ministrations of grace; they only exercised a right which belonged alike to every church—the right of breaking off religious intercourse with churches whose tenets or practices they disapproved.\* It is said that in the Paschal controversy Victor renounced communion with the Orientals, and endeavoured to draw other bishops into the same course, but that through their refusal, which in some cases was accompanied by severe remarks on his conduct, the attempt was foiled. † And so it was in the case of Stephen. He cut off (or threatened to cut off) certain churches from his communion; and, besides the scandal of such a breach, it must have been a great practical inconvenience for the objects of his censure

\* See Mosheim, 'De Rebus Christ.,' pp. 447, 538.

† 'Neither Irenæus nor Polycrates,' says Mr. Shepherd, 'express any doubt as to the power and authority of the Roman bishop to interfere abroad. Irenæus respectfully remonstrates; Polycrates [leader of the Eastern Quartodecimans] says, "Who cares?" but the illegality of such proceedings is never even hinted at. The prelate could issue his mandate, only there might be then, as now, persons who would disregard it;' (p. 202). Surely the saying, 'Who cares?' and disregarding a papal mandate, are pretty strong denials of the Pope's right to issue such documents.

\* See Pamelius, in Migne's 'Patrologia,' iii. 1153; and compare Daillé, 'De Usu Patrum,' ed. Genev., 1656, p. 84.

† That the quarrel with the Asiatics began *before* that with Cyprian, see Maran's Life of Cyprian, in Migne's 'Patrologia,' iv. 161; Mosheim, 'De Rebus Christ.,' p. 539; Walch, 'Hist. der Ketzereien,' ii. 350; and Schröckh's 'Kirchengeschichte,' iv. 324.

‡ See Maran, in Migne's Cyprian, p. 163; and Rettberg, p. 188.

to be thus separated from the church of the imperial city; but the separation was from the local church of Rome only, not from the whole catholic body.

'It is difficult,' writes Mr. Shepherd, 'to say what was Cyprian's own fate in this controversy. To have excommunicated a bishop they were going to martyr would have been a strong measure; but to doubt that the bishop of Rome could not [?] have excommunicated him would be worse, if not absurd. And therefore it is left an open question.'—p. 144.

The bishop of Rome *could*, no doubt, have excommunicated Cyprian, in the only sense which that age ever thought of; and Cyprian could have done the like by the bishop of Rome; but a forger would hardly have left the event 'an open question.' Cyprian, in fact, outlived not only Stephen, but his successor Sixtus; and from the mention of the latter by Cyprian's contemporary biographer as 'bonus et pacificus sacerdos,' it is inferred that peace was restored between Rome and Carthage without for the time interfering with the practice of either church.\*

Mr. Shepherd proceeds to consider the relations of the Roman church with those of Spain, France, and Asia Minor. We need not, however, concern ourselves with the last of these heads, as the section on it is merely a repetition of the Firmilian story, with the witticisms about the length of the journey, its uselessness, and the messenger's impotence.

First, then, as to Spain. Two bishops of that country, Basilides and Martial, had been deposed for grave offences, and successors had been canonically appointed to their dioceses. On this, one or both applied to the bishop of Rome—not (as our author supposes, p. 146) for a mandate of restoration, but for an acknowledgement of them as being in communion with him,† which they naturally regarded as an important help towards recovering their sees. The application was successful. The Spanish church was disturbed by Stephen's proceedings, and requested advice from Cyprian, who thereupon summoned a council. The result may be given in Mr. Shepherd's words:—

'Cyprian writes a synodal reply (Ep. 67), in which he says that they had done very right; that Stephen, through ignorance of the facts, had done very wrong; and that they must resist the invasion.'—pp. 146-7.

This does not look much like an evidence of Roman supremacy. If the idea of appealing at all in that age were not absurd, the affair might be described as an appeal from Rome to Carthage, and a peremptory overruling of the Roman decision by the African synod. Baronius seeks for comfort in a *conjecture*\*—the futility of which is shown by Baluze (*Patrol.*, iii. 1021)—that the object of the bishops who asked for Cyprian's judgment may have been to take it with them to Rome as a recommendation of their cause—whereas it really does not appear that they applied to Rome at all. Pagi (*in Baron.*, ed. Mansi, vol. iii. p. 47), while he questions Pearson's chronology, has not a word to say against the Anglican bishop's inferences as to the bearing of the case; and Rohrbacher is driven to find a solution of its difficulties in supposing that Cyprian may have been *deceived* by the successors of Basilides and Martial! (vol. v. pp. 467-8). But our new historian takes a very different view:—

'Stephen is blamed, but no doubt is uttered as to his right to interfere. There would have been no blame if its exercise had been justified by circumstances. Here however, he was employing it in favour of two men utterly unfit for the episcopate. The reader will therefore see a reason for the composition of these letters as respects Spain.'—p. 147.

Cyprian, we allow, did not deny to Stephen that same power of interference which he himself exercised. But what a far-sighted artist must the forger have been, who, in order to enforce the doctrine of Roman supremacy, represents the Pope as employing his authority in favour of a bad cause, and therefore as defeated in his attempt—leaving the average reader to draw for himself the conclusion which has eluded so many acute and interested commentators—that if the cause had been right, the Papal supremacy would have been acknowledged!

Let us now look to Gaul.

'Marcian, bishop of Arles, had adopted Novatian's tenets. This had given offence to Faustinus, bishop of Lyons, and his suffragans; and they had sent a synodal letter to Stephen, giving him the information, and apparently desiring that he would procure his deposition. For some cause not stated, Stephen is said to have taken no notice of it; they therefore wrote once and again to Cyprian, saying that

\* 'Verisimili quidem et vehementi ducimur coniectura,' *Ann.* 258, § V.

\* Tillemont, iv. 160, 161; Gieseler, 'Kircheng.' i. 397. Cyprian and his African brethren had always disclaimed the idea of prescribing to others.

† This appears from Cyprian's words:—'Etsi aliqui de collegis nostris exstiterint [namely, Stephen], qui de collegis nostris negligendam putant, et cum Basilide et Martiali temere communiunt, conturbare fidem nostram res ista non debet.'—See Dupin, i. 163; Casaubon, 'De Libertate Ecclesiastica,' in Hickes' 'Treatises,' iii. 209, ed. Oxf. 1848; and Gieseler, i. 367.

they had told Stephen, but he had paid no attention to their letter, and, I suppose, urging Cyprian also to write to him. The letter of Cyprian to Stephen is preserved [*Ep. 68*]; in which, *having told him that it was the duty of all bishops to interfere*,\* he urges him to send a very plain and peremptory letter to the province and people of Arles, as well excommunicating Marcian as ordering them to appoint a successor; and then begs him to let him know who is appointed.—148.

On this we have to remark, that the application of the Gaulish bishops to Stephen was not for the purpose of procuring Marcian's deposition, as if by the authority of Rome, but that they might obtain assistance in enforcing their own resolutions, which, as Arles was a metropolitan see, they were not of themselves strong enough to execute. And an application to Rome was especially natural in the case of a person whose offence consisted in adhering to a schism formed in opposition to a late bishop of that very church.† Here again, as in the Spanish case, recourse is had from Rome to Carthage—not, indeed, as if the African church were of higher authority, but on the supposition that it, like the Roman, was entitled to deliver an independent and an influential opinion. Marcian had defied his Gaulish neighbours on the ground that he had not been excluded from communion by the bishops of other churches; Cyprian, therefore, suggests to Stephen that the excommunication of Novatian involved that of all his followers, and consequently that Marcian must not be suffered to insult the whole episcopal body by such pretences. And for this purpose it is that he desires his Roman brother to write *plenissimas literas*—not 'a very plain and peremptory,' but a *very full letter*—one going into the details of the case—not for the purpose of excommunicating Marcian, but declaring him to be already notoriously excommunicate, and on that ground desiring the church of Arles to proceed to a new election. He maintains in the strongest terms the equal right of all bishops to take such a part in watching over the universal Church; but he naturally desires that Stephen should be the more immediate organ of communication with the clergy and people of Arles—as being much nearer and much better known to them than the bishop of Carthage, and, moreover, as best able to declare to them with authority the excommunication of the *Roman* schismatic and his adherents.

Here again Mr. Shepherd is 1 ft in com-

pany with Baronius—almost alone. Pearson (p. 48) animadverts strongly on the Cardinal's misrepresentation of the affair; Pagi contents himself with criticising Pearson's chronology (*In Baron.*, iii. 49); Rigault (*in loc.*) and Dupin (i. 177), liberal Gallicans, are against the Pope; Baluze, a Gallican of a higher school, keeps the mean between Protestants in general and Mr. Shepherd.

Our author follows up his criticism on the letters by an examination of the external evidence for them. His first objection is, that St. Jerome's translation of Eusebius' *Chronicle* has been interpolated with notices of Cyprian and Victor; these, it is argued, must be later than Jerome, because he professed only to add matters 'relating to the Roman history,' and to take them 'from Tranquillus and other illustrious historians' (p. 153). In truth, however, Jerome does not describe his additions as relating *only*, but *chiefly* (*maxime*), to Roman history; and nobody but Mr. Shepherd would suppose that he meant to debar himself from inserting notices of ecclesiastical as well as civil matters in the West which Eusebius—whether from ignorance of them or from a regard to the taste of his oriental readers—had omitted.\*

Next, we are told that Eusebius' *History* is interpolated wherever it mentions Cyprian; and then follows a very remarkable theory as to the chapter mentioning him in what is styled 'the Album of the interpolator'—*viz.* St. Jerome's book *De Viris Illustribus*. 'It is,' says the writer of that chapter (c. 67), 'superfluous to give an idea of his mind or genius,† since his works are clearer than the sun (*sole clariora*).' To us it does not seem at all impossible, as Mr. Shepherd supposes, that Jerome himself should have written thus, considering such a description needless in the case of a particularly well-known author. But we beg to commend to our reader's consideration the following ingenious suggestion:—'As the peculiar works which this writer wished to introduce had not yet been seen, it was perhaps a prudent mode of ushering them into notice.' (p. 163.) That is to say, a forger, who assumed the name of St. Jerome, wishing to palm off on the world certain forgeries bearing the name of an imaginary Cyprian, describes this fabulous person as universally celebrated, and his works as 'known wherever the rays of the sun fall!'

\* The *Italics* are our own.

† Barrow 'On the Pope's Supremacy,' p. 218, ed. 1700; Rettberg, p. 151; 'Library of Fathers,' vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 217.

\* In comparing Mr. Shepherd's extracts with the 'Chronicle,' we have observed several inaccuracies which we have not room to mention in detail.

† So Mr. Shepherd, p. 162, translates, *ingenii indicem texere*.

(p. 176). Let us imagine a simple minded student of those days reading the interpolated Jerome—wondering that he had never before heard of Cyprian or his works—asking everywhere for a sight of these renowned compositions—and everywhere receiving for answer that nobody else had ever heard of them. If the chapter in question was the work of an interpolator, why should he not have characterised his Cyprian, and given a list of the pseudo-Cyprianic treatises? Or, if these were not yet ready, why should he not have put off his interpolation until they were?

After this, the Life of Cyprian ascribed to his deacon Portius is set aside as a ‘manifestly spurious work’ (p. 164)—although Gibbon—no over-credulous critic—regards it as certainly genuine (*ed. Milman*, 1846, vol. i. p. 557). Next, Jerome’s Dialogue against the Luciferians is condemned, because it is assumed to be impossible that he should have mentioned Cyprian in any of his genuine works. Then Pacian’s works are disposed of in like manner (pp. 173–6). If we do not controvert the objections in detail, it is assuredly not from any idea of their soundness.

We next come to Optatus, bishop of Milevis, who wrote against the Donatists about A.D. 364–375. As this father, in the book where he argues against the Donatistic practice of rebaptizing proselytes, makes no mention of Cyprian, and as it appears that in St. Augustine’s time, thirty years later, the Donatists relied much on Cyprian’s authority for their practice, Mr. Shepherd infers that the Cyprianic writings were unknown to Optatus (pp. 176–7). We are then required to suppose that during that interval of thirty years between Optatus and Augustus, forgeries bearing the name of Cyprian were imposed on the African Church; that not only were these works received and acknowledged with reverence, but—by a process far surpassing the most marvellous feats of ‘electrobiology’—the Christians of Africa, clergy and laity, learned and unlearned, were brought to believe that this ‘probably imaginary personage’ was one whom they had heard of all their lives—who had been bishop of Carthage only a hundred and fifty years before—that they had always regarded him as the chief glory of their church—that they and their fathers had been accustomed to keep his festival—that there were among them churches dedicated in honor of him—in one of which Augustine’s pious mother had prayed as her son sailed away to Italy, only eight years after the completion of Optatus’s work! (*Aug. Confess.* lib. v. c. 8). This, at least, is the present appearance of

the theory, although hints are given that the name of Cyprian is to vanish from Augustine’s pages\* on the publication of Mr. Shepherd’s next volume. Of that volume we hope in due time to form an opinion; but we shall not wait for it to form our opinion of the essay before us.

The difficulty as to Optatus may, we think, be solved in this way:—Optatus was not likely to mention Cyprian’s arguments for rebaptism, unless they were alleged by his opponents; while the Donatists of his day were unwilling to appeal to Cyprian, because they dreaded that his forcible sayings as to unity might be turned against them.† And when the Donatists of the next generation, having brought themselves to consider the favorable side of Cyprian more than the other, ventured to allege his authority, they were met by Augustine, as might have been expected, not only with a refutation of his views as to rebaptism, but with a reference to his doctrine of ecclesiastical unity.

On the whole, the result of Mr. Shepherd’s researches among the writers of the period between the usual date of the Cyprianic writings and that which he would assign to them, may be thus summed up:—that Cyprian is mentioned wherever we might reasonably expect to find mention of him, and in some places where it would not be expected; and that our author considers the absence and the mention of his name alike fatal—the one as proving that the writers had never heard of him—the other as evidence of forgery or interpolation.‡

One other argument must be noticed:—

‘These letters consist of one from Novatian, two from the Roman clergy, two from Cornelius, the Roman bishop, one from Celerinus, a Roman confessor, and a reply of Lucian to Celerinus; one [qu. two?] from the Roman confessors; four from various Africans; one from Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia; and the rest from Cyprian himself. That is to say, there are twelve different writers, and they belong to three different parts of the globe, Italy, Africa,

\* The frequency of its occurrence there may be in some measure estimated from the fact that the articles *Cyprianus* in the Benedictine Index to St. Augustine—which relates to such works only as the editors supposed to be genuine—would fill nearly three pages and a half of the Quarterly Review.

† Cyprian is, indeed, mentioned in Optatus, ‘De Schism. Donat.’ i. 19 (and possibly elsewhere); but Mr. Shepherd assumes that both the mention of his name, and some language which resembles his, must be interpolated.—p. 525.

‡ Some further samples of anti-Cyprianic mania are to be found near the end of the volume (pp. 520, 521), where the testimony of Lactantius (*Inst.*, *Div.* v. 1), is set aside without any intelligible reason, and the letters in which St. Jerome mentions Cyprian are pronounced to be spurious.

and Asia Minor. Yet I will venture any character for acuteness that the reader may kindly attribute to me, upon the truth of the following statement—that all the letters were written by one and the same individual, although some two or three are a little disguised.’—pp. 178-9.

This is a somewhat delicate matter, on which it is not every one who can be admitted to give an opinion. Supposing, however, that all the letters are much alike, the case would not be without a parallel. We lately heard a committee-man of a venerable and excellent society complain that all its correspondents, from Rupert’s Land to New Zealand, wrote in exactly the same style; and the like might be instanced in other cycles of formal and official correspondence. If, too, the style of the Cyprianic epistles does not vary with the persons, it *does* vary according to the subject, from plain matter-of-fact statement to eloquent declamation; and this is at once a far more natural variety than the other, and one much less likely to have been attempted or attained by a forger. But we have quoted the passage chiefly for the sake of pointing out the exaggeration which it would probably convey to the reader’s mind. What differences might we not expect from ‘twelve different writers’ in ‘three different parts of the globe!’ Yet, on examination of the list, it will appear that, as Firmilian’s letter is an African translation, the number of those which might be expected to present ‘lingual peculiarities’ distinct from the rest, is *seven*, or (if Celestinus was not an African) *eight*—including one of six lines from the Roman confessors, which our author has overlooked; and even of these some are admitted to be ‘a little disguised.’ And yet, because in the remaining four or five there is no strongly marked difference of style, Mr. Shepherd stakes his character for acuteness on the supposition that *all* the letters came from ‘one and the same individual!’

We cannot afford room for a further examination of Mr. Shepherd’s details: but we believe that the answer to such of his arguments as we have left unnoticed is either implied in the preceding remarks, or will readily suggest itself to any reader who, without being frightened by the very unusual dogmatism and assumption of the author’s tone, will exercise his own judgment as he peruses the *essay*. And now we proceed to make some more general observations.

First, then, we may ask, *Could* the forgers of the fifth century have done the work which Mr. Shepherd ascribes to them? ‘The Barbarians,’ he says, ‘like a swarm of locusts, were spreading over the empire. Peace and her handmaids, civilization and literature,

were leaving the nations. The Jeromes, and Augustines, and Crysostoms had no successors. In short, darkness was fast covering the earth’ (pp. 274-5). In such times, indeed, clever impositions would have been likely to find an easy reception; but where was the ability to execute them? Could such an age have produced men capable of forging the writings ascribed to Tertullian—so remarkable for strange stormy earnestness, so individual in character and thought and language—or those which pass under the names of Cyprian, Athanasius, Augustine, and the rest?

What a depth and compass of design are attributed to the Cyprianic forger! Not only does he imagine a number of fabulous persons, and invent for them a series of adventures; but, knowing that his brother romancers are apt to make *all* their incidents bear on the plot, he gives his fiction a look of nature by throwing in many which have nothing to do with the main story. An ordinary novelist might have set up Novatian in opposition to Cyprian, but we see a master’s hand in the superfluous additional rivalry of Felicissimus: we see it too in the story of the plague at Carthage—in the letters about the redemption of captives—about the care of the poor—about a player, who, after having become a Christian, endeavored to get a livelihood by giving lessons in his old profession—about the contumacy of a deacon towards Rogation—about the suspicious practices of professed virgins—about clerical executorships—about the use of water in the Eucharist—and other matters, all beside the leading subject of the correspondence. And no less is it to be seen in the repetition of Cyprian’s views on baptism to one person after another—Jubarian, Quintus, Pompey, Magnus—a repetition rather wearisome to the reader, but intended (no doubt) by the forger to suggest the notion of so many independent correspondents, each by himself applying for a resolution of his difficulties. Add to this the skill and labor bestowed on the Cyprianic Treatises—which are of at least equal bulk with the Epistles, while only a very small portion of them relates to the supposed object of the forgeries; for, although Mr. Shepherd makes hardly any express reference to these Treatises (except the *De Lapsis*), we presume that he does not deny them a common origin with the Epistles, and would reject the one class as well as the other. The forgery is alike ingenious and elaborate.

But add to this that the intention was to favor the papal claims, and our admiration of the artist’s skill will be vastly heightened. Supposing the letters to have been written



with the object of asserting a Roman supremacy,' says our author, 'that object could hardly have been more skilfully and less obtrusively attained' (p. 145). The attainment, indeed, is so very unobtrusive that it has hitherto eluded even those who were most concerned to discover and to display it. The forger does not go directly to work as a vulgar performer might have done. He begins by representing the Roman see as *vacant*; and, when it is filled by one bishop after another, he represents Cyprian as treating with them on terms of perfect equality. He makes Cornelius weak, and Cyprian reproves him; he makes Stephen neglectful of his duty, and Cyprian admonishes and overrules him; he makes him violent and arrogant, and Cyprian and Firmilian boldly resist him. Whether wrong (as in the case of the Spanish bishops) or right as (in the question of rebaptism), the Pope is always represented as beaten; but, says Mr. Shepherd, all this is meant as evidence of Roman supremacy; if he is beaten, it proves that he had a right to beat!

These, we rather think, are devices beyond the invention of any forger. And we must ask whether a forger would have been likely to insert in Cyprian's own story incidents such as the withdrawal from his see, the hardly accountable length of his absence, the seeming inconsistency (as some consider it) in his treatment of the lapsed, the retirement and reappearance of his last days? Would a forger have left it to be disputed what were precisely Stephen's views as to baptism—whether he acknowledged all heretical baptism whatsoever, or agreed with the later Church in its limitations of this principle? Would he have left it uncertain whether Stephen only threatened to renounce communion with Cyprian and the Orientals, or actually carried out his threat—and what was the end of that affair? Would not some traces of the *fifth century* appear in the language? Would a forger of that time have represented the position of bishops as it is exhibited in the letters, where the bishops of Rome and Carthage do nothing without consulting their clergy and people?

\* See pp. 73, 74 of 'A Manual of Ecclesiastical History from the First to the Twelfth Century,' by the Rev. E. S. Foulkes, Oxford, 1851—an unpretending work, which appears conscientiously executed, and likely to be useful, although the author hardly comes up to the *present* state of knowledge on his subject. German writers, who must have a theory for everything, regard the story of Cyprian as that of a grand struggle between the episcopal and presbyterial powers, in which the bishops came off triumphant. It would be easy to state objections to this theory; but we mention it as a proof how very remote Mr. Shepherd's view is from all ordinary apprehensions.

Had not the power of the Roman bishop advanced beyond the point at which it appears in these documents?—and, if so, would not a forger of the fifth century, writing in the Roman interest, have brought it up to at least the current notions of his own time? Would he not have blamed the presbyter Novatus for having a wife, as well as for kicking her during her pregnancy?—and the bishop Martial for having children, as well as for burying them in a heathen cemetery? Would he not have introduced much more of the supernatural? The tone of the earlier part of the fifth century in this respect may be understood from the Lives of St. Martin by Sulpicius Severus and of St. Ambrose by Paulinus. We find these saints curing blindness, dumbness, leprosy—ejecting devils—raising the dead. Weapons aimed at them fly aside—or the assassin is palsy-struck. The Archbishop of Milan discovers by revelation the bodies of martyrs, which work an abundance of miracles; angels are seen whispering sermons into his ear; devils bear witness to his orthodoxy; demoniacal possession befalls those who oppose him. The Bishop of Tours has frequent conferences with angels, departed saints, and devils; he multiplies oil, raises and lays tempests, makes men and beasts remain fixed without the power of motion; angels heal him when wounded, and aid him in destroying heathen temples; he delivers himself by prayer from fire and from the effects of poison; he arrests a tree in the act of falling on him, and compels it to take another direction; he calls up the shades of the dead; the invocation of his name silences a furious dog, and preserves from shipwreck; parts of his dress cure diseases; even the straws on which he had slept at night cast out devils. Is it to be supposed that, if the Cyprianic writings were forgeries of an age which was accustomed to such tales as these in saintly biography, the manufacturer would have contented himself with a few intimations of the future in visions, and a few instances of judgment on persons who had denied the faith?

The only passages that have even the slightest appearance of favouring the Roman views are those which speak loftily of St. Peter, and of the church which that apostle had founded. Some of these are almost certainly interpolated; one, and perhaps the most celebrated, in the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, has words which are wanting in most MSS. Baluze followed Bishop Fell in rejecting them, and so the passage was printed before his death, which took place while his edition was in the press; but the Benedictines, on whom the completion of

the work devolved, cancelled the leaf, and, while they preserved in the notes Baluze's reasons for omitting the words, restored them in the text for the sake of uniformity with other French editions.\* As to passages of this kind in general, it is obvious that the presumption is *against* the genuineness of language tending to the exaltation of Rome, inasmuch as in the ages to which the MSS. belong there was no temptation to erase such language, while there was a strong inducement to insert it. But, if we admit all that appears in the text to be genuine, the passages in question contain no recognition of Roman supremacy; as Mr. Shepherd would have clearly seen, if he had applied to the Cyprianic writings the same reasonable system of interpretation by which he explains the meaning of some other Fathers in the concluding section of his book. Cyprian was, indeed, penetrated with the idea of ecclesiastical unity; without the unity of the visible Church he can admit no communion with Christ, no participation of grace, no hope of salvation. He regarded St. Peter as the type of apostleship, and the Roman church as the representative of unity—deriving from its founder a symbolical character; but the primacy which he recognised in St. Peter and in his church was no more than a primacy among equals. In this sense he throughout spoke and acted. He allowed Cornelius or Stephen no other authority than that which he claimed for every member of the one universal episcopate, '*cujus singulis in solidum pars tenetur*' (*De Unit. Eccl.* c. 5).

Mr. Shepherd speaks of his 'History' as presenting 'a true picture of the position of the Roman in the Universal Church during the first four centuries' (p. 124). We can discover no picture of any kind. The author has effaced that to which we have been accustomed; but in its stead he gives us only a blank canvas. We very much wish that Mr. Shepherd *had* stated distinctly his idea as to the position of the Roman church in those ages. Does he really suppose—as seems to be the most natural inference from this work—that the churches of the third century were all unconnected with each other? Or that the church of the imperial city, which even in St. Paul's days held constant intercourse with those of the subject countries, had in the meantime become isolated, and dropped all communication beyond the circle of its own members? Or that a church placed like that of Rome could have avoided gaining a certain precedence

and influence? Carthage had in its degree such a precedence in Africa, Alexandria in Egypt, Antioch in the East. It certainly does not appear to us that the Cyprianic Epistles at all overstate what would have been the natural and necessary effect of the Roman bishop's position, even if he had not been regarded as the successor of that apostle, who first received the promise of 'keys of the kingdom of heaven.' The influence which Rome has in these letters is one willingly allowed so long as it does not interfere with the rights of other churches; but when it attempts to encroach, it is firmly resisted, and is reduced within its proper bounds. And even the highest pretensions of Stephen belong to an entirely different grade from those which we are accustomed to associate with the papacy.

Before concluding, we must briefly notice some self-gratulating expressions of Mr. Shepherd's. 'I have endeavoured,' he says, 'to make my proofs as *popular* as I can, and to free them as much as possible from what would be *repulsive*' (p. 6). 'I have felt that I am not writing exclusively to *men learned in ecclesiastical history*; I have therefore endeavoured to address my objections as much as possible to the reader's *common sense*, which, when in possession of the *requisite information*, is the critic to whose judgment I defer' (p. 126). The acquirements of readers who can need *some* of the information which is given must be very scanty indeed. Is it, then, fair to set before persons who are unacquainted with the very elements of the subject, and who have neither the will nor the power to investigate it properly, conclusions which involve the whole early Church in a charge of enormous fraud? Is it fair to do this in a style and tone which, however little fitted for gaining any legitimate '*popularity*,' may fill the mouths of a certain class of our readers with vulgar and nonsensical jokes on a very serious and important matter?—The addition of one more to the volumes which may be mischievous in this way is, however, of comparatively little moment. The more real and lasting evil of this production will be on the opposite side—as telling in favor of Rome. There will be no need to deal with it as Mr. Shepherd supposes that other books have been dealt with—to suppress the genuine copies, and send forth a forgery under the same title (p. 274); it will serve the cause of Rome far better as it is. If Mr. Shepherd's views as to Cyprian prevail, Romanists will find themselves relieved from a very embarrassing set of documents, while the theory of 'Development' will soon contrive to make up for anything that they may lose by the

\* Propterea quod servato fuerunt in omnibus editionibus quæ in Galliâ ab annis centum et quinquaginta prodierunt.—*Not. in Cyp. de Unit. Eccl.*, § 4.

demolition of the Carthaginian martyr; if it be rejected—which is the only result that we can suppose possible—they will be able to retort on the English Church the reproach to which they have themselves been laid open by the attempts of the Missoris and the Molkenbuhrs. They may plausibly tell us that the Cyprianic writings are clearly against us—since a learned Anglican, seeing that those writings are more favourable to Rome than even Baronius had imagined, has taken the desperate step of declaring Cyprian ‘probably an imaginary personage,’ and his history and correspondence a ‘mis-called religious novel’ (p. 159).

The effect of such solid arguments against Rome as are contained in other parts of this performance will be altogether neutralised by the unreasonable scepticism of the essays on Cyprian, Stephen, Victor, and Dionysius of Alexandria. If these are to afford our measure of Mr. Shepherd’s talent for research, we cannot hold out to him any hope that posterity will class him with the celebrated German who reconstructed the early civil history of Rome, or with the great English scholar who exploded the imposture of Phalaris. He must take his chance of being remembered hereafter in company with the unquestionably erudite and ingenious Jesuit Hardouin, who *proved* that the works of the so-called classics were, with a few exceptions, fabricated for bad purposes in the course of the middle ages.

ART. V.—*Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the life of an Italian.* Edinburgh. 8vo. 1853.

ALTHOUGH this writer has chosen to adopt fictitious and fantastic designations for himself and his associates, his book is in substance, we believe, an authentic account of real persons and incidents. His name is Giovanni Ruffini—a native of Genoa, who, ever since he succeeded in effecting his escape from his native country after the abortive attempt at revolution in 1833, has resided chiefly (if not wholly) in England and France, where his qualities, we understand, have secured him respect and regard. In 1848 he was selected by Charles Albert to fill the responsible situation of ambassador to Paris, in which city he had long been domesticated as a refugee. He ere long, however, relinquished that office, and again withdrew into private life.

He appears to have employed the time of

his exile in this country to such advantage as to have acquired a most uncommon mastery over the English language; the present volume (we are informed on good authority) is exclusively his own—and, if so, on the score of style alone it is a remarkable curiosity. But its matter also is curious. He reveals a personal history which, though he himself deduces no practical lesson from it, may naturally, we think, suggest a very instructive one. A conspirator from his youth upwards, he gives us a singularly clear, and we doubt not, a just picture of the conspirator’s life.

‘Have you ever been near to one of those stage-decorations, the effect of which is so striking at a distance, and see how on a close view the illusion vanishes, and you have nothing before you but gaps, mishapen blots, and strokes seemingly thrown about by chance? So, to a certain extent, it fares with a conspiracy. Seen from a distance, and viewed as a whole, nothing more striking and full of poetry than the mighty compendium of so many wills and forces moved by one spring, and working its way in the dark, through difficulty and danger of every description, towards the noblest and most legitimate of conquests, that of liberty and independence! But if, from the contemplation of this whole, you descend to observe the details—farewell poetry, and hail to very commonplace prose! How much egotism, how much littleness clogs the springs of this multifarious machinery! Verily, I assure you, the path of a conspirator is not strewn with roses.’ —*Lorenzo Benoni*, pp. 380, 381.

The story if we throw aside certain romantic episodes (part of the author’s disguise), may be told in a few words. He was born in the beginning of the century, the third son of a harsh and negligent father (by profession an advocate but of no great eminence), and of a mother gentle indeed and affectionate, but a mere cipher in the management of her own family. Consigned at the age of seven to the charge of a covetous old uncle, a canon in one of the cathedral towns of the Riviera between Genoa and Nice, he was scantily instructed in the rudiments of grammar by ‘a tall, lanky, sawn-faced, half-starved young Abbé,’ at the rate of three pence an hour. The inhospitable abode of the revered Canon was rendered still more intolerable by the stinginess and morosity of the dominant housekeeper. At eight years of age, after having incurred by some trivial offence the punishment of solitary imprisonment, with a bread and water diet, for twelve days, he makes an attempt to escape, and, on being retaken, he is called to Genoa by his surly father, and placed at school, from whence he passes in due course to the university. In both

seminaries he distinguishes himself by his rapid progress, and forms acquaintances which exercise a great influence over his future fortunes. He dwells on the period with a minuteness of detail which may not be devoid of practical interest for ourselves at this particular time, much occupied as we are with schemes of educational reform. At school, neither the separation of the boys into small divisions, nor the constant presence of an usher, prevented systematic tyranny. At the University, the total absence of a tutorial establishment, while it relieved the student from wholesome restraint, did not guard him against either the wanton caprice or the furious bigotry of superiors. In truth, the various mistakes and errors in education which our author, sometimes involuntarily, exposes, go far to explain the present disorganization of the peninsula. The insurrectionary movement of 1821 finds him still at his university. In all the recent tumults of the continent, the political working of the professorial plan of no discipline has been too clearly illustrated; everywhere the juvenile academicians have figured as the most active and zealous revolutionists. Several of these lads—'to their honor be it spoken,' says our author—had essayed to overturn the monarchy at Turin by provoking a street riot: a similar scheme was detected at Genoa, and both Universities were for a time closed. The abortive insurrection was followed by the worst consequences. Authority, hitherto mild and indulgent, began to act under the influence of a too general distrust and suspicion;—but the people, though now not unjustly irritated, too soon afforded a full justification for the severity of the Government.

The main interest of the volume lies in the apparently, though, we confess, somewhat unaccountably candid minuteness with which it exhibits the existence of an Italian conspirator, its futility, its childishness, its duplicity, and the stage-tricks by which an attempt is made to elevate it; and curious especially are the author's revelations as to the early development of his own chosen 'friend, philosopher, and guide'—Mazzini. It was at the university that he became acquainted with that genius, whom he calls *Fantasio*, and their intimacy commenced in a squabble with the police, in which the officials (of course) behave with equal injustice and meanness, and the students with the spirit of Harmodius and the moderation of Aristides. *Fantasio* from henceforth becomes the recognised oracle and the great instigator of every movement. We refer our readers to the description of this celebrated person

at p. 189. It is too long for insertion; if not greatly heightened by the recollections of friendship, the hero of it must have sadly changed since those young days; but even then he seems to have adopted the true republican maxim that not only does the end justify the means, but that vice and virtue change their nature in proportion as they advance or impede 'the cause'—a name by which he designates democracy all over the world, and revolution in Italy. The habits and companions of Ruffini were not long in exposing him to doctoral censure. He was rusticated, though innocent of the precise crime imputed to him; and the period of inaction thus forced upon him seems to have been employed in exciting a naturally morbid temperament by an injudicious course of reading and by encouraging a mystical devotion. On finally leaving the college, with a degree in civil law, he applied himself nominally to the paternal calling—but seriously to the profession of patriotism alone;—while his father worried him by his eagerness for clients, he was more congenially occupied in corresponding with a variety of clubs, and contributing his best endeavours to the wider spread of disaffection.

Such exertions, no doubt, had their share of effect; but it was principally the ultimate triumph of the insurgents in Greece—(a triumph facilitated, with such short-sighted selfishness, by the various potentates of Europe)—which turned all the idle youths of the theatres and the coffee-houses throughout Italy into rebels and revolutionists. Nor need we be much surprised at the enthusiasm of these boyish newsmongers, who attributed the whole discomfiture of the Ottoman arms to the proper prowess of the sons of Hellas, and thought the example admitted of direct application. Mazzini was far too skilful not to avail himself of the spirit thus stimulated—though he must have been too sharp not to know how completely the *res gestæ* had been mistaken.

'Are we not,' he would say, 'twenty-four millions of men? Are we less intelligent, less brave than the Greeks? Read the history of our own times, you will see of what Italians are capable when well directed and commanded—you will see the miracles of valour achieved in Spain, in Russia, everywhere, by our Italian legions. Is the foreign yoke which weighs upon us less heavy, less degrading, than that which crushed the Greeks? Do we bear it with greater patience? What, then, is wanting to enable us to do what the Greeks have done? Nothing, but that we should understand each other. We want a Hetaireia, that is all.—*B.*' p. 223.

Our author had now almost avowedly

abandoned every thought of a legal career. He, among other schemes, transferred himself for a season to Tuscany, where he did his best to establish a political journal: but that affair entirely failed—and, returning home in redoubled bitterness, he looked round him for some fresh speculation of the same sort. Meanwhile he felt an eager desire to be formally enlisted in the ranks either of some new revolutionary society of the highest class, or the already famous one of the Carbonari. Our readers are probably aware that the sect so called arose in the kingdom of Naples during the last few years of the French occupation. Some patriots escaping the vigilance of the police, and some felons escaping the severities of the law, having fled to the mountains and disguised themselves as *preparers of charcoal*, bound themselves together by an oath to achieve the regeneration of their country: many recruits soon joined the infant association, and its numerous affiliated lodges were designated by the name, still allusive to its origin, of *Vendite* (sales). It was the Carbonari, Signor Ruffini informs us, and not existing abuses—as certain English politicians assert—that brought about the revolutions of Piedmont and Naples in 1821:—and ‘a halo of sombre poetry’ (adds our autobiographer) ‘surrounded those exceptional beings who waged perpetual war against the throne and the altar, in spite of the scaffold and the thunders of the Vatican.’ He soon fixed his views on admission into an association whose destiny seemed so sublime—a sign from whom, he says (p. 253), would set the whole continent on fire—and whose members he regarded with sentiments little short of idolatry. If he dashed thus heedlessly into the revolutionary vortex, it was not without friendly warning of the dangers he incurred. ‘Uncle John’ a cautious bachelor, who had made money in trade, and was by much the longest head in the connexion) had of late seemed to interest himself a good deal about his nephew, was frightened by some indications of his rash views, and lectured him very seriously:—

‘Analyze society,’ he said, ‘and tell me where you see that spirit of self-sacrifice which regenerates nations. Look at our nobles. The old men sulk at the Government; do you think it is from the love of liberty? Pshaw! they do so because they would like to hold the reins themselves. The young ones think only of their horses and their mistresses. The middle class is eaten up by selfishness; each individual man is engrossed by his office, or his counting-house, or his clients—all, in general, by the rage for making money. The people are ignorant and superstitious—it is not by their own fault, to be

sure, but they are so—and therefore the slaves of the priests, those born enemies of all progress. The people hear mass in the morning, and get drunk at night, and think, notwithstanding, that all is right with God and their conscience. What then remains? A certain number of young men, crammed with Greek and Roman history; enthusiastic, generous—I do not deny it—but perfectly incapable of doing anything but getting themselves hanged. Absence of virtue, my dear boy, is synonymous with impotence. The mass is rotten at the core, I tell you. Suppose, for a moment, that you could make *tabula rasa* of that which exists—what would you build with such materials? An edifice which rests upon decayed rafters is faulty in its foundations, and will crumble with the first shock. The evil is at the very root of society.

‘Progress comes of itself; Providence wills it so. There are in the moral world, as well as in the physical, mysterious principles at work unknown to ourselves, and even in spite of ourselves. Thanks to this latent working, things are better to-day than they were a hundred, or even fifty years ago—and fifty years hence you who are young will see still further improvement. One must take present evil with patience, and give time leisure to do its work. Let each in his humble sphere try to become better, and render better those around him. There, and only there, lies the corner-stone of our future regeneration. As for me, my dear friend, when, in the first shop into which I may happen to go, I am only asked the fair price, or thereabouts, of the article I go to buy. I shall consider my country to have made a more important conquest than if it had given itself all the institutions of Sparta, and of Athens into the bargain.’—pp. 224-5.

Uncle John preached to the winds; but, though we have therefore abridged his sermons, we must deal more reverently with the hopeful nephew’s account of his actual initiation into the brotherhood of the Carbonari. After a long probationary delay, he is summoned to the shrine from a masquerade, and it is in the characteristic costume of a domino that he pronounces his vows. Of course he is conducted to the spot blindfolded:—

‘My eyes were now unbound, and I found myself in a vast chamber, rather richly than elegantly furnished. A huge fire burned in an enormous chimney, and a heavy lamp, with an alabaster globe, shed a mild, soft light around. There was a thick, dark red carpet upon the floor; a wide drapery, in flowered damask of the same colour, hung in rich folds at the upper end of the room, and probably concealed an alcove. We were five persons in the room; the two who had been my escort, two others, equally shrouded in black dominoes—apparently those who had followed us—and myself. The tall black domino, who appeared to be the chief, and whom I shall henceforth call the President, placed himself in an arm-chair; the two last comers seated themselves on his right and left,

and the domino dressed as a woman behind him. The President then motioned to me to advance which I did, and there I stood facing the four men, and in front of the alcove. After a short pause a kind of examination began. It was the tall domino who spoke, and he always addressed me in the second person singular. "What was my name, christian name, and age?"—I told them.—"Did I guess the purpose of my presence there?"—I believed I did.—"Did I persist in the intention of entering the confraternity of the *Good Cousins*?"—I did with all my heart. "Had I formed a clear idea of the terrible duties that I took upon myself? Did I know that, as soon as I should have taken the solemn oath, my arm, my faculties, my life, my whole being, would no longer belong to myself, but to the order? Was I ready to die a thousand times rather than reveal the secrets of the order? Was I ready blindly to obey, and to abdicate my will before the will of my superiors in the order?"—Of course I was. If I had been told to open the window and throw myself out of it head foremost, I should not have hesitated.—"What claim had I to enter into the brotherhood of freemen?"—I had none save my love for my country, and my unalterable determination to contribute to its liberation, or to die in the attempt. As words to this effect gushed forth, hot as lava, from my inner soul I saw, or thought I saw, the curtains of the alcove gently move. Was it an illusion, or was there some one hidden behind? I did not dwell upon the circumstance, for what signified a mystery more or less in this great mystery? The examination having been brought to a close, the President made me kneel down, and repeat the form of oath, which he pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, dwelling with emphasis on the phrases most pregnant with meaning. This done, he added, "Take a chair and sit down; you may do so now that you are one of us." I obeyed. A name of adoption was then chosen for me, and some mysterious words and signs, by which I could make myself known to my brethren of the order, were imparted to me, but with an express injunction not to use them except in cases of necessity.—"I must now," added the President, "give you some explanations and directions. You now belong to the first grade of the order, which, however, is only a stage of probation. You have no rights, not even that of presentation; you have only duties, but these will be easy. Keep your secret religiously, wait patiently, in a spirit of faith and submission, and hold yourself ready for the moment of action. In due time you will know the Vendita of which you are to form part, and the chief from whom you will have to receive direct orders. In the meanwhile, if there are any orders for you, they will be transmitted by the cousin who has presented you, and whom you already know. The order to which you belong has eyes and ears everywhere, and from this moment, wherever you may be, whatever you may do, it will see you. Bear this in mind, and act accordingly. The sitting is at an end." Here the President rose, and through the beard of his mask kissed me on each cheek and on the mouth. All present did the same. I had a certain sum to pay, destined to the poor and in-

firm among the brethren; my eyes were once more bound; and we went out. The way back was shorter than it had been in going, but quite as irregular. "We will separate here," said the voice of the tall domino as we stopped; "pursue your way without looking back; this is the first act of obedience that I require of you."—pp. 266-9.

The ceremony of initiation, which seems to have been conducted with more simplicity than our neophyte had expected, was the critical moment of his social as well as political existence. The 'thick curtain drawn over the alcove' which he had observed to move while he was under examination, did, indeed, as he had suspected, contain an interested spectator of the scene. The sister of the President—a noble, and the owner of the house—was concealed behind it. She, a beautiful creature of eighteen, the widow of a wealthy Marquis, is in the book called *Lilla*. The fair Marchesa gazes with extatic enthusiasm on the comely youth—for our author favours us with a full account of his own personal advantages—and very soon afterwards contrives to make acquaintance with him: her passions are of ultra-Italian violence—and their abrupt and tumultuous alternations are the mainsprings of the hero's subsequent adventures. How far the story may have been embroidered it would be idle to speculate—but the leading circumstances, apparently so irreconcilable with all probabilities, can scarcely, we should suppose, be referred to the category of mere fiction.

The long-prepared outbreak of July, 1830, triumphant in the extrusion of the legitimate dynasty of France, raised the hopes of the disaffected throughout Italy. In proportion, however, as they grew less cautious, the police agents became more alert, and the attention of Government was fixed on their proceedings. This was indeed inevitable. The Genoese conspirators, no longer confining their meetings to the garret of Mazzini, or the bench of some affiliated wine-seller, now ventured upon exhibitions on a larger scale, and requiring more elaborate machinery. One of these scenes is so truly characteristic of the persons and their country, that in spite of its length, we feel bound to give it as it stands.

'Fantasio was ready, armed to the teeth, and we set out arm in arm. From the Acquaverde, where Fantasio lived, to the bridge of Carignano is a pretty good distance, but it did not appear long to us, so earnestly were we discussing impending events. We laid down our plan of campaign, and solemnly engaged, whatever might happen to keep together, and not be separated in the affray. The night was just such

as conspirators could wish, dark as pitch, and pretty cold for the season. As we came upon the bridge of Carignano, some notes from an accordion were heard. The melancholy modulations took me quite by surprise, and had a singularly powerful effect upon me. A chill ran through me from head to foot. Fantasio pressed my arm. The accordion was the instrument adopted by the Good Cousins to transmit signals to a distance. We made towards the point whence the sounds proceeded, and found a man wrapped in a cloak, with whom we exchanged some words of recognition. The man bade us follow him. We took to the left of the church of Santa Maria, and passing through a little lane came to a solitary open square space, where once stood the palace of Fieschi. Here we were told to stop, and had to wait some time. The retired and secluded spot was well chosen for the occasion. "It seems that we are the first," whispered I to Fantasio, seeing no one. "Look to the left of the square," answered Fantasio, "and you will see that we are not alone." And in truth, by dint of straining my eyes, I did think that I distinguished on the spot to which he pointed some human forms. "This square is very small," observed I, "and if the convocation is general, I do not know how it can hold us all. Have you any idea of the number of Good Cousins in Genoa?"—"Thousands and thousands," answered Fantasio; "but it is probable there may be partial convocations at several points." Our guide, who had vanished, now reappeared and desired us to follow him onwards, which we did. A movement towards the left of the square took place simultaneously among the living shadows scattered about, till, at the word "halt!" from our guide, all stopped. There were four small distinct groups, including ours, standing at short distances from each other—in all, fifteen persons. I counted them, but without being able to recognize individuals wrapped in cloaks, and in the shade of night. A short pause. Twelve began to strike at the church of Carignano, close by. With the first stroke, a tall figure, hitherto concealed in a dark corner, rose to view, like a ghost from under ground, and pronounced in a hollow voice the following words:—"Pray for the soul of — of Cadiz, sentenced to death by the high Vendita, for perjury and treason to the Order. Before the twelfth stroke has died away, he will have ceased to live." The clock tolled slowly on. The echo of the last chime was still vibrating when the voice added, "Disperse!" and each group moved off.—pp. 274-6.

The author seems pleased and comforted in announcing his belief that this was a mere display of melodramatic mummery; mummery enough we grant—but the scene was nevertheless part and parcel of a serious and deliberate attempt to establish a despotic tyranny over men's minds by the degrading influence of fear. A similar system has justly been censured as the greatest blot in the ancient government of Venice; to it, in truth, the universal ultimate degeneracy of that once glorious Republic has

been generally, we believe rightly, attributed. In fact, we must say, what the author had before his eyes could never have been represented by any candid observer as mere mummery. Assassinations were frequent. Targhini and his accomplice, whose final fate at Rome Signor Farini commemorates, had in a particular instance been appointed the executioners of the Society; they left their victim for dead, but he recovered, and identified the pair. Among their papers were found the minutes of the mock trial, in which, with reckless insolence, they had to give the formality of a legal execution to their intended murder.

To return to our Genoese regenerators. The critical moment had passed—the conspirators had not availed themselves of their opportunity when it was offered. The great old powers of the Continent, recovering from their first panic, were on the alert, and the French monarchy of July was not less sincerely, though more secretly, anxious to put down the revolutionary spirit, than had been the monarchy of the Restoration. The Piedmontese Government became alarmed; numerous arrests took place, and, amongst others, those of Signor Ruffini's elder brother and of Mazzini himself; the papers of both were seized, and convincing proofs were found of their guilt. Mazzini owed his liberation to a punctilious love of justice in the reigning king; our readers will be amused at the tone in which our author treats the royal scruples:—

'Charles Felix, then upon the throne, hearing that a prosecution was going on against some Carbonari, was seized with a childish curiosity about the matter, and desired his Minister of Grace and Justice (as we have it) to lay a report of the business before him. Happily the king had a smattering of jurisprudence, of which he liked to make a show, and a taste for legal forms. It was even said that in his youth he had studied law and been received LL D. On examining the documents, the circumstance of there being only a single witness did not escape his observation, and he felt scruples on the subject. To remove them he named a commission of three learned and eminent magistrates, charged to examine the documents, and to decide whether there was ground for prosecution, and, if so, to determine before what court the trial ought to proceed. To this measure Fantasio and the others owed their salvation. The commission, after long examination and consideration, pronounced that there was no ground for proceeding against the prisoners.'—p. 340.

This merciful decision was, however, accompanied by a sentence of banishment—in the form of a passport and a permission to travel. It was now that Mazzini established his head quarters at Marseilles, and there



openly conducted the business of that general conspiracy against social order which was crowned with such a portentous—though not permanent—combination of triumphs in 1848. The autobiographer, remaining at home, speedily became one of his regular agents—nor does he make the least attempt to disguise the nature of his matured designs:—

‘According to Fantasio, the spirit of the age required that all political associations should rest upon some decided principle, and have an avowed creed. Secret societies had hitherto been contented with proposing to themselves as their final aim liberty in the abstract, without considering or determining what form of government would afford the best guarantees for its establishment, gradual development, and duration. It was high time to put an end to this vague misty state of things, high time to put forward a creed and a banner—which of course could be no other than a republican one.’—p. 369.

‘The adoption of a republican creed met with few, if any, objections. If there was to be a creed, it was a necessity, acknowledged even by the partisans of constitutional monarchy, that it should be the Republican. Representative monarchy lacked a plausible candidate for the crown of Italy.’—p. 376.

The Italian patriots then, as a body, became republicans, not by choice merely but by necessity! We do not enter on that theory—but one thing is undeniable. It is the knowledge that the ‘reformers’ are in fact Republicans that deters all ‘moderate men’ from joining the ranks of Reform; while these ‘moderate men,’ too apathetic or timid to follow an independent line, content themselves with a temporising policy, which they hope will screen them from danger, whatever may be the ultimate result of the contest. Other causes might be adduced for the ‘ill-luck’ of ‘rebellion’ at this period—though, perhaps, none is needed when the leaders exhibited so little of courage or enterprise. The Genoese liberals regarded their Piedmontese fellow-subjects with a most unmitigated aversion; for sufficiently intelligible reasons such sentiments were veiled or disavowed by a few so-called *philosophical* partizans—but it was thoroughly understood on all sides that any active co-operation of the people, if it was ever to be expected, could only be obtained by the promise of Genoese supremacy within the territories of the ancient State, and the complete ejection, once and for ever, of the intrusive royalty of the House of Savoy:—

‘The hostile feeling between the Genoese and Piedmontese could be traced very far back, and had its source in the endless feuds which had

existed for ages between the Piedmontese monarchy and the republic of Genoa. So when the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, with one stroke of the pen, struck the proud Republic from the map of Europe, to give it up and incorporate it with the kingdom of Piedmont, its old and mortal foe, the national pride of all classes smarted cruelly, and the Piedmontese were looked upon in the light of intruders and usurpers.

(Our autobiographer denounces with exceeding indignation the severity of the punishments inflicted, and the immorality of the means of discovery employed by the Sardinian Government of 1833 (p. 415). We do not intend to undertake its defence. But why, we would ask him, why does he expect that the ‘holy cause’ should have the exclusive monopoly of poisoned weapons? Even after an interval of twenty years he details at great length, and apparently with high satisfaction, the secret means that were used by his Society to undermine the Government; he boasts the vast number of the conspirators, their inexorable purpose, their fearful oaths, their many acts of underhand cruelty, their seduction of the troops, their treacherous introduction of agents and spies into every department of the state; the bench, and even the confessional, filled with them; domestics everywhere bribed; officers of the army, diplomatic agents, even the personal servants of the King—all engaged in one common plot to betray the trust confided in them; and yet all his indignation is reserved for the ‘immoral Government,’ which had to defend itself against this dark and complicated conspiracy! We are astonished that so acute a writer should not perceive that he pronounces the acquittal of the Government, even should none of his allegations respecting it be overcharged. Does he suppose that those who arrogate to themselves exclusively the talent and virtue of the country can renounce everything in the nature of old-fashioned morality without lowering the standard of public opinion—and that the cause of ‘tyranny’ alone is to be defended with perfect good faith and childlike simplicity? Will not such Societies necessarily be watched by spies—their proceedings, when detected, be visited by summary punishments?—and, though the Government may have used unjustifiable means to trepan prisoners into confessions, can our author, after the events of 1848, entertain any doubt of the insincerity of the conspirators, and their readiness to betray each other?

In fact, however, had the plot been as extensive as he represents, its success must have been complete; but at the period of which he treats, and even at present, we give

the mass of the Piedmontese credit for a strong instinct of loyalty towards the illustrious race that has so long reigned over them, a sincere attachment to the church, and a general distrust of schemes of organic change.

The personal history of the writer (as here narrated) is fast drawing to a close. Every day brought some fresh arrest—he could not but anticipate his own. After passing a few days in the agony of terror, which he describes very vividly, he effects his escape—not without the intervention of many friends, one of whom is Lilla, his aristocratic mistress, and another, her rival, his housemaid, Santina—both of whom he declares to have been strictly platonic throughout their whole *liaisons* with him—and who equally, at the last moment, compromise his safety and endanger discovery:—the *Marchesa* (who had had a serious quarrel with him) by an ill-timed exhibition of repentance—the simpler damsel by an obstinate endeavour to associate herself in his flight. He, however, evades all these various dangers, shakes himself free from the importunate fair ones, and finally consigns himself to the guidance of a veteran smuggler, who engages to carry him into France. The sinister look of one of the crew seems to have overpowered what reason his previous anxiety had left him, and, in a sort of delirium of fear, he insists on landing within the precincts of the Piedmontese territory—from which, however, after a medley of new difficulties thus unnecessarily incurred, he finally reaches safety and protection in Provence. All this part of the story is given with very remarkable effect; and, as to the gentleman's own main adventures at least, we do not suspect any interpolation of fanciful details.

We have already told all about M. Ruffini that we had heard on apparently good authority. It is whispered, we are aware, that, though not openly compromised in any of the very recent commotions of his native peninsula, he has in fact taken an active share in some of them: but this is mere rumour; and we should hope his earlier experience must have been sufficient to keep him aloof from enterprises so utterly desperate and contemptible.

title-page must needs excite general-curiosity; and undoubtedly political opinions deliberately announced under that name are entitled to the respectful consideration of all journalists. We might have been expected accordingly—and we in fact designed—to call attention to his first volume on its appearance early in 1852; but we were diverted from our purpose by Lord John Russell's abrupt dismissal of Lord Palmerston, and the rapidly ensuing catastrophe of the Premier by whom he had been so unceremoniously ejected. We were unwilling to dwell at such a moment on past grievances; we trusted that a better era had opened on our policy, and that amicable, *really* amicable, relations would be renewed with our ancient allies. We had not anticipated so short a career for the Derby government—still less so speedy a return to office of Lord John Russell's noble victim and executioner. His situation seemed quite isolated. Insulted by the Whigs, and triumphing in his revenge over them, he was not included among those who rallied round the representative of his original party—while he evidently scorned the Radicals who had so uniformly extolled his diplomacy. But 'politicians neither love nor hate' (so says Dryden, who had seen a good deal of the class); and Lord Palmerston, at all events, can forgive, when forgiveness opens the doors of the royal cabinet. It is true his post is no longer the same; but his name could hardly figure again in a Ministerial list without re-awakening alarm and jealousy among powers naturally inclined to be our friends—and in other quarters hopes and schemes directly opposed to our gravest interests. We, therefore, think it prudent no longer to delay noticing statements and opinions respecting the recent Foreign Policy of England which have been placed before the European world under the authority of this distinguished name.

The Count de Ficquelmont was born in Flanders about the year 1780, while that province yet formed a part of the Austrian empire. In the revolution with which the century closed, he adhered to his hereditary sovereign; he entered early into the diplomatic service, and resided for many years at Naples as envoy. In 1847, when the discontents in Lombardy justified serious apprehension, he was despatched to that district with the title of Imperial Commissioner. His mission, however, was not successful; nor, indeed, was it possible it should be so. His powers did not suspend those of the local authorities. The dignity of Viceroy belonged to an uncle of the Emperor. The civil and military departments were distinct, and no very cordial under

ART. VI.—*Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre, et le Continent.* Par le Comte de Ficquelmont. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris, 1852–53.

THE name of Count Ficquelmont on any

standing united their respective chiefs. The provincial councils, both of Venice and Milan, had assumed an unwonted tone of defiance; even the clergy were hostile; the newly-appointed archbishop of Milan had shown himself more anxious for his own personal popularity than for the cause of peace and order; and the mischievous enthusiasm for Pius IX. was at its height, sanctifying the cause of rebellion with the name of religion. M. de Ficquelmont was still in Lombardy when the revolution broke out at Vienna; he was then summoned to the capital to take the office of principal minister on the resignation of Prince Metternich; and this most difficult position he held till compelled to abandon it at the command of a street rabble, headed by the students of the University and its tipsy professors.

M. de Ficquelmont begins with the undeniable fact, that the melancholy events of 1848 were not unannounced:—

'I shall not do the honour to that party which so loudly proclaims itself revolutionary of attributing exclusively to it all the convulsions which still threaten Europe with a total disorganization, civil and political. It is an enemy which had long before declared open war, and even begun the campaign; and if a signal success attended its efforts in 1848, was it not because it was permitted to choose its own time and its own field of battle; because those out-works were abandoned to it which should have been defended; and because it was permitted to introduce its agents, both secret and acknowledged, into the heart of the very citadel itself? Was it not because its bold, persevering, and energetic attacks were opposed by a resistance purely passive, its torrent of words by the silence of a misplaced dignity, and its sophisms by arguments long out of date and discredited?'—vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

In every country on the Continent the premonitory symptoms of a convulsion had been manifested; and the temporary success of the agitators is to be attributed to the neglect with which these monitions were regarded, rather than to the dexterity of their management. We have no desire to enter into a wholesale defence of the systems by which the different states had been governed; but—in candour it must be admitted—there never was a period of greater general prosperity than that which immediately preceded the outbreak. We may safely assert that never had the moral and physical well-being of the people engaged more of the attention of princes and ministers. In proportion, however, as authority exhibited the spirit of conciliation, the popular demands increased in audacity; and it was at the very moment when a considerable amount

of self-government seemed likely to be conceded everywhere, that all Europe was shaken by consentaneous explosions which menaced civilization itself with an eclipse.

The democratic party, which had been much elated by previous success in Switzerland, was intoxicated by the easy demolition of Louis Philippe in France. Every province in Italy was ripe for revolt. Germany, North and South, had become maddened with the spirit of revolution. Russia barricaded all her frontiers—especially of course in the Polish quarter—and wisely eschewed any contact with the agitated world beyond. England alone at this time, having at last settled the only internal question of urgent interest, enjoyed undisturbed tranquility. Never had she occupied so commanding a position; the destinies of the Continent seemed placed under her safeguard. To maintain this lofty position no exertion was called for; to forfeit it required much. To stand cautiously aloof, to give the example of a strict adherence to existing obligations, and to exact no less from other powers, was all that was needed to become the arbiter of the dispute, and probably the pacificator of Europe. Lord Palmerston's name stands at the head of Count Ficquelmont's titlepage, arraigned as the culprit by whose mistaken policy this high position is lost to his country, and its consequent blessings to all Christendom:—and it is to the consideration of this policy, which Count Ficquelmont rather hastily confounds with the cause of constitutional government, that these volumes are principally directed:—

'It has been repeatedly asked throughout Europe, both by governments and people, how it has happened that an English minister, in obvious opposition to the fundamental principles of constitutional government, should follow a course of policy evidently arbitrary, since it is full of contradictions; evidently violent, because it has excited so many complaints; regardless of all fixed principles, because it proclaimed principles or violated them at pleasure?

'Such is, in fact, the manner in which Lord Palmerston has directed the policy of England. In order to understand him we must examine his past career, and ascertain how far it has qualified him for the part he has chosen to play. He unites in himself the double nature of the two parties which for two centuries have disputed the government of England with each other. The oscillatory movement which necessarily resulted from this was more or less rapid, according to the length of time that each of those parties kept possession of power. This movement, personified in the double nature of one and the same individual, has gained a degree of rapidity which was modulated by the mobility of his own mind, and which must necessarily take the character of revolution—by

revolution I mean, effecting by violence and prematurely those changes which time works more surely and more safely, if prudently waited for.'—vol. i. p. 200.

We are far from agreeing on all points with M. de Ficquelmont. He on every occasion does ample justice to Lord Palmerston's talents;—but, entirely assenting to that opinion, we must regret some notions frequently coupled with its expression:—that, for example, of attributing his every act of petulance and meddlesomeness to a systematic plan of advancing English interests by the degradation and ruin of our political and manufacturing rivals. Had Count Ficquelmont lived in a constitutional country amidst the excitement of Parliamentary warfare, he would better have understood the personal feelings which an English minister almost always mixes up with his political principles, and the extent to which party tactics influence his public conduct. The events that preceded the downfall of Lord Derby's Government, and the formation of Lord Aberdeen's, furnish too abundant proof of the power of such influences; but as we could not ourselves have foreseen such an example as those circumstances exhibited, we cannot be surprised that a foreigner should not have exactly divined it. Nevertheless the slightest attention to the career of Lord Palmerston ought to have convinced an observer of less acuteness than Count Ficquelmont how little the policy of that noble Lord could have been formed on public grounds.

Early introduced into social and political life by Tory patrons, his name, during a long series of years, was entirely identified with their cause and interest. While holding subordinate posts under Lord Liverpool, he acquired that knowledge of business and that facility in the despatch of it, which all parties alike recognise: and perhaps M. de Ficquelmont is right in tracing to that same education the still higher and more remarkable qualities which he has ultimately developed:—

'He has inherited,' the Count says, 'the grand combinations of this school, its active courage, and the art of opposing its enemies, both by means of foreign alliances and by exciting the enthusiasm of the people. All these means were employed at that time for the purpose of strengthening the monarchical principle.'—p. 201.

During the early period of his career all those talents for debate which he has since exhibited lay dormant—unsuspected possibly—at all events never stimulated—by his official superiors; not improbably (un-

der such circumstances) unsuspected by his intimate and equal friends—nay, even, it may be, by himself. Perhaps a feeling of mortification at supposed neglect and injustice may have afterwards sharpened his long-suppressed eloquence, when placed in opposition to his original party, and inspired a tone which not seldom contrasted a good deal with the courteous placidity of his ordinary deportment.\* It is certain that, while Count Ficquelmont regards his Lordship as a cold abstraction of national principles—meaning, in fact, a set of mean selfish bigotries supposed to be universally dominant among us—the relics of English Conservatism seem to agree in considering him to have been less guided by public considerations of any sort, and more influenced by caprice, by whim, by personal feeling, than any minister who in recent times has directed our national policy.

We are surprised that Count Ficquelmont should attribute to Lord Palmerston the error of supposing that the commercial interests of England can be promoted by the impoverishment of other countries. Indeed Lord Palmerston's speech, quoted at p. 137, would be enough to prove that he is not so mistaken. During the disastrous years of 1848 and 1849 the exports were materially diminished, and this diminution was ascribed by every statesman, every merchant, and every shopkeeper in London, to the disturbed state of the continent. Count Ficquelmont, it would seem, argues that, because England engrossed the commerce of Europe during the last war, while her navies swept the seas, she must necessarily desire another war, or a condition of things as nearly as possible resembling war. All this is utterly unjust; we are quite aware that our foreign monopoly at that period did not equal our present share of the commerce of peaceful Europe; we also know that it was mainly our own unnatural expenditure which then gave an unnatural stimulus to trade; and, the Count may rely on it, we know moreover that the feverish excitement which he describes us as anxious to keep up, unites the disadvantages of peace and war, and it is destructive to all commerce. But to this subject we shall have occasion to return; let us now pass to another count in the indictment.

'To his *propagande* of constitutional government he adds the diplomatic protection which he grants to all English concerns, schemes, adventures—of what nature soever they may be.

\* Though Lord Palmerston commenced his long tenure of office in 1809, when in his twenty-fifth year, he did not enter the Cabinet till he joined Lord Grey's Government in 1830.

We can add nothing to what has been already said with so much eloquence in the two English Houses of Parliament to prove how much this protection occasionally exceeds the limits of constitutional law. There justice was rendered to that Roman pride—"civis Romanus sum"—with which he desired to inspire every Englishman. A foreigner has not, it is true, the right to speak as an Englishman, or to attempt to appreciate the feelings of another people. I have no intention, therefore, to attack Lord Palmerston as he has been attacked by Lord Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, and his other opponents. It is not with what England thinks, but with what she does, that we have the right to concern ourselves.—p. 133.

We all remember with what facility the Englishman formerly visited every part of Europe; with what alacrity he was received at the frontier; how carelessly his baggage was examined; how quickly his passport restored! No consular agent had dared to invest Italian rebels with the character of British subjects. That quality was alone sufficient to recommend the traveller to special indulgence, and, if any little dispute arose, large allowances were made for his proverbial hastiness, and his attributed insular peculiarities. But how complete is the change! He is now received with suspicion—and, after a reluctant admission, incivility awaits him at every turn. Every newspaper we take up teems with complaints. Artists are imprisoned for using their sketch-books, pious missionaries are expelled with ignominy, and harmless youths, for awkwardly pressing on a military procession, are sabred in the public streets. Nor are the feelings and manners of the traveller himself less changed. There are not wanting those who are willing to provoke a quarrel in the hopes of receiving a *compensation*, or to gratify an imperious temper, or perhaps a morbid love of newspaper notoriety. At least, such is the opinion in many parts of the Continent; and if the allegation is not altogether true, it is repeated and believed, and undoubtedly tends to increase mutual distrust and ill-will.

'No individual established in a foreign country can be relieved from the obligation of obeying the laws of that country during the period of his residence. If he commits a crime, he can be tried only by the tribunals of the country. The capital he may employ in enterprise in the country must necessarily be subject to its laws. To pretend that this should not be so, would be to assimilate civilized communities with those which have not yet adopted for their guidance the principles of good sense and equity recognized in the now ancient fabric of European International Law. But let us put aside the question of law; I willingly leave that for professional pens. What I insist on as a now incontroverti-

ble fact, is the utterly despotic character of that modern policy which is based solely upon the insulated interests of commerce, and which claims the right of supporting every English merchant as the representative of "the commercial city," demanding for him all the privileges of diplomatic agents.

'Could the peace of the world be by any possibility maintained, if every minister for foreign affairs insisted on mixing up the honour and dignity of his Sovereign and Nation with every commercial affair that might arise—with the pecuniary claims and pretensions of every merchant established among foreigners?—p. 134.

This question was treated fully, and with all his usual skill, by Lord Palmerston in the course of 'that solemn feast' given by the Reform Club to celebrate his victory over the Grecian Government in the House of Commons. This 'after-dinner speech,' as M. de Ficquelmont observes, had—(the composition of the party considered)—all the weight of a parliamentary statement. He therefore quotes some of the sentences which found so congenial an audience under that gorgeous roof:—

'With regard to this country it is hardly necessary to observe that the first duty of every minister charged with the conduct of its foreign relations is to preserve intact its rights, its honour, and its dignity. It thus becomes his duty to protect our fellow-citizens in whatever country they may happen to be. Gentlemen, we are essentially a travelling, investigating, and commercial people. There is no part of that ocean which occupies so vast a portion of the globe but bears our vessels and our merchandise on its bosom. There is no country, far or near, savage or civilized, in which Englishmen are not to be found, drawn thither by motives of health or of pleasure, of science or of commerce, or with the nobler design of spreading the light of religion in countries not yet converted to Christianity. Gentlemen, I maintain that our fellow-citizens, whoever they may be, have a right to suppose and to know that they are placed under the watchful safeguard of their country, and that the arm of England will protect them from injury, or that, if injury be done to them, that arm will be sufficiently powerful to obtain reparation for them.'—pp. 136, 137.

We can hardly be surprised that Count Ficquelmont should pronounce such an engagement beyond the power of man to fulfil. He understands by this language—and we do not see what other interpretation to give it—that Lord Palmerston claims exemption for his fellow-countrymen from the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the territory where they reside, and insists on their title everywhere, and in all circumstances, to enjoy the broad imperial protection of the English laws, interpreted by himself,

and carried into effect by the agents of the Foreign Office, backed by the whole naval and military power of the nation. Upon no other grounds can we account for his sending the Mediterranean fleet to the Piræus (a circumstance to which M. de F. makes frequent allusion) to demand a compensation for Don Pacifico's torn pillow-cases, and Mr. Finlay's disappointment in a building-ground speculation.

It appears to us that the only effectual method of protecting our travellers and securing for them the kindness and hospitality of foreign nations is to show respect and consideration to all peaceful foreigners who visit our shores—but, first and foremost, to extend to them in all cases the full protection of the British Government. While Lord Palmerston avows a purpose to exact for his countrymen from foreign governments a larger scope of individual procedure than is conceded to the natives themselves, and insists on placing them under British jurisdiction, what has been his own conduct when the laws of hospitality and humanity were violated within a few streets of his own official residence? No one can have forgotten the assault upon the aged General Haynau—an assault, it is well known, prompted and paid by exiled rebels against an ancient ally of the British Crown, his brave devotion to whose service was that veteran's sole crime in the eyes of the outlaw-assassins. When complaints were laid before our then Foreign Secretary, the plaintiff was calmly referred to the ordinary tribunals, from which he was assured he might count on receiving all consideration and just redress. A cruel mockery when addressed to an old man who could not appear in our streets without a manifest risk of his life!\*

Count Ficquelmont mentions, not without something of malicious satisfaction, several instances in which the English Government has submitted to an affront from a powerful State which would have been resented from a weaker one. Such occurrences are little flattering to our national pride;—but, alas! they are the inevitable consequence of pursuing too far the doctrine of 'protection,' and the practice of intermeddling. When a mere trifle has raised a dispute between two powerful nations, the angry correspondence which arises is little likely after all to produce immediately a desperate conclusion.

\* This detestable outrage, M. de Ficquelmont may rest assured, was regarded with as general abhorrence here as it could be among the most loyal of Austrian subjects; and it is most deeply to be regretted that unoffending Englishmen have since been subjected to ill-usage abroad, on the absurd presumption of their approving what they could only lament and condemn.

Common sense, public opinion, ministerial prudence, revolt against breaking the peace of the world to settle differences so insignificant that their very existence is unknown to the great majority of either people. The least obstinate of the parties will at last give way, and bears all the ridicule which should attach not to the termination but to the commencement of such a quarrel. But the chance of great ultimate evil is not the less serious. The condition of international law imperiously demands attention. Far too much is left to the discretion of diplomatic agents, who have it in their power to disturb the amicable relations between great States, and to tyrannise mercilessly over the weak. Since the present laxness of theory on these subjects came into fashion the most extraordinary cases of interference have occurred. Some remarkable instances have fallen under our own observation. In the opera-house of a certain capital, which we will not particularise, there was produced a new ballet, at which the propriety or prudery of the Sovereign took offence, and the performance was prohibited for the future. The French ambassador (who shall also be nameless), on hearing this prohibition, was highly indignant; it was an insult, he said, to his own Sovereign, who had not only permitted the representation, but had repeatedly honoured it with the attendance of himself and his family—nor would he be satisfied till the order was revoked, and another representation given, at which he exacted the appearance of the King and all his house. In another capital, an individual of the same nation, whose conduct had been such as to banish him from all respectable society, and who had offended against the laws of the state, was not only protected by his minister from punishment, but was actually obtruded into the very palace of the Prince to whom his mere presence in the country was an insult. Both the envoys in question, we have little doubt, congratulated themselves upon the energy and spirit with which they had maintained the rights of French citizenship and the dignity of French diplomacy.

While the *liberal* statesmen of this country rival the presumption of the French, by making such large demands for the immunities of British citizens abroad, Count Ficquelmont complains that they treat with utter contempt the remonstrances of other powers, whose rebellious subjects have found an asylum here, and here continue their machinations with unabated audacity.

'The exile of every age has toiled unceasingly for the ruin of his native country. Upon no principle of equity, therefore, can governments reciprocally bound by treaties of peace give any

other character to their hospitality beyond that of a haven always open to the shipwrecked wanderers. Is it compatible with the interests of a sincere and lasting peace that exiles should be permitted to form themselves into societies—holding public meetings with the express object of disturbing the tranquility of the states from which they have been expelled—maintaining communications, open as well as secret, with the disaffected still at home—the whole system carried on with all the paraphernalia of regular agencies and affiliations, far and near, the levying of contributions from the fear of the timid no less than from the sympathy of the discontented?

‘No government has the right to constitute itself a court of appeal in favour of persons condemned by the tribunals of the countries to which they belong. Is liberty to be made the palladium of rebellion, and of all the crimes which follow in its train? Would not this be to avow the maxim, whose memory is written in blood—“rebellion is the most sacred of duties?” Do not such sentiments carry anxiety and terror into every breast?’—pp. 240-242.

It is obvious to all that those most eager for the protection of the refugees, the express advocates of peace, are endeavouring by every provocation they can offer to goad the various foreign governments into hostility, and to render that war inevitable which they affect to deprecate. It is notorious that associations have been formed in London for the subversion of dynasties with which England is at peace; that arms have been purchased and loans proposed; ‘central committees’ have issued orders from England, and Messrs. Mazzini and Kossuth have established, and preside over, ‘boards of regency’ for the Roman states and for Hungary, and farther, for the promotion of revolution in every part of the world. Lord Palmerston himself is now a convert to our doctrine—good and well—yet we cannot dismiss the recollection that in a debate which occurred only at the beginning of last year, on the expediency of an alien bill, he roused the applauding laughter of the grave and reverend senators, by his clever exposure of the absurd suspicion ‘that these unhappy refugees, unable to pay for their daily subsistence, should send money and arms to their different countries;’ adding, with a facetious emphasis, ‘that as for the loan proposed to be raised *here*, not one farthing had been paid on its account into the hands of the London bankers.’ No one indeed supposed that ‘the penny subscribers’ cared one penny about Kossuth or the Hungarian refugees; of course, the whole affair was merely a part of the system of agitation. It was an idle taunt and deliberate insult to Austria, discreditable to our own sense and discretion, and not beneficial to the rebels.

Still less could it be apprehended that a liberal sympathy with Kossuth and Mazzini would under any circumstances open the purse-strings of British capitalists:—the revolutionary exchequer would be empty indeed if it had no other resource. But it is now plain that it has other resources. Lord Palmerston’s recent seizure (as Home Secretary) of arms and gunpowder is the best answer to his arguments when holding the Foreign Seals—but we must confess that, even in his former phasis of responsibility, we could hardly believe him so ignorant of the affairs of countries in which he showed such readiness to play the part of arbiter, as not to be aware of the vast advantages accruing to the refugees from the circulation of the Mazzini notes in Italy. Did he never find time to read the foreign newspapers? Did he never receive, or read, despatches on this important subject from any of his agents throughout the Peninsula? Need we tell him that Mazzini, and other ringleaders excluded by name from the general amnesty, devised this issue of *notes payable on the re-establishment of the Republic*—not principally in the hope of obtaining funds for fresh revolts—(their recent harvest in Italy had been a plentiful one)—but much more with the design and purpose of compromising as many individuals as possible with their governments, and by multiplying punishments to widen and exacerbate discontent? It was in vain that the Imperial functionaries issued stern proclamations: agents were despatched to every part of the Peninsula, provided with these notes, and instructed to present them for payment to persons well disposed towards the revolutionary cause, or, more frequently still, to those who were lukewarm—if not secretly hostile—but who were more fearful of offending the vindictive exiles than of disobeying the legitimate authorities. Considerable sums were raised by these means, and the Government found itself obliged to enforce the heaviest penalties against the agents and abettors of the traffic. Sentences of death were pronounced in some cases against the former, and were occasionally executed, though more frequently commuted for lighter punishments. Delations were frequent; and, if the exiles are not much belied, they were themselves very often the secret informers against their own agents, in pursuance of the scheme for reciprocally exasperating the governors and the governed which is developed by Mazzini in his ever memorable intercepted letter (see Blue-Book—Affairs of Rome, 1849, p. 223), and to promote which this issue of notes was so dexterously contrived. Our readers will observe, if they turn to the



foreign intelligence of the daily newspapers, how frequent even still are the trials and punishments for conspiracies provoked by foreign emissaries. On all occasions will the friends of the revolution endeavour to represent these punishments as the vengeance for participation in the last insurrection; but what costs another impudence of mendacity? In fact, the penalties in question have invariably been incurred by criminal acts perpetrated since its termination.

The recent outbreaks at Milan and in Romagna were both of them wholly excited by tools of the revolutionary committees sitting in London. M. Kossuth, from the security of his lodgings at Bayswater, incites the Austrian soldiers to desert their colours and join the ranks of the rebels; while Sig. Mazzini, with better knowledge of the country and the cause, employs that mysterious agency by which the secret societies spread terror and guilt and to which alone we can attribute the foul assassinations with which the tumult commenced. We rejoice to find that Lord Palmerston disavows his former *protégé*, and surely, after that, private English gentlemen (if any such there were) who acted on an honest belief in the worth of Kossuth, must now blush for the countenance they afforded him! If he and his Italian compeer were sincere enthusiasts, though they would not be the less dangerous, they would, as individuals, be infinitely more respectable. We believe them both to be mere speculators in ambition, coolly calculating on the folly and imprudence of mankind; without a spark of true zeal for the cause they advocate, but, in promoting it, utterly careless of human life. It may be that Mazzini in stirring up this insurrection was not aware of the change that had taken place in the minds of the Italians; it is more than probable that the vanity of Kossuth may have blinded him as to the sentiments with which he is now regarded by the Hungarian soldiers to whom his proclamation was addressed; but neither could be ignorant of the hopelessness of the attempt, and of the certain death to which they doomed their dupes. Sig. Mazzini, on his failure at Rome, was saved from capture by an English passport and the quality of English subject with which he was so invested. It was the remonstrance of Lord Palmerston that procured the release of Kossuth from Turkey. Both these acts of interference were defended—and indeed have been extolled—on the plea of humanity. We will not pause to inquire what claim of gratitude our country can establish among the victims of Milan and their surviving friends. In the name of patriotism these

unfortunate men have been hounded to certain death, while both the arch-conspirators—Mazzini again saved by reception into a British ship—still live in security and comfort, to plan fresh mischief—we wish we could add, unaided by fresh marks of British sympathy.

Most of the foreign exiles who have visited our shores have come uninvited and remained unnoticed—but these two ringleaders seem to have been marked out as the objects of special consideration. How unworthily these honours were bestowed we were always aware—but we do not think that their former admirers are entitled to tax them with ingratitude or breach of hospitality. It was because they were rebels that they were received with favour. Lord Palmerston himself had spoken of their cause with decided approbation—nay, of a large portion of their efforts as *holy*. M. Kossuth, to do him justice—though his style and tone have been somewhat varied, to meet the tastes of different audiences—has on no occasion shrunk from the open avowal of his designs. They who affect any doubt on the matter, do so in spite of multiplied declarations of his fixed devotion to the purpose of expelling the House of Hapsburg and establishing a republic in Hungary. He held the same language in Turkey when Lord Palmerston negotiated his liberation; he repeated it in France and America after that event, when he appealed to the sympathies of the 'liberal' party throughout the world. Could he *then* dream that his schemes would be disapproved by Lord Palmerston, and any cabinet including that statesman? We think it is he who may boldly tax his former protector with inconsistency. On the other hand, we are sorry to add, the present cabinet by no means followed up its first show of vigour with becoming constancy, and we doubt if any other object has been attained, except proving to our troublesome guests with how much facility our laws may be violated and our feeble government insulted.

Let us be understood. We would gladly extend hospitality and protection to all exiles who, having been guilty of political offences in their own country, are obliged to seek shelter in ours—so they are resolved on conforming to our laws and leading an inoffensive life; but it is preposterous that we should give to strangers a licence which is not extended to our own fellow-subjects. Sooner or later, for the peace of the world and the general interests of humanity, this principle must be acknowledged; and we would gladly see the proper steps taken at a time when we might expect credit for acting

upon conviction alone—not under any meaner influence. To an Alien bill—the remedy usually proposed—Lord Palmerston objected that it was never granted for the benefit of foreign countries, but simply for the preservation of our own. It is exclusively for our own sake that we have ever desired it. The hour may come—nay, may not be far distant—when England may have cause to regret having made enemies of the greater part of the civilized globe. But in truth Lord Palmerston's distinction has no meaning. An Alien Bill is, in difficult cases, the only method of enforcing on refugees an obedience to the laws of England; nor can it signify whether they are infringing those laws by conspiracies against the English crown, or by carrying on a private warfare against some friendly State. If the Alien Bill, as formerly framed, were thought too sweeping a measure, its operation might be limited to the case of those who had been formally tried and convicted, before a Court suitably constituted, of overt acts of hostility towards a foreign government in alliance with us. In practice, probably, the knowledge that such a power existed would supersede any necessity for its exercise:—at all events, the Government would be responsible for the exercise of this as well as every other trust; and it seems indeed plain enough that the chief objection of ministers to accepting it is fear that its exercise might possibly lead to unpleasant discussions with our own 'unexercised unhired' radicals.

If we could ever have entertained a doubt of the expediency of this measure, recent events would have convinced us. Is it not absurd to refer a plaintiff to statutes notoriously imperative, and to a system of trial which, as to political charges in times of popular excitement, has been found utterly ineffectual? Can we plead such circumstances as these to our offended neighbours, smarting under recent and bitter injuries? Would they not be justified in replying—If such be the necessary consequences of the present state of your legal institutions, why do you not amend them, or at least arm your executive with discretionary powers? As matters stand it is impossible, it should seem, to fix the responsibility of a document signed by the name of the writer and promulgated by his authority; nay, if a magazine of arms and a powder manufactory are discovered, a doubt may be started as to the use of the first, and it is impossible to give such a definition of the last as to satisfy a jury—or even a judge. Should a small state venture to reply by such quibbles to the remonstrances of a powerful one, it would only draw down more immediately the pun-

ishment of its duplicity and folly; and is it not beneath the dignity of a great nation to advance arguments which can only be received by those who dare not attempt to confute them? Let us either boldly avow the purpose of promoting revolution in every part of the world, and proclaim a general quarrel with social order; or let us revise our code so as to afford us the means of restraining the conspirator, and of punishing the insolent perturbators of the public peace.

But to return to the principal charge in Count Ficquelmont's indictment. Lord Palmerston arrogates for England 'a mission' totally unrecognised hitherto by any of our Constitutionalists. He has ventured to say:—

'When we see nations alive to the ills they have to endure, reasonably, with calmness and moderation, endeavouring to ameliorate their condition, they are at least entitled to our sympathy. And should other powers, influenced by different feelings, interfere to check the development of liberty, I feel convinced that the English government will always receive the cordial support of the people, should it determine on throwing the weight of this country into the balance, and endeavour to restore the equilibrium.'—p. 138.

What the noble Viscount meant by 'sympathy,' or his more usual phrase 'moral support,' we will not pause to inquire. It is of little consequence whether we understand the intrusion of insolent advice on foreign governments struggling with disaffection, or the appointment of dignified functionaries to rove from place to place and hold encouraging communications with the disaffected. But as to the practical sense, or upshot, of our late 'sympathy' and 'moral support,' there can be no doubt. As the Italian objects of our benevolence too well know, it amounted in their case to the frothy flattery of perilous attempts, whose partakers, in the day of discomfiture, found no shield against the severities they had provoked. That such consequences were far from being desired by Lord Palmerston we are entirely persuaded: but how he should not have foreseen them baffles conjecture. In the rest of the passage quoted there is a very curious intermixture of sweeping rules and apparently sly reservations. When, however, we recall the noble Viscount's repeated applause of the Hungarian insurgents, and compare the doctrine here laid down as to the duty of rescuing any meritorious body of reformers from the interference of a foreign power on behalf of their own sovereign, it seems impossible to doubt that Lord Palmerston's official magniloquence must have proved to him the subject of rather humiliat-

g meditation when the Russian Emperor effectually 'checked the development' of lagyar democracy.

We were never among the alarmists. We could not think so ill of any civilized nation, or of any Sovereign not utterly dejected, as seriously to apprehend the sort of piratical attack with which it was the fashion to threaten us; but had Napoleon I. ever entertained ideas so monstrous, recent events must (for the moment at least) have changed the current of his views. The Eastern question involves difficulties and dangers in which France must take her share with the rest of Europe. The governments of England and France at this time appear sincerely united in their opposition to the Emperor Nicholas; but who can guarantee the constancy of our new ally, should circumstances arise which might offer strong temptation for a change of policy? In Austria we had an ally united to us, not by caprice and 'sympathy,' but by the enduring ties of mutual interest. This ally it has been the object of the Whig policy during the last five years to mortify, insult, and weaken. The first result of this unprovoked hostility was to throw Austria into the arms of Russia, and to compel her to contract a debt of gratitude from which she can never perhaps be absolved; and our subsequent protection of the Hungarian refugees provoked a quarrel between her and Turkey at a moment when prudence demanded the closest understanding between them, and thus converted an ancient friend into an irritated, offended enemy, and, by depriving the feeble Sultan of the support which had so often stood between him and destruction, afforded to Russia facilities which the most astute of governments was little likely to misappreciate.

Whether that government has committed its character by any advantage actually taken of a state of things so unwisely and unnecessarily brought about—whether or not the two great powers of the West, immemorial rivals *inter se*, have now at length coalesced against the most important ally left to one of them, in consequence of his having flagrantly infringed the principles and regulations of justice, equity, and the Law of Nations:—this is a question which hardly any contemporary journal finds in the least degree difficult of decision. Whether the divan of the Tuileries and the medley coalition of Whitehall have had more influence over the 'fourth estate,' or that estate over them—seems to us exceedingly doubtful; but that the peremptory tone of the leading 'organs of opinion' was rashly adopted, and is maintained in a spirit and tone of unjust

ifiable insolence, and likely to have now and hereafter most unhappy effects,—we can have no hesitation whatever in asserting. We by no means aspire to emulate the rapidity of their conclusions; we are far from imagining that we have as yet had access to the whole body of documents on which the world will ultimately form its judgment. All we at present venture is to suggest a few considerations, arising from a *prima facie* view of the facts ascertained and papers produced, which ought not to have been entirely overlooked by the so-called *Conservatives*, so zealously associated on this occasion with their ancient antagonists of the Liberal press.

We say then that, in as far as we can at present decipher this *imbroglio*, there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question. The co-religionists of the Czar, subjects of the Porte, had certain rights acknowledged, and of long date; France steps in to make mischief, and gets these indulgences revoked by the Sultan. Here all parties allow that France was in the wrong, and that the Ottoman was misled by her intrigues; and accordingly France, by and by, drew back, and consented to the re-establishment of the *status quo*. But this did not altogether satisfy the Russian Emperor. In vain was he told 'all's right again.' *No*—he took the liberty to say—*no*: what was conceded on Monday, under the influence of that restless and unscrupulous spirit of French intermeddling, and was withdrawn on Tuesday, only when resisted, may be brought forward again on Wednesday upon some new pretence; and therefore I wish to have some guarantee that there shall be no more playing at fast and loose in their affairs. I desire no change in the *status quo*; I am satisfied with things as they stood before the French intrigue disturbed them—and as, that intrigue having been nullified, they again stand:—but the facility with which the Turks do and undo these traditional arrangements, makes it necessary, for peace' sake, if there were no other reason, to reduce the unwritten practice to a formal written convention, which could never be subject either to misunderstanding between the parties, or to the disturbance of any mischief-making interloper. It really seems to us that, so far, there is nothing on the side of Russia but what common sense warranted. She appears to have done what we all do in ordinary life as a matter of course, and without the slightest apprehension of reproof. If an understood right or usage is called in question—if a litigious attorney stirs up a farmer to dispute some point with his neighbour, but both shrink from the

nearer prospect of a law-suit, and a compromise is agreed upon—any bystander, friendly to both, and conversant with life, would say, Very well, you would have been fools to go to law about such a trifle; but, now that you have come to a right mind on the matter, let us put your agreement into writing, that there may be no chance of any future quarrelling.

It is not our business to vindicate some apparently harsh and violent phraseology in the Russian State Papers. We are very sorry that a sense of dignity and decorum should not have excluded any such expressions. Neither can we affect to think that the strong measure of occupying at once the Danubian Principalities should have at once been (if it has been) resorted to. At the same time we must recollect that we have not seen the sequence of communications between the Russian and Turkish governments, and cannot therefore guess how far the weaker power may have been foolish enough to provoke the stronger.

But we have yet another word to say—and it will bring us back to the reasonings of M. de Ficquelmont. Should we grant that Russia has, in this Eastern business, not merely adopted a style of diplomatic language unsuitable to her eminent position, but incurred the blame of a high-handed encroachment on a weaker state, with what grace, let us ask, do France and England proclaim such vehement indignation at her proceedings? We hear a vast deal about violation of the system of 1815, and contempt for the International Law of the civilized world. Who set the example of trampling under foot the treaties and the whole venerable code in question? Can we, for our immediate convenience, blot out the 'untoward' day of Navarino? Can we pretend to forget the Belgian intervention of France and England in 1830? Or the actual occupation of Rome by France? Or the quiescence of both when the King of Prussia marched his army with the avowed purpose of wresting Schleswig Holstein from the sovereignty of Denmark? Can we affect to forget how eagerly Lord Palmerston accepted the doctrine of the Turin diplomats that the title of *Italian Prince* belonged of right to no one but Charles Albert and Pius IX.? Or that, after the first defeat of the Sardinians in Lombardy, it was the intervention of France and England which alone prevented the immediate pacification of Italy? Or the numerous acts of violent interference at Leghorn, Naples, Palermo, and Messina, which stand blazoned in those huge Blue Books that will form the most lasting monument of Viscount Palmerston?

If the Czar has need for defence, it is too little to say that it is ready for him, at all events, in the shape of a *Tu quoque*. His case, even as stated by his bitterest critics, is bright indeed in comparison with that of the self-elected vindicators of International Law.

*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.\**

It is impossible to review the series of Western interventions which so completely throw whatever can be alleged in the new Eastern matters into the shade, without allowing that M. de Ficquelmont has a fair claim to be pardoned for the severity with which he comments on Lord Palmerston's activity in the least defensible of those interventions. Nevertheless we feel ourselves bound to protest against the extent of responsibility which our author attaches to the late Secretary for our foreign Department. We find no difficulty in supposing that he may, at the outset at least, have quite honestly, however egregiously, misunderstood the character and designs of his continental clients. He may have been duped—as very many of his countrymen undoubtedly were at the time in question. In all their early speeches and writings designed to work upon our 'sympathy' and evoke our 'moral support,' the foreign leaders of revolts and revolutions knew enough of us not to hold themselves forth as our own political disciples—anxious for nothing but to shake off despotic sway and obtain institutions akin to our own. It is no wonder that M. de Ficquelmont should fail to comprehend the degree to which our preference for the representative system of legislation and government has become passionate—fixed and intense as any article of religious faith ever was anywhere. It is the popular panacea for all ills—it is the standard whereby all political good is measured. On this point popular credulity has no bounds. When we are assured (no matter on what authority) that any nation is struggling for representative government, to doubt its success is considered indifference to liberty; when it is reported that any people has been deprived of its constitution by its sovereign, to inquire into the circumstances is attachment to tyranny. We

\* Some of our readers may perhaps thank us for mentioning a short pamphlet which reaches us too late to be used on this occasion by ourselves. It is entitled, 'Remarks on the Present Aspect of the Turkish Question, by a Member of the University of Oxford' (London, Masters, 1853). This is, we venture to say, as able and as instructive a little work as our press has recently produced.

mention this neither as a boast nor an apology, but as a fact. The delusion is not confined to the mob—our statesmen share it. It was in all likelihood Lord Palmerston's sincere belief—and to this we must refer Count Ficquelmont for an explanation of the conduct which he attributes to a deep-laid scheme of commercial greediness. Commerce, we are convinced, had no influence whatever on the noble Lord's speculations—except that he very probably imagined its interests must ultimately be promoted by whatever increased the liberty and happiness of the world. How little justice there is in this reproach of selfish rapacity brought against us as a nation, we think our recent legislation might sufficiently prove. The emancipation of the negroes, attended as it was with the ruin of the West Indian colonies—in themselves a splendid Empire—and the great (however inadequate) sacrifices made to indemnify our planters; our open corn markets; the repeal of the navigation laws; whatever else may be thought of these measures, they evince most certainly no spirit of selfish monopoly.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of M. de Ficquelmont's work is that devoted to the characteristics of representative government, and to the great question of its fitness for the nations of the continent in their actual condition. Passing reluctantly over the preliminary disquisition, let us attend to his review of recent experiments abroad. The example of France is, of course, that which first suggests itself—standing as she undoubtedly does in the foremost rank, amidst the continental communities, in material civilization and intellectual development. It seemed but natural to suppose that a country which had so lately passed through every excess of licence and anarchy, with all the subsequent humiliation of a military despotism, would zealously endeavour to preserve the wholly novel privileges of rational liberty at last bestowed upon it. For a time it did seem that such anticipations were realized. Under the constitution established by Louis XVIII. France recovered her misfortunes, and arrived at a state of prosperity she had never known before. But unfortunately the aristocratic element, so needful for amalgamating the other two, was entirely wanting. Thirty years of revolution, and the revolutionary laws of succession, had destroyed the hereditary fortunes; there was no means of forming an independent chamber of senators. The people, moreover, had generally imbibed a taste for excitement, which could neither be gratified nor checked by the mild rule of a constitutional government; and a

long and sullen conspiracy prepared that new revolution—which would inevitably have exploded even if the insatuated imbecility of Charles X. and his advisers had not furnished the occasion and the apology. A wanton insult to the Chambers gave them a momentary popularity—it was nominally at least in their defence that the masses rose: the army stood neuter—or at all events displayed very little zeal in behalf of the court. The court shrank ignominiously from the contest it had provoked, and the popular triumph was obtained at small expense. The Chambers imitated our Parliament of 1688 by calling a proximate scion of the royal race to the throne: but at this point resemblance ceases. While in England all unnecessary change was avoided, and usages and traditions were almost superstitiously observed; in France, for no reason but because the Constitution had given proof of its vitality and the Chambers, of their independence, an immediate alteration in that Constitution and in those Chambers was determined. If by the charter of 1815 the prerogative had not been strictly defined, the events of 1830 proved at least that any attempts at usurpation had been rendered hopeless. In the new charter the crown was shorn of its lustre—the House of Peers of whatever dignity and influence it had possessed; and the whole weight of power was lodged with the Chamber of Deputies, over which the ministers of the new régime were enabled to obtain an ignoble sway through the vast extent of patronage accumulated in their hands by a vicious system of centralization. It was soon obvious that the 'best of republics' rested on no secure foundation. Had Louis Philippe possessed less dexterity, he must have fallen many years before he did; had he been of stern and remorseless nature, he might have withstood the various elements united against him in February, 1848—at once dismissed the unmanageable Deputies—and avowed his resolution to reign by mere military force. His errors had been considerable, but he was incapable of such steps as these—and he fell—*'tout comme Charles X.'*

France, as if willing to be the warning and beacon to all Europe, next gave us the example of a country electing its chief magistrate and its one legislative Assembly by universal suffrage; the result presented rival powers for ever at variance—a factious Opposition and an ambitious President, both ready to risk the public prosperity in their personal quarrel; and then the termination of the contest by the suppression of the Assembly, the imprisonment or exile of

its worthiest members, and the nomination of an absolute sovereign by another appeal to universal suffrage: an act which has no parallel in the history of the world, excepting in Denmark, where, on the 10th of January, 1860, the great council issued, and the people sanctioned a decree, declaring the monarch thenceforth exempt from all control or limit.

In this new French experiment we cannot pretend to see anything so clearly as the general feeling of hatred to *the Republic*—and the determination to have done with *that*. The one single and constant sentiment which seems to possess the mind of France to the exclusion of all others—which has never been forgotten in any convulsion—and which has hitherto saved her when on the brink of ruin—is the dread and horror of those scenes of blood of which the first revolution gave the example: and for avoiding the recurrence of which no usurpation, no national humiliation whatsoever, so only it be home made, is thought an intolerable price. An attempt to revive the monarchy in either of the branches of the house of Bourbon would, in all likelihood, have provoked the civil war which every one wished to escape. The name of *Buonaparte*, in spite of the poverty of its bearer's personal pretensions, was found to have unrivalled potency among the common people—whose votes overwhelmed any semblance of opposition—and the reflecting classes reconciled themselves to the election, much as the ancient Romans did to that of a dictator—as a sad necessity imposed on them by the disjointed times—a temporary expedient, to be employed only till the menaced danger had been averted and legal government could be resumed.

M. de Ficquelmont naturally gives much space to the attempt that was made for the establishment of a representative government in Austria—and we are not surprised at the unqualified shame with which he regards that chapter of his national history. During the long period between 1815 and 1848, Austria had enjoyed eternal tranquility and respect abroad; her resources had been developed under the beneficent encouragement of a great and patriotic minister; and that the government was mild and forbearing we think may be gathered from the fact that so many of its enemies were left at large to plot its overthrow. The empire, shattered and exhausted during the struggle with Napoleon, had recovered its elasticity; and the veteran premier, when he abdicated his power to appease the frenzy of the capital, bequeathed to the state a social organization so strong that it was enabled to resist

a shock such, we believe, as no monarchy ever before successfully withstood.

We do not re-enter on M. de Ficquelmont's charges of anti-Austrian bigotry against the Whig Cabinet of that time—but we must repel some accompanying insinuations. If the Count seriously believes that any honest Englishman really approved the conduct of the Austrian revolutionary government, we quite understand his indignation. Some of the sanguine among our countrymen may have hoped that out of the confusion some reasonable system was to spring—but no one could regard with favour the oppression of the triumphant demagogues who dictated the measures of the feeble ministries that so rapidly succeeded each other, or the fantastic charters which were concocted from time to time, forced on those trembling occupants of powerless office, and by them, in sheer cowardice, recommended to the Crown. Such charters were neither fit for practice nor destined for it—and little blame can be laid upon those who cast them aside as soon as circumstances made it possible to do so.

The deliverance of the continent from anarchy was effected by various means—but all bearing more or less the appearance of a direct interposition of Providence in their favour. Austria and Prussia owed their redemption to the loyalty of their troops—Naples to the fidelity of her populace—and Piedmont to the defeat of her armies. We wish the princes so signally delivered would make a wise use of the term of grace that has been afforded them. They should banish all selfish schemes of aggrandisement—resist every temptation to foreign quarrel—convincing themselves that one and all have but one formidable and implacable enemy to dread and watch—namely, the spread of democratic fanaticism:—and, instead of disputing with each other about trifles, making every possible endeavour to reorganise their disjointed states, to satisfy the reasonable among their subjects with that share of freedom which can safely be granted, and above all, to restore to efficiency the courts of justice and remodel those institutions according to the exigencies of the present times. We are aware that the task could be no easy one; but its difficulties are not insurmountable, and a patriotic minister, firmly grappling with them, would in the end be seconded by all the good sense and intelligence of his country.

Meanwhile we have too much cause to ponder over our own national prospects. It was during a period of great and general prosperity that the call for reform and

amendment plunged the whole continent of Europe in confusion. It is in England during a state of still greater prosperity, that in very wantonness we are rushing towards the brink of ruin. This is not the less alarming because so many approach it without consciousness of the danger. The country, apathetically indifferent to what should arouse all its energies, seems to have resigned itself blindly to the guidance of a set of ministers held together, not by community of principles, but by the mere joint fruition of place: in our humble opinion, therefore, self-stripped *ab initio* of every claim on national confidence.

The English revolution of 1688 deprived the Crown of its direct power—that of 1831 grievously abridged its influence—but that about to be hazarded under the astounding auspices of Lord Aberdeen threatens its very existence. Let no man flatter himself that a new bill of this class can be so constructed as to retain for property almost the least vestige of the political preponderance it still possesses. The democratic element must necessarily acquire a great accession of strength—and such an accession involves fresh reforms, fresh concessions, innovation upon innovation. It is not pretended that, for any purpose of good government or of social and administrative reform, a more popular constitution of the House of Commons is needed. Organic change, in the State and in the Church, is the avowed object of the democratic leaders—while statesmen grown grey in the ranks of our long honoured Constitutional parties sit by to forward their *immediate* measure, and of course confuse, and probably neutralize, the natural repugnances of vast sections of real lovers of the old English system. Already we see what audacity the movement has gained. It has been discovered and proclaimed that a want of sympathy exists between the two Houses of Parliament, and that a reform to be effectual must extend to both. The public has been prepared for this attack by the declamations of demagogues and the insinuations of the press: how long a period, we ask, would elapse before it would be formally made in the reformed House of Commons, and carried, too, by so large a majority that the timid would not venture to resist?

The Radicals, of course, smile in scorn at the admission of a few of their minor factionaries into this omnivorous Cabinet. We have understood that Mr. Cobden openly boasts he himself might, at any time, take his seat at the Council-Table:—but prefers pulling the strings, and directing the move-

ments of the *Coalition*, till they have prepared the way for a government of his own unmixed colour. When Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues have carried their Reform Bill, they will be dismissed as tools that have done their work; and by their successors in the system of *open questions* the maintenance of the monarchy may be considered as a subject for free discussion. But the monarchy is not the immediate, and still less the professed, point of attack. Its chief support, the landed aristocracy, is the first object of hostility. The repeal of the corn-laws derived all its value, in Mr. Cobden's eyes, from the persuasion that it would be a deadly blow to the landed interest; and he has since told us how keenly he is wounded by the neighbourhood of a 'park ten miles in circumference.' He forgets that the class is considerably more numerous which grudges the roast-beef and pudding of the tradesman, than of those who look with his angry eyes on the ancestral appurtenances of a Duke.

The recent example of France places in bold and prominent relief, as established facts, several conclusions to which the experience of our own reformed House of Commons was gradually leading us, but which our statesmen were unwilling to admit as painful to their feelings or repugnant to their reason. It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that the extent of the constituency secures respect or even vulgar enthusiasm for a legislative assembly. Without pausing to inquire whether, in our own case, the demeanour of the House of Commons, when more popularized, would be likely to deserve more reverence, experience shows that the masses rarely, in fact, contemplate their own work with anything but increasing distrust. The encroachments which the spirit of democracy brings with it make a purely democratic assembly hateful; the want of vigour and consistency makes it contemptible. By arrogating to itself the whole authority of the state, it assumes the whole responsibility, and has no one with whom to divide the odium of failure or misfortune. Even Ministers are no longer responsible for the measures of their own device—so much altered are they and disfigured in their progress through the House of Commons. The unpopularity which that House has already incurred is one of the most unfavourable symptoms of the times. Day by day we must observe the diminishing ambition among men of probity and intelligence—men whose station affords at least a decent pledge of such qualities—to obtain seats in it; the anxiety to uphold it intact without



farther debasement gives way before the most dangerous of fallacies, that "it cannot be worse."

Parliamentary Committees have been wearying themselves and disgusting the whole nation with exposures of the audacious and systematic spread, since Lord Grey's Reform Bill, of Electioneering Corruption: yet public men of rank and standing, distinctly acknowledging the date and origin of this increase in a most disgraceful crime, are found zealously urging a fresh and vast extension of the suffrage, as due to the general march of intellectual and moral advancement among the less wealthy classes. Some of these consistent statesmen even take the high ground that a share in Parliamentary elections is an inalienable birthright of Englishmen. This is certainly the simplest of all theories, and its practical conclusion is obvious; but if we grant its truth, we do not see on what grounds the possessors of such an inborn privilege can fairly be controlled in the exercise of it—why, in short, they should not have a perfect right to sell their vote as they would the product of their brain or the labour of their hands. But never was a more gross and impudent fallacy countenanced by persons of any education or reflection. The suffrage is an honourable trust—a privilege accorded to some for the benefit of all—and it has already been extended to the utmost limits compatible with justice to any class of our fellow-countrymen.

ART. VII.—1. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford. Together with the Evidence and Appendix.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1852.

2. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated March 15, 1852, for "Copies or Extracts of all Communications since the Year 1840, between the Home Office and the Senate of the University, any of the Affiliated Colleges, and the Committee of Graduates respectively, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852.

3. *Recommendations respecting the Extension of the University of Oxford; adopted by the Tutors' Association.* January 1853.

4. *Recommendations respecting the Constitution of the University of Oxford; adopted by the Tutors' Association.* April 29th, 1853.

5. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform.* Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review. Corrected, Vindicated, and Enlarged. In Notes and Appendices. 1852. London, Longmans.

6. *Observations on College Leases.* By Charles Neate, M. A., Barrister-at-law, Fellow and late Treasurer of Oriel College. London, J. H. Parker, 1853.

WITH so large a subject before us as that which the Report of the Oxford Commission opens out, we shall not devote much time, though some is due, to two preliminary considerations connected with it, the appointment of a Commission at all, and the selection of Commissioners.

The decision of Lord John Russell in 1850, to institute inquiries into the state of the English universities and the colleges, is one which, on several accounts, cannot in itself be regarded as matter for just complaint. Bodies which have been for a long time preserved from public scrutiny owe generally their first turn for it, when it does come, to ministers whose allegiance to old institutions is ambiguous or suspected. More conservative ministers are not disposed to begin an interference with an old order of things. But though, for this reason, the first act of inquiry generally comes under unfavourable auspices, and creates just suspicions, it cannot be maintained that inquiry itself is to be complained of. The State must have the right to examine into the condition of all those institutions—whether more or less public ones, Universities or Colleges, it does not signify—that enjoy its protection, and in the proper working of which the interests of its own subjects are involved; and that right of inspection must be accompanied by the right to effect such arrangements as are necessary to make those institutions efficient, and make them fulfil the ends for which they were designed. Such a right is much less than that general visitatorial right which all our old divines support as inherent in the State, only giving it to the Crown, whereas in the present day the power of the State has a more complex representative. It is much less than 'that power paramount,' which Bramhall gives to the crown, 'to see that all persons do their duties in their callings,' and which he illustrates by the case of a master of a family. 'In a great family there are several offices, as a divine, a physician, a schoolmaster, and every one of these is supreme in his own way; yet the master of the family hath an economical power over them all, to see that none of them do abuse their trust.' It cannot be maintained that public bodies should

go on for ever without any inspection, and be left wholly to themselves. There must be the right somewhere to look after them, otherwise the greatest abuses are both certain and irremediable. It may be said that the colleges have their visitors, to whom this task belongs. But the visitor is a part of the body which he visits. The whole body, including its visitor, must be subject to this higher visitatorial power. Nor can we perhaps justly complain of this power in the present instance, as interfering unseasonably, wantonly, and vexatiously, if it interferes, as we believe it does, now for the first time, since the colleges were founded.

But it is proper to stop an unsound inference, which may be drawn from the admission of such a right in the State. Some persons seem disposed to think that, if the right of Parliament to interfere with the university and colleges be allowed, such a concession involves its right to interfere in any way or for any purpose, to override founders' wills at pleasure, and treat the institutions as so much crude material. It is hardly necessary to observe, in answer to such an inference, that Parliament, like any body of less power, is bound to act upon principles of equity; and that, if attention to founders' wills is a part of equity, such attention is obligatory upon Parliament. And equally false would be the step from such a visitatorial right in the State to a right of perpetual ordinary control, a reduction of the universities to a department of the Home Office. A particular condition, to which independent and self-governing corporations are subject, does not destroy their very basis as such. Nor does the admission of the right of Parliament to visit the University and Colleges decide anything as to the form of visitation, or the part left to the visited bodies themselves, as deliberators on and constructors of their own reforms.

Such a visitatorial power in the State being admitted, the question is next whether the appointment of a Royal Commission was a proper mode of exercising it. On this question there are arguments *pro* and *con*. There are strong arguments against a Royal Commission as a mode of exerting this visitatorial power. The legality of a Royal Commission for such a purpose is disputed in the first place, and a disputed authority is necessarily an insufficient one, and not large enough for the occasion. According as it is acknowledged or not, its questions are or are not answered. But the very purpose for which a commission of inquiry is instituted is to get at the whole state of the case as regards the subject-matter of it, and this

can only be done by obtaining sound information from all quarters. In the next place, a Royal Commission, as being the simple creation of the minister of the day, is liable to prostitution to the grossest party purposes. It is an engine in the hands of any minister who may choose so to use it, or of any party or clique whose political support may extort the use of it from him, to collect party evidence on a subject and clothe it with the solemnities of truth, and, under the pretence of examining a question, entirely to prejudge it. We have had an instance of this lately in the Commission to collect evidence on the question of an alteration in the law of marriage. On the other hand, a Royal Commission offers great facilities and conveniences even to a minister who wishes to make no more than a fair and conscientious use of it; enabling him to enter upon inquiry with greater delicacy and at the same time greater despatch; and both sides have, for the last twenty years, furnished precedents for the use of such machinery—precedents which Lord Derby has followed in the appointment of the Commission to inquire into the state and objects of the Cathedral foundations.

But, if no great complaint can be made of the appointment itself of a Royal Commission for the Universities, it is not so easy to excuse, in the case of Oxford, the selection of the Commissioners. Undoubtedly this matter had its difficulties. A perfectly equal selection it was perhaps Utopian to expect from a minister in Lord John Russell's position; and this being the case, it was difficult, had he wished it, to prevent that selection from being extremely one-sided; for counterbalancing names will not allow their own insertion unless there is some security for the balance being a fair one, or lend themselves for the purpose of a show, to give an appearance of impartiality to a board at which a majority is secured against them. It was rumoured at the time that the Premier had offered seats in the Commission to some distinguished persons of opposite views to his own, who, perhaps for the reason just mentioned, declined the honour. But, though a kind of self-productive unfairness thus attaches to a Royal Commission, need it have assumed that unfortunate shape which it does in the case before us? We do not dispute the ability or the sincerity of those gentlemen who were selected by Lord John Russell to conduct the Oxford Commission. We see able scholarship, successful literature, and general information represented there. But nobody can give half a glance at these names without seeing that they represent a particular

religious school which is identified with the names of Whately and Arnold. With the single exception of the late Mr. Dampier's name—a Cantabrigian one, and engrafted, nobody has explained how, on an Oxonian board—there is not one name on this commission which is not, to an Oxford eye, a familiar and even a trite decoration of that school. Considering the dignity and rank of the university as an institution, the weight of its associations, its ancient honours, its lofty names, its largeness, its solidity, its great religious and historical position in the country, it was hardly an act of common respect to select a board which was to sit in a critical and judicial attitude upon it exclusively from one school of religious speculation, of recent growth, and no considerable numbers. But whether the selection of these names was made by the Premier with a design, or was forced upon him by the unwillingness of less partial ones, of equal distinction, to serve on this occasion, the result, as regards the university at large, is the same. It is impossible to approach the deliberations of a board, so one-sided in fact as this is, with those expectations and prepossessions with which the labours of a commission of inquiry ought to be welcomed. The office of examining, judging, and reforming a university was not one to be put into the hands of a knot of men representing one particular set of views. Even if such a body feels the duty of assuming a recipient and impartial attitude, it cannot do it. A school does not know what its own hobbies are, that is to say, it knows that it has certain favourite ideas, but it is obliged to think them, as such, not hobbies, but important truths. Put a particular school of thought then in exclusive possession of a commission, and we know what we may, in the natural order of things, expect.

But the time is over for such reflections as these. The Oxford Commission, on whatever authority based, and of whatever names composed, has been appointed, has deliberated, has collected evidence, and has published a Report. It is not our business now to apprehend results from an imperfect authority or a partial construction, when we can see with our eyes whether these have come or not. The conclusions at which the commission has arrived are before us; and, being so, it does not signify a straw from what quarter they have come; the only important question is, what are they?

The remarks which we shall make on the Report before us, will fall mainly under the heads of the constitution of the university, university education, university extension, the professoriate, and the college founda-

tions: though, when followed up, some of these so intermix and slide into each other that we shall not be able to keep them wholly apart. But while we yield to the natural inter-dependence of our subject-matter, we shall endeavour to check its oscillation, and preserve its main limits and channels.

The question of the government of the university is undoubtedly one of the first importance, and especially one portion of it. Upon the mode in which the legislative function in the university is divided and assigned, will depend in a great measure both the quality and the despatch of university legislation. Nor can we on the whole doubt that the existing arrangement in the University of Oxford is capable of improvement. But the proposal of the Commissioners on this head appears to us to exhibit a fundamental misconception of the nature of a good university legislative.

The aim in a university legislative is to combine a small initiating with a popular ratifying assembly. A popular ratifying assembly is wanted, because the constitution of the ancient university is essentially popular. A small initiative is wanted, as an arrangement of convenience. Had all the members of the popular assembly the right of proposing new measures, it is probable many of them would exercise it. There would, therefore, be a large expenditure of time and labour on the part of individuals in getting up propositions, and on the part of the whole body in listening to and discussing them. To prevent so serious an inconvenience, a small initiative is required. This is the natural construction then of a university legislative, and this is the construction of the existing legislative at Oxford. There may be a doubt whether its composition is an advantageous one, none whether its smallness is. But the Commissioners propose for a new initiative a body consisting of more than a hundred persons, that is, of more than one-half of the resident members of convocation. The sixty professors and under-professors are thrown in *en masse* in the first place, next the twenty-four heads of houses, and then twenty-four college tutors. It is plain with what enormous cost to the university so large an initiative must operate; the great expenditure of the individual's time and labour, the still greater of the body's. It is true, indeed, that the power of initiating is not given to every individual in this assembly, but only to a 'fixed number' left undetermined; and this is some check on the operation of this privilege, but it is a feeble one. Every individual member of this assembly has part of the

university initiative in his hands, how large a one depends on what the above number required to agree in the exertion of it may be. If any member then wants to initiate, he has only to call on his friends and talk till he has got enough to agree, and it will be odd if, in so large a body as this, with so many young and active men in it, there will not be a sufficient number of stirring heads to keep the assembly going. We could not reasonably calculate on any long dozes, and its wakefulness would, in consequence of its size, consume an immense quantity of academical time and energy.

Of the reasons for constructing so large an initiative, the first is the advantage of avoiding periodical elections. A small board involves a representative basis; representation would involve election, and periodical elections are an evil. This is not a sufficient reason. There may be a disadvantage in periodical elections, but the disadvantage is not nearly so great a one as that of a widespread initiative, and the endless discussions of a large assembly. If electors are well chosen and the machinery of electing is judicious, periodical elections need not produce disorder or excitement. The caput at Cambridge has been all along elective, and the recommendation of the syndicate has now, with the entire approbation of Her Majesty's Commissioners for that University, substituted for that board, in the legislative department, an equally elective council. To be frightened at a small election once a year, and to welcome the noise of a hundred-headed assembly all the year round, is to be penny wise and pound foolish. The second reason to justify the size of this assembly is an alleged wish for numbers on the part of the university at large. 'If the numbers of the board,' say the Commissioners, 'were either diminished or left as at present, we think that much the same complaints would be raised against it as against the existing board; members of convocation would not be satisfied to have the sole right of initiating in so small a body.' No one sentence could have shown a greater misapprehension of the whole ground on which the dissatisfaction with the existing initiative has arisen. This ground is not the smallness of the Hebdomadal Board, but its composition. A board is popular or not, not according to its size, but its basis, and a smaller board on a representative basis is more popular than a much larger one on an oligarchical. The hold of the public over it in election, and the circumstance that its members are not permanent but shifting, are an ample compensation for confinement of number. The Tutor's Association recom-

mends another kind of initiative board in the place of the present one, but not a larger one.

Another reason which has weight in this arrangement exhibits creditable feeling, but, we think, rather misdirected. It appears that Her Majesty's Commissioners have been influenced by the romantic wish to revive in its original functions a certain assembly called 'congregation,' which still forms a part of the ancient routine of the university, and is supposed once to have had importance. It is true not much is known of this old assembly, and the Commissioners do not profess to be guided by more than temperate conjecture. There is, however, ground for supposing that in times not long, we believe, posterior to the Heptarchy, this assembly, which consisted of the body of masters, was the single house of legislature in the university. The Commissioners then are anxious, in reforming the present legislature of the university, to go back to the original type, and in this new assembly of professors, heads and tutors, they profess to present us with a remodelled 'House of Congregation, the real representative of the primæval legislature of the literary republic of Oxford.' Now, in the first place, it does, we submit, require an effort to see in an assembly of professors, heads of colleges, and tutors the primæval legislature of Oxford: the original substance has undergone so much transformation that some power of abstraction is required to follow its identity. But, even if it is, does that 'literary republic' want its 'primæval legislature' back again? Supposing she had such a legislature, which is problematical, she has abandoned it for a certainty, for a legislature of another sort; and we may presume that if she abandoned it, it was for good reasons. She may have found by experience that such a legislature was noisy, talkative, and rapacious of that time and attention which were due elsewhere; and she may for these reasons have divided the single large house of legislature into two, a smaller one to initiate, and a larger one to ratify. At any rate, the fact is certain that such a change did take place. There may then be good reasons why this later constitution of the university legislature should from time to time undergo modifications; why a certain initiative called the 'Black Congregation,' which existed before the present Hebdomadal Board, should be exchanged for that board, and why now that board in its turn should give way for some other; but, if we are to take experience for our guide, there can be no reason why we should give up this latter constitution itself for one that ex-

sted antecedently to it, and go back to a primitive model which has been deliberately abandoned. Such a course might please an antiquarian, but practical sense would reject it. Why should the revival of a primæval legislature be more convenient to the university than it would be to the nation? There was once a Witenagemot; there was once a national legislature which met under the shade of an oak. Offer a 'primæval legislature' to society in a primæval state, whether originally or by relapse; to the republic of Venezuela, the Bolivian and Chilian republics, the Argentine republic, the republic of Paraguay. But the 'literary republic' of Oxford will not be duly grateful for one.

But the Commissioners having formed these hundred men into an assembly for debating on university matters, begin to be afraid—not that they have, for of that they seem to have no misgiving—but that others may possibly *suppose* that they have instituted a 'debating society.' They proceed to assure us that that is impossible: 'the character and the station of the persons designated as members of this assembly being an ample guarantee against such a result.' But what guarantee is this? Their characters may be all that can be desired; but if you put a hundred men in a room for the purpose of debating, how is it derogatory to their characters to debate? How are 'character and station, any guarantee even against the obstinacy, the tediousness, and the wanderings of a speaker? You must remember too that the members of this assembly, professors, heads of houses, college tutors, are men who are, or ought to be accustomed to be listened to in their own departments. Nor does the system any more than the individuals afford a check to the diffuseness of debate. The commissioners may appeal to the system of delegacies or committees, and stop such objectors as ourselves with the 'easy answer' that 'all deliberative assemblies appoint committees to report on measures submitted to them.' But an easy answer is not always a satisfactory one. The introduction of a committee midway does not prevent long debates at the two ends. The assembly, which is responsible for the final result, must decide it, and that decision can only be arrived at by debate. This assembly then is a debating society: but the commissioners may now turn round and say,—certainly it is in your sense of the term, but that sense is one in which the highest assembly in the country, the house of parliament, is equally a debating society: and therefore no disadvantage to the University is involved in it being this. But we answer that this assembly may be

a debating society in the sense in which parliament is, and yet be very disadvantageous to the University. A great nation can afford to keep six hundred legislators in fighting order, but a University, out of two hundred residents, cannot afford to maintain a hundred legislators. The parliamentary legislator is a legislator by profession, and can therefore devote his time to that work without interference with other duties; but the University one is a legislator only incidentally to a regular profession and employment of another kind.

But besides this principal evil connected with such a University legislature, there are others. A small initiative council raises no unpleasant sense of exclusion in the minds of the rest of the University not belonging to it: all know that everybody cannot be on a board of a dozen, or twenty, however enviable may be the privilege, and the mass take their exclusion from it as a matter of course. But make your initiative assembly consist of half the resident members of convocation, and the other half will feel their exclusion from it. Men who are neither professors, heads of houses, nor senior tutors, are not thereby destitute of intelligence or activity. A junior tutor, a simple fellow, will have their ideas on University questions, but they will on this arrangement meet every day their equals who are in this assembly, while they themselves are out of it. Such a University legislative appears ingeniously contrived so as to combine the two opposite evils of an oligarchy and a democracy; it is extravagantly wide, and it is invidiously exclusive. This assembly, large as it is, is at the same time a large oligarchy; its members are all officials—the simple degree is not admitted there; nor, even regarded as an assembly of officials, is it fairly composed. The Commissioners secure for their favourite order a preponderance; the professoriate is placed whole in it to the number of some sixty; the board of heads of houses whole; but when they come to the tutorial body, they make it sit by a representation of twenty-four, or less than a third. For it occurs to them that this board is growing in dimensions, and 'would be inconveniently enlarged by the admission of the whole body;' a sensible discovery doubtless, and far from a surprising one; but why was not this discovery of size made before? Why are they prodigal of room to a newly created and unfried professoriate, and just seized with a fit of parsimony when the tutorial body, the existing and working teachers of the place, are to be seated?

But we have not quite done with this subject. We respect the feeling which has led

the commission to leave standing side by side with this new house of legislature the existing ones. If it was love of the ancient, it was poetry; if it was the desire to conciliate, it was good manners. But the cold rules of reason decidedly forbid the reformer, whether of states or universities, when he gives a new constitution, to leave the old one standing. It is evident that this new legislative assembly, if created at all, ought to be created as a substitute for the existing legislature of the University, and not as an addition to it; its largeness obviously emulates convocation, and its privilege of initiating gives it the place of the Hebdomadal Board. Moreover, it professes to be, restored and remodelled, the University's 'primal' house of legislature, which was its single house of legislature. As such it is not suited for company with other houses and boards, but should have the stage to itself. But the Commissioners erect this new assembly to go on in company with convocation, whose final ratification will still be required, and with the Hebdomadal Board, which is to continue to possess its initiative. Now this second initiative is a sham. The Board of Heads is told that it 'retains its right of initiating,' because the Commission gives it the right of initiating into this new, large, initiative assembly. But an initiative into a *final* assembly, which is the present privilege of this board, is a totally different thing from an initiative into an initiative one. To be sure, they add, it is no longer 'the *exclusive* right of initiating' which this board enjoys, because the same is enjoyed by a fixed number of any *other* members of this new assembly. But it is mockery to speak of a right thus wholly altered in substance and in tenure, as if it were substantially the same privilege as before, with only an accidental alteration: nor are we advocates of the Hebdomadal Board here, but only of correct language. But the second convocation could not be counted on, notwithstanding any secret wishes of the Commissioners on this subject, as a sham. A minority in the new legislative assembly might easily become the majority in convocation and reject a measure which that former large assembly had been discussing for a whole term. We have then two constitutions going on at once; two initiatives if you will; two convocations. A Dutchman in sixteen pairs of breeches would be less encumbered and incommoded than would be the University with this reduplication of legislative machinery. A more clumsy, cumbrous, confused, and absurd apparatus seldom issued from the brain of the most professed constitution maker. We are reminded of

those grotesque forms in animal nature—the representatives of an antediluvian stage of creation, which, instead of regular limbs, exhibit unmeaning bulgings and excrescences, and which, after much attention, leave us undecided whether the deformed or the eccentric predominates in them. Her Majesty's Commissioners may be deep philosophers, but they are very bungling statesmen. 'This plan,' they say, 'has not been proposed in its complete form by any one person, but has been framed after a careful examination of *several schemes*;'—as if it was a great recommendation of a constitution, that, instead of consistently representing any one scheme, it should be a medley of all.

The truth is, these gentlemen have plainly had no guiding principle in constructing this new University constitution. They have been at the mercy of 'proposed schemes'—at the mercy of their own fancies. They have also had a general wish to stuff in professors, and, having put in these to the number of sixty, they were obliged in decency to allow some others to appear in this assembly. That guiding principle we have already laid down as being the combining of a small initiative with a popular ratifier. We think, however, that the present initiative may be advantageously altered for a representative one. The call for such a change has been the natural result of an increase of life and activity in the University; nor is the position of the present Board one which even its founder ever intended. Laud formed the heads into a Board, as a convenient medium between himself and the University; but he governed the University himself: and both his and Stafford's theory of government was the continental rather than English theory—of a great central power, directing and controlling all institutions. The theory fell before Saxon feeling mixed with Puritan; and the Board has consequently remained to this day wanting the complement which was originally designed for it. We will not, however, undertake to decide the proportions which convocation and the heads of houses should have at a representative Board. The constitution of the new Cambridge council gives only three seats out of fifteen to this body, but a larger share is due to the Oxford heads upon their old domain.

From the constitution of the University we turn to the still more important question of University education.

The recent reform movement in the University has on this subject raised some indefinite expectations which ought first to be examined. Ideas of revival are strong now. It has been asked, why should not the Uni-

versities resume their ancient intellectual leadership, and be again the centres of national science and literature. They were real Universities in the middle ages, now they are not; they do not teach everything; they have allowed large branches of education to slip out of their hands; but they must recal them. The vision of Oxford, with her thirty thousand students again, is thus made to rise before us; and we are told not to be content till we see her filling, out of her stock of pupils, all the professions of the country. Now, in one sense, and we think the most important one, the Universities have maintained all along, and do now maintain, the intellectual leadership here pointed to; in another sense, it is quite impossible they should.

Our Universities cannot now be the general centres of science, the dominant schools for every branch of knowledge. They were, indeed, in the middle ages; but the modern machinery of printing and publishing did not exist then; and persons who had anything to communicate on any subject naturally went to the Universities, simply as places which collected men together, and brought them within the compass of a man's voice. But, what is still more important to observe, the sciences themselves were in so narrow and meagre a condition. Mediæval science was in the first place dogmatic. We do not mean by this that it laid down certain fundamental positions as true, and taught them in the schools—for science must always do this; but that it taught these positions as true without any proof of them, or any appeal to the pupil's reason, as the ground of such teaching. Thus it laid down that there were four elements, that each element tended to its own place, an absolute heavy and an absolute light, the difference between a violent and a natural motion, that some kinds of motion were better than others, that all Nature's movements were the best. A set of axioms was handed down in physical science which the pupil was required to accept, simply because they were there—because some great man had asserted them, and nobody had yet disputed them. He gave a blind assent to them, just as if he was looking at a brick wall; he did not *see* they were true, that was impossible, for they did come into contact with his reason and scientific perceptions. That state of the human mind which did not make a distinction between physical science and religion in this respect, is indeed a strange one to us at the present day. Dogmas in theology are a wall to us indeed, but they are reasonable because the subject-matter of theology is admitted to be incom-

prehensible. But science has only to do with such truth as the mind admits into itself, unites itself to, and perceives. To be content therefore, in science, with looking at a wall is simple stupidity—a want of consciousness, on the mind's part, of the very act which it is performing, and the process it is conducting. Mediæval science was, however, to a large extent dogmatic; and one result, which it is very relevant to the present question to observe, followed from this, viz., that science could be contained and taught in books. If a position stands simply upon authority, and does not appeal to any proof by experiment, all that is necessary for the true and proper teaching of it is, that it should be put down upon paper, clearly and grammatically. The pupil then is put in possession of the truth, and there is nothing more to be done.

Again mediæval science was logical. Science, even physical, cannot, it is true, get on without logic, or what may be called such. The metaphysical sort of reasoning is required in it, for physical science is not a matter-of-fact affair simply, it is concerned with ideas, and therefore such reasoning is wanted in it as is necessary for bringing out ideas. The ideas, *e. g.*, of pressure and mechanical force, or, in other words, the perceptions of these facts, can only be pursued and developed by an act of the brain which may be called an act of reasoning. Again, physical science requires such reasoning as is implied in inductions; for, however many facts it may have collected, it can only extract laws from them by a pure act of the mind. The best science therefore requires logic, but it is logic on a solid basis of nature, certain laws, or large observations. There is another mode of treating a subject which is called especially logical, when not only the reasoning, but the basis upon which the reasoning goes, is got out of the man's own brain. This method does not, indeed, really use at all more logic than the other, only differing from it in the basis and not in the amount of its reasoning; it is called however, *par excellence*, logical in a spurious and absurd sense, simply as being more internal and speculative. And, in the same way, the philosophy which argues summarily from a very small basis of fact, is called specially a logical philosophy, not because it reasons more, but because it knows less. In this sense, then, mediæval science was logical, that is to say, it fabricated axioms and argued upon them as if they were true ones; it had but a small experience, and it built as much upon it as if it were the largest. The proof of the motions of the heavenly bodies was thus a logical one. The move-



ments of nature are the best movements; the best movements are continuous; continuous movements are circular; therefore the movements of the heavenly bodies are perfectly circular. The theory of gravitation was a logical one. Heavy is contrary to light; exterior is opposite to centre; but the heavy tends to the centre; therefore the light tends to the exterior. This was the explanation how fire went upwards and lead downwards—the assumptions in it being an absolute heavy and light, and the tendency of the heavy to the earth's centre. Thus Gilbert complained that preceding naturalists had settled the material of the earth's centre by abstract reasonings; and the relative density of the four elements was determined upon a scale as fictitious and hypothetical as the selection of the four. When the axioms of mediæval science again were not mere assumptions, but originally derived from experience, experience had long ceased to superintend them. They went on from age to age, never qualified, corrected or enlarged. 'The axioms,' says Bacon, 'now in use are derived from a scanty handful, as it were, of experience, and a few particulars of frequent occurrence, whence they are of much the same dimensions or extent as their origin. And if any neglected or unknown instance occurs, the axiom is saved by some frivolous distinction, when it would be more consistent with truth to amend it.' Mediæval science, then, was dogmatic and logical, and as such it had its principal seat, not in external nature, but either in books or in the human brain.

To take the department of medicine—the mediæval physician had studied his science not in nature, but in books. Was anything the matter with you?—he had read the approved writings of antiquity—he brought his book mentally with him to your bedside, he examined you by the authorised signs and prognostics, and when the book had discovered your complaint, the book provided the cure. The interior of the human body was not seen till the beginning of the fourteenth century; and when Mondino had described it, the better physicians read Mondino. The knowledge of medicines was got from books. 'The Arabs,' says Van Helmont, 'the Gentiles, the Barbarians, the wild men of the woods and the Indians, have used more observation in collecting their simples than all the Europeans, who, since the days of Dioscorides the soldier, the contemporary of Plato, have added nothing to the knowledge of herbs. We follow spurious and false traditions—we read books—but do not observe. The Father of Lights is to be supplicated that

He vouchsafe to give us such knowledge as He gave Bezaleel and Aboliab, for the glory of His name, and our neighbour's welfare. But it is to be feared that He who permitted the works of Solomon to perish will reserve the knowledge of simples till the coming of Elijah.' This gloomy anticipation has not been fulfilled, but that it was entertained is sufficiently significant. The consequence of such a dependence of medical science on books is obvious. So long as nature coincided with Hippocrates you had a chance of a decent cure; but if she once ventured to diverge from him, your prospect was a bad one. If she indulged in a new complaint, or in other symptoms of an old one, such independence was fatal. Neither the complaint nor the symptoms were in Hippocrates. Then where were they?—Nowhere. Such unauthorised intruders were ignored, and it was unreasonable in a patient to die. A tremendous disease, like the sweating sickness, would occasionally indeed overleap this barrier of etiquette, and a powerful upstart would extort a recognition by the largeness of the scale on which he worked, but minor effects were not attended to.

But you were lucky if you got a doctor who prescribed for you from Hippocrates, and attempted no other course; for Hippocrates was an observer, and handed down some valuable knowledge of nature. You might fall into the hands of a logical practitioner, and then your fate was sealed. The logical physician argued from certain primary ideas of disease, or rather from the necessary meanings of certain terms used to express this or that disease. Thus, heat was considered to be involved in the very idea of fever, included in the very meaning of the term. To remove the fever, therefore, the doctor must let out the heat in the body; and the heat being in the blood, he must therefore bleed the patient copiously. It was in vain to argue that fever could not be fundamentally heat, because in some stages of a fever the patient's teeth chattered with cold: the argument was answered by the distinction that these stages of a fever were not the real fever, or that the cold that was felt in them was not real cold, but only a simulation of it. The definition of fever thus stood its ground against the witness of nature, and the alleged meaning of a word was deferred to as if it was a truth of fact, and a system of medical practice founded upon it. But once separate science from the observation of nature, and it will run into absurdities, which were never dreamed of at the first divergence. The discipline of attention to facts can alone keep up the standard of common sense. In the absence

of all check, medical science left the common world altogether, and became astrological. Men whom Van Helmont thought worthy of exposure wanted exceedingly to make out that there were only twelve diseases, because the twelve signs of the Zodiac would in that case supply a remedy apiece—an arrangement which would reduce their healing power to a beautiful simplicity. But the testimony of nature being too strong against this scantiness of human suffering, each sign was divided into three parts, each of which superintended its appropriate complaint. A patient then, who had a disease which was neither fever, gout, quinsy, jaundice, hypochondria, nor any of the thirty-six select complaints which were favoured with places in the system, was badly off; the Zodiac, from Aries to Pisces, was shut against him: an approximation was hazardous, but it was the only course left; let him consent to a pleurisy, and he could be accommodated in the Scorpion. These sages penetrated to realms above and realms below; they cultivated relations with every portion of the universe except that particular one which was enclosed within the sick man's body before them. They soared to influences in the uppermost regions of the fifth essence, they pierced to sympathies and antipathies in the bowels of the earth, they were at home with the antagonisms of the poles; their inquisitive philosophy just stopped short of one inquiry, viz. into the state of your, their patient's, liver. These sublime intelligences dwelt, at an infinite distance from fact, among universal forms, among primæval genera, and abstractions. A conical cap, a furred robe, might be at your bedside, but the sage's head was outside not only of your apartment, but the tangible universe itself, deciding under which of the three predicables disease came—quantity, quality, or relation. It is true you might die while this important question was being decided; but it would be a great consolation to you that your slippery antagonist was in a fair way to be caught and well squeezed in the Aristotelian vice.

But the extravagances of mediæval science only deserve notice as showing the hollowness of the basis on which the science itself rested. The nature of that basis was dogmatic and logical, and upon that basis arose the large and unlimited pretensions of a mediæval university. So long as science was dogmatic, it could be taught in books; so long as it was logical, it could be worked out in the brain; and no other help besides these two was required for its cultivation. The immediate consequence of such a basis was that every university could truly teach

all the sciences; because every university had books, and the pupils came provided with brains. But as soon as the discovery was made that the observation of nature was necessary to physical science, the unlimited pretensions of the University had to submit to a new test. Had the University, as such, this new conductive to physical science?—It had not. It had not for this reason, that the University was not a *place* in which nature could be seen. Logic is independent of place, for the process of reasoning is the same everywhere; but for observation sight is necessary, and sight is dependent on place. One large and most important branch of physical science immediately left the University on this very ground—medicine. The University could not supply the medical student with the human subject, the examination and dissection of which was, on the new system, necessary to his end. The large hospital could only be had in a large city, the largest only in a capital, and a university need not, as such, be situated in a large or a capital city. But medicine did not retire alone: the chemist found in the metropolis more skilful workmen to construct a large, cumbrous, and ever-growing apparatus than he could in a provincial town. Moreover, though the common phenomena of nature are everywhere, her curiosities are not. These are brought from distant corners of the earth, and formed into collections, and of these a metropolis is the most natural recipient. And the metropolis collects men as well as specimens. The steps of scientific travellers are, on their return home, turned thither, and a centre and fountain-head of intelligence is formed there respecting all nature extraordinary. But the chemist, the mineralogist, the geologist are concerned with extraordinary as well as ordinary nature: their direction therefore is to the metropolis.

But the sciences are not moved by separate influences only, but by social. Let any one great secession take place, and the seceder will draw others after it, on the principle of company. But the medical was such a secession. It is not to be denied that, however much people may care about science in the abstract, they care a great deal more about their skins; and a man who has the rheumatism or the gout will feel that it is of more consequence to him that his complaint should be cured, than that a new planet should be discovered. Based upon this solid appeal to self-interest, the medical becomes necessarily the most populous branch of physical science. It is co-extensive with society, and has a home where the rest are but guests. Measuring

science, therefore, by the numbers of those engaged in it, the bulk of physical science has now left the University. There is more than a nucleus, a whole continent, formed elsewhere, round which the less bulky sciences naturally gather. Chemistry especially attaches itself to medicine, because its assistance is essential to it. Mechanics and astronomy have indeed no such reason for leaving the University; nor have they the reason of the observation of nature; for the great laws of nature, with which alone they are concerned, are the same everywhere, and the stars may be seen in one place as well as another: but they naturally choose their head-quarters at the principal seat of physical science, wherever that may be. Thus, for one reason or another, either for purposes of their own which they cannot execute elsewhere, or on motives of sympathy and fraternity—because all scientific men have a common ground as such, and like to congregate together—the physical sciences migrate to and establish their head-quarters at the metropolis.\*

It was then from no negligence which we can repair, no mistake or mischance which we can correct, it was from simple and absolute necessity that the University ceased to be the head-quarters of science, and delivered her leadership in that department into other hands. That change was the result of the publication of the *Novum Organon*; of the establishment of the sciences on the Baconian basis, in the place of their old one. Nor can that leadership be restored unless the old basis of the sciences is restored with it; in which case the public must be prepared to submit again to the science of the schools, to the physics of Aristotle, Averroes, and Avicenna, to another theory of gravitation, and to a noble death under the treatment of medicinal logic.

These considerations settle to a great extent the question of professional education, for the sake of which they were introduced. The University can give a professional education in those lines for which the required knowledge is contained in books. It can educate schoolmasters classical and mathematical, because classics and mathematics are contained in books: it can educate clergymen, because theology is contained in books. And thus much professional education our Universities give, though for peculiar reasons their theological is a meagre one. But the University cannot give an effective scientific education for the reasons which we have given; and for much the

same reasons it cannot give a strictly professional education in law. Our Universities were schools of law indeed in the middle ages, but it was of the Canon and Civil laws, which were systematized and contained in books. English law is not properly contained in books, but rather in a living system of details and applications, which must be learned on the actual field of litigation, in the attorney's office, the conveyancer's chambers, and the courts. The Universities never taught, even in the middle ages, English law, but left it to the inns of court.

The German Universities indeed discharge the office, of which we have been relieving the English, and give a professional education to the whole of Germany; but it must be remembered, for the distinction is important on the present question, that they do not do it as so many single Universities, but as an aggregate or corporation of such institutions. A University may undoubtedly give a professional education, only, if it gives one, it does so not as such, but as a University which happens to be placed in a large or capital city. In Germany the Universities in the capitals give the medical education; those in the smaller towns are mainly for classics and theology. Moreover, the German student is a nomad; he goes to one University for one purpose, to another for another; and the civil arrangement which, overlapping the boundaries of states, incorporates the Universities in one system, making the professor's certificate of one valid for a degree in another, enables him to do this. The University in the small town of Giessen thus collected the large chemical classes of Liebig, which it subsequently handed over to the hospitals of Berlin. But the English student prefers the more convenient plan of attending his chemical and medical professors in the same place. Nor were Liebig himself to lecture in Oxford, would he probably continue there long, but would go to the world of scientific students in London before that world came to Oxford to him. And it is a significant fact that Liebig has left Giessen and gone to Munich. A nation of course can and will provide for its own professional education; but the professional education which the German University system, turned expressly to this use by law and possessing in its certificates the sole legal entrance into all the professions, supplies, is the achievement of a nation, not of a University.

Some watchwords which have been recently raised have led us to be longer in showing what the function of our Universities is not, than we shall hope to be in showing what it is.

\* For some valuable thoughts on this subject see Mr. Mansell's evidence attached to the Oxford Report.

It would argue some want of philosophy in a person to suppose that the great movement of the sixteenth century, because it broke up the ancient basis of the University, its pretension to universal science, left nothing in its place. That basis was only broken up to be remodelled, and the same movement which took away in one direction gave in another. The great movement of the sixteenth century was a joint one from various sources, and combined several aims. It was a scientific one and aimed at power; it was a classical one and aimed at philosophy, polish, and refinement; and both these aims had one common ground in a human mind awakened and alive to new capacities and resources. It was seen that so able and gifted a pupil required another mode of training than that which it had hitherto had, and a new want was created—the want of what is called *general education*.

We shall not on this occasion go over again a much-trodden ground, and urge the various advantages of a general education as the best groundwork for a subsequent advance in special lines of knowledge. Those who want to see this argument brought out with singular power, weight, and conciseness, may be referred to some essays which originally appeared in this Review, and have since been published with the other writings of the late Mr. Davison. It is enough here if we remind those who discountenance this want as if it were an artificial and effeminate one, and would send men into the professions with a bare elementary fulfilment of it, that this want was certainly a discovery of the very scientific movement of which they think themselves the special disciples, and of which discipleship they think this jealousy the proof. By a good general education, we mean that preliminary education in a much greater degree, which every one who is educated at all has in some degree. The parish-school boy receives a general education up to the age of ten, which is up to that time substantially the same education with that which the future tradesman receives: but the education in his case stops at ten and does not go on. The tradesman continues this education up to sixteen—a very considerable advance. And this extension of time brings with it, for the simple reason that time requires to be filled up, the addition of new matter in the shape of classics. This education again is, for so long as it goes on, substantially the same with that which he who is called *par excellence* the educated man receives; it only stops at sixteen. The educated man continues this education up to one or two and twenty, and this is a great advance upon the education of the

one below him, as the latter was upon the first in the scale. It is a great advance for this reason especially, that it brings general education into the period of dawning manly intelligence and awakening consciousness of power—a most valuable and critical period of life. If general education be an instrument for bringing out and exercising the general faculties, it stands to reason that the greater the power of mind subjected to it, the greater must be the use made of the instrument, and the deeper the effects. The boy of sixteen is but a very inadequate subject for such training; he presents no soil deep enough for it to sink into: he is the mere recipient of technical information, rules of syntax and prosody, or the more recondite lore of the *Clavis-Homerica*. But at twenty reason begins to work, and the interior of her awful treasury partially opens within the mind. There now springs up a remarkable power or faculty, which we only know by its effect; viz., that we find ourselves looking upon objects as real, and recognising the reality as a new discovery which we had not made before. To the schoolboy's imagination, the ancient Greeks and Romans are little more than puppets, of which the movements and actions have been the gratuitous creation of history rather than her theme. They were fanciful theologians, and were very fond of fighting; their life was an absurdity, and their belief nonsense. Substance and reality are to his mind almost entirely synonymous with present time; he professes to know that the Greeks and Romans have been dead many centuries, and that is sufficient proof to him that they were ridiculous and fantastic people. But take him a few years onward and all this is changed. The doors of the past are now rolling back on their hinges, and discovering a world which, however long ago, once really was. History is no longer a surface, but a solid retrospect. Now nations and empires, the conquest and the settlement, the marches of armies, the migrations of hordes; now Greek, Persian, Roman, Sarmatian, Scythian; the Bosphorus, Egean, Euxine, Caspian, and Mæotian Lake assume a mysterious life, and become, from their new alliance with truth, a vivid imagery. Real person, event, and place are dimly seen in the distance of a veritable past. Now metaphysics become a favourite pursuit, and, just as the soldier of Shakespeare is 'full of strange oaths,' the ambitious student of twenty delights in a profound phraseology relating to the human mind, the universe, and such like things, of which he finds a valuable treasury in Kant and Tenneman, and by a spirited use of which he arrives at large results with

a small expenditure of understanding. He glories in objective and subjective, in elementary notions, and synthetical axioms; he is at home in all the departments of modality, and is great in the conditionate and unconditional: that is to say, he begins to be conscious of deep faculties, and to wish to exert them; and as he cannot as yet master ideas, he throws himself into words. Now, set a mind in this period of dawning intelligence down to a professional course, and there is a great risk of its deeper instincts being stifled between an oppressive and mechanical routine of labour, and a too simple abandonment to recreation. The mind retaliates on the dryness of its work, by the levity of its enjoyment; and each side of the alteration is injurious to its deeper growth. But a general education does not oppress and does not dissipate it. Under its fostering and genial shade there is opportunity for the natural exercise of these opening powers of thought; the deep, however dim, class of ideas can come in and go out of the mind, and come in again with unforced steps; there will be time for spontaneous growth and play of intellect just when these are most required; new thoughts will arise, and new connexions and aspects of things will appear. A general education moulds the hour of recreation as well as of study, and makes it serve its purpose often as effectively. Congenial subjects do not oppress the mind as a professional routine does, but leave it even in its time of enjoyment, equal and inclined to higher thoughts and conversation. And with salutary leisure, nervous and bracing effort is also best supplied by general education. The professional routine is apt soon to become mechanical, and to fatigue rather than to test and exert the powers; but general education provides of set purpose a succession of difficulties to surmount, in the intricate structure and minute elegancies of dead language, which are never exhausted and are inexhaustible; in the wide historian and the subtle or the cramped philosopher. The intellect is wholesomely both strung to effect and released for play. Do not then cut too short this morning twilight with its first impressions, and dim perceptions of shapes and outlines which an unfolding world of mind presents. It will often bear deep fruits in after years. The work of life will come soon enough, and will be heavy and grinding when it does come. To linger upon the last verge of an early and preparatory scene is no unwise delay, no fond reluctance to a farewell, no yielding to a luxury and a dream, but a gathering of effort and an economy of strength.

A general education, then, thus extended and developed was the growth of the very same movement which reanimated science. The mediæval system did not give a good general education, that is to say, it did not prolong but hurried it; it set the boy to work at logic at the time he ought to have been reading his syntax, and embarked the young man on the faculties at the time he ought to have been working at his logic. Bacon called attention to this error, and laid down the principle of a prolonged general education. 'I hold it to be an error,' he says, 'that scholars in the universities come too soon and too unripe to logic and rhetoric, arts fitter for graduates than children and novices; for these two rightly taken are the gravest of sciences. . . . And further, the untimely learning of them hath drawn on, by consequence, the superficial and unprofitable teaching and writing of them, as fitted indeed to the capacity of children.' And in describing the wants of the age in which he lived, he describes substantially such an institution as the English University has, in the course of events, become. 'Amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning is to be referred to action they judge well; but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performed the office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth; but yet, notwithstanding, it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest; so, if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are thence served and supplied.' The increase of wealth and civilization, united strongly with the intellectual movement in making this want felt. The advocates of commercial energy and national production may talk as they like against our University education, but it is a want to which the very growth of trade and capital has led. As soon as ever a nation is rich it wants high education. The rich merchant and manufacturer, if he has not had the benefit himself, appreciates it for his sons. Wealth, as certainly as it grows, produces the aim at refinement and general culture of mind, and does not stay on the level of production.

Deprived then, in the progress of things, of its ancient basis of all the sciences, the University has only exchanged that basis for another as important and useful. It supplies a want which the progress of society, intel-

lectual and social, for the last three centuries has created. It does not stand upon an obsolete and mediæval, but upon true Baconian ground. The supply of a high general education is the use of our Universities to the English nation, and, if the nation is wise, it will make this use of them, rather than try to extort another for which they are unfitted, and which other institutions answer. Society is pledged by its own existence to provide itself with professional education; and you need be under no fear of a failure in that quarter. But society can go on without a high general education, and therefore a provision for that is not so certain. This is a something *extra*, essential to the perfection but not to the existence of society. To call it a superfluity would be too much, because, though we can do, we can do well without it; but it is subject to the condition of a superfluity, viz., that we cannot count upon it unless we have a peculiar provision for its support. A court and an aristocracy are indeed a provision for this in a degree, but they are a somewhat capricious one, and of too narrow a range. The university penetrates into the heart of society, and has its representatives in many different classes. Such being the case, it is true economy to use resources for their peculiar objects, it is wasting them to apply them to other. First find out what your institution—not was a thousand years ago, but, in the course of events, is now; then get out of it what it is adapted to supply. The advantage in the present instance is quite solid enough to vindicate the utility of the institution; it appears on the face of English society, and our universities can say, *Si queris, circumspice*. There are wealthy nations in the world that would have a high general education if they could, but cannot, because they have not got the institutions for it. French education is much inferior to ours: Huber makes the same admission of German social education, and the fact is significant that the Germans have no solid general reviews. The Americans would give a great deal for the machinery of a high education. But we have it. And if the Englishman can point to a more highly informed society and a better educated clergy than any other country possesses, let him give due credit to the Universities.

The question of professional education decides to some extent, though by no means we hope to show entirely, the question of university extension. Our Universities are, indeed, national institutions in the sense of being of real use to the nation; but the particular use they are of prevents them from being national in the sense of covering the

whole area of the nation, and educating all classes. Undoubtedly they ought to be ready and glad to educate the student, of whatever class, who wants their education; but the great mass of those who want a respectable education in this country do not want the education which the universities give. The mass want a professional education, to begin at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and a general education to last up to that age; but the University is not the place, as we have shown, for a professional education; nor is it, for very obvious reasons, the place for a general education up to the age of sixteen or seventeen. To convert the Universities to this use would be simply to turn them into grammar schools, and to enlarge the numbers they educate at the cost of lowering the education. There could be no manner of use in such an arrangement. We have grammar schools already that supply education in this stage, and do not want the Universities for it. Nor could the education of boys, and the education of maturer academical students, go on together in the same place. Our Universities could not become in this sense national without becoming like—we mean no disrespect—the Scotch Universities. The Scotch Universities are, indeed, institutions for all classes; they give a professional education to the medical man, and the curtailed general education to the tradesman. But Scotland is not on this account better off, but worse off than England. 'Erudition,' says Sir W. Hamilton, 'in every higher acceptation is in Scotland at a lower pass than in almost any other country of Europe.' The Universities of Scotland then supply its necessities, and do not raise its standard. We have Scotch University education in our grammar schools and our medical schools, and we have also what Scotland has not, that which is called University education.

But the great function of our Universities being laid down, the question of its modification comes in. It is certainly an important question whether general education is not prolonged to an undue extent at our Universities, and whether the wants of society do not require an accommodation. Society in this or any mercantile country is in a mixed state, partly of activity and partly of repose; even the same family often exhibits both states. There is trade in progress and trade which is reposing after its exertions; trade which is in pursuit of, and trade which has arrived at wealth. Now that portion of society which is wholly in repose can afford a long time for a general education; that which is wholly in progress can afford but little; but there is a considerable mixed class

which can afford some but not all the time for it, which the present system demands. This class appreciates and might apply for a university education, did it admit some ingredients addressed to the active and business side of its state. The eldest son, with his fortune secured, has more time often than value for this benefit; the clerical son is in no hurry; but the medical man and the lawyer want to be learning something of their profession. To a rank of life, such as we are supposing here, that could afford to meet the University half way, such accommodations could perhaps be made with advantage. It is to be observed, moreover, that general education has certainly gained one or two additional years within this century by our practice of late matriculation, which brings up young men to the University at nineteen instead of the age, common thirty or forty years ago, of sixteen or seventeen. So great an advance as this (though some was wanted) has been an encroachment on the professional department; and some arrangement which would push general education back again, by the option of an earlier termination of it, would be no more than a restoration of former limits. While therefore we cannot wish the University hastily to unsettle the basis of the new Examination Statute of 1850, which was framed on this very view of accommodation, and which deserves a fair trial, we cannot but think the recommendation of the Oxford Commissioners, to devote the last year of the academical course to special studies, worthy of consideration.

But though the general recommendation of the Commissioners with respect to the last year is a good one, in the construction of the last years' schools, they appear to us to confound two totally distinct things, a professional school and a compartment of general education. What they profess to recommend is preliminary *professional* education; 'that all students should be at liberty for the latter period of their career to devote themselves to pursuits preparatory to their future professions.' But when we come to the schools they erect for this purpose, we find them, not schools of preliminary professional instruction, but mere arbitrary divisions of the field of universal knowledge, each composed of several large subjects, and including only, not singling out, the particular professional one. We are aware that many intelligent men approve of a division of the field of knowledge for the last year's examination, as contrasted with the present comprehensive classical school. But whatever may be the advantages of such a division, it does not provide preliminary

professional schools, as the Commissioners profess to do.

Of the school of 'Mental Philosophy and Philology,' which is not in pretence professional but meant for those who prefer a continuation of general education, we say nothing, except that we should have preferred the representative of the present *Literæ Humaniores* school, under a less improved title. A young gentleman fresh from a first-class conquest of the realms of 'Mental Philosophy and Philology' will be looked up to by his mamma and sisters with an awe injurious to his humility; and the title, though but a name, savours of a departure from Aristotle and a crossing over to too ambitious modern textbooks. Indeed, this standard is openly raised, and the evidence of Mr. J. M. Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, a gentleman of great ability, is quoted:

'I have not known any public examiner of late years who has not expressed disappointment and dissatisfaction on first reading over the logic and ethic papers of the candidates for honours. The feeling is that the mode in which these subjects are studied has rather a pernicious effect than otherwise on the mind of the student. My own impression, when I was examiner, was that the time given to those subjects, in by far the greater number of cases, was thrown away.'

But does Mr. Wilson seriously think that the introduction of new text-books will alter this first impression that every examiner, we suppose, in the world receives from the papers of the majority of candidates for honours? Does he seriously think that, if he was disappointed with these papers when Aristotle was the text-book, he will be gratified when Cousin or Kant is? The deficiencies of these papers are owing, not to the text-book, but to the student. The subject is really beyond him, and is only put into his hands as a useful trial of his faculties, his power of mastering and arranging the statements of a philosophical work, which he understands sufficiently for that purpose; which knowledge of their meaning is also itself, as far as it goes, a gain to him. No one really expects to find a deep acquaintance with the truths *themselves* of philosophy in one of these examination papers, and to try it by such a test is to break a fly upon a wheel. But, because the paper is defective, we cannot agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking 'its effect pernicious,' or 'the time given to it thrown away.' A diligent young man who has got up the Ethics respectably has not, because his perception of its philosophy is somewhat dim, sustained any injury either moral or intellectual; nor, because the result is itself of no value, is the labour he has



undergone for it unprofitable. Put Mr. Mill's Logic into the hands of a young student, and he will treat it in the same way in which he treats his present text-books. The deeper and more distinctive parts of that work require the mind, not only of a man, but a man of depth and acuteness, and whose depth and acuteness are of a metaphysical kind, to enter into them. What will a young student then do with Mr. Mill? He will get up his *statements*, without understanding them, and his papers will exhibit the same radical defect which they do now, only perhaps with more show and pretension. The subject-matter of the school of Philosophy and Philology, then, is not improved by the Commissioners. But its subject-matter is better than the reason which they give for it, which is 'that there is a close connexion between the study of the mental processes and of language as the exponent of those processes! Be considerate to the undergraduate mind, and do not add to an already somewhat confused preception of 'the mental processes' the terrible obscurity of such an interpreter. Philosophy is a good thing, and philology is a good thing, but the peculiar connexion between philosophy and philology is about equal to the esoteric one of German and the German flute at this intellectual stage.

Of the Professional schools we turn first to the school of Mathematical and Physical Science. This proposed school is a union of two existing schools, that of mathematics and that of natural science. The school of natural science was part of the Statute of 1850, and is a testimony to the ability, the perseverance, and the disinterested scientific zeal of Dr. Daubeny, at whose persuasion principally it was erected. For reasons already stated, we cannot give the eminent founder of this school hopes of any large influx of professional students into it. But in its present shape it might do considerable service in providing knowledge that would be useful to the future country-gentleman for his land, or to students whom a modification of the University system might gain from the higher manufacturing or professional rank. But chemistry and mathematics together make no special school for the chemical student, amateur or professional, who has no general need of the mathematical portion; except indeed on this understanding that this one school is virtually two, and that some are to be examined in chemistry in it and some in mathematics. And in that case the unity of the school is a fiction, and its testimonials mislead the public mind; the same in name and title being given to two totally distinct classes of students, and

for two totally distinct departments of knowledge.

We come next to the 'School of Jurisprudence and History.' This is a school again erected by the Statute of 1850; and a judicious administration of it in its present shape might make it a useful school of preparatory professional education for the lawyer; because at present jurisprudence in it has only the companionship of Modern History, and a certain knowledge of modern history is required for a knowledge of the general basis, formation and growth of English law. But the Commissioners have weighted the school too much for a professional use. The addition of the vast subject of Ancient History, with all the philosophy and the scholarship attaching to it, and the theories of Niebuhr, Bishop Thirlwall, and Mr. Grote to get up, converts this school into a simple division of the field of universal knowledge, instead of allowing it to supply 'a preparatory education for young men destined for the bar,' as the Commissioners profess that it does. Ancient history may be a preparation for the bar so far as it is a part of general education, but when you purposely leave the ground of general education and go to professional, ancient history in the lump cannot possibly be regarded as a preparation for the bar. An acquaintance with the sources of the Doric and Ionic races, with Herodotæan geography, or with the strategics of the battle of Cannæ, can be no part whatever, either immediate or distant, of the professional education of a lawyer; and to tell a young man, anxious to be starting on his professional course, that his general education is over, but that all ancient history has still to be got up, is to impose on him a distinction without a difference, and to put law upon the door while you take him only to another ordeal of the scholar.

We are the more opposed to this over-weighting of the Jurisprudence school because there does appear to be, among the many vague and cloudy anticipations which have been raised, a practical opening to the University in this direction, were it properly attended to. The sound and valuable evidence of Mr. Stephen Denison, in the Oxford Commission's Report, ought to be read in connexion with this subject. There is the testimony of the highest legal names—Lord Brougham's, Lord Denman's, Lord Campbell's, Mr. Baron Parke's, Sir Richard Bethell's—to the fact that a preliminary professional education is a *want* in the department of the law. This is a most important point to be decided, because, if the Universities are called on to modify or enlarge their system to meet the wants of the public, they

naturally wish in the first instance to know whether these wants exist. In the instance before us, then, the Universities may be quite satisfied that the want does exist, and that part of the question is settled.

'At a public meeting of the Law Amendment Society, on 18th of June, 1851, at which Lord Brougham was in the chair, a motion, made by Mr. Bethell, Q.C., "that it was highly desirable that a school of law and jurisprudence should be founded in connexion with the Society for promoting the Amendment of the Law," was carried unanimously; and the mover, in an admirable speech, exposed the various evils attending the present want of legal education, and intimated an opinion that means might be devised of supplying at the Inns of Court, not professional instruction, which he admitted might be insufficient, but tutorial teaching, such as existed at the Universities in other departments of learning, which he thought absolutely necessary."—*Report*, p. 119.

To this testimony to the want is added the testimony of no less a name than that of Blackstone, to the Universities being the places to supply it. We cite his words, for they are indeed authoritative on such a subject:—"The inconveniences here pointed out," he says, meaning those caused by a want of preparatory legal education, 'can never be effectually prevented, but by making academical education a previous step to the profession of the common law, and at the same time making the rudiments of the law a part of academical education.' Mr. Denison enlarges on the superiority of the Universities over the Inns of Court as places for supplying this want, their greater quietness and discipline. Nor does Sir R. Bethell appear to fix on the Inns of Court in preference to the Universities, but only because, in the absence of any proposal from the Universities to undertake such a charge, the Inns of Court are the natural institutions to do it. He describes, as the proper system for imparting such instruction, the tutorial system, as carried on at the Universities.

To this testimony to the want in the legal profession, and to the fitness of the Universities for supplying it, add the old and traditional connexion between the Universities and the Bar. The Bar has always ranked high as a liberal profession, and a University education is specially suitable to its members. This connexion has, in the course of late years, been a good deal weakened, owing to the activity of the age and increasing urgency of the professional claim as compared with that of general education. But it has not yet ceased, and while it exists there is a solid ground on which to plant a revival. Difficulties there would be to pro-

viding legal instruction, because legal instruction should be given by lawyers, and lawyers want to live in London. But such difficulties do not appear inaccessible to arrangement. The liberty, then, to devote the last year of the academical course to a law school might be a politic one, and be of service in drawing young men intended for that profession to the University, as well as others whose future position in life would make some knowledge of law useful to them. But a Law school to be efficient for this purpose must not be weighted with Ancient History.

The school of Theology is a new creation of the Commissioners, intended to fill up a gap in the Oxford system. The attempt is laudable, but the arrangements break down. The Commissioners deeply lament the present neglect of theology, as an independent study, at Oxford, and profess the strongest desire to revive it. This erection, therefore, is a decided favourite, and they anticipate, with the pious zeal of founders, its salutary and abundant fruits in the formation of 'a great theological school at Oxford.' But, having erected their school, they append a condition, which could only practically be enforced at the cost of emptying it. They append this remarkable condition:—"While we are desirous that the ministers of the Church should be fully instructed in matters relating to their profession, it would be desirable that they should be compelled also to enter into another school." Now, without noticing one curious consequence of such a rule, viz., that the future squire is allowed to embark on the exclusive study of theology, which the future clergymen is not, we cannot but express some surprise that gentlemen so acute as Her Majesty's Commissioners could not see that such a rule was in the first place a very unjust one, were it executed, and in the next place that it would be impossible to execute it. The rule is, that under-graduates who are going to be ministers of the Church should be compelled to go into this theological school, and also into another; but this would be to double the pass-work and greatly obstruct the classical honours of this class of undergraduates, which would be a decided hardship, especially considering the importance of the classical honours as testimonials for situations in after-life. But such a rule could not possibly be enforced; for how can the University distinguish the undergraduate who is going to be a minister of the Church, from one who is going to be a layman? He cannot even distinguish himself with certainty, a young man often not knowing at the time what he is going to be.

The rule then, as it stands, could not be enforced, unless the University imposed the determinate choice of a profession at this time upon its students, to which there would be a strong objection, and which the Commissioners do not propose. The only practical way of carrying out the design of this rule, and preventing the exclusive study of theology by this class of undergraduates, would be to prohibit its exclusive study at all, and make this a rule, that *whoever* entered this theological school should enter another as well: and this order would immediately empty the school. The 'great theological school,' then, which the Commissioners promised us, is nipped in the bud; but they have succeeded to admiration in preventing the exclusive study of theology, for they have prevented the study of theology altogether.

We are far from derrying the great difficulties in the way of theology at Oxford as an independent study; nor do we find fault with the Commission for not surmounting them, but for not properly seeing them. A theological school, with the liberty to devote the last year to it, would in all probability receive not the most promising portion of Oxford students, who would for obvious reasons prefer the *Literæ humaniores* school. The theological school would therefore take an inferior rank, and this would not be a desirable result. This and other disadvantages attach to the independent study of theology before the degree. The study of theology after the degree would involve additional residence, and additional residence additional expense. Moreover—and the remark does not involve any reflection upon the tone of student life at Oxford—preparation for holy orders would make a change of scene, greater retirement, and a less mixed field, preferable for most men; and the Diocesan college has advantages as a place of theological study at this time. The present Cambridge plan is that of a theological school for examination simply, without residence being required; and this, under the sanction of the bishops, many of whom require its certificate, is said to have given a stimulus to theological study, though accompanied with some drawbacks too likely to accompany a simply academical examination on so sacred a subject. The question, what course of theological instruction ought, in addition to the University degree, to be imposed on young men going into orders, and where this instruction should be given, is one for the Episcopal Bench rather than for the University to decide. The University might give opportunity for resident study after the degree, but it would not collect a

school unless the bishops required that school's certificate. Under these circumstances, it devolves on the Bench to decide—and a difficult practical question it will be—what new conditions, with their accompanying *expenses*, they may think themselves justified in imposing upon entrance into holy orders, for the sake of an improved theological training. In the mean time we can only console Oxford with the reflection that, if it does not give a special theological education, it gives that upon which a theological knowledge can afterwards be formed. Hear Sir William Hamilton:—

'A comparison of the Scotch and English Churches affords a curious illustration in point. In the latter, the clergy have a tolerable classical training, but for ages have enjoyed, we may say, no theological education at all. In the former, the clergy must accomplish the longest course of theological study prescribed in any country, but with the worst and shortest classical preparation. Yet in theological erudition what a contrast do the two Churches exhibit! And this simply because a learned scholar can easily slide into a learned divine without a special theological education; whereas no theological education can make a man a competent divine who is not a learned scholar—theology being, in a human sense, only a philology and a history, applied by philosophy.'—*Discussions on Philosophy, &c.*, p. 382.

To sum up on the general subject of professional education at the University. This subject, in the first place, has never yet been properly sifted. There has been a vague call for some years for an expansion of the University system in this direction, but nobody has gone beyond the mere surface of the subject, one man saying what he hears another man say; and the public intelligence has stopped at an idea, instead of pushing on into the solid interior of the question. Nor, we must be permitted to say, have the Oxford Commissioners done much to enlighten us on this subject. With the avowed object distinctly before them, of promoting 'preparatory professional education' in Oxford, and with full command of the Royal name for inquiring into the means and manner of doing this, they have not gone to the great professional world itself for any information as to what such an education ought to be in order to be useful and acceptable to it. No intelligence is obtained from this quarter as to the want felt of a University education, its practicableness, the accommodations to be made: and one or two vague and incidental guesses in the evidence throw all the light which is thrown on this subject. But this portion of society ought certainly to have been consulted upon a question which came specially within its province, and arrange-

ments which were expressly meant for its accommodation. The construction of these schools shows accordingly a zeal for the prosecution of particular branches of knowledge, but little practical spirit of accommodation to professional wants. Upon the small data, however, which we have had, the results of our own consideration of this subject are as follows:—The University has little chance of any large accession from the great professional and trading body, simply for this reason, that this body cannot afford the time for a prolonged general education. But an accession from the higher portion of this body, if proper concessions were made, does not seem impossible. With respect to the mode, then, of making concessions, we should say, in one word, keep and add. The unity of the First-class has been already, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, destroyed by the erection of intermediate examination honours, previous to final ones; and this stimulus has been so far impaired. But still keep together the constituent parts of an Oxford education. A comprehensive school, which gathers up all the great departments of a general education, will continue, by the force of tradition, its own weight, and the solid advantage of its testimonials, to draw the great body of such students as at present resort to you. The cause of general education is thus provided for; and, while you have only matter left or confined and practical professional schools, this barrier enables you to erect such schools with safety—schools which will be only an addition to your system, and not an interference with it. And should there be a call for professional education from the first, which we do not think will be made, treat with it in the same way. Keep the regular degree for general education, and give some other testimonial to professional students.

From the subject of University education we turn to the important question of the persons who are to conduct it.

The *vezata questio* of the Tutorial and Professorial systems would take a volume to discuss it amply, but its main points are contained in a nutshell. The first advantage of the professorial system is division of labour. The professor has one subject given to him, the tutor has many. The professor can therefore devote himself to his work with more singleness of purpose, and a more concentrated attention, than the tutor can. Its next advantage is its greater command of talent: as you have only one man in each department, you can afford to pay for the best man. The professor is remunerated by the fees of the whole body of University

students engaged in the subject of his department; while the college tutor has to divide these with the other college tutors throughout the University. The unity of the professor's department moreover secures the services of one who has a particular taste and talent for that department, whatever it may be, of scholarship or science. To set off against these advantages of the professorial system, those of the tutorial system are principally two—its greater command over the pupil's attention, and its connexion with moral discipline. The tutor has only a small section of the large class which attends the professor, and he can therefore watch and test the individual pupil. He can enforce the due getting up of his lectures by setting on; can rouse an inattentive face by a sudden question; and can attend to the pupil out of lecture hours. The professor, lecturing to a class of a hundred or more students, may give the most valuable information, and the most commanding view of a subject, but he has no pledge that his pupils are listening to or understanding him, or that they are not asleep. He can see nothing of the mass of his pupils out of lecture; though we are aware that the professors in the German universities have *soirées* once a week, or occasionally for their favourite pupils. Again, the tutor has a department of general discipline, which the professor has not; and this is highly advantageous to the pupil, not only in itself but in connexion with the affair of teaching. The lecturer has more weight from being tutor, or guardian in a disciplinarian sense over the pupil; while the tutor derives large moral influence from the lecture, and the contact into which that brings him with his pupil. A moral influence indeed, which has to be exerted over numbers, requires a basis of practical connexion to support it; and an occasional summons for missing chapel and knocking in late, would not supply enough of this basis without the addition of the lecture-room. The combination of the two offices thus gives weight and strength to each; and this is a decisive answer to some reformers who appear in the evidence to this Report, who propose to convert the college tutors into a body of tutors for the whole University, instead of the colleges separately. Their separation from the college in the capacity of teachers would virtually overthrow their influence there as tutors, whatever position as such they might nominally keep. The Commissioners indeed, admitting that the result of the changes they propose would be 'that a great part of the work of the college tutors would be performed by the professors and lecturers, meet this ob-

jection of the loss of position to the tutors with the reply, 'that their relations with their pupils would probably be more intimate and confidential, if they were less complicated and multifarious.'—A weak argument in a worked and embossed case of language! To limit the tutor's ground of contact with his pupils is to promote his influence over them!

Such being the respective claims of the tutorial and professorial systems, a comparison of the two has, in the opinion of able judges, at least in this country, been in favour of the tutorial system. The professorial, while it benefits the pupil, who can by means of books, and the valuable acquaintances to which his own recommendations introduce him, educate himself, leaves comparatively untouched the mass that really wants the teacher. The tutorial instructs the mass, and therefore supplies the most urgent want. Accordingly, Sir William Hamilton has, after strong opposite leanings, confessed to a change of mind in favour of the tutorial system; though he does not appear to think wholly with us still. But in the present instance we have fortunately not to decide between the two, because we have the means of combining them. The Commissioners have accordingly recommended a combination. Nor can we do otherwise than highly approve of the recommendation itself: the only question is as to the mode or degree in which it should be effected.

With respect then to the mode in which professorial action should be introduced into the Oxford system, it is to be remembered, in the first place, that the existing system of instruction at Oxford is not to be regarded as if it were, previous to such a step, ineffective. There is unquestionable evidence to its effectiveness in its practical results, and in the judgments of impartial minds upon it. Sir William Hamilton is a severe observer of Oxford shortcomings, but after the improving criticism of the friend, what is the conclusion at which the witness arrives?—

'Oxford,' he says, 'is here only collated with Oxford; and, for aught that I have said, however imperfect may be the education of the University, as tested by its own standard, I might still, at least without self-contradiction, hold that the discipline of Oxford constitutes, in so far as it goes, the very best academical discipline in the British Empire.'—*Discussions*, p. 708.

The evidence attached to this very Report now before us is full of testimonies to the successful working of the existing system. Mr. Henney says, 'I believe that, for the

great majority of undergraduates, the present system of instruction is thoroughly efficient.' Mr. Lake says that the 'whole result of an Oxford education cannot be termed inadequate,' though he decidedly thinks it may be improved. Professor Vaughan speaks of the 'eighty able men' who conduct the tutorship at Oxford; and though the large application of the epithet rather tempers its force, we presume it stands for some substantial praise. To an Oxford ear these are no partial names. The commissioners themselves, speaking of the existing system as it has been in operation from the beginning of the present century, say—

'Industry has been greatly increased. . . . The requirements of the examination for an ordinary degree, slight though they be, have yet a great effect on that period of the academical course which immediately precedes it. . . . The severity of the final examination may be judged of by comparing the number of those rejected at Oxford with the number of those rejected at other Universities. . . . The stimulus of the examination for honours is found to be very strong. . . . That these have been honestly and deservedly awarded is proved by the confidence which the examiners for the most part enjoy, and by the success in after life of those who have won them.'—*Report*, p. 61.

They add, elsewhere, testimony to the improved moral tone of the under graduates, and the increase of religion; and to 'the obvious good effects of the tutorial system on the discipline of the place.'

A system like this then, which cannot be called otherwise than effective as it stands, may certainly be capable of improvement: what system is there which is not? Change may be wanted in the shape of additions; but it may be confidently stated that no case is made out for a radical alteration or reconstruction. But we are bound to say that the Commissioners have introduced the professorial function in this manner—that is to say, not as an addition to, but to dominate over, enfeeble, and crush the tutorial—to overthrow all fair proportions, and establish a new supremacy in the University system.

With this aim they heighten unduly the authority, exaggerate the use, and disguise the defects of the professorial system. First they profess, in introducing it, to be only reviving the ancient system of the University, after a temporary interruption; but this claim is indeed a feeble one. Let the reader recollect what the professorial system, as we just defined it, is; that it is the paid superintendence of one man over each department of knowledge; and next let him know, on

the authority of the report before us, that no position, with the slightest pretension to resemble such a position as this, existed in the University till towards the fifteenth century, at which time ten prælectors were appointed 'to lecture on the seven arts and the three philosophies of the mediæval system.' Such being the case, while it is certain that there were no college tutors before colleges existed, it is equally certain that there were up to this time no professors; unless indeed we suppose University teacher and professor to be identical, and give the latter name to an order of teachers who occupied, in the middle ages, a position much like that of the private tutors of the present day. But were these later prælectors even professors? There is no proof whatever that they were, according to the definition which has been given of a professor; no proof, *i. e.* that any superintendence and control over the department which they served was given them, and that they were any thing more than mere lecturers upon particular fixed text-books; which, indeed, we know to have been the mediæval system. But, say the Commissioners, the professorial system, at any rate, 'the statutable system,' and is enforced 'in the Laudian code.' We congratulate them on their deference to that high name, and hope that a sympathy on one point will extend to others. But were the professors of the Laudian code the professors of the Commission? We think not. They were, on the system we have just referred to, lecturers on particular fixed text-books: six, at least, were expressly so named. Still less is the professorial the statutable system, as if the tutorial was not statutable as well; the Laudian code directing the college tutor 'to imbue his pupils with good morals, and train them in approved authors.' And still less is the *supremacy*, which the Commission gives to the professors, statutable. But, whatever the system of the Laudian code be, was that portion of this code ever in practical operation? A strong suspicion on this subject enters the mind as soon as ever we see the *curriculum* of professorial instruction which it lays down; every student being obliged to go through, in order, a course of grammar, rhetoric, moral philosophy, geometry, astronomy, natural philosophy, metaphysics, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic! It is true that not much was known then in some of these departments of knowledge, and that astronomy and natural philosophy were probably contained within a small compass. But, on the question whether the scheme of professorial instruction in the statutes ever was in actual operation, the doubts of

the Commissioners themselves are decisive. 'The operation of the system of University instruction, or rather its failure,' is described as if in this particular instance 'operation' and 'failure' were much the same process.

'It may be doubted,' they add, 'whether the professorial system ever attained a full development. The civil wars, and the ejection of one party after the other, interrupted the course of study for many years; and from those interruptions perhaps arose, in some measure, the torpor which reigned in Oxford during the last century.'—*Report*, p. 92.

So, then, the Commission's history of the professorial system in Oxford is before us, and it is this—that the first approaches to one appear toward the fifteenth century; that thence nothing is known of it till we see it in the Laudian code—at which precise time, however, it unfortunately expires. The system we are about to revive, they say, always has been the system of the University; that is to say, it never was actually the system: no; it has only been for twelve centuries the *aspiration* of the University.

But has this system been even the aspiration of the University, that towards which it has practically tended? The fact which has just been mentioned is the most indisputable proof that it has not been. When it was formally inserted in the statute-book, what could have made it instantaneously obsolete, except this very fact that it was opposed to the genius and the practical working of the University? All that authority could do for it has been done; then what has superseded it, except, in Mr. Carlyle's language, *Fact*—the strong actual over-riding the official? You will say that the system became obsolete by the University becoming inactive. Yes; but the University has become active again since the last century—undergraduates read hard, the schools fill, and yet this professorial system has remained obsolete. The University has been in a sleepy stage, and the University has been in an energetic stage, and in neither stage has this system grown or acted. The active movement in the University, indeed, so far from taking it in this direction, has taken it in the very contrary one; has created the want, not of the general address of the professor, but of something even more catechetical than the instruction of the college tutor—the intimate and *tête-à-tête* lecture of the private tutor.

The practice of private tuition has an important place in the present working University system, and private tutors are an important class; and no less than twenty-one writers of evidence in this Report devote

attention to and give a judgment on this subject. The result of their statements is that private tutors are the necessary growth of the examination system, the high ordeal of which has called forth a new machinery of instruction for it. A student has, upon very obvious grounds, an advantage from having a tutor all to himself. He can ask all the questions he wants, which he cannot do in a college lecture, and he can supply his own defects without the superfluous task of listening to the defects of others and their supply. Nor is it necessary to assign, as the reason of adding the private to the college tutor, as this Report does, 'the want of a higher quality of instruction'—the want of a greater quantity is reason enough. This extra aid, then, can be afforded by the Oxford student, and therefore he uses it. But while private tuition is regarded as a necessary part of the existing system, the judgment oscillates between regarding it as an advantage, and as a necessary evil, and finally stops midway in the wise conclusion that it is a mixture of both. To the pupil it is disadvantageous, because it crams him; but the evils of a cram have perhaps been exaggerated. A submission to this process is useful as a trial, and strengthens, though it neither enlightens nor enlarges, the intellect. Moreover, the state of a mind prepared for an examination is necessarily a state of cram; it cannot be avoided—that is to say, there is a forced retention of much knowledge in the mind which does not naturally stay in it, an artificially equal grasp of very different materials, upon which there is naturally a varying and unequal hold according to taste and gifts. If a private tutor, then, does not cram a student preparing for an examination, he crams himself. The system is, on the other hand, advantageous to the pupil, especially the class pupil, as bringing him into intimate relations with a superior mind, enabling him to throw off his *mauvais honte*, state his difficulties, and discuss, argue, and imbibe freely. And the private tutor often exerts, upon the basis of this intercourse, a very useful moral influence. To cross over to the private tutor's side,—the system is injurious to him, as keeping him within a routine which soon loses its discipline by its facility, and occupies him in imparting, at the cost of advancing, in knowledge. It is advantageous to him, as taking him over his books again, familiarising him with the forced contents of his own mind as a class-man, and enabling him, in his comparative repose as a teacher, to enter more deeply and congenially than before into many authors, poets, historians, and philosophers. It is advantageous to him,

moreover, as training him in the important art of teaching, though Mr. Rawlinson makes a distinction in this respect between the pass and the class tutor, the former of whom, he thinks, acquires the lower art of impressing on the memory; the latter, the higher, of assisting the arrangement and comprehension. One art is undoubtedly much superior to the other, but either art is valuable. On the whole, the practice of private tuition appears to be a good working efficient part of the existing University system; nor do we think the worse of it from its having been a natural and spontaneous growth, which real circumstances, and not statutes, have produced. We like that 'Lernfreiheit' in it, to which Mr. Rawlinson in his thoughtful evidence alludes—the freedom of choice with which the pupil selects his teacher—that voluntary and irregular basis which is a wholesome variety in a system of discipline, an interposition of nature in the schools. Whether or not there is room for a comparison between the class of private tutors and the Greek philosophers, 'who taught all promising pupils singly, and not in classes, it seems very clear that this class represents the ancient order of University teachers more than any existing class does. Members of colleges, they do not teach as such, but upon a University basis. The simple degree is their authority, and the class their recommendation. Those who are for reviving the ancient University system cannot do better than take this natural and spontaneous revival of it which comes to hand. But this is not the first time that men who brood in admiration over an idea do not know it in the shape of a reality, and think it a corruption and an abuse, while it is all the time the very original thing they profess to be wishing to revive, only seen in the present and not in the past, in action and not in fancy, and mixed with all the alloy of a concrete state. We overlook the growth of time and circumstances, are eager to produce something of our own, and think too much of paper. Hence the jealousy with which private tutors are regarded by many who admire them in the ideal shape of University teachers. But why not be content with the practical form of a practical thing, without trying, too, as in parts of this evidence is recommended, to bring it—this private tuition—under rule and order, and give it a trim and official costume. Repress the benevolent impertinence of statutes that would meddle with the work of a master whose head is deeper than their own; that ignorantly correct some real point of strength and vitality, and convert efficient practice into feeble system. At the same time, do



of sacrifice college tuition to private. It is the union of the two which is salutary; and Mr. Lowe, who gives up the University of private tuition altogether, destroys, in an over-expansion of the system, its chief recommendations.

One more remark is suggested. The Commissioners attribute the stunted growth of the professorial system to the jealousy of the colleges. But college influence has not prevented the growth of private tuition, which is as independent of the college system as the professorial is.

From exaggerating the authority of the professorial system, the Commissioners proceed to exaggerate its use. It is evident that the art of printing has made a considerable difference on this head; and that, in departments in which experiments are not required, books can convey all the knowledge which the lectures of professors can. The Commissioners meet the pretensions of this rival with the reply that, 'if in former days professorial lectures were made necessary by the want of books, at the present day an able teacher is rendered no less indispensable by their abundance: such a teacher furnishing the student with a chart to guide him through the labyrinth of knowledge which surrounds him.' But does not public opinion very soon point out the really able and useful books without the aid of a professor?

And, as they exaggerate the use, they disguise the defects of the professorial system, meeting on this head very ineffectually the forcible and just observations of Mr. Patteson. Mr. Patteson compares in his evidence 'the system of delivering courses of original dissertations to a miscellaneous audience,' which is the professorial plan, with 'that of leading the student in classes carefully selected, to master for himself some of the standard books in the various subjects,' which is the tutorial; and he decides the one has more showy, but the other more solid, effects. 'The mischief of the professorial system is, that it implies a different idea of education; that it aims at and is the readiest way to a very inferior stamp of mental cultivation,' which consists in accomplishment and current information, while it does not 'aim at disciplining the faculties, and basing the thoughts on the permanent ideas proper to the human reason.' To this the commissioners reply that Mr. Patterson 'assumes that the instruction given by professors must be of a superficial kind, resembling that of popular lecturers.' Now Mr. Patterson does not in his argument assume the *quality* of the lectures of professors, but simply that they are 'disser-

tations'—whether deep or superficial is not said—'delivered to a miscellaneous audience,' such as a University class must from its numbers be—at least as compared with a college class; and upon this mode of teaching, and not upon the quality of the information, he founds his remarks. But will the Commissioners say that an assumption—not that all professorial lectures are showy and superficial, which nobody asserts, but that the system tends to produce this class of lectures—would be a mistaken one? Every professor is not an Arnold or a Niebuhr; but put a man of average power in the rostrum, and will he not be under a temptation to support a conspicuous position by questionable arts, and popularise his subject at the expense of solidity? But on this point we shall introduce an important witness further on. And even, ably represented, has the system no dangers? It may be true that the rationalism of German professors may be owing to the professors being Germans, as well as the Germans being professors. Nor, as Professor Vaughan remarks, are we to suppose that an English professoriate would not be marked by the characteristics of the English mind. But the prominence which the system gives to the teacher must at all events be regarded as a snare, encouraging false originality, and favouring the new and the striking, at the expense of the true.

Upon this basis of exaggeration and bias is raised the Professorial structure of the Commission. And first comes the important question of salary. Of three gentlemen who have devoted in their evidence considerable attention to the subject of the Professoriate, Professor Price and Mr. Temple propose £500 as the salary of a Professor, Mr. Lake, £600; but the latter only demands an increase of salary at all for nine professorships, 'important for the studies of undergraduates.' The Commissioners propose 'not less than £300 per annum as the salary of the greater professorships,' and reckon twenty-six greater professorships. The particular sum bears testimony to a compromise. A thousand a year was too round a sum for the public eye, especially considering that twenty situations of this value were being created. The finish therefore of the sum was sacrificed. Eight hundred a year breathes a sigh for two hundred more, but modestly refrains, and heroically stops short upon the tempting verge. It is a characteristic and a feeling sum, nor unexpressive of piety, exhibiting a spirit of resignation to limited affluence. But we shall harshly ask for a still further reduction; and we can give good reasons

for this request. In the first place, you must remember that all this money comes from the purses of private corporations, and that it is only just to deal economically with money so got. And in the next place, after a substantial maintenance has been provided for a professor, the surplus is no public benefit. The Commissioners rest a good deal on an observation of Bacon's, relating to the duty of providing sufficient income for the teachers of sciences,—his warning that the sciences or the sons will suffer by the poor living of the fathers—'*Patrum invalidi referent jejunia nati.*' But even were Bacon the very best authority on the subject of official salaries, his advice leaves it quite open what is or is not a sufficient one. There is such a thing as these tender fathers living too high for the interests of their children. Five or six hundred a year, with the addition of students' fees, is equal or superior to the great mass of even higher official incomes in Church or State. The living is a very good one which exceeds it; and let those who think that Government offices are better paid, inquire of Government officials. The argument of the Commission, therefore, that a higher sum is necessary in order to keep your professors, is not worth much; unless, indeed, it is essential that the professor's income should equal the very highest official income that might possibly come within his reach, and tempt him from you—an expensive arrangement. So long as you give the average of a good official income, you give that which the mass of professors will not be able to better elsewhere; and it is extravagance to be outbidding Church and State in the salaries of a whole Professoriate for the chance of keeping one professor firm against the temptations of superior offers from these rich rivals, who will, moreover, in spite of all your liberality, outbid you at last. A substantial argument in favour of a moderate salary is that it leaves the professor, though not servilely, wholesomely dependant upon students' fees. Sir Charles Lyell thinks 'that the fees of the students ought always to form a considerable portion of the entire emolument of a teacher, wherever this is possible; a certain amount of dependence upon the number of pupils being useful in securing a faithful discharge of the professor's duties. And Sir William Hamilton thinks that 'it is not necessary that the emoluments of an academic place should be uniform,' but rather that 'each instructor should, as far as possible, receive only what he equitably merits, his emoluments rising with his reputation'—a result which is attained by leaving the professor more or less dependant on students' fees, the

amount of which tests the attendance on, while the attendance tests the value of, the lectures. A pecuniary stimulus is certainly useful in drawing out labour and activity—not to say that many minds to whom the stimulus of honour and reputation is enough, find relief in acting under shelter of a humbler aim. Gratuitous exertion must either avow the highest motives, or confess an approach to that 'fault of angels and of gods,' which is not so glorious but that every member of society, from the schoolboy to the statesman, disowns it.

Still less do we admire high salaries when we discover, as we do in the present instance, that no guarantees for work are attached to them, and that it is left wholly at the option of the professors whether the large emoluments they enjoy are productive of any benefit to the University or not. The recommendations of the Commissioners on this subject are indeed more than remarkable—they are, if we mistake not, unique.

The commission indorses the idea of the use and design of a Professor, put forward by the Regius Professor of Modern History, Mr. Vaughan, which is this—that a professor should be a man of a high order of intellect, put into relation with a particular subject, and enjoying a handsome stipend as the mark and reward of that relation; but that it must be left entirely to himself how he carries out this relation, and that his use to the University is this connexion itself, of a 'powerful man' with it, together with such fruits, in the shape either of writings or of lectures as may arise from this connexion, according to the will and pleasure of the person. 'Great would be the loss,' says Mr. Vaughan, 'if our professors were not to lecture at all, and great would be the waste of intellect and knowledge if the undergraduates did not habitually attend professorial lectures. But the teaching of undergraduates is not, I conceive, the only or indeed the chief use which Professors may answer in our universities.' (*Report*, p. 97.) This is the first step in laying down the true function of a professor, the subordination of the work 'of teaching undergraduates' to some other as yet unnamed function. The next step is, that the 'teaching of undergraduates' is not only a subordinate and inferior part of the professor's office, but that it is one which must not by any means, at the peril of the most disastrous effects, be enforced. 'It would be well to consider whether, especially at the commencement, we shall not make the process of creating and inviting powerful men all the more difficult if we impose by unyielding rules the same burden of constant instruction as a necessity upon all. It would doubtless produce more

teaching, in the common acceptance of those words, *but it would lead also to second-hand learning, hand-to-mouth lectures, and the instalment of a race of men in our chairs, without enthusiasm, eloquence, profundity, or venerable acquisitions.* We just pause to notice a character given of professorial lectures, which was indignantly disclaimed by the Commissioners, when they mistook Mr. Patterson as implying it, but which, it appears now, they indorse; when—and there is no mistake this time—Mr. Vaughan does not suppose only, but decidedly and vigorously asserts it. It is then admitted and confessed by the Commission, that if you make professors lecture, that is to say—for to this it simply comes—if you have a regular professorial system of instruction in the University, the result will be a great deal of empty superficial and popular instruction. We turn over one, literally one, leaf in the Report between the lofty refutation of this view, in reply to Mr. Patterson, and the approval and acceptance of it from the pen of Mr. Vaughan. But to return—this passage then contains a code of professorial law. Professors are not to be obliged, *‘especially at the commencement,’* and they are not to be obliged, by *‘unyielding rules,’* to lecture. We should like to know when they are to be obliged if they are not at the commencement, for we have never heard that institutions which start loosely will grow stricter in time, though we have heard of the contrary process. And we should like to know too what rules Mr. Vaughan would impose upon professors if he objects to *‘unyielding,’* that is to say, to positive ones. He will excuse us then if we pass over these qualifications, as well as a certain parenthetic *‘minimum,’* and suppose him to mean that professors are never to be obliged to lecture, and that no rules are for that purpose to be imposed upon them. Now lecturing is the only thing you can make the professor do; you cannot make him read or write treatises if he does not choose. One department then of the professor’s work is necessarily optional; the other is made optional by Mr. Vaughan. Consequently all work whatever on the part of your professor is optional; and after he has got his £800 a year, he may, if he pleases, rest on his oars, and treat his place as a sinecure.

Now listen to the reasons by which Mr. Vaughan supports this unique proposal. He begins with admitting a certain appearance of paradox on it.

‘Such remarks may, perhaps, invite one observation, that at any rate there should be some guarantee for the activity of professors, and that

in providing this security, large allowance must be made (as has been said) for the “power of human indolence” to deter men from great exertions. But to this again there is a reply, the truth and sufficiency of which will appear the more, I believe, it is considered. The position holds true if wrong appointments are made. If right appointments are made, those will be selected to represent a branch of study in the University who are cultivating it with energy and delight. It has been, it ever will be the tendency of men eminent in any intellectual pursuit to be enthusiastic, to carry their exertions to the extreme limit of their constitutional strength, because they find in it, and must find in it, the purest, the deepest, and the most enduring pleasure, in comparison with which so long as vigorous health remains, idleness is privation and amusement a meagre pastime. In all characters, it is true, this activity may not show itself in teaching classes, or even audiences; but in the great majority it will, because if a man do but possess the knowledge and ability to comprehend a subject fully, all the common weaknesses of our nature, will, in the majority of cases, urge him to teach what he knows; the love of respect and importance, and superiority, and the love of social employment, in addition to the slighter but not unfelt consideration of increased emoluments. To all these must be added a sense of duty and desire to do good; and if there be those among the professors well chosen, who stand beside or above the operation of these motives, they will be few, and they will not often be those of whom the University will have need to be ashamed. They will labour in a different way and be fruitful. They will investigate, reflect, and write, if they do not very actively lecture; they will address the world, if not the students of the academy, and their words will come back to the University in some form “after many days.” They may not irrigate the ground immediately beside them, but the abundance of their spring-heads, and the larger volume of the pent up waters must go forward to feed and cleanse the cities of the earth, or to move the vaster wheels of European literature, or to deepen the main sea of the world’s knowledge. Much must, in spite of reclusive habits, fall back in showers, seasonable even though capricious, upon the spot.’—*Mr. Vaughan’s Evidence, Report, p. 274.*

This is a fine passage; but with all our admiration of a vigorous and imposing style, the chief effect which it leaves upon us, is the reflection how genius can afford to despise the commonest facts of experience and the plainest dictates of common sense. The whole argument, in the first place, rests on the supposition of ‘right appointments being made, and this is a considerable assumption: but we will allow it. Your right appointment then is made. But does it follow, because you appoint—to use the appropriated term—‘a good man,’ that you have got an enthusiast, a hero, a victim, a martyr; a man who will think it glorious fun working

himself to death, to whom idleness is privation, and amusement weariness? Have you secured even a man whom the sense of duty will sustain against the natural love of ease, if he is left to that defence only? Certainly not. You have got a man of certain ability and integrity, who will do his duty, provided he is told what he has to do, and given to understand that he must do it; who will fulfil the terms of an engagement, but whom you cannot, in justice either to himself or the University, throw entirely upon an indefinite and voluntary ground of conscience and zeal for the discharge of an office. If right appointments mean anything more than this, Mr. Vaughan cannot reckon upon right appointments; if they mean this and no more, than his inference from such appointments is untrue. Have you got even a man whom the common weaknesses of our nature will keep up to the mark, if he is left to them? We think not. The charm of the rostrum subsides, but the love of ease endures. Conscious of his own philosophical activities Mr. Vaughan can hardly bring himself to recognize 'the power of human indolence.' But the history of institutions is a formidable witness to it.

Nor can we wholly acquiesce in the somewhat too large generosity, which allows the paid Professors of a University an unrestricted choice what portion of the human race, far or near, they will benefit by their talents; the option of considering themselves in the service of all the world, or of their own University, as they please. 'They may not irrigate the ground immediately beside them,' we are told; 'their waters may be pent up in that particular place; but they will only go forward with the greater force in consequence to cleanse cities, move wheels, and deepen seas thousands of miles off. But we must be pardoned for suggesting a consideration, which we hope is not quite ignoble and obsolete, that the 'ground immediately beside' is the payer of the Professor's salary; and that, however the philanthropist may rejoice, the regular paymaster is rather jealous of an entire migration of an official's services in very remote directions; while he himself is expected to be duly grateful for a few 'seasonable but capricious showers,' which may descend upon him.

Such is the idea of a Professor which the Commission indorses. 'To provide,' says the Report, 'for the regular and active discharge of professorial duties specific regulations may be necessary.' From so sensible and candid a confession we expect some specific regulations to follow; but, proceeds the Report,—and it is an instance how much is involved in a *but*,—

'But it must be remembered that though statutes may compel a man to lecture, they cannot compel him to lecture well, and compulsory provisions commonly become a dead letter. The activity of the professors will be best guaranteed by such securities and such stimulants to exertion, as have been already mentioned, viz. modes of appointment as fit as can be devised, and acting as checks on each other: a body of subordinate lecturers, who would both incite their superiors to activity, and supply their place in case of neglect or superannuation; the interest which eminent men would take in the subjects of their lectures; the power of increasing their salaries by fees; a direct share in the examinations of the University.'

Here then are the guarantees which the Commission proposes for the discharge of important duties by professors who are highly salaried for it. The first is the guarantee of appointment, and of that we have spoken. The next guarantee for a professor working is the very extraordinary one, that he has a deputy appointed to work for him when he does not like working himself. We cannot be so sanguine as the Commission is, of the stimulating effect of this arrangement. These 'subordinate lecturers' are, it seems, to be a very useful body, and are expected to accomplish with equal facility two rather opposite duties. They have both to 'incite their superiors to activity,' and also to 'supply their place in case of neglect.' They will probably be a good deal more successful in the latter office than in the former. It is not much the habit of superiors, especially when they have been some time in office, to respond with docility—we will not say to the exhortations, for perhaps the Commissioners did not mean that—but to the edifying example of their subordinates. They recognize it as the duty of 'the young man' to work hard, but with a caution against an over-extension of the claim, and a reserve in favour of seniors' rights. They rest with satisfaction upon the assurance that, 'to everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven;' with the further reflection that nobody can decide so well as themselves, on the purpose of the present time and season in their own case. The next guarantee for a professor working is, 'the interest which he would take in the subject of his lectures;' but this interest is very apt to decay. The next is the professor's fee; and this offers perhaps a more permanent charm, but its effect will be much weakened by the possession of a high salary without it. The next guarantee is the professor's control over the examinations of the University; but how this is to make a professor lecture we cannot understand, although we can easily see that a professor

who does not lecture is rather prematurely honoured by the control of the University examinations. One rule indeed the Commissioners do impose on the professors; while they do not oblige them to work, they propose to oblige them to reside. But what would be the meaning of residence being enforced, if duties were not? Is not this one of those 'compulsory provisions' which would speedily become 'a dead letter?' Would not the brilliant society of the metropolis soon draw men of literary and scientific talent, without definite obligations, effectually away, leaving to the University their names on the calendar, and the credit of having bribed the scientific world into favour by sinecures? We should be glad if some Oxford Commissioner would reply, and pacify our fears of a migration to the metropolis if they are unfounded.

It is indeed worthy of remark how different an aspect the Commissioners exhibit of the professor before he is put into his office, and after. Before the professor is installed, he is exhibited as a person acting upon ordinary and average motives, strongly desirous of a good salary, and likely to be tempted away from the department of his peculiar tastes by the prospects of better pay, though at the cost of a lower pursuit, elsewhere. By this argument, then, we are induced to raise the amount of his salary; but as soon as this argument has answered its purpose, then our professor starts afresh. He comes out all at once as an enthusiast, sublimely indifferent to his own ease, and living only for science and for truth. When the question, then, of regulations to enforce the performance of his duties come on, this new character is appealed to, and we are told to trust to his zeal for this, and not to statute-conditions, which will indeed be superfluous. He is then only too ready to sacrifice his leisure, and ruin his constitution in our service, though we may wound his honour by compulsion, and chill his zeal by distrust. But what is this professorial initiation that it makes so wonderful a change in the character; that a man has an accurate discrimination of incomes before he is a professor, a generous disregard of self after he is one; is a man of the world before, after a devotee; a good bargainer before his salary is fixed, and a noble enthusiast when rules are to be imposed? Is a professorship a sacrament? Is it a baptism that it is attended with such a conversion? Is it a proof of grace? Is it a mark of the elect? If not, why do you suppose as a matter of course this convenient and accommodating change? The ordinary supposition would be, that a man who was much influenced by salary in seeking an ap-

pointment, would require some other stimulus besides his innate zeal to insure his performance of its duties.

It may be readily admitted that a Professoriate has another use, and an important one, beside that of teaching; viz., the encouragement given to learning by providing permanent positions for learned men in the University; and we agree in the remark of the Commissioners that such positions are especially wanted in this country, 'where the avenues to practical life are so open and so numerous,' and that fellowships do not adequately supply this want. Fellowships were the institution of an age of clerical celibacy, and do not supply a settlement in life to a clergy who have the option of marriage. It is only reasonable, therefore, to admit that there is room for a further arrangement on this head, and that if the Church has altered its system on the point of celibacy, another and a corresponding shape is required for a settlement in life. To allow fellows of colleges to marry, indeed, would be to confine the bounty of founders to one-half or one-third of those who now enjoy it, as well as to overthrow the whole collegiate system, filling the quadrangles of the colleges with the wives and families of the fellows, to whom the undergraduates would have to give way. But there is room for endowed positions for married men, if such positions can be created upon a proper basis, and without interference with the College system. The University has certainly to regret the loss of some whom marriage draws from her precincts into fields for which they are less fitted, and learning loses some able supports and ornaments.

To encourage learning, however, by the sudden creation of twenty places of 800*l.* a-year each for the learned life, is an arrangement more striking for its simplicity than its depth or tact. Learning should grow upon the natural basis of the practical life and wants of an institution. You want teachers in a University: upon that office of teacher learning will grow: the work which requires it will also promote it. But learning is not wisely promoted when it is promoted artificially by short and straight cuts to it. It is quite true that endowments which have in progress of time parted from the original engagements attached to them, have been defended on the ground of the opportunity they have afforded to the learned life; and if a certain amount of fruit has been produced, it has been a consideration to reflecting men whether an existing basis should be disturbed. But there is no precedent in the history of institutions, for erecting posts to begin with for learned repose,

or the option of it. Let us attend properly to the wants of the institutions, and learning will look after itself. The institution, if effectively supplied and administered, will bear that natural result.

It will, indeed, require a much stronger machinery than even that of the most amply endowed professorships, to give the English mind the turn which is here intended. The impediments in this country to the spread of learning, and to its essential condition—devotion to some one subject—are such as no University arrangements can affect. The hindrance lies in the temper and tastes of the people. So long as English society requires everybody to know something of everything, and looks upon a man as a hermit who has not something to say on all the questions which arise in politics, trade, literature, and art; who has not something to say upon pictures, something upon finance, something upon transportation; who cannot discuss the budget and the colonies with one neighbour, and the mediæval poets and schoolmen with another,—English society cannot expect to see a large learned class rising up in it, though individuals here and there may be learned. Everybody makes the observation, and nobody acts upon it. Members of society, your professors themselves, will be absorbed into the national taste for variety; and whatever becomes of the subjects they have undertaken, will make a point of being well informed on extraneous ones. The official confinement puts the man on his mettle, to show how much he knows besides. The Englishman thus obtains shrewdness, common sense, and general power, at the cost of erudition. Conscious of only a small part of a German's knowledge, the confusion, obscurity, and indifferent reasoning of the German restore him to self-complacency. He can arrange and lay out the material put into his hands better than any other man, but he likes the act of power better than that of search—a preference which tells against learning except in the case of minds of unusual capacity, in whom the largeness of the result in view overcomes the tediousness of the process.

Indeed, the expectations entertained in some quarters of the effects which will follow from the endowment of a professoriate carry us back almost to the ages of faith, and rebuke modern coldness and scepticism. We want oracles, says Mr. Jowett, Fellow of Balliol, in his evidence. 'The unsettled state of opinion in Oxford during the last fifteen years is in a great measure attributable to the want of a professorial system. There have been no oracles at which to go and inquire. All knowledge has been drift-

ing toward theology, and in theology itself no satisfactory result has been attained.' The writer of this statement attributes to the want of a professoriate the fact that 'no satisfactory result in theology has been attained' at Oxford, after an agitation of the subject for fifteen years. Will he say, however, that in Germany, where they have had nothing but Professors for centuries, a satisfactory result has been attained in theology? But has there been at Oxford the want here referred to? There have been three well endowed divinity professorships at Oxford for the whole of the period over which Mr. Jowett's reflexion extends; and two other well-endowed ones—though in one case the endowment has not yet fallen in—have existed the greater part of that time. The movement, then, which this period has exhibited has not wanted an oracle to direct it, if a professoriate is necessarily an oracle. Nor can this professoriate as a whole be reproached with inactivity. By singling out one, we do not mean to exclude others as active members of it; but we may fairly point to the Regius Professor of Hebrew as an eminently active teacher—and not in Hebrew only, but on his larger theological field throughout this period. But, notwithstanding these activities of the professoriate, the movement alluded to went on to an extent which Mr. Jowett regrets. The sad truth is, that the oracle itself turned false, and one set of responses aided instead of curbing the movement. What are we to think, then, of an oracular professoriate? Is such a treacherous system a panacea for the evils of theological conflict—a pledge for halcyon days, returning peace, and the serene and cloudless atmosphere of truth? Alas! professor is but another word for doctor, and doctors disagree.

Two important appendages to the question of professorial endowment must now be briefly touched on—the source from which the endowment is to come, and the hands in which the appointments should be placed.

The question of the obligations which the colleges have contracted by the two centuries of privilege which they have enjoyed, especially the privilege of being the sole channel of admission into the University, is one for the decision of which no very accurate rules of equity or casuistry exist. Governments have generally laid down the rule that, where a privilege is conferred, a responsibility is *ipso facto* contracted, and society has more or less acquiesced either in the justice of the argument or in the power of the arguer. With the East India, indeed, and such privileged Companies, there is a definite bargain made; and a specific responsibility un-

dertaken leaves no room for complaint. But the rule is also an elastic one, and railway companies have to pay for their ground of privilege by responsibilities imposed upon them from time to time, in addition to those which the original bargain involved. The colleges might indeed claim, as any other privileged bodies might do, the liberty of rejecting responsibility by giving up privilege; they might offer to return to their original position as they stood before their academical monopoly; and, indeed, the schemes now proposed for University extension would formally take this monopoly away from them. Yet the elasticity of the rule would still pursue them; it would be said that as they had enjoyed the privilege so long, they had no right to evade responsibility by so late an abandonment of it; and that, moreover, so long a period of privilege had given them a standing which no return to an anterior state could now undo. It may, therefore, be allowed that it is not worth while entering very deeply into the casuistry of this question, but that, if moderate claims are made, the colleges may not unjustly be called upon to confer upon the University, from whom they have received so long an enjoyment of privileges, a benefit, which will also be principally their own, as enjoyed by their own students—that is to say, to contribute to the endowment of such University professorships as may want erecting or improving, for the sake of the studies of the place. But money obtained from such a source ought to be used with economy—only to support professorships practically useful to the University; and collected justly—all colleges contributing to discharge a common responsibility contracted, and to a benefit common to all. The Commissioners have selected particular colleges, and let off the rest. Colleges that have special foundations for public professorships ought indeed to be required to carry these out; but this is not a ground for laying upon these colleges the exclusive burden of a new professoriate, and we should like to know the process of logic by which the Commissioners have imposed six professorships on Magdalen College, because William of Wainfleet imposed three. That distinguished society will doubtless gladly acknowledge the right of its founder to charge its revenues with public professorships, but the right of Her Majesty's Commissioner to do this is not so clear. The form of the new professorial endowments is also objectionable—that of an accumulation of fellowships. Married professor-fellows would be an amphibious race, interfering with the college system and spirit; and a tax laid upon the colleges would

be preferable to an abstraction of positive revenue from them.

The question of patronage or mode of appointment, important as it is, has been perhaps overrated, and an impartial survey of the operation of most different plans shows that a critical public opinion will extract good appointments from most of them, and that public indifference will be taken advantage of under all. We will notice two. It would be easy to show that the annual office of the proctor, who is taken from the body of masters, and is a sort of tribune of the people, represents very fairly, as it goes the round of the colleges, academical public opinion. The appointment of examiners, therefore, by the proctors, which, in consequence of the proposal of a new scheme as a substitute for it, came in 1850 under the rigid eye of the academical public, issued triumphantly out of the ordeal, when a list of examiners was shown containing every distinguished name the University had had from the beginning of the system—an issue which has produced a recent resolution of the Tutor's Association. The abstraction of a patronage thus tested was uncalled for, the Commission only wanting to give it to the professors.

But the chief attack is made on the most popular source of appointment in the whole University, and, while the Commissioners retain private boards, they dispossess Convocation 'as manifestly open to grave objections.' As if that, which all forms of patronage are open to, were a ground of forfeiture. Convocation will certainly bear comparison as a patron with the private boards—one of which suppressed the Professorship of Moral Philosophy from 1673 to 1829. Its appointments will even fully bear comparison with those of the Crown, as the names of Dodwell, Warton, Lowth, Blackstone, Woodeson, Stowell, in the last century, and the recent ones of Copleston, Milman, Senior, Keble, and others show. Various writers in the Blue Book should have looked into the Oxford Calendar before they laid down the law so strongly on this point. Dr. Travers Twiss, indeed, with a candour which we are sure was inspired by the recollection of more than one wise selection which Convocation has made, remarks of the different boards of University patrons, 'I do not think there is any practical difference in the general result of their appointments; some surpass, others fall short of pre-conceived expectations.' No ground of forfeiture, then, has been proved against Convocation, and, that being the case, another argument comes in to the support of its position as patron. These appointments are



privileges which serve a useful end in keeping up the corporate spirit and vigour of the body. It is indeed remarkable that, simultaneously with this attack on the privileges of the Oxford Convocation, the University of London should have discovered its want of such a body, and made a move for one. On this head we cannot but recommend to attention a paper printed by order of the House of Commons, containing 'Copies or extracts of communications respecting the Organization of the University of London,' in return to an address of the House, March 15, 1852. The correspondence is principally between the senate and graduates, and exhibits, on the part of the latter, a sound sense, a manly spirit, and a sagacity which ought to shame the designs of some sons of an older University. It must be admitted, however, that the Margaret Professorship of Divinity is at present too much in the hands of particular Colleges.

But we have to provide for the appointment to new professorships. The Commission gives all this new patronage, including sixteen professorships and some thirty sub-professorships, to the Crown. A recommendation to the Crown to found valuable posts—which, be it remembered, in this particular instance, have no employment fastened to them—out of college property, and take the patronage of them into its own hands, may be safely left to the criticism of any man who knows what constitutional right, what English justice, and what common honesty is. And especially when these Professorships are intended by the Commission to involve College Fellowships. For it is a strange argument that this 'would be no greater hardship on the Colleges than the nomination of the Dean of Christchurch and its Canon-professors by the Crown is on that society' (p. 181). Christchurch was founded under that patronage; but it is as different a thing not to confer self-elective powers and to take them away, as it is not to give a man money and to pick his pocket. Nor is the Crown on general grounds the best appointer to such posts. Sir William Hamilton, indeed, places it beneath town councils as a patron; and whether such an estimate is a right one or not, there is much in the following considerations:—

'A great deal certainly depends on the intelligence and liberality of the individual minister . . . But even under the best and most impartial minister it can accomplish its end only in a very precarious and unsatisfactory manner. The minister is transitory; the choice of a professor is a function wholly different in kind from the ordinary functions of his office, and is not of very frequent recurrence. The minister, there-

fore, cannot be presumed to think of specially qualifying himself for this contingent fraction of his duty. He must rely on the information of others. But can he obtain impartial information, or be expected to take the trouble necessary in seeking it? On the other hand, he will be besieged by the solicitations of candidates and their supporters. Testimonials, collected by the applicant himself among his friends, and strong in proportion to the partialities of the testifier, will be showered in, and backed by political and personal recommendations. If he trusts to such information, he limits his patronage to those who apply for the appointment; and as all certificates of competence are in general equally transcendent, he will naturally allow inferior considerations to incline his preference among candidates all ostensibly the best.—*Discussions, &c.*, p. 380.

We cannot, however, accept for Oxford the 'Curatorial' system of appointment, or the plan of extra University boards for this purpose, representing different scientific bodies. Sir W. Hamilton may or may not fitly recommend such a plan to the Scotch Universities, who give nothing to maintain the posts appointed to; but if colleges provide the funds they ought to have the chief voice in the appointment. Nor will we think so ill of the collegiate world as to suppose that it could not construct some common representative board that would be adequate to the task, and free from any particular college bias.

We have gone through in order the endowment of our proposed Professoriate, and the questions connected with it. It now remains to see the coping-stone put to the structure—to see a body already endowed with wealth invested with supremacy. The professors are given, in the first place, as we showed at the commencement of this article, a preponderance in the legislative assembly of the University; and besides this, the third clause of the conclusion of the Report forms them into 'a standing delegacy, wholly official, and not liable to alteration, for the supervision of studies and the appointment of examiners.' We might object to this board on the particular ground, which we think a just one, that a class of teachers whose function it is to look to the interests of the science rather than that of the pupil, will be a one-sided and unpractical supervisor of studies, if the sole one. But we will only observe the general effect of these provisions. The examination system gives the tone to Oxford; examiners give the tone to the examinations; the professors appoint the examiners. This position, combined with their preponderance in the legislature, makes the professors at once supreme in the University, and a total change of system and constitution is made. Digitized by Google

But what have the professors done that they should be put at once into such a commanding position, and that the University should be delivered, bound hand and foot, into their keeping? This class is at present a very inoperative if not quite a nominal one. You have to create it afresh before you can assign it any place, high or low. You profess to do this by means of increased stipends. But how can you possibly tell what the effect of this arrangement will be till it has been tried? You picture to yourself an able, vigorous, and zealous Professoriate, whose commanding knowledge will throw all the present teachers of the University in the background, and make no other position but this suitable for it. But all this is in prospect. How do you know that such will be the result? Do good salaries always bring zealous or able men, and still more, men whose ability and zeal will last? What pledge have you then that in ten years' time your revived Professoriate will not be dead again? Then what will be the condition of the University, under the absolute control of such a body? At any rate then have a little patience. Wait till you see what your Professoriate will do before you enthrone it, and do not lift up, by mere favour and partiality, a new and untried body above the heads of all the old established teachers and authorities of the place. Let this class earn its honours, according to proper rule, by active service; let it push its way to supremacy by those commanding faculties which on the fair field of public emulation do in the natural course of things obtain it. We shall not object to a position so won. But do not reward this commanding intellect and zeal before they appear, crown a brilliant Professoriate, which is a mere supposition of your own, or treat an eloquent description, a fine picture, as a reality.

Still less is such a supremacy due to a professoriate which is at liberty to stand by as a spectator, or condescend to be useful, as it pleases, and is committed to no share in the regular and solid work of the place. It is too enviable a position which gives power without labour, and not one at any rate to create in these days.

We need not add that the University, put at the feet of a body of which two-thirds are nominees of the Crown, will be ripe for the attentions of the Home Office, to which the Commission indeed introduces it. The 45th clause of the conclusion recommends 'that the head of each college, under the seal of each college, should transmit annually a report on the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the college, according to such

form as the visitor may think fit, and that the visitor should be called upon to lay a copy of such report before the sovereign, with such observations as he may think fit to be made.' Such an introduction may be expected to lead to a further acquaintance.

To this abasement of the tutorial body under the supremacy of the professoriate must be added the proposal to take a good deal of the very *employment* of the tutors out of their hands by the establishment of sub-professors. These, to whom we have already once or twice alluded, would form a considerable corps on the plan of the Commissioners—a corps, whose instruction would offer no advantage above that of College tutors; for their devotion to one line of knowledge is in no way secured; while it would be under many disadvantages as compared with the Tutorial. But there could not possibly be employment for this corps and for the college tutors too. An undergraduate cannot sustain more than a certain quantity of teaching. There are college tutors and private tutors at work in the University now; the Commission adds professors; and, not content with professors, adds sub-professors. This accumulation of teacher upon teacher must leave one or other superfluous, and the sub-professor will either greatly limit the college tutor's employment, or the college tutor must greatly limit his.

The rights of this whole question may be summed up in a few words. There is room for the work of the professor in the University. His personal presence, voice, manner, can doubtless give a stimulus to a subject which a book cannot do; and this stimulus will suit some departments of knowledge. The professor comes in usefully to give a finish to previous labours, and impart a dramatic or philosophical colour to a subject of which the college tutor has instilled the solid knowledge. Find out then what professorships are really wanted for the studies of the place, and erect or improve these. But because you make a professoriate useful, do not make it dominant. Abandon the claim of supremacy, lower salaries, exclude sinecurism, erect no useless professorships, dismiss sub-professors altogether: the residuum will be a scheme that at any rate will deserve the attention of reasonable men.

At an advanced stage of our journey, and when we ought for the comfort both of our readers and ourselves to have arrived at our goal, the question of the colleges and the changes proposed for them opens upon us. But the very multiplicity of the matter involved in this question would compel us

anyhow to bring it within a short compass, because it would be simply impossible to enter into detail under a volume, while the general considerations on which the whole question depends are not many.

We shall presume that any attempts which may be made at alteration and re-arrangement in the colleges will be made on the basis of the founder's intentions, acknowledged still to be binding in equity upon us wherever they can usefully and beneficially be put in force. It is acknowledged on all hands that under the great social and other changes which have taken place in the last three, four, and five centuries, it is impossible now to carry out many of the intentions of the founders of the colleges. In this state of the case, then, one argument to which, for the sake of clearness, we shall give a more positive form than the incipient or approximating one which it generally assumes, is, that as we cannot fulfil all the intentions of the founders we are not bound to fulfil any; that in the total absence of accompanying obligations, the revenues they left are necessarily cut off from their authority and testatorship, and that in that condition they revert to the State, to be applied afresh to any useful object, proper feeling suggesting that that object should be cognate to the original one. But this is not the view which either natural justice approves or English law adopts with respect to founders' wills. English law regards the founder's will as living and active except on those points on which there is some imperative call to interfere with it. Is there a part of a founder's or testator's intention which *cannot* be put in force? English law sanctions that exception, but regards the founder's will as going on and acting still, only *minus* that particular portion. Is there a portion of a founder's design, which, on some very urgent and plain ground of expediency, needs a dispensation? English law allows that exception too; but still, as before, regards the founder's will as going on and living, only *minus* the excepted part. The founder's intention, thus from time to time modified, endures in substance, and is a permanent living and present agency in the eye of English law. The exception to it, where exceptions are made, do not affect the residue, which remains as binding as the entire whole would have been had no exceptions been thought necessary. Nor does the law under such circumstances regard the State as taking the foundation out of the original founder's hands and disposing of it itself afresh, but the original founder as continuing in power with respect to all of the institu-

tion which remains, while the State is only the authority for the departures from it.

We shall therefore presume that any alterations which may be now attempted in the college foundations will be made on the basis of the founder's wills, and, on that idea, shall state what appear to be the great and paramount intentions of the founders of colleges in erecting these institutions; in order to ascertain how far these original intentions require modifying, and how far they ought to be allowed to remain binding, as being still useful, beneficial, and practicable.

First of all, then, it must be stated that these institutions were founded in connexion with, and for the benefit of, the Church; and that no difference exists, in this respect, in the basis on which college property and that on which the property of cathedral chapters and church property generally rests. The founders of the colleges, one and all, leave their revenues '*in profectum ecclesie*.' We shall be met here, of course, with an argument which we see brought out, not for the first time or for the second, in the evidence attached to the Report; the common argument that the church was changed at the Reformation, and that the present Church of England, therefore, has no claim to the benefit of those revenues on the ground of founders' intentions, having only received them by gift of the State at the time that the church of the founders was disestablished in this country. So large a question as this, which involves in fact the whole basis of church property in this country, is not one to be discussed incidentally to the subject of college reform; but two recommendations made in the Oxford Report cannot be properly considered without reference to it. Let us dismiss, then, the absurd and futile conjectures upon which arguers on both sides have too much made this question hinge. The English Churchman cannot presume that an Oxford founder *would* agree with him, were he alive now; and his antagonist cannot presume that he would not; for, as Sir Edmund Head very properly observes, 'What a man would have thought on a given subject, if he had lived two centuries later, is a question purely speculative, and one which every man may answer differently, according to his own views.' But though the question what Walter de Merton, who was Lord Chancellor of England in 1264—what Walter de Stapledon, who was Lord High Treasurer in 1314—what Adam de Brome, who was confessor to Edward II. in 1326—what William of Wykeham and William of Waynfleet, who were Bishops of

Winchester in 1386 and 1456—would think, were they alive in the year 1853, is a question which, as it is without meaning, admits of no answer: we *do* know what Merton, what Stapledon, what Waynfleet *did*, in the ages in which they respectively lived. They gave revenues for particular purposes, in connexion with a certain church. The question then is—Is that church the same communion with the present Church of England? The Roman Church says it is not; but the English Church has always maintained that it is. And, if it is, the English Church enjoys those revenues according to the founder's intentions, which intentions are satisfied by the identity of the communion.

Two suggestions of the Commissioners ought not to be discussed without some reference to this church claim. One is the proposed erection of new professorships out of college funds. In the scheme of the Commission these new posts are provided for by being appended in the shape of fellowships to colleges; in which shape they come under the same tests to which fellowships are subjected. But this is not an arrangement which ought to be adopted: such professorships ought to be University situations simply. But as University situations the Church has no farther hold upon them than that which is contained in the present connexion of the Universities, as such, with the Church, which is not by any means a certain one. The general basis, then, of Church property in the country continuing, these posts might, by an arrangement affecting only the Universities, be separated from the Church, and though maintained out of her property, held by men out of her communion—a result against which some special provision ought to be made.

Another suggestion of the Commission, which ought not to be considered without reference to the Church's claim, is the proposal to abolish holy orders as the condition of the tenure of fellowships. This condition generally prevails in Oxford; yet the immunity of two whole foundations, and of respectable portions of six, leave no inconsiderable exception to the rule. There are many advantages in such a tenure. The office of teacher has been generally looked upon in this country as quasi clerical; parents are more satisfied to place their sons under men who give this pledge; custom and public opinion have given private tuition and sanctioned the committal of public and grammar schools, to clergymen; and, within the last dozen years, the Bishop of Worcester has made the undermasterhips of King Edward's School, at Birmingham, titles for

orders. But instruction in Oxford ought certainly not to be less in clerical hands than it is generally over the country; and there is a particular reason why it should be more so, viz. the great proportion of students who use its education as an avenue to clerical life. On the other hand, the dangers of a lay teacher's position, who is thrown on the world of pure intellect as his home, are not slight; for human nature requires, under such circumstances, the balance of a moral or religious tie. And fellows who are not tutors will be encouraged by such a liberty in a long postponement of their choice of a profession, which may end in producing a loose, wandering, and irresolute class, which will suggest its total suppression as the best remedy for its mischiefs. The grounds of the objection to retaining this condition of a fellowship, which are mainly two, are much weaker ones. Holy orders are undoubtedly sometimes taken by persons unfit for them in consequence of this rule; but an occasional abuse is no argument against a system which is justified in laying fair trials on men for large ends. Moreover, the trial is sure to come sooner or later; the colleges are patrons; and we may leave it to the ingenious casuistry of Mr. Bonamy Price to intimate that a man takes holy orders with an interested levity in order to retain a fellowship, but with a pious discretion in order to obtain a living. To the other objection, that the college tuition loses those fellows whom the choice of a lay life removes from the foundation, it can only be said that those whose object it is to secularize institutions, will never want an argument. The withdrawal of a fellowship from the income of a lay college tutor need not remove him from that post, if his devotion to his calling is equal to his capacity, and if his capacity is sufficiently remarkable to induce the head of his college to solicit his stay. And if even it must, it is frivolous to say that the clerical fellows are not an amply sufficient stock from which to supply the tutorship; though an exceedingly rare case may happen of a useful layman being lost. In this state of the case, then, the claims of ecclesiastical property to those ecclesiastical conditions which are attached by the testators to it come in strongly. It was evidently the intention of the Oxford founders that these institutions should be conducted by clergymen, and it is of the highest importance to the Church that this design should be maintained. No necessity for the change, and many good reasons against it, appearing, what right have you to secularize clerical fellowships any more than deaneries and

canonries? How much more moderate a tone on this subject does the Cambridge Commission take :—

There are, no doubt, strong objections to the practical working of such restrictions by which the emoluments of the fellowship are made to operate as a temptation to a person to enter into holy orders. On the other hand, we cannot contemplate with any satisfaction the simple removal of all obligation to select a profession at a certain period of life. If it be left free to the fellow of a college to determine, at his own time and pleasure, whether he will be of any or no profession, we cannot doubt that the sinecure character of fellowships would soon become such as to demand some very sweeping measure of reform. Such a change in the law of colleges would be likely, as we think, to produce an injurious effect upon the tone and manners of the University. Moreover, in considering this question, it should be borne in mind that in the case of several of the colleges it was manifestly the intention of the founders to appropriate their endowments to the maintenance of a succession of men who should devote themselves to the service of God in the ministry of the Church. For these and other reasons we are inclined to recommend only such a relaxation in the existing law of some of the colleges as would allow of a reasonable interval of time before a newly-elected fellow should be required to enter into holy orders, or vacate his fellowship.—*Report of the Cambridge Commission*, p. 171.

Upon this basis, then—that is to say, in connexion with the Church, as the supreme and comprehensive institution including all these lesser ones within it—two paramount objects present themselves, as the objects which the founders of the colleges had in view. It may be said that Chichele mentions, as the object for which he founded All Souls College, prayer for the souls of those who fell in the battle of Agincourt; that Eglesfield, Wykeham, and Waynfleet made ritual a considerable feature of the colleges they founded; and that other founders laid this, that, and the other obligation upon the fellows of their colleges: but, whatever these were, they were not the objects for which the founders erected these institutions. A great deal too much has been made of the expressed object of Chichele by those whose aim it has been to show that the objects of our founders were obsolete, and therefore that the revenues which were devoted to them have lapsed to the State. However Chichele may have expressed this object, it is absurd to suppose that he would have founded in the first University in Christendom, upon a ground consecrated to science, and in the very centre of mental activity, theological and philosophical, an institution of which the principal design was prayer for the souls of those who were slain in the bat-

tle of Agincourt. If that had been his principal object, it is too little to say that any other place would have done as well for his institution as Oxford; for indeed Oxford was just the worst place in which he could have put it, on account of the constant necessary collision between its activities and the abstraction and passiveness which this devotional object would have needed. Chichele, like other founders, erected a college for certain purposes; but, his institution erected, he made its members useful for a particular object, in which he took interest. Prayer for the dead was a regular part of the devotional system of that day; he directed such prayer into a particular channel.

The paramount objects of the founders of the colleges were two—the promotion of learning, and the assistance of the poor in connexion with learning.

The founders wished to encourage the learned life, and contemplated the residence in their colleges of a set of men permanently devoted to study, and carrying on a life of reading and thought with no aim but that which was contained in such a mode of life itself—the improvement of their own minds and the increase of the general stock of learning in the world. But the ordinary account of this object of the founders of colleges we think somewhat overstates its *proportion* in the scheme. It is quite true that the founders contemplated the permanent learned life principally. But it is not doing justice to the comprehensiveness of their plan to suppose that they contemplated it solely; they had also before them the pursuit of knowledge, with a preparatory and educational aim. Nor did this latter aim include only the commoner pupils of colleges, who were indeed rarely contemplated in the older foundations, but also the fellows. A fellowship in those days, given as it was after the degree of B.A., which was obtained then at the age of the present schoolboy, was not given after education was over, but in the course and for the continuance of education. The Bachelor of Arts was then really in the state in which he is now nominally—in *statu pupillari*. He was really undergoing discipline, and four more years of instruction had to be passed before he had completed his education, i. e. before the degree of Master of Arts—the first academical *terminus*—was reached. A B.A. fellow, therefore, of those days was hardly of the age of a schoolboy just entering the University now. And therefore a fellowship was in his case what a scholarship or exhibition is now, with the difference that it was a permanent place, not a temporary one. It

was a help in the first instance to obtaining a good education, instead of crowning a good education already received. The statutes of colleges, indeed, expressly contemplated a work of education and preparation going on there, while they contemplated also the departure of members for other situations, at a time when colleges consisted of fellows only, and had no commoners.

Amidst the greatest changes of discipline and system, the fellowships still promote remarkably these general ends. While the conditions attached to them exclude them from the invidious rank of regular preferment, they encourage learning, both as prizes, and also as opportunities for, though not obligations to, the learned life. And the fellowships greatly aid the colleges as places of education. They give the instructors a *pied à terre*, raise their situations to a value which secures the services of able men, and are the basis on which the tutorial system rests. The tutorial system could not go on nearly so effectively without the independent position of the fellow, by virtue of which the tutor has an authority of his own over and above what is derived from his appointment—an authority which the founder committed to him when he made him one of the ruling body of the college. And though it may be said that for this employment a small proportion of the present number of fellows would suffice, there would be great practical difficulties to an effective succession of tutors, were there not, beside the acting and present tutors of a college, on overplus of fellows as a stock to supply it. And on such a basis, the work is conducted with a better understanding and more unity.

The great social changes which have taken place since the founders' times, and some popular errors to which a particular expression has given rise, will oblige an ampler discussion of the second great object of the founders—the assistance of the poor in connexion with learning. The college revenues were left for the assistance of poor scholars—*pauperes et indigentes scholares*; this phrase goes the round of the college statutes, and there can be no doubt that this was a fundamental object in the erection of these institutions. But, unfortunately, the very positiveness and decision with which the founders have expressed this design have been used to counteract it, and the claims of poverty have suffered from the very force with which attention to them was enjoined.

The course of popular ideas on this subject has been first to take this intention of founders in an extreme sense, such as would make it plainly obsolete and impracticable

in the present day, and then to draw the natural inference that we are under no obligation now to attend to this intention of founders. The term *pauperes scholares* has been understood as necessarily meaning young men from the lowest class in society—the class of common peasants and labourers: the admission has then been easily obtained, that it would not do now to confine the assistance of our colleges to this class; and the founders intention has been thus disposed of. But the expression *pauperes scholares* had not this confined and this incorrect meaning in the days of the founders: it meant then only what the terms themselves express, and it included a large class to which those terms themselves could only be applied. Why do we suppose that the founders of colleges meant more than they said? Poverty is not want of blood, it is not want of position; it is want of *means*. Persons are apt to suppose, indeed, as a matter of course, that where a class is made an object of charity, by that class must necessarily be meant the lowest class in society. But this is a mistake, which arises from an incorrect and narrow notion of charity. It is the function of charity to give to each person and each class that which each person and each class legitimately needs, whatever that need may be. To the lowest class in society we give money to buy food and clothing, because food and clothing are the urgent wants of that class; but a much superior class, which is provided with these necessaries, and can maintain life without assistance, stands in need of assistance for education: a good education being as natural a want of a class which is on a level to desire and appreciate it, as food and clothing are of a lower class. We have discovered, then, a class which is a true object of charity, and yet not by any means the lowest class in society. Such was the class which, to a large extent, produced the *pauperes scholares*, who were the objects of the bounty of our founders. The poor scholar was not necessarily a man of low birth and connexions; he was often of gentle, and might be of noble, blood. But a slight remove from the main stock of a good family is a total separation from its wealth. The knight and the squire have no surplus for their first or second cousins, who may thus be in a position making them feel all the wants of their class in society, with no means to supply them. And this particular difficulty of position accompanies society in all its steps, from the nobleman to the squire, and from the squire to the citizen and tradesman. The founders of the colleges respected the wants of this large class, and this

class supplied to a considerable extent, in accordance with their design, the members of these eleemosynary institutions. The rolls of Magdalen College show among the names of its first Demies—nearly all put in by William of Waynfleet himself, and therefore certainly open to no objection on the score of the founder's intention—the names of Tichbourne of Hampshire, Masingbird of Lincolnshire, of Ashby, Dryden, and Catesby of Northamptonshire (the latter destined to Gunpowder fame), of Colet, (the family to which Dean Colet belonged), of Radcliffe and Brackenborough (families that contribute *dramatis personæ* to Shakespeare's historical plays). The Reformation, with its commotions and changes, lowers for some time the standard; but, afterwards, when the class of *pauperes scholares* had not ceased or their claims become obsolete, the names of Fairfax, Annesley, Strickland, Mainwaring, Pudsey, Langton, Aldworth, Maynard, Harwar, Cradock, Adams, Stonehouse, Frampton, Sacheverel, Holbach, Blount, Holt, represent old-established families in Yorkshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, and Buckinghamshire. George Wither, the poet, of the family of Wither of Manydowne, near Wootton St. Lawrence, Hampshire, came up in 1603 to Magdalen, to join the class of poor scholars, then a considerable one in the college, distinct from the members of the foundation. He describes, in the 'Abuses Whipt and Stript,' published in 1613, his poor-scholar life:—

To that ford I came,  
Of which an ox they say bears half the name. . . .  
There once arrived, 'cause my wits were raw,  
I fell to wondering at each thing I saw,  
And for my learning made a month's vacation,  
In nothing of the place's situation.  
I did, as other idle freshmen do,  
Long for to see the bell of Oseney too. . . .  
But yet indeed, may I not grieve to tell,  
I never drank at Aristotle's well;  
And that perhaps may be the reason why  
I know so little in philosophy.  
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot,  
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot  
The forest by (believe it they that will)  
Retains the surname of Shotover still.  
Then having seen enough, and there withall  
Got some experience at the tennis-ball,  
My tutor telling me I was not sent  
There to be idle, but with an intent  
For to increase my knowledge, called me in,  
And with his grave instructions did begin  
To teach, and by his good persuasion sought  
To bring me to a love of what he taught.'

The lines, which we quote rather for the facts than for the grace which they display,

show plainly that a poor scholar of those days was not necessarily a boy from the plough, but might be a young gentleman—not so very unlike an Oxford undergraduate of the present day. But this question may be set at rest by the will of Lord Craven, who in 1647 founded scholarships at the two Universities, with a preference to 'poor scholars next of kin' to himself: the term being used evidently by him in the old and traditional meaning.

The rank of poor scholars, then, included in those days a middle and upper class; and so far, therefore, the eleemosynary design of the college foundation is not obsolete and impracticable. Society, through whatever changes it may pass, will never want a large representative of that type which has been just now described; and the text, 'ye have the poor always with you,' may be interpreted of a class of superior as well as a class of the lowest poor. The perpetual drafting off of collateral lines from main ones, vicissitudes of fortune, reverses in trade, the extravagance of one generation which beggars another, throw every day numbers into the difficulty of being in a respectable position of which they cannot supply the natural and legitimate wants. Take the single class of clergy, exhibiting a great mass of low fixed incomes, and think of the necessary consequences which that fact involves. Of the London charities, occupying only one chapter of Mr. Sampson Low's book, and producing, with a mixture of self-support, an annual sum of 130,000*l.*, far the greater part are middle-class ones. Christ's Hospital is a middle-class charity; and so are, in some degree, all our grammar-schools and our public schools. But we see with our eyes the state of the case when a class under these difficulties sits at our tables, and is our next-door neighbour everywhere; when its prospects, its pressures, its applications, its opportunities anxiously watched and eagerly clutched, its disappointments, its successes, which are made so much of while they are intrinsically so small—when all its deep and its petty cares, aims and hopes—form the ever-repeated news in our streets, and the constantly recurring theme of friendly gossip or benevolent consultation at our firesides.

There was indeed another and a lower class which the *pauperes Scholares* included; and the founders did undoubtedly give even to the lowest class a place in their institutions. But under a check of proper discrimination, this too is a duty, not only not obsolete now, but in the highest degree serviceable, and consistent with existing social laws and claims. And there is no proof



that the founders intended this duty to be performed without discrimination ; and if they did, there is no reason why we should not put into effect their benevolence, with the addition of our own check. No sensible man certainly will recommend the admission into the University of a class of poor students whose only claim is that they are poor. Universities were not founded for levelling the distinctions of Providence ; and experience shows the great injustice which is done to the person himself, when, without any natural difference, he is lifted up above his natural rank, to be the victim in after life of awkward social relationships to which his pride and his conscience respond oppositely, oppressed by the sense of isolation which an artificial position inflicts, and tempted to low means of remedying it. We may be opposing some generous speculations which the recent movement in the Church raised ; but it must be said that young men introduced from this class into the ministry of the Church, are, if they are not remarkably superior to, too likely to be much below, the clerical average, and to be just the most greedy and secular of the whole body. The simple ministry of the Church is to them, what to others it is not, a great addition of worldly rank ; and that being the case, the aspect of the Church as an avenue to worldly advantages is almost of necessity a specially prominent one in their eyes, and their temptation to use it as such proportionally stronger. If you think that clergy from a humbler class will on that account bear hardships better, you are mistaken ; they are just the men to grumble most, because they have less of the sentiment or romance of a contrast to support them—the contrast between natural position and voluntary. The medieval Church had orders of clergy which were used to do work for which men from the higher classes of society were unfit ; for preaching friars she may have preferred men of a lower rank. But, particular objects excepted, the medieval Church did what the Church has in every age wisely, and we will add reverently, done—she got, with the highest talents and gifts, the highest rank also she could get for the service of the Church. Nor, when ecclesiastical places were supplied from a lower, was it because the Church preferred that rank, but because she could not get a higher one.

But though it is no function of a University to take up young men from the lower ranks without a special reason, with a special reason it most decidedly is. Where real marks of genius or high talent appear in the lower classes, there is a call upon us to

bring it out, and give it form and training. This is more than a duty even which we owe to the Church or the nation ; it is an immediate act of religion, an obedience due to a direct pointing of the finger of God. We are wisely restrained by a scrupulous forethought in the case of the ordinary poor in this matter : we think of the dangers to humility and to simplicity, and of all the social incongruities into which they will be introduced. But in the case of high intellect, of which true symptoms and pledges are seen, we have no business with these considerations. No scruples and no fears ought to interfere with the sacred duty of bringing out *that* ; upon you rests that responsibility ; and the responsibility of providing a due defence against future trials rests upon One who is sure to fulfil it ; who, as He has bestowed the gift, will give His aid to escape the snares which will accompany it. To ordinary men we may act as nurses, and keep them out of harm's way ; but danger is the privilege of high gifts. Do not be afraid of this great law, or attempt to improve it, or think that results worth having can be attained without it. Your pupil in after days will either be the better for his trials, or, if he is not, it will be his own fault. But high intellect is a sacred thing, and must be brought out at all risks.

The eleemosynary designs then of founders are not obsolete and impracticable, but are suitable to the present age ; and, admitting of a fulfilment, they cannot be unfulfilled without injustice both to them and to those classes. But—and we speak in no spirit of hostile criticism, but because a grave fact ought to be observed, and an evil must be asserted in order to a remedy—Oxford does not fulfil this duty to the Church and nation in either of those respects which we have mentioned. Neither the claims of middle-class poverty nor those of lower-class intellect are sufficiently attended to, the latter being indeed almost wholly neglected. Chance, which fulfils the founder's intentions in some degree, does not at the same time give it more of a fulfilment than it would have had had he never expressed it—and expressed it for the very purpose of obtaining more of a fulfilment than chance would give him.

Such a state of things has arisen in a great measure from causes over which the University has had no control. She has been compelled by a course of events to give away all places by an examination test ; and the very justice of an examination test excludes attention to any other claims—that of poverty with the rest. It may be said

indeed that the poor are sure to get assistance on this basis if they deserve it, but this is not true: This test gives a decided advantage to the affluent classes; and a high natural intellect to which narrow means have not given the conventional cultivation and shape, but whose real depth and resources subsequent years will prove, is not on an examination equality with a trained and moulded inferior. Though you have certainly a right then to insist on a superior intellect as the condition of raising a student out of the lowest class, an examination is not a fair test of his intellect; while in the case of middle-class poverty you have no right to insist on such superiority; its natural position, without this, entitling it to the founder's bounty. The fellowships then are elected to, whether well or ill, without direct regard to this claim; though a property restriction, which is a very capricious one in some colleges, recognizing land and ecclesiastical preferment only in an age of Funds, keeps them generally out of the hands of the affluent. Nor as prizes given after education, could they assist the poor to education any how. Scholarships and exhibitions, Bible-clerkships and servitorships represent the small residuum of college revenues after fellowships have been subtracted. Of these, scholarships and exhibitions feel justly the strong claims of intellectual merit upon them, and cannot consent to weaken the great use which they serve so long as they attend singly to it; though a great waste of founder's bounty often takes place, while the candidate who only wants the honour carries off the emolument. There remain Bible-clerkships and servitorships, with one or two scholarships of modern date—that is to say, of vast revenues, the whole of which is charged by the testators with the direct consideration of poverty—there remain the proceeds of some thirty situations, only about half of which are a maintenance, which obey this charge.

With these reflections and observations we turn to that part of the scheme of the Commissioners which is concerned with the eleemosynary object of the college foundations.

The Commissioners start here with two strings to their bow, and lay down, as the basis of the question, two alternatives, either of which will gain the desired conclusion. They first doubt whether the founders ever did really intend to favour the claims of poverty. The colleges, they say,—

'were intended, no doubt, to maintain *scholars who were poor*; and in an age when learning was regarded as ignoble by the great, and when *nearly all but the great were poor*, persons willing

to enter the University as students could hardly be found except amongst the poor. If in modern days those who impart or seek education in the Universities are not indigent, it must not be thought therefore that the poor have been robbed of their birthright. Rather the Universities, among other agencies, have so raised the condition of society, and mental cultivation is now so differently regarded, that persons intended for the learned professions are at present found only among the comparatively wealthy.'—*Report*, p. 39.

The Commissioners may be pardoned for knowing very little—and this passage proves that they do not know much—of the state of society in the middle ages; but they have not been lucky in betraying such an astounding ignorance of the state of society in which they live. We will not ask who told that 'nearly all but the great were poor in the middle ages;' or whether this fact, instead of coming from any informant at all, was not a happy discovery of the moment, a fruit of that argumentative inspiration which has at all times added so much original matter to the tameness of history; but we will congratulate them on their happy escape from contact with the evils and blots of our social system. If in the expression 'persons intended for the learned professions' they refer to such an intention as can be put into effect, it may be true that none but the sons of the comparatively affluent are intended for the learned professions, because the formation of such an intention as this implies the possession of the means for fulfilling it. But if they mean to say that none but the comparatively affluent *desire* legitimately a learned profession for their sons, we beg to tell them that thousands who are not only not 'comparatively affluent,' but are exceedingly poor, do so. If the phrase, 'pauperes scholares' does not express the design of a founder, but the characteristic of an age, why did the founders add '*pauperes*' when '*scholares*' would have been enough? and why did Archbishop Peckham, who was visitor of Merton College in the year 1284, write to that society thus:—'Ye ought only to have received the indigent, as is shown in the 11th chapter of the Regulations, whence it appears that ye have no liberty to receive such as have sufficient to provide for their own necessities with their own means.' The second string of the Commission is that the assistance of the poor was the founder's design, and that this design must be fully admitted, but that it has become obsolete and incapable of fulfilment without positive mischief:—

'We have no wish to encourage "poor scholars" to come to the University because they are

poor. If we look to the wants of the country and the church, we must believe that what is needed is not a philanthropic scheme for counterbalancing the inequalities of fortune, but rather enactments which will provide that neither the rich nor the poor, if they have the necessary qualifications, shall be *deterred or debarred* from following the course which shall be most useful. What is needed is *justice*, directed to the removal of every impediment; not *charity*, designed to produce, under artificial stimulants, a large class of students without vocation or special aptitude for a learned profession.—*Report*, p. 40.

Now in parts of this statement, which indeed we have forestalled, we agree. But between the encouragement of the lowest poor to come up to the University simply because they are poor, and the neglect of the claims of poverty altogether, is there not a middle course which the Commissioners wholly overlook and omit? Is there not middle-class poverty, and is there not lower class intellect to attend to? With such claims as these confronting them, how can the Commissioners speak of 'University endowment being *burdened* with eleemosynary and family restrictions?' (*Report*, p. 111). Eleemosynary and family restrictions—mark that combination! As if a great law of religion and of nature were to be mentioned in the same breath with a petty family preference, though even that is not to be despised, unless it has become obsolete and injurious! And mark that word '*burden*!' An executor burdened with the claims of heirs—a steward burdened with the rights of proprietorship—a debtor burdened with demands of creditors! When these are proved to be burdens, call that a burden which with the founders was a paramount design, and without which you would not have had this property left at all! With these plain claims how can the Commissioners propose, as they do in this passage, to expunge the word *charity* from college statutes, or imagine that the substitution of '*justice*' in its stead is any compensation? Justice indeed! Why there is justice enough without foundations at all. Nobody would be *deterred and debarred* from coming up to the University who had the means. But foundations are expressly for an object beyond the absence of bar—for positive assistance. Their very existence implies that the higher rule of charity has superseded that of mere justice. But are you *just* even? Do not be quite so sure of that. Because you are not a St. Martin, the inference is not immediate that you are an Aristides! A claimant comes for his share of some funds which were expressly left for his relief, and you say, 'Stop! I am

not charitable; I am only just: that is my great virtue, and *therefore* I cannot give you any of this money.' The rejected applicant would doubtless be surprised at learning the particular ground on which his request was refused; nor could we help him out of his perplexity; for certainly if this is justice, it is not a justice of which one would say, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. Though justice enough is admitted for inconsistency. They allow a few small exhibitions (p. 178), not worthy of a place in the calendar, to continue to be given with a regard to poverty; assigning as a reason that 'it may be well that the sons of poor gentlemen and clergymen should be assisted;' and volunteering the remark that, 'there are clerical education societies which support young men at the University who are poor, and are thought likely to become useful clergymen.' They admit then, the existence of a large claimant class on this ground, while they only feed it by a crum, and think that private associations ought to do what Colleges ought substantially to neglect.

On this subject, then, the Commission simply stereotypes the existing state of things in the University, with the addition of some positive promotion and encouragement. The examination test, which favours the affluent classes who can afford a first-rate education for their sons, now used with exceptions and qualifications, is imposed with unbending rigour; an appeal being allowed to the visitor 'to issue a commission for the re-examination of candidates' in case of any suspicion that any other claim of a candidate has been attended to besides that which his examination has shown. Of a grotesque and ridiculous rule, which, if it worked at all, would disorder every election in the University, we will only observe one aspect. The Commissioners do, on the subject now before us, simply fix existing practice where it wavers, and legitimatise present defects; and on this basis they erect their plan of University extension.

We come again across the subject of University extension, after a considerable interval and in another connexion. A modification of the system of education was the source from which we drew University extension in an earlier part of this article. But we must now draw attention to another and a very different source from which this extension must be extracted. A modified education might appeal to some affluent classes; but, after all the consideration which we have been able to bestow on the subject, we see only one means to an accession from poorer ones, and that is a direct use of the College revenues for that purpose. It is not

enough for this purpose to cut down the expenses of a college life; these latter classes too often cannot avail themselves of such a reduction, unless they have also some positive assistance. Allowing, then, the present scholarships to continue on their present basis as rewards mainly of intellectual merit, it is worth considering whether a portion of college revenue might not be advantageously employed to erect a new class of exhibitions, to be given away with a direct regard to the claim of poverty. The securities for keeping such a condition in force would require a careful construction; the parish clergyman's certificate, accepted in the case of one or two such exhibitions of recent foundation for clergymen's sons at Worcester College, which we understand work well, would hardly satisfy; and definite statements from the parents or guardians themselves might be justly required—not that any plan is obliged to find faultless or, which is the same thing, impossible securities. The mode of appointment would be another question: a system of mere nomination by college officials is too liable to abuse; an examination is the fairest patron on the whole; and the previous ascertainment of poverty would present a set of candidates equal as regards the primary condition of the prize, and therefore fairly and usefully open to a scholarship test for the purpose of selecting from it. The value of such exhibitions would be another question. The lowest class could only send up its intellects of high promise to the University on the pledge of an entire maintenance, while middle-class poverty is effectively assisted by 50*l.*, 60*l.*, or 70*l.* a-year. But single exhibitions of more than a certain value are not thought to work well at Cambridge, where experience on this subject is ampler than at Oxford; and a power of accumulation to meet particular cases would answer all the purpose. The number of such exhibitions would depend on the resources of different colleges. St. John's College, Cambridge, which is the fortunate dispenser of an annual sum of 4000*l.* in the shape of exhibitions and scholarships, offers a standard too high for college funds to reach without new bequests; but the advantages of one University show the wants of the other. We shall not go farther into particulars, but the question from what source such places should be provided is one which we cannot overlook.

The principle of unity which binds self-elective corporations and identifies the future body in idea with the present, has been a more watchful guardian of the property of the Colleges than extrinsic nomination has been of the estates of Deans and Chapters.

An existing generation of fellows has no prospect of benefit from the change of the system of beneficial leases into that of rack-rent, of which the profit comes in too late; they can only repay themselves for the positive loss which they incur in the abandonment of fines by recourse to loans upon internal or borrowed funds, nor have they always availed themselves of this liberty; yet the motive of the future benefit of the society has operated, and in the course of this century a large migration of college property has taken place from one system to the other. We cannot pretend to speak with accuracy, yet it would not be far from the mark to say that nearly the whole of the estates of a few colleges, half of many, and a third of almost all, are now at rack-rent, while a raised corn-rent has modified the old system even where continuing. But the result of such past improvement is that there is less of future to look forward to. And though an increase of the general stock of college property, which a guess might put at forty or fifty thousand a-year, may be still in time be expected, many claims have to be satisfied before it is available for new uses. A large class of insufficient fellowships have to be made moderate ones; and upon the limitation of 300*l.* a-year which the Commission has laid down, a very large joint class of insufficient and moderate fellowships have to be made good ones; though it is only justice to the College spirit to say that it does not always give private advantage the first claim. Add to this the long time of waiting before the effect of run-out leases is felt. Two periods of seven years pass before the College resumes formally the full proprietorship: but this is not all; the skilful eye of an accomplished lessee can measure to-day the amount of durability in barns and outbuildings, and on the expiration of the lease, an estate with a worn-out soil and a tottering masonry falls in to the lessors. Repairs, with repayment of loans, principal and interest, leave several years during which the net income of the estate does not more than equal its amount under the old system; and a solid accession of property to the College may be not unfairly put at twenty years from the first refusal to renew.\*

Under these circumstances it is evident that, with the rare exception of those societies whose fiscal growth and prospects can afford an excess over a higher maximum of a fellowship, such a class of exhibitions can only be supplied in one of two ways, either

\* Mr. Neate's short but valuable pamphlet on this subject deserves attention.

by a lower maximum, or by a partial suppression of fellowships. With respect to either plan, colleges would, of course, stand differently, according to their size and revenues. A small college could not afford to reduce its fellowships in number without risk to its efficiency as a place of education; a poor college could not afford to reduce them in value. Nor ought such a charge to be laid indiscriminately upon all. But thus much must be said,—that such a class of exhibitions is called for; that the fellowships do at present absorb a disproportionate share of college revenue; and that, without such a legitimate drain upon it, this disproportion will increase as college revenue increases.

In accordance with the principle here laid down, the schemes of University extension which have been put forward of late have used all more or less the College revenues, and offered some positive assistance to the student. Some plans in the evidence in this Report involve this; and a scheme of an affiliated hall, with exhibitions attached, for the reception of a poorer class, has been for two years under the considerate eye of the Visitor of an important College in Oxford. There can be no use in extending University education at the cost of lowering it, but it is a different thing if you are provided with funds for enabling men to rise to its level;—whether you erect independent halls, or affiliated halls, or only increase college accommodation.

The Commissioners, however, while they give a liberty which they cannot refuse to the University to try any of these modes of extension, recommend as their own particular proposal, of which the advantages cannot be equalled, a scheme of ‘unattached students;’ *i. e.*, of students, however poor, thrown entirely upon their own resources, and living by themselves in what lodgings they can get, under no discipline but the vague and cold surveillance of a higher University police—to which they offer the name—ominous in associations—of ‘guardians.’ They propose this plan against the all but unanimous verdict of the evidence which they themselves have collected; a fact which they recognise rather too indefinitely as a ‘plan which has been strongly objected to by many of those who have given evidence, but strongly supported by several.’ For ‘many,’ read all but five, and for ‘several,’ read five. And they propose it not as a suggestion of ordinary rank, but a fundamental one on which they stake their credit—a cabinet measure; placing it amongst the ‘most important’ which they single out for insertion in the last clause of

the ‘Conclusion of the Report.’ It must be added, that the proposal brings them into direct collision with their brethren of the other Commission, who recommend a diminution of the present out-college lodging in Cambridge, while they are for introducing a form of student life much more independent than this into Oxford, as a new practice.

The statement they give of the advantages of this proposal, the comparisons between it and the collegiate one, and their replies to objections, are curious, as showing how easily men can satisfy themselves of the excellencies, and how blind they are to the defects of a scheme, which some previous theory has rendered a favourite. The first ground alleged for it is its superior cheapness; and three statements of weekly expenses—one, that ‘of a clerk in an attorney’s office in a town about the same size as Oxford,’ another that ‘of an accountant in the same office,’ and another ‘that of a pupil of Mr. Brunell’s, while living at Chalvey, near Slough, during the construction of the Windsor branch of the Great Western Railway,—are introduced, in order to prove the rate at which ‘young men from the middle classes in English society,’ may live at Oxford if left to provide for themselves in lodgings. And it must be observed that no want of comfort and no great inferiority even of style are at present considered to be involved in this rate of living. These statements then all come to the same result, *viz.*, to 18s. a-week as the whole expense of boarding and lodging; and the third, which is the most accurate, will do for all.

	s.	d.
Lodging, per week . . . . .	8	0
Dinner, per day, 10d. . . . .	5	10
And he considered that his other meals and sundries cost about	2	2

Making his whole expenses about 16 0  
a week, exclusive of washing.

Now the Commissioners forget one important consideration here, *viz.*, that lodging-keepers charge higher in a University than they do elsewhere, making the employed portion of the year compensate for the unemployed. And in Oxford house-rent is high. There are no decent lodgings in Oxford under 12s. a week. You must deduct then the 4s. from the 10d. a day allowance for the dinners of the week—not a too liberal one, as it stands, considering that the age is a luxurious one, and that Jeremy Taylor has laid down with canonical precision the scholar’s right to sterling support. And in that case you have not much excess to fall back upon in that third comprehensive week-

ly item of 'other meals and sundries,' for which 2s. 2d. is allowed. Have the Commissioners, by the way, made the proper inquiries in this grave and solemn department? We do not see in their circular the questions—'What is the average appetite of an undergraduate?—What reduction does it admit of?—State your experience and observation of the effect of study upon it.' Yet such important subjects ought not to be so severely decided without information.

These calculations indeed are so obviously and so much below the mark as applied to Oxford living, that the Commissioners themselves raise them double, as soon as ever they apply them, and give nearly 47*l.* instead of 24*l.* as the annual expense of the board and lodging of an unattached student. But in raising it to this sum, though not considerate enough for truth, they are too considerate for their own conclusions, for they raise it above the amount at which a Hall fixes it, as shown by the tables of Bishop Hatfield's Hall at Durham, which put these expenses at the annual sum of 37*l.* 7*s.*, and though the Commissioners' calculations suppose twenty-eight terms residence instead of the Durham residence of twenty-four, the difference would still keep the Durham annual sum below the Commissioners'. And it must be remembered that the Durham calculation is a tried and working one. The Commission puts the three years' board, lodging, and instruction, together at 200*l.*; while Mr. Collis, Head Master of Bromsgrove School, says:—'One of my brothers entered Hatfield Hall, and from first to last, including all expenses, academical and *personal*, he spent but a few pounds over 300*l.*' Considering how much *personal* expenses include, 300*l.*, with this addition, is less than the Commission's 200*l.* without it. Nor can we understand how the Commission can accept or not dispute Mr. Melville's sum of 180*l.* as a Hall-amount of all expenses, academical and domestic, for three years; then put down 200*l.* as the amount on their own plan; and finally conclude that their own plan is cheaper than the Hall one. So much appears upon admitted calculations. But take into account the ignorance and carelessness of young men in such matters, and the enormous extent to which they will be cheated by lodging-keepers; and it stands to reason that an economical College or Hall, under conscientious and responsible management, would keep them much cheaper than they would keep themselves.

The plan, then, of 'unattached students,' if it is to have the advantage of greater cheapness, implies a much lower form of

life than we have now in Oxford; it implies bad lodging in holes and corners, and indifferently food. But in that case there is small ground for another advantage which the Commissioners attach to it, as compared with the collegiate plan. They object to a poor scholar life, however modified, in institutions, because 'popular opinion affixes a stigma, though perhaps a slight one, on such positions;' and such students come into invidious 'contact with the present commoners.' But do they mean to say that a set of young men, like all other undergraduates, except that they are known to be poor, wearing no badges, and receiving a first-rate education under the shelter of an ancient society, will provoke invidious comparisons, and that a new class of students, living how and where they can, will not? Will the sight of poor students in halls or colleges elicit pride; and will that of poor students lodging in alleys produce wisdom and reflection? The Commissioners are sanguine men, if, with the character which they attribute to Oxford Commoners, they wait confidently for the sobering effect which the sight of unattached students will have upon it; when they suppose that the presence of this class will, 'if it makes itself felt, tend to introduce among the students generally quieter and more frugal habits, and to discourage extravagant ways of thinking and living.'

The objection of want of discipline, in the case of these unattached students, is met by a set-off. After a considerable parade of 'licenses,' by which lodging-houses would be tested and 'regulations,' under which they would be placed—which, like all prospective tests and regulations, are the surest and most inviolable that can be conceived; after Proctors have been increased, and the new office of 'Guardian' erected, it is confessed that these students 'would, in some respects, have more liberty' (Report, p. 52) than others. It is argued, however, 'that poverty and the guarantee implied in poverty, that such students would come to the University only for the sake of study, would act as a direct hindrance to vice, and as an inducement to good conduct.' But poverty without credit is a guarantee against expensive, not against cheap vice; and the guarantee is poverty for persevering study is by no means sure; nor again is even the zealous pursuit of knowledge a guarantee against self-indulgence and profligacy.

The advantage of this plan to the Colleges, as saving the expense of new buildings, does not come with a good grace from a Commission that has made no free with college

revenues for its own purposes. Moreover, many colleges can and do afford to build largely.

Two principal views seem to have influenced the Commissioners in recommending this plan. The first is an academical theory. The marginal heading with which this plan is ushered in is—'Restoration of the University which has been absorbed in the Colleges.' These 'unattached students' have an extraordinary value in their eyes, as constituting a body which belongs to the University, without belonging to a College or Hall; and so bringing out the *idea*, simple and unalloyed, of a *University*. Now there is something in a name, and a reason is not immediately to be silenced because it is no more. Yet, on every practical principle, what can it signify, if a University produces certain results, whether it produces them as a University, or as a collection of Colleges and Halls. The latter is the form into which a long course of events, a growth of centuries has moulded Oxford; in spite of which we have been accustomed to consider Oxford a University. But if Oxford is *not* a University, lamenting the error under which we have always lain, we yet cannot see its great importance or relevancy. If Oxford is a University, and produces certain results, then a University produces those results: if Oxford is not a University and produces them, something else which is not a University does. But so long as ends are attained, it cannot signify by what particular means they are, still less the shape and the name of those means. Create a new form of student-life, if you can create a better one. But if the existing form is a stricter one, as you admit it to be, do not for the sake of an idea exchange it for a laxer one.

But another view, which may be called an ethical one, also lies underneath this scheme, and the Commissioners, besides a pure academical theory, develop a stern moral philosophy. The following extract will show what we mean.

'We learn from the Report of your Majesty's Commissioners for the Scottish Universities what such students can do there.

"I asked him if he meant that he lived on meal only, prepared in different ways. He said "Yes." I then went to his landlady, and asked whether he was so poor as that he could not afford anything better? She said, "Not at all, he has abundance of money." I asked, "What is it then that he does with it?"—"He lays it out on books," and, says she, "What do you think he paid me at the end of last Session, for his whole necessaries. I bought for him everything that he required for food, and supplied him with fuel, candles, and lodging, and the whole amount was 4l. 17s. for five months."

"Are a great proportion of your students in a situation of pecuniary difficulty?"—"There are a great number of them that are in fact, obliged to go home and work at farm labour, in order to enable them to come up the next session to College."

'Such brave struggles might, perhaps be witnessed in Oxford, too, if the poor were admitted to the University, as of old, without being forced to join any College or Hall!'—Report, p. 49.

Now, nobody who is not insensible to the merit of ardour and endurance in the cause of knowledge, can refuse to admire the struggles, portrayed in this passage, of genuine poverty submitting to extreme privations and menial labour, rather than want books and education. Such an exhibition is honourable to a Scotch University, which, as it has no funds at command, can point to the virtues of its students, without the responsibility of their hardships. But because a penniless University is obliged to look as a spectator upon a class of students in it, which has not enough to live on, to introduce this class of set purpose into endowed Oxford, and keep on its hardships designedly, under the very walls of institutions expressly raised for their relief, is a strange proposal. 'Such brave struggles might perhaps be witnessed in Oxford too!' And very creditable it would be to Oxford to offer such a sight; to have within the very scent of its College-kitchens, matriculated undergraduates who lived on unwholesome or insufficient food, on 'meal prepared in different ways,'—how far the variety of form would modify the stubborn identity of the substance is a question perhaps too recondite to be discussed *en passant*. Very creditable, very honourable indeed, a glorious boast, that unhappy solitaires, forlorn, hungry, and unhealthy, should be lodging like the offscouring of the earth in sidereal attics and subterranean cellars, within a few yards of our eleemosynary colleges, founded to assist poor scholars! You contemplate this result, do you, with grave, with philosophical satisfaction?—with satisfaction do we say?—rather with zealous and thankful emotion. You have been sitting in that room in Downing Street, as legislators, constructing a plan of University reform with the view of producing a salutary and convenient quantity of student distress? You have regarded that as an advantageous end to be obtained by a wise and considerate application of means? Certainly discipline and hardship are good things, and we might all be the better for a little more of them; they subdue our levity, they strengthen and brace our wills. They are wholesome things, no doubt, and especially if high offices, if great emoluments



are in prospect. Human nature is prepared for a middle life of promotion by a youth of rigour. Yet large exceptions to this rule are seen; for superior natures a more lenient discipline is sufficient, and an Oxford Commission reveals that there are those on whom an ample preferment sits with a becoming grace, without a previous starvation. Use, then, discipline with considerateness—these youths are exhausting themselves; for constitutions are weak, and health hangs upon a slender thread. They may die before they are professors! Not, however—for we must not attribute greater severity than we ought—that an immediate application of this rule to the professoriate is intended.

But this struggling class is introduced not only for the effect of discipline upon itself, but in order to edify the rest of the University—a design which is still more remarkable and questionable. When James the First as a young prince was naughty, the son of a lord in waiting was flogged; and the Saxon nobles performed the fasts of the Church by the instrumentality of their serfs. We smile at these facts, yet they are hardly truer examples, than the present one, of improvement made easy, and virtue practised by deputy. You drag in this string of forlorn irregulars, in order that we may become magnanimous and be inspired with high ideas at the sight of them; in order that we may say to ourselves, 'how grand is hardship sustained in pursuit of knowledge, how noble is intellect in distress!' You are bringing them in, as country squires import foxes into their estates, and German barons wolves; as fine specimens of the intellectual *fera natura*; a rough, unshorn collection, which ornate academics may point out to polished savants and delicate ladies, at commemorations, with the finger of a showman, and the remark, 'That is an unattached student; isn't he a fine animal in his way?' The Guardians will introduce them into the Sheldonian Theatre on that occasion, for the admiration of beholders. The ancient Spartans made a particular use of their Helots to convey a moral lesson; the 'unattached students' are to answer a similar purpose by means more moral indeed, but the morality of which will redound to their own honour a good deal more than to their employer's. How improving the sight of famished intellect especially, standing to be admired by those who must, in order to keep it so standing, wholly conquer the recollection that they are trustees, with revenues in their hands expressly devoted to its relief. The moral sense is bewildered, as we contemplate the labyrinthal involutions of this self-disciplining process; as we listen to the

Professor of the Commission soliloquizing from his window, at the approach of a troop of poor 'unattached' advancing up the street—'Noble youths, how pale you look; how emaciated, how feeble your steps; I should think you have had nothing substantial to eat for three days. But would I help you to one step out of your present condition? Not for a professorship three times the value of my present one would I turn such a traitor to progress, such a recreant to science! I have two reasons for this course. First, I would not deprive *you* of a high privilege. Yes, depend upon it, toil is true honour, and struggle the noblest preferment. As I look at you, I feel I could almost change places with you. Yours is the glorious advanced post of science, that of ardent activity unburdened by profit, nor even much obstructed by support; while I, as an unfortunate Professor—but I will not prolong by a contrast the pains of a refined jealousy. Secondly, the sight of you is so improving to my own character. I rise superior to the weaknesses of benevolence, as I contemplate the nobility of your struggles. I feel the grandeur, and swell with the love of science alone. A noble spirit rises in my breast—I am transported—I am inspired—I really think it probable I shall very soon begin to give lectures!'

The whole moral type on which this plan of University extension is based, is indeed a mistaken one. The plan of a poorer class living with assistance in institutions is rejected, because charity is supposed to be degrading to the objects of it. You adopt as your type a proud independence which prefers to struggle on without assistance, and endure without relief. But this, however much it may please a Stoic, is no Christian type; and our Founders would be astonished to hear that a theory had been discovered, by which all their bequests could be generously enjoyed by the affluent, solely for the moral benefit of the needy, who were considered to be in danger of having their characters weakened by a share of them. Such are the results of a *collective* benevolence. There is not one member of this Commission, from its right reverend chairman to its able and accomplished secretary, who would not individually think it a privilege to open his own purse for the adequate support of a deserving student. But the *board* deals with the class as if it were an abstraction, in the spirit in which a political economist treats society. Meanwhile let it be understood, that if the College revenues are to be to any extent fresh applied, there is another claimant to the benefit of them besides the one introduced by the Commission. Nor shall

we think much of a University reform which rushes on to a philosophical luxury and efflorescence upon the neglect of justice.

We have now discussed the two paramount objects of the College foundations, and it only remains to assign briefly its proper place and rank to a third object. We cannot, after a balance of different considerations, assign a paramount rank to the local objects of these foundations. The great founders of the Collegiate system in Oxford first erect institutions for the large and general object of promoting learning and benefiting the Church; but this general object having raised the institution, they have to apply its revenues according to some or other arrangement. The founders of Oriel and Balliol leave them free; the founders of Merton, Magdalen, All Souls and Corpus leave them to the counties in which the College estates are situated; the founder of Queen's leaves them to two northern counties, on account of devastation, general poverty, and rudeness; the founder of Lincoln leaves them to two dioceses, because those two have been left out in other foundations. But the selection of counties by the chance test of the situation of College estates does not indicate strong local preference to begin with; though the plan being adopted may have been administered with favour in a particular instance. The plan was calculated to oppose an abuse, which made Oriel in the last century largely Welch; and was met in that College and by the founder of Trinity by a particular counter-provision—the abuse of a clique of fellows gradually filling a College out of a particular district. The reasons of the founders of Lincoln and Queen's have the same look of absence of decided local preference. Imagine, indeed, a man of large mind, who sees defects in the ecclesiastical and scholastic training, or as we should say, in the education of the age, and erects an institution in order to supply them. It stands to reason that a man of this stamp, with such an aim, does not bring local preference strongly into his scheme. What he wants is to benefit the Church and nation. A general result is the dominant aim of one who is supplying a general want: nor can a man well be strongly attached to some ten or a dozen counties at once; the very number interprets the preference. But though large founders may have left such matters of arrangement to take their chance, and be modified by events, the lesser ones, or the class of benefactors, might feel the local motive more strongly; nor after any interpretation of a founder's intention is the actual expression of it to be disregarded; for though a fact may lose

some of its force, an explanation is not therefore supreme. And time of itself gives weight and interest to local connexions.

There is another ground, and that perhaps a stronger one, for claiming a liberty to interfere with local restrictions—the ground, which has been mentioned before in other connections, viz., that the fellowship, from being the thing which the founder made, has become a prize, and a prize moreover to which the important office of formal instructor attaches. Both these changes justify the demand of certain attainments as the condition of election, and, so far as local restrictions interfere with that condition, there is solid reason for removing them.

This balance of statute and explanation appears to issue in some conclusion like this:—that we have a full right to open the fellowships, so far as a need for such a change is shown, but not beyond that point.

Now the actual amount of obstruction which local restrictions raise to the admission of able men into our foundations has been exaggerated. We could, had we space, form a basis of antecedent calculation on this subject, and show that the law upon which nature produces intellectual ability, a greater proportion of which is produced upon one level than in a very marked succession of gradations, is one which would tend to diminish this effect of local restrictions: but we go to facts. These restrictions then have not prevented three-fourths of the classical firsts of the five years included in 1845–9, and one-third of the classical seconds within that time, from getting fellowships. The first proportion is a fair one, considering that the other fourth contains sons of noblemen, men of fortune, and those who for other reasons did not want fellowships. And although the second might certainly be improved, no very strong grievance is made out. This system has indeed been made to bear the weight of a good deal for which it is not really responsible. Whenever there has been a bad state of things in a College, and that College has been under these restrictions, it has been taken for granted that the result has been owing to that cause; and this system has been saddled with the accumulated evils and abuses which carelessness, favouritism, and class influence in College elections have produced. But local restrictions in their pure operation do not prevent good elections, or degrade Colleges. It may be stated, as quite an ascertained fact, that a good sized county or diocese will send up, under fair circumstances, good candidates for scholarships and fellowships; though an irregular and unexpected appeal to a county for a fellow, in a College which ordinarily

takes its fellows from its scholars, will sometimes not be well responded to. Had not this been the case, Oriel, which has eight out of its eighteen fellowships close, would never have gained a reputation, which has suppressed its portion of closeness altogether to the public eye, and been used as one of the great facts in favour of an entirely open system. Corpus is a close college: yet Sir William Hamilton, speaking from the fruits it has produced, says:—‘Nothing could stand against Corpus as an educational institution, if it did not burden itself by an extra weight of gentlemen commoners. The scholars, who constitute the far greatest amount of its undergraduates, are all elected by the College from a wide enough circle; they are therefore, in a great measure, picked men.’ Of another College, limited to two counties, the scholarships, we are informed, have ever since a late improvement in their value and prospects drawn decidedly good candidates, of whom a good proportion has subsequently obtained the highest academical distinctions—a proportion equal or superior to that which another foundation in the University, similar to it but upon an open basis, has in the same time produced. Indeed, an open basis is of itself no pledge for the efficiency of a College. Oriel and Balliol, which were as open last century as they are this, were in a very low condition last century; and the two colleges most devoted to class interests of late years, have been open colleges. Sir William Hamilton’s table for ‘showing the comparative efficiency of the Oxford Houses as seminaries of education,’ does not prove the conclusion which it was intended to establish, viz., that the academical honours of the Colleges vary in amount according to those of the Teachers: for—even were his collective estimate of honours formed upon a right basis, and not upon a basis of ‘First-class = 4, Second = 3, and Third = 2,’—the scale of College honours according to this estimate does not tally at all with the teacher list. And the calculator omits the important consideration that Colleges start, according to their reputation and connexions, with different undergraduate material. But his table, so far as it shows anything, does show one thing, viz., that the educational efficiency of the Colleges does not vary according to local restrictions. Two close colleges rank third and fourth on this list, and are followed by two open ranking fifth and sixth; two close ones rank twelfth and thirteenth, and are followed by two open ones ranking fourteenth and fifteenth. Open and close alternate throughout.

But there is another consideration. To

the imagination of the public all Oxford appears as absorbed in this system; but the real fact is that not a large proportion of the fellowships are affected by it. By local restriction is meant the selection of birth in a particular locality, as a necessary condition of election. The proportion of fellowships which are subject to this condition will appear from the subjoined table, which contains two lists of fellowships (including under this term, the studentships of Christ Church), one wholly free from local restrictions, the other free to a large extent, being open to spaces equal to or larger than the province of Canterbury. We have put down the foundations of All Souls’ and Trinity under the former head, because, though under some statutable restrictions, the practice of these societies opens them to the whole University: Wadham under the latter, because only a preference is given in this foundation to two counties, ‘in certain cases.’

Fellowships wholly free from local restrictions:—

Christ Church	101
New College	70
St. John’s	50
All Souls’	40
Pembroke	18
Worcester	13
Trinity	12
Balliol	12
Oriel	10
Queen’s	8
	<hr/>
	334

Fellowships comparatively free:—

Merton	24
Wadham	15
Exeter	8
Worcester	6
University	6
	<hr/>
	59

Sum total of fellowships - - - 542

Fellowships free	334
Comparatively free	59
	<hr/>
	393

Fellowships confined to counties, dioceses, &c. 149

The proportion, then, of locally-restricted fellowships is but something more than one-fourth of the whole; the school restrictions in fact, assisted a little by founder’s kin, absorbing a larger number than the local ones do; while the rest, under an open or a partial, or a nomination system of election, are free from all ties. Nor do the school restrictions involve the local ones, for even county schools, by circulated statements of their privileges, attract boys from distant parts of the country. It must be added that the greatest cases of abuse have arisen from the school restrictions; nor is the Commission to be excused for endeavouring

under the phrase 'local body of electors,' to fasten upon local, instead of its real cause, *school* restriction, a notorious case of tremendous havoc made at the Oxford pass examinations, in a certain foundation alluded to in page 150 of the Report. The 'electors' were a local body indeed in this case, but the *electeds* were not.

In this state of the case it may fairly be left to judicious reforming counsels to effect that relaxation of local or school restrictions, which may be wanted for the due rewarding of talent. An entire removal is not wanted for this end, and would certainly disappoint expectations; for when the ablest men are rewarded as they are to a large extent now, you have only a class below them left to reward. Nor, of another kind of restriction, viz., the selection of fellows out of scholars, does more than a modification appear to be wanted? It is certainly the opinion of practical men, that Colleges want, for their proper administration, some principle of unity, besides that which the inclosure of a number of men within four walls affords. This want has been supplied at Cambridge by the all but universal practice of electing Fellows out of the particular College—a practice which the Cambridge Commission seems to approve and sanction by silence. Election of Scholars, whom the society itself has trained, affords a useful bond to the society, and has a good effect upon the Scholars, where election is not obligatory but only conditional. But while a relaxation to this extent might be useful, the reduction of the whole class of fellows to a simple *numerus* is a hazardous experiment.

With these remarks, we take leave of the subject of University Reform and the Oxford Commission. Their Report exhibits a considerable mass of information, which has not only an imposing effect, but gains the substantial respect of the reader; but when he comes to perceive, as he does before long, and perceives more and more as he advances, one fundamental deficiency throughout the scheme, he does not allow the industry of the collector to stand as a substitute for it. The board has probably given to all the parts of this scheme a fair amount of consideration; but boards as such talk and suggest rather than think. For that tossing of ideas and questions across a table, in battledore and shuttlecock fashion, which goes on at a board, is not worthy of the name of thought; though it is very useful to test, modify, or fill up a plan which has already had the advantage of being thought out. The individual only can dive into himself, and bring up out of the deep

reservoir of a fertile brain and a reasoning imagination all the postures, contacts, alliances, and relations of a scheme in operation, its situation amid surrounding matter, the points of attraction and repulsion, where things combine and where they jar; can, in short, be prophetic, call up an unborn future, and set things going before they are. But when individuals compose a board, they are apt to leave this hard and somewhat unsocial work to one another to do, and so to suppose often that a foundation, which only requires the social kind of thought to complete, has been laid, when it never has been: and though men are ready enough to undertake the thinking out of their own hobbies, they do not suppose it necessary to think accurately or patiently on such self-evident truths. Thus time after time the Commissioners' plans and arrangements break down on their first submission in idea to a working test, and show no foundation of true head-work; and amidst a lavish obtrusion of blue-book industry high mental labour is an absentee. Free as our comments, however, upon the Commission have been, we have at no one moment forgotten the high character and the distinction of the gentlemen who composed it. We have given them credit for a true and honourable zeal for the promotion of knowledge, and for a sincere desire to improve the University upon their type. But they are—and we might use a harsher word—enthusiasts. They have started with a particular idea of a University in their heads, and have made everything give way to that. To a fictitious revival of an old type, and to one order's supremacy, all sound policy, practical convenience, and established proportions have been sacrificed. They have thought that they could not do anything but what was wise, discreet, temperate, and modest, so long as they filled every place and department with that occupant. They have treated the University like the most insatiable carpet-bag; stuffed it with legislators till it cannot stir, crammed it with teachers till its head turns round. And enthusiasm is generally the next door to injustice. They have degraded and disgraced every other order to make way for this one; while at the same time they have wholly passed by rightful claimants, and neglected reforms which were wanted on the ground of solid justice. From such a temper has proceeded a scheme of University reform, of which the University constitution is a blunder, the University instruction a theory, and the University extension a joke.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. 1853.

We have given our general views of Mr. Moore's literary character, as well as of some of his principal productions, so fully on former occasions that, on the present, we shall confine our observations to the *special contents* of the volumes before us. This is a task which we wish we could have spared ourselves; for we have but little to commend either in the substance or the circumstances of the publication—which has not merely disappointed the general reader, but must, we believe, have given pain to every one who has any regard for the memory of poor Moore.

The book presents us with, first, an autobiographical sketch of Moore's earlier life, of which a good deal seems to us very apocryphal, and what is of any value has been already before the public in the prefaces to the collected edition of his works; secondly, a number of letters, already above 400, chiefly to his mother, and Mr. Power the publisher of his 'Melodies'; thirdly—but much the larger and more important section, occupying half the second and the whole of the third and fourth volumes—a Diary—beginning in August, 1818—and thenceforward most assiduously and minutely kept—of not merely the incidents of his literary and domestic life, but the sayings and doings of the extensive and variegated society in which he moved.

These materials he bequeathed under the following clause of his will (dated 1828):—

'I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family.'—*Preface*, p. i.

On this Lord John observes 'that the reader will not wonder that he has thought it right to comply with the request of his deceased friend.' To the general proposition we cheerfully assent, but the manner in which the task has been executed is a very different question. Every one recollects his friend Sydney Smith's description of his Lordship's readiness to undertake *any* thing and *every* thing—to build St. Pauls—out for the stone—or command the Channel fleet.' We cannot guess what he might have been as an architect, an anatomist, or

an admiral, but he is assuredly a very *different* editor.

His position, indeed, is altogether a strange one. We see him in the political world executing the most important duties without an office, and in his literary capacity accepting a very important office, without performing its most ordinary duties. He is also, we find, simultaneously editing the correspondence of Mr. Fox. Yet it evidently never once occurs to him, that one who has so many irons in the fire runs a risk of burning his fingers.

In the first place, the volumes are—what is called—*edited* in the most slovenly and perfunctory style. For instance:—

At the close of the letters we find one of the few, and generally very idle notes that he condescends to give us:—

'\* \* \* These letters are, many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.—J.R.'—i. 141.

'*Fear!*' any one who had read the Letters must have been *sure* of it; and why is it so? What is the use of an *editor* but to look after such things? and, in this case, we really believe that it might have been done by an hour's attentive perusal and comparison with the other contents of the volumes. But the materials are not only negligently misplaced—but, if Lord John had, as he intimates, a power of *selection*, in many instances very ill chosen. We by no means quarrel with his having given us much that may appear trifling—it was incident to the nature of the task he had undertaken—but we smile at the pompous solemnity with which he endeavours to excuse such an unsifted accumulation of littleness and nothings as we have now before us.

'Mr. Moore,' his Lordship says, 'was one of those men whose *genius* was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life and the lesser traits of his character.'—p. vi.

To this we may make the old reply, *Je n'ai pas la nécessité*. Mr. Moore was a lively and a popular writer, and a most agreeable companion, and well entitled to a special biography, but we never imagined that the recesses of his private life were to afford anything so emphatically important to mankind.

Admitting, however, as we are quite willing to do, the amusement and even the instruction to be derived from a Dutch delineation of the smaller details of social life, it is essential even to that petty pleasure to know something about the company into which we are thus introduced. Of the many hun-

dred persons who are more or less prominent actors in the long *melo-drame* of Moore's life, there are not above a couple of dozen that would not require a nomenclator, while the editor has not thought fit to fix the identity of *any one*, and leaves us a mere mob of undistinguishable names. There are, or seem to be, five or six different tribes of *Moore's*, three or four *septs* of *Nugents*, four or five *clans* of *Douglasses*, *Smiths* in their usual abundance, and long strings of 'Brown—Jones—Robinson,' and the like, but not a hint from the writer or the editor which of the Browns, Joneses, or Robinsons is the party concerned. Lord John, we admit, may say that in the great majority of cases we should probably think any explanation that could be given very barren and unprofitable. Just so: but what is that excuse but a proof that the greater part of the work is itself unprofitable and barren; for what interest can there be about the sayings and doings of people whose personal identity is not even worth realizing?

There is one instance of this neglect or reserve so remarkable and so unaccountable that it seems to throw something of suspicion where we are sure Lord John could have had none—we mean the announcement of Moore's *marriage*. We need not say in what a variety of ways such an event influences any man's subsequent life. In Moore's case it seems to have been singularly imprudent, and, if not clandestine, at least very mysterious, and must have been the cause of much embarrassment, and in spite of his joyous and sanguine temper, of constant anxiety. Almost every page of the *Diary*, and many pages twice or thrice over, testify how vividly, how ostentatiously he produces and reproduces the happy consequences of this alliance; but those who will take the trouble of looking closer will see that he seems to have been in a constant fidget about the various shades of coolness or countenance with which his choice was received, and that his feelings towards individuals were evidently sweetened or soured according to this special influence; and yet all that either he or his editor tells us on this affair which predominates over every hour of his after life is this—

—At page 252 of the first volume, under date 'May 1811,' he writes to his *mother* that he is to meet at breakfast at Lady Donegal's\* and at dinner at Mr. Rogers',

A person whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week.'

To which the editor appends this note:—

'Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke on March 22, 1811, at St. Martin's Church in London.'

Surely after Lord John's dissertation on the necessity of the world's being made acquainted with the minute details of Mr. Moore's life, it is very strange to find him thus slurring over the chief personage and topic of all. We throw into a foot-note a few words on this subject (chiefly collected from the *Diary*) which seem necessary to supply the editor's injudicious omission, and to explain Moore's real position. We do so the more willingly, lest our silence, added to that of Lord John, should lead to a suspicion that anything could be truly said derogatory in the slightest degree from the merits of 'this excellent person,' as she is, no doubt justly, described by Lord John, and by every one else that we have ever heard speak of her.\*

But besides these obvious defects of Lord John's editorial system, some questions of

earliest, kindest, and most sensible of Moore's friends; and a few of Miss Mary Godfrey's letters to him, full of lively talk and excellent advice, are certainly the best things in the volumes. It is not state<sup>1</sup>, and we very much doubt, that Lady Donegal knew anything of Miss Dyke *before* the marriage, but she immediately, as Moore phrases it, took her by the hand.<sup>2</sup> Lady Donegal died in 1829. Of Miss Godfrey we regret that we know nothing but her half-dozen agreeable letters.

\* Mr. Dyke was, we are informed, a subaltern actor on the Irish stage; he also gave lessons in dancing and showed some artistic talents in scene painting. He had three daughters; the eldest married a Mr. Duff, also, we have been informed, on the stage, and the youngest Mr. Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre [ii. 208]; the second, Elizabeth, born in 1793, was the wife of Moore. They were all on the stage [i. 304], when young as dancers, and afterwards as actresses; in both these capacities they were engaged to fill the female parts in the *Amateur Theatricals* of Kilkenny in the years 1809 and 1810, when Moore, then one of the performers [and it is said a very good one], became acquainted with them, and enamoured of Miss E. Dyke. The courtship commenced at Kilkenny [iv. 103], was continued in Dublin [ib. 126], but, it seems, without the knowledge of his family, as his mother, we see, did not hear of the match for two months after it had taken place, and then, as being with 'one she little dreamed of.' It appears that these young persons were always under the care of their mother, and their personal characters were irreproachable. The Kilkenny play-bills supply a fact that should be noticed. The season was about the October of each year. In 1809 Miss E. Dyke appears constantly, and she and Moore played repeatedly *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom* together. In 1810 *her* name is not found in the bills, and her sisters took her usual parts. We conclude that Moore had then made up his mind to the match, and his delicacy had induced the lady to quit the stage.

\* Barbara, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Godfrey, became in 1790, the third wife of the first Marquis [then Earl] of Donegal. He died in 1799. Lady Donegal and her sisters Mary and Philippa seem to have lived together; hence Moore always speaks of them as the *Donegals*. They were amongst the

more serious importance present themselves. He considers it, he says 'clear,' that

'by assigning to me the task of "looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals" he might leave behind him,' for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.'—i. ix.

It is clear Lord John could not rationally have accepted the duty without some degree of control—not, however, an arbitrary, but a responsible control.

When a man of strong party feelings like Lord John Russel has an unlimited power over a miscellaneous mass of papers, written on the spur of every transient feeling by a *partizan of his own*, and teeming with all the political partialities and personal antipathies of their common habits and opinions, it would be only fair to tell us *distinctly* at the outset, whether he makes a *selection* or whether he prints in *extenso* the whole work as he finds it; and in the former case he should indicate by *blanks* or *asterisks* where any suppression occurs. We observe that Lord John in a few places does introduce, in the exercise of his discretion, blanks and asterisks. This would imply that he has made *no other* suppressions—and, if so, the Diary must have been, on the whole singularly inoffensive, and a dozen similar suppressions would have removed the chief blots of this kind that we have heard complained of; but here a recent circumstance suggests some rather puzzling considerations. There occurs in the Diary the following passage:—

'June 16, 1825.—Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith and his family, Luttrell, Lord John [Russell], Sharpe, &c.—highly amusing. Talked of Sir Robert Wilson:—after the battle of Leipzig, to the gaining of which he was instrumental, Lord Castlereagh, in sending over to Lord Stewart the public document, containing the order for thanks to Wilson, among others, on the occasion, accompanied it with a private one, desiring Lord Stewart [now Marquis of Londonderry] to avoid the thanks to Wilson as much as he could, in order not to give a triumph to his party. Lord Stewart, by mistake, showed this letter, instead of the public one, to Wilson, who has had the forbearance never to turn it against the Government since.'—iv. 291.

This very naturally produced a letter from Lord Londonderry to Lord John, denying the whole statement, and strongly reproaching him with not having consulted any of the legitimate and accessible sources of information which were within both his private and official reach, and which would have shown that the story was a scandalous false-

hood. Lord John's answer was prompt and gentlemanlike:—

'Chesham Place, May 21, 1853.

'MY LORD—I AM deeply concerned that the passage to which your Lordship alludes should have been published by me.

'My first impulse on reading it was to strike it out, both as extremely improbable in itself and as injurious to the memory of the late Lord Londonderry [!]. In the hurry with which the publication was conducted, for a peculiar purpose, the passage was afterwards overlooked. I shall, however, expunge it from a new edition which is now preparing. The anecdote itself I had entirely forgotten; nor do I know who mentioned it, in the year 1825, at Mr. Rogers's breakfast-table.

'It is certainly inconsistent with the bold and open character of the late Lord Londonderry.

'Your Lordship's denial that there was any foundation for it is enough to prove its falsehood, nor do I require for that purpose the additional testimony of Mr. Bidwell. The story must be placed among those calumnies which float in the idle gossip of the day, and I must repeat to your Lordship my regret that I should have been instrumental in reviving it.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'J. RUSSELL.

"The Marquis of Londonderry."

This candid and graceful explanation is, of course, quite satisfactory as to the facts of the Castlereagh and Wilson case, but it is rather the reverse on the point which we are discussing, and which is of more extensive consequence. In the first place, the proposed *suppression* in a second edition could go but a short way in remedying the specific mischief—since, as we presume, the sale of the *editio princeps* has been extensive;—but besides, we think that *other* parties calumniated in Moore's Diary have an interest in having this flagrant proof of its inaccuracy *kept on record*. Lord John's repARATION to Lord Londonderry should be not the suppression of the passage, but the addition of a note to correct it. But we must further, and with a more general view, observe that Lord John's statement that, when he first read it, '*his impulse was to strike it out*'—though it was '*afterwards overlooked*'—admits that he exercised the power of expunging passages which he thought '*injurious*' or even '*improbable*'—a vast power in partizan hands, and which substitutes Lord John Russell's private judgment for Mr. Moore's evidence. It further associates Lord John in the responsibility of ALL the '*injurious*' or '*improbable gossip*' which these volumes actually contain—it proves the culpable heedlessness with which he deals with his own editorial duties and with other folks' feelings—and it confesses that the Diary issued to the world under his



auspices was in fact a receptacle for 'calumnies which floated in the idle gossip of the day.' These are serious admissions, nor is their importance in any degree diminished by his attempting to lay a share of the blame on the 'hurry with which, for a particular purpose,' the publication was conducted. He might have been in some 'hurry' to conclude the bargain with the bookseller;—there might even be some hurry in arranging and getting out the first *livraison* of the work; but this is in the *second batch*—which was a long time delayed—and would have equally, as far as we can see, answered its 'peculiar purpose' if it had been delayed till the whole was completed. We are, however glad that things have turned out as they have. We are glad that Lord John had not time to expunge the passage, for it now helps to *characterise* the Diary, and it might be produced by and by, when Lord Londonderry would not be alive to contradict it, and the memories of his brother and himself would have remained stigmatised to posterity for a most base fraud.

But, though we think that Lord John Russell's editorial proceedings are very questionable, we must on the other hand admit—supposing that there have been no serious deviations from the original materials—that a more diligent editor could not have remedied in any essential degree the innate defects of the book. So voluminous a polyglot of gossip—such a gigantic distention of nothings and next to nothings—cannot, we believe, be paralleled, even in its present state; and what may it not grow to? The present work occupies but *seven years*—1818-1825—of Moore's life—so that *five or six* and *twenty* remain. Not that it is all mere gossip, nor all trivial; nor unamusing—nor even altogether uninteresting. Its most substantial value is, undoubtedly, that it throws a great deal of light, and *corrective* light, both on Moore's genius and the character and tendency of his most popular works; and the '*world*,' we admit, may be in some degree the better for it—as Rousseau's *Confessions* tended to correct the mischief of the *Héloïse* and the *Emile*. It also affords some glimpses (though less than might be expected) of the state of society and manners. It sketches or rather touches—slightly indeed, and seldom impartially—many public characters; and skims over as much of the literature of the day as had any relation to Moore's own productions. But these more interesting topics are so loosely and incidentally handled, so comparatively scanty in quantity, and so scattered through the inferior matter, that we do the Diary no injustice in calling it like

Gratiano's talk—'an infinite deal of nothing, two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:'—or to use Moore's own words, which are really prophetic of this work in an extraordinary degree—

'With crumbs of gossip caught from dining wits,  
And half-heard jokes bequeathed like half-chewed bits,  
With each ingredient served up oft before,  
But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er.'—*Works*, p. 520.

Any extent of extract for which we could find room would give a very imperfect idea of the *miscellaneity* of the whole, and the tenuity of at least half of the Diary; but, as our readers ought to have some general idea of the style and fashion of the work, we shall lay before them a transcript *in extenso* of a couple of pages—and, to escape all cavil as to our selection of entries, we shall take the four or five at the commencement of his last year of exile at Paris and the first at his residence in Wiltshire after his return.

'1822, January 1st.—Walked out with Bessy [his wife] in the morning to choose an *étrene* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took two games of forfeit; drank champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

'2nd.—Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party. Went from thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the divertissement in the Opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod, and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Elysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera; stayed only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to day.

'3rd.—Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons; no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers), which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy gone to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box.'—iii. 313-14.

Such were among the most rational of

the Parisian days and nights. As to those of the Wiltshire cottage—

'*Sloperton, January 1st, 1823.*—The coat (a Kilkenny uniform) which I sent to town to be new-lined for the fancy ball to-morrow night, not yet arrived. Walked to Bowood. Found Lady Lansdowne and Jekyll, Lady L. again expressing her strong admiration of the poem. Said she had proposed to the Bowleses to dine at Bowood on Saturday, and hoping that Bessy would have no objection to be of the party.

'*2nd*—Obliged to make shift for to night, by transferring the cut steel buttons from my dress coat to a black one, and having it lined with white silk. Dined with the Phippees. Went in the same way as before; Mrs. P. dressed as a Sultana and looking very well. The ball at a Mrs. Hardman's (a German) beyond Devizes; odd enough, and amusing, though in a small ill-lighted room. Two fine girls there, the Miss Holtons, the eldest beautiful. Not home till between four and five.

'*4th.*—The day very wet. Had promised the Bowleses to meet them at dinner at Bowood to day (Bessy having given up the whole plan), and go on with them to Bremhill, to stay till Monday, but sent an excuse, and offered myself to the Lansdownes for to-morrow instead. An answer from Lady Lansdowne, begging me to stay till Tuesday, and as much longer as Mrs. Moore could spare me.'—iv. 32.

'*5th.*—Have received several newspapers with reviews of the poem; all very favourable. Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippees, &c.'

These extracts, though affording no doubt an average sample of the whole, happen to contain no entries of a class of mere trivialities too large to be left altogether out of our account, but of which a very small taste will suffice—such as his thus registering (A.D. 1819) for the benefit of posterity when and where he ate an ice:—

'*Sept. 8th.*—Eat ice at the Milles Colonnes.'—iii. 7.

'*9th.*—An ice at the Milles Colonnes.'—ib.

'*10th.*—Eat an ice at Tortoni's.'—p. 8.

'*16th.*—Took an ice with Lord John at Ruchesses.'—p. 11:—

and whether, when he went next summer—(A.D. 1820)—to lodge at Sèvres, he got to town (on his almost daily visit) by a *cab* or an *omnibus*:—

'*July 7th.*—Villamil and I went in a *cuckoo*.'—ib. 126.

'*13th.*—To town in a *célérier*.'

'*Aug. 4th.*—Returned in a *célérier*.'

And so on in fifty places—varying occasionally the *cuckoo* and *célérier* for the *gondole* and the *Parisienn*e. He might just as well have added the *Nos.* and the *fare*.

With what possible object could he, even the morning after they had happened, regis-

ter such events as the following of his country life?—

'*1823, Dec. 29th.*—[Dined] at Dr. Starkey's Company the Phippees, Hughes, and ourselves. The P.'s left us at home at eight.

'*" Dec. 4th.*—Power [the Music publisher] arrived. . . . Asked the Phippees to dinner, as Power had brought fish and oysters.

'*" Dec. 5th.*—The Phippees again dine with us to finish the fish. Also Hughes.'—iv. 151.

Or in London:—

'*1825, Sept. 8th.*—Walked about with Lat-trell, but he was obliged to go home, not being well.'—iv. 315.

'*" Sept. 17th.*—Called at Power's on my way to Shoe-lane, and felt such a sinking in my stomach that—I stopped to dine with him.'—ib. 317.

The Diary, as it is now presented to us, beginning the 18th August, 1818, has all the appearance of being only a continuation. So that it affords no indication of either when or for what precise object it was commenced. It may have been in part designed as a *bonâ fide* collection of memoranda for an autobiography—partly as a repository for odds and ends that might be turned to account in some literary shape or other—and evidently as a magazine of jokes and stories, to be occasionally brought out *à la Joe Miller* in conversation. He may also have calculated that it might one day be a profitable pecuniary speculation for the benefit of his family—an idea which the gift of the *Byron Memoirs*, and the price of 2000 guineas for which he sold them, may have confirmed; but neither this nor any other conjecture we can make will account for the quantity of lower topics which intrude themselves. We suppose that he must have intended to revise and expurgate them.

But there was, no doubt, a still earlier feeling—one indeed, in a greater or less degree, at the bottom of all diaries written for publication—personal vanity;—and this influence, which is 'like Aaron's rod and swallows all the rest,' very speedily showed its predominancy. It is as constant and as strong in his journals as in poor Madame D'Arblay's—though unquestionably he manages it with more tact and dexterity. In his social manners it was admirably veiled, and no one we ever saw received so much personal admiration with more ease and simplicity. But such reserve is hardly maintainable when a man is soliloquizing in the tempting solitude and (as he tries to persuade himself) the secrecy of a Diary. It is a kind of intellectual dram-drinking, which becomes irresistible and ends in a *delirium*.

*tremens* of morbid vanity. We are satisfied that neither Lord Lansdowne, nor Mr. Rogers, nor any one of Moore's habitual society, had any idea of the extent of this weakness. Sometimes it transpires slyly in little inuendoes of his own—sometimes he puts it adroitly, oftener clumsily, into the mouths of other persons—sometimes it flares out boldly in long transcripts from books, newspapers, or letters. The amount of the Diary which this sort of matter occupies would be incredible if we did not produce rather copious specimens of the various ingenious devices by which Moore manages to tickle himself:—

'Received a letter from Rogers, which begins thus:—"What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been *born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed.*"'—iv. 139.

Born 'at the corner of Little Longford Street' with a rose in his mouth, and not, as most people are, in *his mother's* bed, but in *his own*! Was Mr. Rogers laughing at him?

'Saw the Examiner, which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the Chronicle, and says "Their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate *the poet and patriot* from whose pen they come."—iii. 224.

'The Examiner quoted some lines I had sent to Perry [of the Morning Chronicle], and added, "We think we can recognise *whose easy and sparkling hand it is.*" I wonder he found me out.'—ii. 183.

Other persons might be in doubt whether there was not some other *poet and patriot*, and some other *easy and sparkling* hand in all England: but Moore has no doubt at all, and *finds himself out* directly.

'A flourishing speech of Shell's about me in the Irish papers. Says I am *the first poet of the day*, and "join the beauty of the *bird of Paradise's* plumes to the strength of the *eagle's* wing."—iv. 243.

One is at first surprised to find copied into Moore's London Diary an extract from 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' about Mr. Jeffrey's dress at an evening party at Edinburgh—A.D. 1819. It seems the last thing to be expected in another man's autobiography, and to be left by him for republication:—on looking closer we find the cause—

'He [Peter] says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he is more of a dandy than any *great* author I ever saw—*always excepting Tom Moore.*"—ii. 357.

*Argal*—Moore is, even by the hostile evidence of *Peter*, a great author!

Going one night to Almack's, he asks a lady whether she did not think Lady Charlemont lovely—"Beautiful," replied the lady—so notorious a truism that we doubt whether Moore himself would have thought of noticing it—if the lady had not added—"as lovely as *Lalla Rookh herself*!" (ii. 333.)

Of the conversation of a most accomplished gentleman and scholar, whom he mentions as *Duncan of Oxford*—and whom, of course, he had not had the good fortune to meet before—he can remember only his having said, after having heard a speech of Moore's at a Literary Institution at Bath, 'I have had that sweet oratory ringing in my ears all night.' (iv. 273.)

Mr. Bowles publishes one of his controversial pamphlets on Pope, which Moore used habitually to laugh at as twaddle—but Bowles, 'grown wiser than before,' secures honourable mention of this one by an inscription transcribed from his fugitive title-page into the safer asylum of the Diary—"inter *Poetas suaves, suavissimo.*" (iv. 273.)

Moore laughs at the vanity of old Delille, who, on Lord Holland having paid him an elaborate but well-turned compliment in French, answered, '*Savez vous, Milord, que ce que vous dites-là est très joli*' (iv. 276); but he does not see anything ridiculous in having himself registered a few pages before that, on hearing Moore himself sing, the Duchess de Broglie had '*exclaimed continually, Oh, Dieu! que c'est joli!*'

On the 28th Nov., 1818, he goes to dine with Mr. Rogers's brother and sister, at Highbury, and finds 'Miss Rogers very agreeable.' No doubt; and we dare say the lady was always so: but what was the peculiar agreeability of that day?—

'She mentioned that she had had a letter from a friend in Germany saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read—

Milton, Shakspeare?—No:—

'Lord Byron and ME.'—ii. 229.

'Bayly' takes him to an amateur play and fancy ball. Moore remembers but one detail:—"an *allusion to me*, in the epilogue by Bayly, as *Erin's matchless son*, &c., brought thunders of applause and stares on me.' (iv. 274.)

He meets Lady Cochrane at an assembly—is introduced to her—finds her 'pretty and odd,'—which he exemplifies by her having told him 'that she would at any time have walked *ten miles barefoot to see me.*' (iv. 290.)

He dines with his old friend Lord Strangford at the Athenæum, and both are delighted with his renewal of their early hab-

its. Two days after he meets his Lordship, who, with true diplomatic tact, reads him part of a letter he had had from Lady Strangford, saying how pleased she was at his account of the meeting, and adding, '*I shall henceforward love Moore as much as I have always admired him.*'

His daughter's schoolmistress at Bath fails—and her pupils are sent home; another offers to take the child:—'terms would be a minor consideration indeed with the daughter of *such a man as Moore!*' (iv. 313.)

When he has a mind to regale himself with some flattering recollections which do not exactly fall in with the thread of the Diary, he drags them in with a *by the bye*—which is with Moore a happy version of a *propos de bottles*:—

'*By the bye*, was pleased to hear from Rogers that Luttrell said, "If anybody can make such a subject [Captain Rock] lively, Moore will."

'*By the bye*, received a letter from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologising for such a liberty with the *first poet of the age*.'—iii. 11.

He meets Mr. Hutchinson, just come from being made M.P. for Cork, where—

'*By the bye*, they hipped and hurraed me as the *Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland*. I am becoming a stock toast at their dinners. Had seen this very morning an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny of Cork, when I was drunk as the *Poet and Patriot* with great applause.'—ii. 157.

'Forgot, *by the bye*, to take notice of some verses of Luttrell's:—

"I am told, dear Moore, your lays are sung—

Can it be true, you lucky man?—

By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,

Along the streets of Ispahan."—iii. 301.

But he does not tell us that Mr. Luttrell's authority for the fact was—Moore himself, who in another *by the bye* tells us where he got it.

'*By the bye*, Mr. Stretch, with whom I walked yesterday [in Paris], said he had been told by the nephew of the Persian Ambassador, that Lalla Rookh had been translated into their language, and that the songs are sung about everywhere.'—iii. 167.

Moore, generally so profuse of proper names, omits to tell us those of the Persian Ambassador and his nephew—but we have little doubt they were of the illustrious house of Mamamouchi, which has had so long a tenure of Oriental embassies at Paris. *Stretch*, too, seems a singularly appropriate name for the reteller of such an Eastern story!

This Mamamouchi report is, we suppose, Moore's authority for saying that Lalla Rookh

'has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and Persian languages.'

'Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wished to be made much of—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his head turned—let him go to Berlin; there is nothing talked of there but Lalla Rookh."—iii. 219.

He 'meets Mr. and Miss Canning at a Paris dinner, and observed—

'a circumstance which showed a *very pleasant sort of intelligence* between the father and the daughter.'—iii. 160.

Our readers will, by this time, not be surprised at the '*pleasant sort*' of sympathy which Moore's ingenuity was on the watch to detect between these two brilliant intelligences. '*I*,' adds the Diarist—

'*I told a story* to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical.'—ib.

Occasionally his self-importance takes a still higher flight. At an Assembly at Devonshire House—

'The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside *first* to shake hands with me—though the great Captain's hand was waiting ready stretched out.'—iv. 76.

Sometimes when we think that he is about to offer a sugar-plum to a bystander, we are surprised at the legerdemain with which he pops it into his own mouth. Thus—Catalani visits Dublin when Moore happened to be there; a Mr. Abbot

'brought my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her kindness to Nell, calling her'—

of course one expects some little *kind* compliment to the young lady herself—not a bit of it—

'calling her—*la sœur d'Anacréon!*'

We shall conclude these, after all, scanty samples with one which takes the unusual form of humility, and is, with its context, even more amusing. After a page of recapitulation of the various forms of compliment and odours of incense which he received at a Harmonic meeting at Bath, he concludes with the most amiable *naïveté*:—

'During the ball was stared at on all sides without mercy. In such a place as Bath any little *! on* makes a stir.'—ii. 280.

This is rather hard on Bath, as we have just seen what pains the same *little lion* takes to let us know that he was making the same kind of *stir* all the world over—in various shapes and distant regions—as a nightingale, a bird of Paradise, an eagle, and a dandy—at Berlin, Cork, Ispahan, and the corner of Little Longford Street!

In short, Moore reminds us in every page of what Johnson said of that caricature of authorly vanity, old Richardson the novelist—'That fellow could not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation *without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar.*'

This excess of *amour propre*—so judiciously veiled in society, but, as we now see, so active and industrious in turning the smallest circumstances to its own private account—was, of course, as morbidly sensitive of anything to which his fear or his fancy could give a less flattering colour. These latter were obviously distasteful matters, and not to be registered; but, like action and reaction, the two opposite but inseparable principles were always at work. We have heard and *seen* many individual complaints of the misrepresentation and malevolence of several passages in the Diary. Of the frequent misrepresentations there can be no doubt; but whatever there may be of malevolence (except always on *party* matters) we are inclined to attribute rather to the momentary impulses of the *amour propre blessé*, than to any predisposition to ill nature or cynicism. The truth, we believe, is, that he was naturally kind and loving, but proportionately susceptible of petty jealousies and imaginary slights, and having, as these volumes too clearly show, passed his whole life in a more habitual state of *public exhibition* than any other person—not being a professional performer—that we ever heard of, he acquired much of the irritability of professional people—outwardly checked indeed, but internally sharpened by his anxiety to combine his artistic powers of amusing with the dignity of an author and the independence of a private gentleman. In society he played these united parts admirably. The Diary has now furnished us with a less satisfactory analysis of the elements.

We are restrained, by considerations too obvious to require explanation, from entering into the individual complaints to which we have just alluded; but it would be a dereliction of our duty not to apprise our readers that they involve grave charges of inaccuracy, misstatement, and culpable insincerity on his part. We have had an opportunity of examining the evidence in some of the cases—and we regret to say, there must be, on all those counts, an unhesitating verdict against Moore.

There is one instance of the caution with which his most deliberate assertions of facts should be received that is innocuous and 'highly amusing.' He was extremely sore on the subject of his ridiculous duel with Jeffrey,

when the Bow Street officer who interrupted the proceeding found that *one* at least of the pistols had no ball. We find in these volumes a formal account of the affair from his own pen—some of which is certainly untrue, and most of it, we think, coloured and discoloured.

We have no doubt of Moore's courage, or that *he* meant to fight, but we incline to suspect that his *second*, Doctor Thomas Hume,\* always considered an honest and good-hearted man, saw the extreme absurdity of the quarrel, which Moore, in a very wanton and braggadocio style, chose to fasten on Jeffrey, and being intrusted, as Moore admits, by Jeffrey's friend Horner—*propter ignorantiam*—with the loading of both pistols, very wisely omitted to insert any balls; and that this omission (unnoticed by the anxious and inexperienced Horner) was the reason why the Irish doctor refused to sign a fine statement on the subject which Moore had drawn up—a refusal which, adds Moore, occasioned an estrangement of thirty years between him and that old friend. How it happened (as the police report seems to indicate) that a bullet was found in one of the pistols (Moore's) and in the other a paper pellet, we cannot explain, unless by the supposition that Hume, after the interruption, contrived to slip the bullet into one pistol and had not time or opportunity to do so in the other. It may be thought, no doubt, an easier solution to suppose (with Jeffrey's learned biographer among others) that the pistols were fairly but loosely loaded, and that one bullet dropped out; but if that had been the case, there was no reason why Hume should have refused to attest Moore's statement.

But there are points of Moore's narrative which exhibit strong specimens of that species of *rodomontade* which throws doubt over all the rest. He says of the evening before the meeting—

'I forget where I dined, but *I know* it was *not* in *company*. Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I *bought* *in* the course of the evening at some shop in Bond-street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score duels.'—i. 202.

*All a fable.* We have before us a letter of his to Lord Strangford, then minister at Lisbon, written on the eve of the great encounter, which contradicts every syllable of

\* Not, as has been sometimes supposed, Dr. J. R. Hume, the friend and physician of the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Thomas Hume was for some time attached to the army in the Peninsula—which accounts for this confusion of him with a more distinguished medical officer.

the foregoing statement, and is curious also on other accounts :—

'MY DEAR STRANGFORD,—I have owed you a letter this long time, and now that I do write it will be perhaps for the last time. I have thought proper to call out Mr. Jeffrey, who has been so long abusing you and me, and we are to fight to-morrow morning at Chalk-farm. I am afraid, my dear Strangford, much as I value you, I should have forgot sending a valedictory word to you if it were not for a pretty little woman who has this moment reminded me of a promise I made to procure her letters from you for Madeira. The cloth has been but this instant taken from the table, and, though to *morrow may be my last view of the bright sun*, I shall (as soon as I have finished this letter) drink to the health of my Strangford with as unaffected a warmth as ever I have felt in the wildest days of our fellowship. My dear fellow, *if they want a biographer of me when I am gone, I think in your hands I should meet with most kind embalment*, so pray, say something for me : and now to the object of my letter. Mrs. W—, a very particular friend of mine, is ordered by her physicians to Madeira, and she thinks it would be pleasant to know some of the Portuguese grandees of the island : if you can get her letters from your friends at Lisbon, you will oblige me not a little. Who knows, my dear Strangford, but it may be a *posthumous obligation* ? For fear of the worst, send the letters enclosed to Mrs. W—, W— street, London, and remember me as one who has felt your good and social qualities, who at this moment recalls with pleasure the days he has spent with you, and who hopes that his good genius to-morrow will allow him to renew them hereafter. *These fine women have their glasses filled to your health*. So good bye.

God bless you, yours while I live,  
Sunday, August 10th. T. MOORE.'

We shall say nothing of the silly vapouring style of this letter, which would certainly be a most characteristic prelude to a mock duel. We need only observe that *this* was the day that Moore *knows* he did not dine in company, and this—*Sunday*—was the evening on which he *went to a shop in Bond-street* to buy all that superfluity of ammunition. Which of the stories is true ? or was either ? We must further observe that, as the letter was written late on *Sunday* night, it could hardly have been *posted* till Monday, when it might have been suppressed as some other valedictory epistles were (i. 207), and a simpler request substituted, which would have spared Lord Strangford a long doubt of his friend's safety ; but Moore, it seems, could not resist the temptation of sending it—nay, perhaps, of writing it on the Monday—as a proof of the *anacreontic* spirit with which he could face death *while fine women were filling their glasses*, and that, in the words of his own song, his last hour was dedicated to '*smiles and wine*.'

Next after his own self-worship—if indeed it was not a branch of it—there is nothing so prominent throughout the volumes as his adoration of his wife. Let us say, once more, that she seems to have been worthy of his affection ; and there is no praise—prodigal as it may sometimes seem—which she does not appear, from the evidence of all who knew them, to have deserved ; but, after this tribute of justice to the lady, we confess that there is something in the way in which Moore *parades* her throughout his Diary that we cannot understand, and that seems evidently artificial. Why have expended so much time and trouble in elaborating on paper the expression of a steady and habitual feeling, which he could find fresh and fresh in his own heart ? What could be his motive for making such an *étalage* of what we must suppose was the daily bread of his happiness ?

We can have no doubt of the sincerity of Moore's attachment to and admiration of his wife, but we must observe that these ultra-uxorious expressions occur with peculiar emphasis just before and just after some *escapade* from home ; the are the honey with which he sweetens the edges of his absences. It is evident that Mrs. Moore saw the Journal (iv. 16) ; and we now have no doubt that many of these flattering phrases were peace-offerings to his *Ariadne*. The instances are too numerous and too regularly recurring to be accidental.

We shall select a few here, just to direct our readers' attention to this ingenious device.

'1818, April 24th.—*Arrived at my cottage—always glad to return to it, and the dear girl that makes it so happy for me.*—ii. 151.

'1818, Nov. 18.—*Walked with my dear Bessy . . . my darling girl !* 21st.—*Told L. Lansdowne I was going to town.*—ii. 218.

'1819, Aug. 23rd.—*Employed in preparing for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me ; but, please Heaven, we shall not be long separate.*—ii. 353.

'July 21st.—*Making preparations for my departure Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time—but still most thoughtfully and sweetly preparing everything comfortable for me.*—97.

'1825, Oct. 17th.—*Bessy would not hear of my staying at home. Insisted that, if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland to amuse myself a little. Dear, generous girl ! there never was anything like her warm-heartedness and devotion.*'

Other instances will occur in future extracts.

We have no doubt that Moore calculated that these tender expressions would not

merely sooth the lady's feelings at the moment, but would also tell very much in his own favour—as a *model* husband—when his *Memoirs* should come to be published; but they are accompanied, as we shall now show, by many circumstances which make a strong and unamiable contrast with the exuberant and passionate expressions of his devotion to the tutelary angel at home.

Legal proceedings taken against Moore for the defalcation of his deputy in an office which he held in the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, obliged him to quit England; and Lord John Russell—not yet, we suppose, aware of the besetting weakness of Moore's mind—advised him to fix his temporary residence in Paris, where he became, as he did everywhere, the delight of all his acquaintance, and wasted his time and his money—which in such circumstances could hardly be called his own—in a style as giddy and extravagant as any that has been imputed to either of the improvident classes, to both of which he happened to belong—of poets and Irishmen.

His longest residence was in the *Allée des Veuves* in the Champs Elysées, but in the summer months he was allowed by a Spanish gentleman of the name of Villamil—to occupy a small cottage, a dependence of a fine villa which he had at Sèvres. Nothing could be more convenient and promising. The place was rural and extremely pretty, and the retirement exactly suited for the various literary pursuits in which Moore was engaged. But though these were his only means of livelihood, he worked at them in a very desultory way; and whether in Paris or the country, spent more than half his mornings, and all his evenings, in a constant whirl of gaieties, alike inconsistent with study and economy.

'1820. June.—Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop and Lord Granard together: the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot days that we have had this summer. and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which, with champagne and *vin de Grave* well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties, too, to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli, which *brought tears into my eyes*, being the first I have seen since I was a little child.'—iii. 124.

There were matters nearer and more urgent which might have brought less irrational tears into his eyes. But when any gleam of reflection as to his position did occur, it was

hardly ever to awaken a proper sense of his own imprudence, but only to make him wonder that his friends in England were not more thoughtful and more active about him than he showed the least inclination to be about himself.

'1821. June 14<sup>th</sup>.—A letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how *dilatory and indifferent all parties* have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed any, end to my *exile*.'—iii. 242.

If his friends in England could have guessed what the Diary has now revealed to us of the life of the *Exile of Erin*, they would not have thought it any great hardship. Dinners, concerts, operas, theatres two or three of an evening, suppers, balls, &c., occupied almost every day and night. Visiting with a childish impatience and enjoyment the public gardens of Beaujon—Tivoli—Jardin Suisse—and carefully registering when and how often he went down in the cars of the *Montagnes Russes*, and what ladies were the companions of these flights—strange ones, we think, for a father of a family aged 43; for instance:—

'1821. May 7<sup>th</sup>.—Went to the *Beaujon*; descended in the cars three times with each of the [Miss] Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S.'—iii. 220. [No 'Bessy.']

'1821. Aug. 19<sup>th</sup>.—At *Beaujon*; went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl.'—265. [No 'Bessy.']

'1822. Aug. 11<sup>th</sup>.—With Lucy [Miss Drew, it seems] to the *Jardin Suisse*: very pretty; went down in the cars.'—365. [No Bessy.']

While he was living in this way, the idea of writing *The Epicurean* most appropriately presented itself to him. To read up for this projected work, he wanted *Les Voyages de Pythagore*, but hesitated at the price—*three Napoleons*. This economical scruple is dated 8th September, 1820. Three days after, we find the following entry:—

'1820. Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>.—Went into Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the *Père la Chaise* before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected. . . . Gave them—Bessy, Dumoulin [a poor starving Irishman, who soon after died in an hospital]. Miss Wilson [we believe a governess]. Anastasia [his own little child], and Dr. Yonge's little girl—a dinner at the *Cad. an bleu*, and took them afterwards to the *Porte St. Martin* [a melodrame theatre]. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about *three Napoleons*, just what I ought to have reserved for the *Voyages de Pythagore*. Bessy, however, told me when we came home that she had saved, by little pilferings from me at different



times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.'—iii. 146-7.

All this—the *Père la Chaise* and the *Cadran bleu*—the funereal flowers and the *Porte St. Martin*—the ice punch and the *Voyages de Pythagore*—reads like a mere farce, but the smile it creates is a bitter one when we reflect on poor Bessy's honestly-pilfered Napoleons, so wantonly squandered.

At last the season drives them back to Paris:—

'1820. Oct. 16<sup>th</sup>.—We took our leave of La Butte, after three months and a half's residence; and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the *Allées des Veuves*. We dined alone with our little ones for the first time since the 1st of July, which was a great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, "This is the first rational day we have had for a long time."

On this Lord John adds a note—saying very coolly:—

'Mrs. Moore was quite right. In reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy.'—Ed. iii. 157.

This appears to us altogether inadequate to the occasion, and laying the chief blame on Moore's popularity is a poor evasion of the real state of the case, which was his inability to refrain from such self-indulgence. We say self-indulgence, for it is remarkable, in all this *tourbillon* at Paris as well as in his English life, both in town and country, that 'Bessy's' share in all external gaieties was infrequent—and it seems reluctant. Illness is frequently given as an excuse for her absence from these gaieties—but, even when she appears to be well enough, we can trace little or no change in these arrangements. There can be no doubt that the foolish and unaccountable mystery in which he chose to envelop his marriage continued to hang about her. The ladies of the highest rank and character who were the best acquainted with all the circumstances of the case—Lady Donegal, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Loudon—all received her with unreserved attention, and even cordiality; yet it is evident that Moore was in a constant fidget about her reception in mixed society, while she herself seems to have been unwilling to step beyond her own narrow circle both of

intimates and amusements. Her conduct throughout appears to have been perfect; but this difference of tastes, or at least of practice, in their social tendencies must, we suppose, have contributed to the very singular phenomenon that—notwithstanding Moore's constant and enthusiastic eulogiums on his domestic paradise—he seems to have given to either wife or home no more of his time and company than he could possibly help. Sometimes he diarizes specimens of behaviour which a husband of but ordinary feeling might have been ashamed to practise, and one of the very commonest sense to record.—What comfort could he expect from reading in after-life such entries as these?—

'1820, Jan.—Bessy very ill on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahaults on the 14th, but she could not go. *I did*.'—iii. 97.

So small an incident as a gentleman dining out, though his wife was not well enough to accompany him, would not be worth notice: but we shall see that it was not an exceptional case—indeed the exceptions were all the other way:—

'1822, Feb. 18.—Bessy very ill. Dined at home uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and forgot my uneasiness in the beauty of the *Ballet*.'—iii. 327.

'April 2nd.—The Macleods wanted Bessy and me to join them at the *Café Francais*. Bessy not liking to go, *I did*.

'3rd.—Bessy ill with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres: *I went alone to the Ambigu*.'—ib. 338.

This contrast between his professions and his practice may, in the hurry and bustle of the Diary, escape a cursory reader—but will be exhibited in the following synopsis of Moore's movements and engagements for a fortnight at the *Allée des Veuves*—which we select, not as being peculiarly erratic, but only for the singularity of its concluding day having been dedicated to 'Bessy':—

	Morning.	Evening.
Nov. 24.—	Into Paris at 3.	Dined at Very's [No Bessy.]
25.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Lord John's Hotel [No Bessy.]
26.—	Walked into Paris.	[Not stat'd where dined, but probably at home.]
27.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Very's [No Bessy.]
28.—	Early into Paris	Dined at Mad. de Souza's. [No Bessy.]
29.—		Party at home, sung.
30.—	In Paris	Dined at Lord Granard's, sung. [No Bessy.]

- Dec. 1.—[Not stated] . . . Dined at Lord Ranciliff's, sung. [No Bessy.]  
 2.—[Not stated] . . . [Probably at home.]  
 3.—[Probably at home] Dined at home.  
 4.—Into town . . . Dined at a restaurateur's, then went to the Forsters, sung, and home by 12. [No Bessy.]  
 5.—Into town at 4 . . . Dined at Very's. [No Bessy.]  
 6.—Walked for an hour Dined at home, by the Seine. —iii. pp 172, 176.

At last, on the 7th, we find a remembrance of 'Bessy,' and a pleasing one:—

'Dec. 7th.—A note from Lord Ranciliffe, asking me to meet Lord John to-day; but having given Bessy the hope of our enjoying a day together, did not like to disappoint her, so refused.' —*Id.*

But, alas! Here is the 'promised day of enjoyment;':—

'Bessy and I went shopping; dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue de la Paix; and in the evening to the Variétés: four pieces, none of them very good.' —*Id.*

And so home, we presume, in the *vélocifère*. Such a return, after a fortnight's racketing, to an appropriated day of conjugal quiet, and such a careful record thereof, are perhaps *unique* in life and in autobiography. But other extracts have a still more serious appearance:—

'1821, July 8th.—Dined at Lord Granard's. [No Bessy.]

'9th.—Dined at General Fuller's, at Versailles. [No Bessy.]

'10th.—Dined at Lord Holland's. [No Bessy.]

'11th.—Late dinner with Villamil. [No mention of Bessy.]

'12th.—Dined at home.

'13th.—Dined with the Villamil's at Riche's [a restaurateur]. [No mention of Bessy.]

'14th.—Dined with Lord Holland. [No Bessy.]

'15th.—Went in [to Paris] for the purpose of passing two or three days with the Storys. [No Bessy.]

'16th.—A ball at Story's in the evening, in honour of her [Mrs. Story's] birth-day. A strange evening, from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the erysipelas again by dancing. I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. Supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock.'—iii. 255.

We pause to remark that there is no previous note of 'Bessy's illness,' nor indeed had she been so much as mentioned for a fortnight before. The four days that followed this '*strange evening*' were spent as usual in dinners with the Storys and Villamils and visits to Tivoli, without the slightest allusion to 'Bessy' since the 16th; so that we are quite startled at reading, without any preparatory hint—

'21.—Went into town early in order to get Bessy's passports, take places, &c. Dined at Villamil's. [No Bessy.]

'22nd.—Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's [no Bessy], and came out at eight in the evening.

'23rd.—All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the dear girl. Dined at Story's. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

'24th.—All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy comfortably off! at nine o'clock, with dear little Tom [their boy]. Heaven guard her!

No hint is given of either the *why* or the *whither* of this sudden movement of one so generally quiescent as 'my darling Bessy,' till, on the 6th of August, she turns up in Wiltshire. On the 17th Moore is 'in low spirits,' and 'cries bitterly' over the loss of the Liverpool packet, which he had 'just read in the newspaper;' but 'a picnic with the Villamils and Mrs. S., and a letter, too, from Bessy,' make a material 'alteration in his spirits' (268). Then went on the usual routine—ices at Tortoni's—dining at taverns—singing with the Villamils—supping with the Storys—and we hear nothing more of the wife and child till the 3rd September, when a letter announces 'to his great delight,' her approaching return; and on the 4th 'he was right happy to see' alight, at the Messageries Royales, 'the dear girl and her little one' (p. 274). But short, alas! was his enjoyment of their loved society—for, at the end of one week—on the 12th of the said September—we find that he embraced the 'lucky' opportunity of accompanying Lord John Russell to England, where he remained two months. What sudden call after that '*strange evening*' the dear girl and her little boy had in Wiltshire, or why Moore could not have combined any business he might have had in England with her visit we are not told; but the Diary scraps look very like a mystification of something which there was some reason or other for not clearly explaining.

We have already hinted that our poet was not always insensible to the extravagance and culpability of his Parisian life:—

'1822, Jan. 7th.—Dined by myself at the

*Trois Frères*, and found great pleasure in the few moments of *silent repose* which it gave me'—

The inhabitants of the *Allée des Veuves* finding 'silent repose' at the *Trois Frères*—the best perhaps, certainly the busiest, and therefore not the quietest *café* of the Palais Royal!—but he proceeds in a still more serious style :—

—'Never did I lead such an unquiet life : *Bessy ill* ; my home uncomfortable ; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety.'—iii. 315.

One would be inclined to respect and pity his 'remorse ;' and we can well understand his recording it in his Diary as a pledge of amendment. But mark what *immediately* follows :—

'Jan. 8th.—Dined at Pictet's—a Swiss banker's, &c. : thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly, &c.

'9th.—Dined at home quietly, for a wonder. Evening to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, &c. &c. : did not get to bed till 5 o'clock.

'10th.—Was to have dined with Hibbert, but preferred Lambton. All went to the Français afterwards to see a new tragedy.

'11th.—Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's ;—company, &c. At nine to the Variétés—laughed almost to pain. Went afterwards to the Macleods, and thence, at twelve, to Lady Charlemont's ball.

'12th.—Dined at the Douglas's, &c. In the evening to Mercer's—sung a little—then went to Lafitte's ball, &c. &c.

'13th.—Dined at Col. Ellice's ; company, &c. Thence to Madame de Flahaut's, &c. Did not stay, meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's ball. Went to the wrong place—found it was Marshal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in looking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent's. Went to the Macleods.

'14th.—Dined at the Douglas's—a party in the evening. For half an hour to Mrs. Newte's ball.'

And so on for ten consecutive days, without—amidst so copious a variety of places and persons—one single mention of the word 'home' or the name 'Bessy'—the last we had heard of either being that '*it was uncomfortable*' and that '*she was ill*.' Under what infatuation Moore should have made these entries directly following the penitential remorse at the *Trois Frères*, we cannot conceive ; and indeed as little, how Lord John (since it is clear that he has omitted some things) should have published details so worthless in themselves, and, we should suppose, so exceedingly disagreeable to the amiable person in whom he has taken so much interest.

His Lordship expresses, as we have seen, some regret at having contributed to throw

Moore into this Parisian vortex. But he may console himself :—it was the nature of the man, and not the influence of place, that produced these effects.

'Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

The same passion for *exhibition* and enjoyment, and the same kind of dislike or weariness of domestic habits, seem to have influenced his English life almost to the same extent. As Mrs. Moore remained in the country while her 'bird'—as he says 'she generally called him'—and surely the word was never better applied than to her volatile little songster—was pursuing his business or his pleasures in town, the contrast is not so constant and striking as it was in France ; but even when in the country, the Diary lets us see that the same principle of escaping from mere domesticity was still as active as the decency of English manners would permit.

His cottage in Wiltshire, fortunately for his tastes, but unluckily for his studies and his business, was within a short walk of the elegant and intellectual hospitality of Bowood, and surrounded by a circle of country neighbors less distinguished but not less joyous, kind, and clever. The neighborhood of several little towns, and that great mart of idleness—Bath—afforded frequent occasions or excuses for escape from the monotony of home ; and this sometimes even under circumstances similar to those at Paris, which might have been expected to keep a less devoted husband more at home.

'1824, Nov. 21st.—Bessy by no means well. Walked over to Bowood. Sung in the evening. Slept there.

'22nd.—Walked home after breakfast to see how Bessy was. Found Bessy not much better. Got wet in returning to Bowood. Sang again. Slept there.'—iv. 253.

A morning call to the sick wife—but breakfast, dinner, supper, singing, sleeping, at Bowood.

We could fill pages with similar extracts, but the following summary of occurrences in the autumn of 1825 will superabundantly suffice.

It appears that in the summer of 1825 Mrs. Moore was really suffering under some painful, though we presume not serious, complaint, for which she was ordered to Cheltenham, where she arrived on the 22nd July. Moore followed the 'darling girl' on the 4th August, and remained with her two whole days (!), during which she was wheeled about in a chair. On the 7th he left 'his dear girl'—'*his darling Bess*'—for London.

There he remained between eight and nine weeks, working no doubt in the morning at the *Life of Sheridan*, but spending his afternoons and nights in more than his usual whirl of dinners, suppers, concerts, theatres, without making, during all the time, the slightest allusion to the state of the poor lady at Cheltenham, of whom the first we hear is that, when Moore returned to Sloperton on the 27th September, he found her there, but *not recovered*. Then follows a series of entries in the Diary, of which our space allows us only to give the dates and chief *memorabilia* :—

'1825. Sept. 28th.—Dined at home.

'29th.—Dined at Bowood. Company, &c. Sang in the evening, and slept there.

'30th.—Walked home to breakfast to see Bessy—the boil coming to a head. Returned to Bowood to dinner, &c. Sang again in the evening. Slept there.

Oct. 1st.—Bowles called at Bowood, while I was listening to Mrs. Fazakerley's singing to the guitar. Wanted me to dine with him to-day, but told him *Bessy's illness rendered it impossible*. After luncheon, home, &c.; found Bessy better, and anxious I should go to Bowles, &c., so returned to Bowood. Thence walked to Bowles's. Company, &c. &c. A great many glees, duets, &c., in the evening. My singing much liked.

'2nd.—Dined at home.

'3rd.—Dined at Bowood, &c. &c.

'4th and 5th.—[No entry. Still, it seems, at Bowood.]

'6th.—[Breakfast, it seems, at Bowood.] Returned home. Dined at Money's [another neighbour], &c. &c.—iv. 321.

Where he may have dined the following days is not noted; but enough is told. We lay no stress on the silence of the Diary about 'Bessy' while he was in London; he no doubt received frequent, perhaps daily, accounts of her. Our wonder is that, finding on his return that she was still so ill that it was *impossible to leave her for a single day*, it should turn out that of the *nine* succeeding days he spent but two at home, and all the rest in the various gaieties of the neighbourhood.

Even when at what he called *home*, it is surprising to count up how seldom he really was *en famille*, and his joy at his escapes. Take one sample :—

'1824. April 13.—Started at 3 o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the masquerade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days. *Bessy, however, not well enough to go.*—iv. 179.

That, however, was so little a damper on his spirits, that on the second day of the visit he exclaims in rapture :—

'The day very agreeable; could hardly be

otherwise. A pretty house; beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good Champagne and Moselle, charming music—*What more could a man want?*'—179.

'Tis a pity that there was no Irish echo to answer—*Bessy!*'—poor Bessy that was sick at home.

But though Mrs. Moore seems, like a prudent as well as an affectionate wife, to have in general submitted to these wanderings, and even (as Moore says in a preceding extract) sometimes encouraged them—seeing probably that she could not resist his restless disposition—yet it is evident that she was not insensible to these derelictions. The first symptom of this is in a letter to Mr. Power his music-publisher—who *jobbed* his songs from him at 500*l.* a-year; here we find a paragraph which is really a clue to much that would be else unintelligible in Moore's life; it confirms our former observation, that his existence was essentially one of theatrical *exhibition*, and adds—what we never suspected—*exhibition for profit* :—

'You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone; to take her would be too expensive; and indeed it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* [*sic*] with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by *singing them about*, that she agreed to my leaving her. *This is quite my object*. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition* [*sic*], which will do more service to the *sale of the songs* than a whole year's *advertising*.'—i. 330.

Little did the fashionable coteries whom he *obliged* and delighted with his songs imagine what was 'quite his object'—that he was really going about as Mr. Power's *advertising van*.

'1823. April 14th [in London].—Received an impatient letter from *Bess*, which rather disturbed me, both on her her account and my own. Perceive she is getting uncomfortable without me.'—iv. 55.

Yet still he lingered in town, 'leading,' he says, 'a restless and feverish life' (iv. 89), till the 24th June, when he returned home, but only for three weeks—for a proposal from Lord Lansdowne for a tour in Ireland was irresistible.

One of these absences was marked by a peculiar incident.

'1825. 28th May.—With an *excellent, warm-hearted, lively wife*, and dear promising children, what more need I ask for? Prepared for my *trip to town*.'—iv. 283.

And *next day was off*; but Bessy was this time on the alert also. She followed the truant (unbidden, it is pretty clear) two days after, and stayed 'six days in town—

but without seeing much more of her 'bird' than if she had remained alone in the cage at Sloperton; for they were not lodged in the same house—and of the six days of her stay they dined together but twice, breakfasted not at all, and passed no evening together but one at the opera. But on the sixth morning—

'8th June.—Up at five. And saw my TREASURES safe in the coach!'—iv. 284.

The reader will observe how the cup is sweetened to Bessy's taste—when he was going off, he had hoped to reconcile her by a tribute to her 'liveliness' and 'excellence,' and when he sends her back he consoles her with the record that she is a 'treasure!'

Having thus got rid of his treasures, he remained in London, in his usual round of amusements, for near two months, when at last he paid his invalid at Cheltenham that visit of two days which has been already mentioned.

Such are the very unexpected details of Moore's domestic life which these volumes reveal, and which, we think, with all deference to Lord John Russell, instead of being thus blazoned to the world, might rather better have been suffered to 'sleep in the shade.'

Some other circumstances no less surprise us. In the midst of all the gaiety and brilliancy in which Moore figured, who could have suspected an extreme of penury at home? We find a pompously recorded visit to the High Sheriff of Leicestershire—with turtle, venison, and so forth—wound up with a confession that he and his wife were forced to remain there longer than they had intended, from not possessing a few shillings to give to the servants at coming away. He writes to Mr. Power:—

'[Langley Priory], Nov. 12. 1812.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have only time to say that if you can let me have *three or four pounds* by return of post you will oblige me. I have foolishly run dry, without trying my other resources; and I have been this week past literally without a shilling. . . . You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret-drinking longer than I wish, and merely because we have not a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away.'—i. 315-16.

From this novel mode of being in the custody of the sheriff, Mr. Power, by a remittance of 10*l.* enabled the captives to redeem themselves: and, indeed, throughout the whole of Moore's after-life, Mr. Power's highly-tried but always ready liberality enabled Moore to work through the 'never ending still beginning' difficulties in which, what appears to us, a most reckless impro-

vidence involved him. With receipts which to a poet who did not set up for a man of fashion would be thought enormous, he never had a penny in his pocket, and seems to have existed by loans, kite-flying, anticipations, and petty shifts, hardly reconcilable with integrity, or, at least, delicacy. What shall we say to such anecdotes as the following, which we are almost ashamed to repeat? In December, 1818, Lord Lansdowne stood godfather to Moore's second boy:—

'After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper which contained, he said, *a present for the nurse*. The paper contained two 5*l.* notes, one of which Bessy gave the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother.'—ii. 239.

and this strange misappropriation of Lord Lansdowne's bounty is followed up by a cool observation that 'they' (Bessy's mother and sister)—

'have latterly been very considerate indeed in their applications for assistance to me.'—i*b.*

We hardly think that Moore was in this case sufficiently considerate as to the source from which he assisted them.

A Mr. Branigan, with whom he had made some acquaintance in the country,

'announces to me by letter that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a Bank post-bill to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum, but it's very convenient just now.'—ii. 331.

When we recollect his appearance in society and now see the real misery of his position, we are struck at once with pity and wonder. We know not whether it may be thought more like praise or censure to say that in his personal deportment no one could trace anything of the constant anxiety and embarrassment which such a condition of affairs would produce on most men's manners and temper. He seemed always cheerful, always at ease, making no *étalage* of finery or foppery: and we believe we may say that none of his friends—none but those with whom he had money dealings—could have the slightest idea that he was not in easy circumstances, and on a footing of independence and equality with any other member of good society.

He says on one occasion—December 23rd, 1825:—

'Shearer said that the Longmans had told his brother that *I had the most generous contempt for money of any man they had ever met*.'—iv. 262.

That 'contempt for money' which consists in throwing it away Moore may have had, but we must say that this is the only

passage in the Diary that affords us the slightest hint of his liberality in money affairs. An author in the sale of his works is as fairly a tradesman as the bookseller with whom he deals, and we do not in the least cavil at the eagerness which Moore shows in his bargains, but we really cannot allow him thus to record his own easy liberality without showing from the same pages how little the praise was deserved. All that he tells of himself is of so different a character, so full of tricks, and what would be called *sharp practice*, that we can only rejoice that Messrs. Longman fared better than their neighbours;—yet we have Moore's own evidence that even *they*, had they known all, might have had some grounds of complaint. He had, as early as July, 1814, commenced his negotiation with Messrs. Longman for his poem of *Lalla Rookh*, which came (after a good deal of sharp bargaining on Moore's part) to an agreement for 3000 guineas. Mr. Longman, finding, it seems, some unexpected delay in the production of the poem, inquired in April, 1815, about its progress, and Moore answers on the 25th of that month,—

*'I had copied out fairly about four thousand lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I had promised, but I have changed my intention.'—ii. 14.*

And then he proceeds with some *ingenious* reasons for requesting his leave to *withhold the said fairly copied MS. from his perusal*:—

*'but I mean, with your permission, to say in town that the work is finished [sic], and merely withhold from publication on account of the lateness of the season.'—ib.*

But in the *very next page*—in a letter, dated a fortnight later, to a private confidant in Ireland—he confesses that all this was sham—that there were no 'four thousand lines fairly copied for Mr. Longman's perusal;' that there was no possibility of the poems being published at any period of that year; and that 'it can hardly be till this spring *twelvemonth* that it can be finished off fit for delivery' (*ib.* p. 76.) It was not, in fact, published till *two years later*.

Here is another private confession to his mother:—

*'There is so much call for the opera [M.P.], that I have made a present of it to little Power to publish; that is, nominally I have made a present of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—one that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light of the piece myself; and the second, that I do not mean to give anything*

more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman.'—i. 264, 265.

Tricks of this sort are not so openly confessed in the Diary as in these confidential letters; but the scattered indications of them are frequent, and we do not remember one single instance of liberality in money dealings on the part of Moore, nor any one proof—though many imputations—of a contrary disposition in any of his publishers. To this class of topics belongs, we are sorry to say, a great deal of double dealing and shuffling with Messrs. Murray and Wilkie, with whom he had made his first agreement for the '*Life of Sheridan*,' and which he afterwards transferred to Messrs. Longman, who furnished him with near 500*l.* to repay what Murray had already advanced him on the credit of that work. The transaction—vaguely shadowed as it is in the Diary—shows anything rather than that *contempt for money* which Lord John seems to rank among Moore's higher characteristics. But still more remarkable is the story of Lord Byron's Autobiographical Memoirs, their sale, redemption, and destruction—very confusedly and disjointedly told in the Diary; but which, as it involves not only personal character, but a question of considerable literary interest, and perhaps of some future importance, we shall endeavour, though it will occupy more space than we can well spare, to bring into one comprehensible view.

It appears that Moore had at first offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman, who declined to purchase them; and this, we suppose, brought him over from Paris in September, 1821, to endeavour to dispose of them to greater advantage. He arrived in London at eleven o'clock on the night of the 25th, and *early next morning* 'wrote a note to summon Murray.' Murray came next day—'agreed to his own terms—viz. two thousand guineas for the Memoirs—and took away the MS.'

When Moore communicated his bargain to Lord Holland, his lordship looked at the case with a gentlemanlike delicacy which was natural to him when party prejudices did not intervene, and which may on this occasion, have been a little quickened by some *personal considerations*—

*'He expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s Memoirs; said he wished I could have gotten the 2000 guineas any other way. Seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a quiver of poisoned arrows for future warfare on private character.'—iii. 298.*

We wonder that Lord John Russell, when

he came to read, this opinion of Lord Holland's, did not agree with him that the sale of such a work was not a creditable way of obtaining two thousand or even three thousand guineas.

After meditating on this suggestion, Moore *seemed* to think it so important that he ought to attempt a rescinding of the bargain. Subsequent circumstances, however, leave no doubt that it was not Lord Holland's suggestion, but the prospect of making a better bargain, that induced Moore to try to recover the property of the MS. We hear no more of the affair for six months, but on the 22nd of April, 1822, we find the following entry:—

'Spoke to Murray on the subject of Lord B.'s Memoirs; of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to *with the best grace imaginable*. Accordingly there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as security till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, *an over delicate deference to the opinion of others*; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction, and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain.'—iii. 345.

We see no ground whatsoever for this self-applause; for the only practical effect of this new arrangement was one which seems to have been for some months occupying no trivial share in Moore's ponderings—namely, that if he could at any time get any one to give him 2500*l.* or 3000*l.* for the Memoirs, he had a right to pay off Murray, and transfer the MS. to a new purchaser—*putting the difference in his own pocket*. Such an arrangement we need not say, did not at all meet Lord Holland's objection—and Mr. Murray was certainly the most liberal of men to consent to it, for he remained 2000 guineas out of pocket, and must have done so as long as Lord Byron should happen to live—while Moore had the option, when he pleased, of turning the MS. to better account and leaving Murray in the position of having had so much risk and trouble, only to be laughed at by some higher bidder in Mr. Moore's auction. We shall see that all this, and worse than this, did in fact *take place* to the fullest extent, as far as concerned Murray's pecuniary interests.

So (omitting some minor details) matters stood till the 3rd of May, 1824—we request attention to the dates—when Moore had

'a letter from Lord Byron, at Missaloughi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy, the physicians do not know which.'—iv. 182.

No observation whatsoever follows this serious announcement; but we have not long to wait for its collateral consequences:—

'1824. May 12th.—Dined early with Rees [managing partner of Messrs. Longman]. Rees asked me if I had called on Murray to get him to complete the arrangement entered into when I was *last in town* [of which we find no other mention than we have quoted] for the redemption of Byron's Memoirs?—said I had not. Told me *the money was ready*, and advised me not to *lose any time about it*.'—ib. p. 186.

Who can doubt that Moore had been on the look-out for a better bargain?—for here is what he significantly calls a '*rival bibliopolist*' who has the *money ready to pay off Murray*, and who advises Moore to lose no time in doing so. But, lo! by one of the most extraordinary coincidences we have ever read, on the *very next morning* Moore learns by accident, in another bookseller's shop—

'*that Lord Byron was dead*. . . . *Recollected then* the unfinished state of my agreement for the redemption of the Memoirs.'

It needed, we think, no great effort of memory to '*recollect*' a subject which Mr. Rees had brought so strongly before him the day before.

This event made a total change in the circumstances of the case. Murray had paid, two years before, 2000 guineas on the *speculative* value of the Memoirs when Lord Byron should die. Lord Byron was but thirty-three when the bargain was made. Murray had, according to all calculations, many a year to wait before he could expect any return for his capital—or rather indeed, being considerably Byron's senior, he could hardly have anticipated any such return during his own life-time;—but now the event had unexpectedly occurred—the *contingent reversion* of the MS. had become a *possession*, and its value proportionably increased—probably doubled—as it ought to be, on a mere business calculation of Murray's previous risk. But again (Diary, 15th May) Moore luckily '*recollects*' that he had

'*directed* a clause to be inserted in the [second] agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I *dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement*. Accordingly, on *recollecting* it now, I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the two thou-



*and guineas for me on Monday morning.*—iv. 189.

With such a clause, how could Moore have had a moment's alarm or even doubt about his right? The fact, however, turned out to be that *there was no such clause!*

But in the mean while there had started up a third party. The Diary for the previous day (May 14th) ends—

'Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird anxiously inquiring in whose possession the Memoirs were; and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.'—iv. 187.

Murray, at this time, had no communication from Moore, nor could he have the slightest idea that Moore could have any claim to the MS., the *absolute* property being vested in Murray by Byron's death; but he at once, with a liberality and feeling which did him honour, offered to forego the prize he had drawn in this lottery of business, and to place the Memoirs at the disposal of Lord Byron's friends.

This it is obvious would have been the best and most delicate way of carrying out the spirit of Lord Holland's suggestion, by which Moore had professed to be guided in his efforts to get hold of the MS., but it would not at all have suited his real object—evidently that of selling them elsewhere—and he therefore vehemently opposed this arrangement, and, relying on his own version of the second deed, denied Murray's right to give up the MS. to any one but himself—whom (so Moore asserted) the *alleged* clause in that deed constituted, under the existing circumstances, the sole and rightful proprietor. Murray was very much surprised at hearing of such a clause, but unluckily *the deed had been mislaid*, and he had only his own disbelief to oppose to the positive assertion of Moore.

Then follows, in the Diary, a long, very confused, but of course unilateral history of the discussions that ensued between Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, as the friends of Lord Byron—Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, on the part of Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh—and Moore—in which the latter insisted on his right of property in the MS., and protested in the strongest manner against its destruction; offering, indeed, 'the suppression of all that might be thought objectionable,' but contending that what was *not* so should be retained for *his own benefit* and that of the

public. The progress of the affair is, we have said, very confusedly told even in what Lord John Russell gives us of Moore's Diary—but it becomes more so by his Lordship's choosing to suppress a separate and '*long account of the destruction of the MS.*' left by Moore, and to substitute for it some *studiously obscure* sentences of his own. Lord John says:—

'The result was that, after a *very unpleasant scene* at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*—who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. *After the whole had been burnt, the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.*

The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton [Hobhouse], and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the *irritation* which the circumstances of the moment produced, but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which *recall a painful scene*, and would excite *painful feelings*.'—iv. 192.

We cannot omit to enter our protest against Lord John's assertion, that the MS. was destroyed with the *full consent of Mr. Moore*: we know not what may be said in the portions of the Diary that Lord John has suppressed, but in all that he has published, and in all the other evidence, we find the most resolute opposition to any such measure.

All seemed now ended—but Moore conjured up a fresh difficulty, of which, whatever may have been the real motive, that which he assigned seems absurdly punctilious. The *actual cash* in which the repayment to Murray was made, was supplied to Moore by the Longmans (on the security of his bond); and of course Lord Byron's family and friends, who had received and destroyed the MS., were immediately prepared to reimburse Moore. Moore positively refused to be reimbursed; he persisted (contrary to the direct and indisputable terms of the agreement) in asserting that the MS. was his, and that his honour required that it was he who should have the merit of the sacrifice. *Merit*, we have seen, there was none, for he had opposed the sacrifice to the utmost: and his alleged *rights* had been extinguished by the production of

the deed ; but he still pertinaciously pleaded his honour, and spends a great deal of verbiage to justify a punctilio for which we can see no ground nor any object. If we could see or imagine any rational or even colourable point of honour in the case, we could understand and admire Moore's feelings and conduct. As it is, we confess that this part of the affair remains to us a suspicious mystery.

The final result will surprise our readers and the public as much as it did us when our recent inquiries brought it to our knowledge. Moore—through the unheard-of liberality of Murray—finally pocketed more than double the sum he had been intriguing and squabbling about. For the 2000 guineas originally agreed on for the Memoirs, Moore had engaged to Murray to edit them, and to accompany them with a *Life*. After the destruction of the Memoirs, Murray recurred to the idea of a *Life* ; and as Moore was certainly, for many reasons, the person best fitted for the task, Murray proposed it to him. But the sum originally agreed on for both Memoirs and *Life* had now become, through Moore's complicated manœuvres, wholly inadequate for the *Life* alone. His debt to the Longmans, arising out of these transactions, had grown to a sum of £3020, for which they had his bond ; and Moore seems to have been in a state of irremediable insolvency—for whatever he might be able to earn by his pen could at most have met his current expenses, but not availed against such a permanent and growing burden as this. Murray, who had—like everybody else who knew the fascinating little 'bird'—a strong personal feeling for Moore, hoped that he might combine his own interest as a tradesman with the extrication of the author ; and he not merely consented to relieve him from Longman's bond—(though it was a debt incurred in hostility to Murray)—but, to enable him to exist while he was employed at the *Life*, he gave him a further sum of £1200, which, with some other small advances of cash, interest, &c., amounted in the whole to £4870, which was, in fact, what Murray paid to Moore for the '*Life*,' half the materials of which Murray himself contributed. Such generosity is we think unparalleled ; and would probably have never been known but for an additional exhibition of Moore's greediness, almost as surprising. The *Life* was published ; but Moore, overrating its success, and under-rating what it had cost Murray, endeavoured to obtain a further remuneration. In answer to an attempt so unreasonable—and, might we not say, so ungrateful ?—Murray, in a letter to Moore, dated the 24th of May, 1831, stated,

first, the fact that the book had not paid its expenses, and he then detailed the circumstances above stated ; which we think a *coup de grace* to the pretence of his having a 'most generous contempt of money.'

Long as this detail has been, there are still two collateral points of the case on which we must make some observations.

The first is that Lord John talks only of the destruction of Lord Byron's *original MS.* He passes *sub silentio* the possibility of copies of the MS.—and their fate. One complete copy we know was made with Lord Byron's concurrence, and, of the variety of hands through which it passed, some at least attempted copies. One transcript (complete or incomplete) is stated by Moore to have been given up, or torn up, by a lady who had made it, upon her hearing of the 'painful scene' at Murray's :—but this only heightens the probability that there might have been other irregular transcripts. And, if so, what proof is there that they were *all*, penitentially or delicately, destroyed ? We see it surmised in several publications of the day 'that they *were not* ; and that, after all, it is probable that the Memoirs may be still in existence, and one day published.' We ourselves give no credit to these surmises ; and Lord John Russell could not be expected to answer for surreptitious copies—but we think he ought to have made some inquiry after the copy which the *Diary* states to have been made, or at least have added a line to state—as we believe the fact to be—that no trace of any copy appears in Moore's papers.

The second point we have to notice is one that touches Moore's character for veracity, and which Lord John Russell should surely have endeavoured to explain. Our readers will have seen in the extract in p. 272, that Moore asserted that he had *dictated* and *saw* the solicitor *insert* a clause in the *draft* of the agreement, which, when the *deed* itself was produced, did not appear in it. This assertion, ostentatiously repeated by Moore, implies certainly a serious charge against both Mr. Murray and his eminently respectable solicitor (the late learned and ingenious Mr. Sharon Turner), as if they had *omitted in the deed* the clause which Mr. Moore *dictated* and *saw inserted in the draft*. This has induced Mr. Turner's son, naturally solicitous for his distinguished father's reputation, to make search for the original draft. He has been lucky enough to find it, and it is now under our eyes. Well—it *contains no such clause*—it agrees exactly—*literatim*—with the *deed*. Here, then, are Messrs. Murray and Turner, as might have been expected, fully acquitted ; but what becomes of Mr.

Moore, who seems as clearly convicted of deliberate and reiterated falsehood and fraud? We are glad to be able, *from the examination of the document itself*, to suggest an hypothesis which would acquit him of so grave a charge—though only by finding him guilty of what seems to have been habitual with him—great confusion and inaccuracy. We see on the face of the draft that there *was* an interlineation made allowing a limit of *three months*—not as Moore asserted for *his redemption* of the MS.—but for Murray's *publication* of it—(viz. 'within three months after Lord Byron's death')—and this addition, so far from being *dictated* by Moore and written in by the solicitor, is written in *by Moore's own hand*. Here, then, is another palpable misstatement; but it affords us a probable clue to the whole imbroglio. Moore most likely had in his mind the intention of extending the limit of redemption to three months, but, instead of *dictating* what he desired to the solicitor, he with *his own pencil*—and perhaps without fully explaining his meaning—wrote in the words '*within three months*'—but wrote them in at *a wrong place*. So that, instead of providing, as he may have intended, to give *himself* a power to redeem—he in fact only imposed on Murray the obligation of publishing—within three months. We think ourselves very fortunate in having, by the inspection of the original paper, arrived at this solution, which relieves Moore's character from so deep a stain as his own Diary had thrown, and his own editor had left, upon it. But on a review of the whole affair it cannot be denied that Moore is convicted on his own evidence of gross inaccuracy, a very unhandsome double-dealing with Murray, and an ostentatious parade of liberality and disinterestedness which existed neither in his thoughts nor his acts.\*

There is another revelation made in these volumes equally, or, indeed, more unexpected, as to Moore's literary character. Every one sees at a glance that all his works—except a few of his earlier songs—smell a good deal of the lamp; and that the text, and still more the notes, are redundant with all sorts of out-of-the-way reading. There are more Greek quotations in Moore's works than in all the English poets put together, from Chaucer to Crabbe. Most readers, we believe, skip them over, like the student of Euclid, who never looked at the *cuts*. They were thought to be nothing

more than a misplaced *étalage* of the early studies of the *Translator of Anacreon*; and in great measure no doubt they were so; but these volumes show that they were something more. We here see that Moore's poetical impulses arose more from reading than from feeling—from books rather than nature; that his genius was not inventive. He looked for inspiration neither to the skies nor the seas, nor the forests, nor even the busy haunts of men, but to the shelves of the library, where, accordingly, we find him studying, or rather *reading up*, for each of his greater poems—*Lalla Rookh*—the *Angels*—and *Aloiphron*—as assiduously, and copying as copiously, as one would for so many *Dissertations* on Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian scenery and manners. It is true that he has worked up his materials with great taste, and all the verbal powers of poetry—sweetness, polish, brilliancy, splendour; but still it has all the air of exquisite manufacture rather than of spontaneous effusion—*materiem superabat opus*; the inventive genius is wanting. In some of his lighter love-songs we are startled with pedantic conceits, which require a learned note. And even when he degrades his muse into a drab, and sets her to talk *slang* with Tom Cribb, we find him interlarding it with the most laborious pedantry, till at last, when he finishes this stupid *fatras* (which his publishers seem ashamed to reprint in their last edition of his works), he cannot help exclaiming, 'What a *rag-fair of learning* I have made it!' In the labours of the Scriblerus club the affection of learning heightens the ridicule; but that is not Moore's case. There is no fun at all in his pedantry; nor is it intended for fun, but simply to exhibit what in the sincerity of the Diary he calls 'a *rag-fair of learning*'—not seeing that his greater poems are, in the original conception as well as in the illustrations, obnoxious to much the same kind of criticism.

We are not so absurd as to reproach Moore for studying to invest his fictions with all attainable reality and truth—our surprise is, that a poet so cried up as 'possessing in his own fancy and feeling an inexhaustible fountain of ingenious creations' (*Lord John, Preface*, xxiii.) should have selected for all his great efforts *non-natural* subjects, so little sympathetic even with his own heart or mind that he himself is driven to hunt through utterly unfamiliar authors for any available scrap of information about them; and, after all, so little is there of distinctive and appropriate either in the substance or details of those works, that it would, we believe, have cost Moore no great trouble to have incorporated his An-

\* We shall add at the conclusion of this Article a letter which the late Mr. Murray addressed at the time to Mr. Wilmot Horton, and which most satisfactorily explains his share in this extraordinary transaction.

gels with Lalla Rookh, or Alciphron with the Angels. A curious illustration of this occurs in the Diary. After the Loves of the Angels, founded on a passage of Scripture, helped out by the apocryphal book of Enoch, had been published and four editions sold, Moore found the imputation of impiety so strong, that he took the bold resolution of shifting his whole machinery to Mahomet's Paradise; and did so in a few weeks by the assistance of '*D'Herbelot*,' '*Prideaux's Life of Mahomet*,' '*Beausobre's Manicheism*,' '*Hyde's Religio Persarum*,' '*Philo-Judæus*,' &c., &c. (iv. 41-2). Yet, when after so substantial a change the metamorphosed work came forth, we do not remember that the public ever seemed to observe the difference any more than if it had been an ordinary second edition. Such a *disponability*, as the French call it—such a *dissolving view*—would not have been possible if there had been anything of truth or nature, or even fictitious interest, in the original composition. Johnson ridiculed *epitaphs to let*; but here was a whole poem to *let* like furnished lodgings, and nobody took the least notice of the new-comers, nor discovered that they were not the old occupants.

In the midst of so much show of odd erudition—he even, we think, had the temerity to *review* some of the Greek Fathers!—Moore ever and anon betrays utter ignorance of literary points with which we might expect any educated man of his day to have been familiar. This must we suppose be attributed to the desultory habits of his life. He seems to have been by no means a bookish man, and to have given but little of his time to general or even current literature, though by fits very studious of 'all such reading as was never read' when he wanted to work it into some particular design.

'Colonel Henley mentioned a play of Racine's (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon.'—iii. 240.

It is odd that he should forget the name of one of the few tragedies of this great dramatist. Colonel Henley, no doubt, alluded to the first lines of *Alexandre*. And in some remarks that Moore makes (iii. 225, 238) on the structure of the French heroic or tragic verse, he shows that he knows nothing about it.

'1822, July 30th.—Came home by the *gondole*. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of *Malherbe's*. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming, from my dark corner, at the end of each of his recitations, *C'est de Malherbes, ça*.

*Oui, Monsieur. C'est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*—iii. 359.

Astonished the poor man might well be at the interference of a 'learned Theban' from the Western Bœotia, who confounded the names of *M. Lamoignon de Malesherbes*, the celebrated minister and venerable friend of Louis XVI., with that of *Malherbe*, a poet of the days of Henry IV., of whom we will venture to guess that Moore never read a line but one little elegiac ode on the death of Rose Duperrier, which is preserved in all the French *Recueils*, and which every one has by heart. Moore's intrusive parade of his learning, and his real confusion of two such different and well-known persons, seem to us quite as comical as his own story of another Frenchman, who, when Lord Moira showed him the castle of *Macbeth* in Scotland, corrected him, '*Maccabée, Milord:—nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent—Judas Maccabéeus, Empereur Romain*' (ii. 247).

We find him gravely quoting *Mr. Luttrell* as complaining—

'that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, "like that King of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town."'—iii. 262.

Is it possible that Moore should not have known whence *Mr. Luttrell's* pleasantry was derived? It seems so: and there is a similar instance in vol. iv. p. 72.

Again, he quotes, from *Lord Holland*, Cowper's burlesque lines, '*Doctor Jortin*,' &c. (iii. 272), evidently having either not read or forgotten one of the most delightful and popular publications of his own time—Cowper's Letters.

'19th Sept. 1818.—Dined at Bowood. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner. Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and *Swift's* ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy, which I must see.'—ii. 167.

'*Swift's* ridicule of *Bickerstaff's* prophecy—which I must see!' He would have to search long enough before he saw any such thing. It is wonderful that he should not have known that *Swift* was himself *Bickerstaff*, under which pseudonyme he ridiculed the prophecies of the notorious almanac-maker *Partridge*, where, however, there is nothing at all about '*the end of the world*.' But neither *Bickerstaff* nor *Partridge* had anything to do with the passage referred to at Bowood, which is from an altogether different drollery, in ridicule of *Whiston's* theory

of comets. We should have hardly thought that there was any reading man in England who was not familiar with all these pleasant-rises.

Moore talks of a Mr. Theophilus Swift who had in his time some squabble with the heads of the University in which his son Mr. *Deane* Swift had a share—'Mr. Swift,' says Moore, having had his son so christened in honour of the name' (i. 38). Moore must have looked but little into the Dean's history not to know that one of his uncles had married the daughter of Admiral *Deane*, whose surname had thence become a Christian name of the Swift family. It is strange that he should not have read Swift's Correspondence, the second letter of which, dated 1694, is addressed to 'his cousin, Deane Swift, Esq.': and stranger still that he should never have seen or heard of so well-known a work as the Essay on the Life of the Dean of St. Patrick's, by an elder Mr. *Deane Swift*—the father of Theophilus and grandfather of the second *Deane*—whom Moore supposes to have been the first.

Again:—

'Douglas said he supposed that it was from the Patriarch that the garment called a *Joseph* was named. Douglas must have been thinking of a *Benjamin*, for a *Joseph* is, I believe, a woman's garment.'—ii. 182.

How could Moore forget the highest poetical authority for *Joseph* as a man's garment?—

'He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a John.'—*Dunciad*, ii. 128.

He had not even read, it seems, that 'handbook' of anecdotes—the *Walpoliana*—for he thinks it necessary to transcribe (iv. 247) a story as told by Lord Lansdowne which is printed there. Lord Lansdowne might very naturally tell it, but Moore's transcribing it proves that he had never read it.

'Lord Lansdowne mentioned an epigram as rather happy in its structure: I forget the exact words:—

'[The hearer] perplex'd

'Twixt the two to determine—

Watch and pray says the text,

Go to sleep says the sermon.'—iv. 241.

Moore might have found it in the *very first* page of epigrams in the 'Elegant Extracts.'

Presently, however, we find him sneering at Lord Lansdowne, as '*showing off*' some criticism on Dryden's translation of the opening of the *Æneid*, and especially on the imperfect rendering of *fato profugus*, which Moore had heard from him before (ii. 246).

If Lord Lansdowne—who is as little of a mere *show-off* man as we ever met—did repeat himself, it certainly was not Moore who, enjoying his hospitality, should have been on the watch to detect and record it. Moore goes on to attribute to Lord Lansdowne some further remarks on the word *profugus*:—

'Bowood, 1818, Dec. 30th.—Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profugus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profugus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profugus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion.—"Errat Virgilius, forte profugus erat."—ii. 246.

All we can understand from this strange passage—marked and accented as we have given it—is, that Moore seems not to have had the slightest idea of what his friends were talking about—that he confounded the meaning with the *prosody* of the word—that he fancied *Florus* to be a poet, whose authority would determine the penultimate syllable to be long—and that Dr. Paley having, in consequence of his northern education, pronounced it a short, he was ridiculed by his fellow Cantabs for so monstrous a blunder! We cannot imagine how Moore, even with his western education, could have accumulated such absurdities, and suppose rather some error in the transcription of his MS.; but we may safely acquit Lord Lansdowne of having any share in them.

On another question of prosody he also gets out of his depth in very shallow water. In confessing that the Dublin University men were in his day deficient in prosody, he admits that they make mistakes as to the *longs and shorts* (i. 50)—believing that the *longs and shorts* of our great schools refer to *long and short syllables*, and not, as they do, to *long and short lines*—i. e., hexameters and pentameters: and twenty years later (ii. 200) he had not discovered his mistake.

It makes a significant conclusion to the foregoing negligences and ignorances to find that it was only one week before his final departure from Paris, after a residence of near two years, that he found his way to the royal library:—

'1822. Nov. 15th. Went to the library. What a shame that I should not till now have availed myself of the facilities of this treasury!'—iv. 20.

He left Paris on the third day after this compunctious entry.

On the whole, there is hardly anything in

the diary that has surprised us more than the frequent, and, as it seems, conclusive, evidence of Moore's deficiency, not only in more serious, but even in ordinary, reading. There are hardly any of his acquaintance, and we should note more especially his noble friends Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, who do not appear to have been—*quod minime reris*—better versed than this voluminous poet and historian both in English and classical literature.

A very prominent feature of the Diary is and, indeed, one of its least irrational objects would be—the record of the jokes and stories that Moore's taste should think worth remembering. Knowing that he lived with all the wits of the day, Whig and Tory, and having ourselves often admired his tact and humor in reproducing such things to enliven his own conversation, we expected a choice harvest: but there, as everywhere else, we have been disappointed. Few are good, and the majority are downright failures. Amongst the few tolerable with which we are not familiar the following are the best. Foremost we place two of Kenny's, the dramatist, who—

'said of Luttrell's "Julia" that it was too long, and not broad enough.'

An excellent critique on that somewhat ponderous levity.

And again, when Moore's troubles came upon him, without appearing to affect his spirits, Kenny said, with a pleasantry that reminds one of Gil Blas,—

'Tis well you are a poet: a philosopher never could bear it.'—iii. 169

'On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says Rogers: Knight being a very bad listener.'

Lord Ellenborough showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused, and said—

"Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr —, has been out of the question for a long time; but you may proceed"—ii. 312.

Moore, confessing that he was not a scientific Musician—

'mentioned the tendency I had to run into consecutive f's, adding that [Sir Henry] Bishop now revised my music; [George] Lord Auckland said, "Other bishops take care of the *tithes*—but he looks after the *fifths*."—iv. 263.

'Curran, upon a case where the Theatre Royal in Dub'in brought an action against A-tley's for acting *Lock and Key*, said, "My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the

said *Lock and Key* is to be considered as a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind."—iv. 7.

At a stag-hunt at Killarney, the animal

'came close to where Lord Avonmore, then Attorney-General, and Dr O'Leary were standing—O'Leary said—How naturally instinct leads him to you for a *nolle prosequi*!'—iv. 112.

A dialogue between a visitor and a servant at a hall door in Dublin:—

"Is your master at home?" "No Sir, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No Sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in, and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, Sir, it's out too."—iii. 288.

These are at least among the best that have any novelty; they are generally hackneyed, and, what is surprising, sometimes very ill told. 'It is not every one,' says Johnson, 'who can carry a joke.' Moore we always thought was one of those who could, and indeed he had considerable success in that way; but the following failure is almost as bad as the Joe-Miller story of him who called the fall of a shoulder of mutton a *lapseus lingue*:—

'1821. Feb. 2.—Talking of letters being charged by weight, Canning said that the Post Office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hippealey, "it was so *dull*."—iii. 166.

Oh no, Mr. Moore, Canning said 'it was so *heavy*.' He attempts to repeat after Tierney two pleasantries of Mr. Pitt—of one he makes nonsense, and the other he maims and loses its point. It is truly told in Q. R., vol. 79, p. 513. Here is an imbroglio, to us quite incomprehensible. Creevey, he says, who had passed some time with Sheridan at Mr. Ord's in Northumberland, described—

'Sheridan's Gaiety: acted over the *battle of the Pyramids* on *Marston Moor*, ordering Captain Creevey to *cut out that cow*—pointing to a cow in a ditch.'—iv. 295.

Was it Creevey or Moore who imagined that either the *battle of the Pyramids* or that of *Marston Moor* was a *maritime exploit*—like the celebrated *cutting out the Hermione*?

'I quoted the following on *Cæsar Colclough's* taking boat at *Luggelaw* to follow the hounds:—

"*Cæsarem vehis et fortunas.* (sic)

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with  
awe,

Undaunted Colclough crossed at *Luggelaw*,

And said to Boatmen, shivering in their rags,  
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle-bags!"  
—iii. 5.

This pleasantry, not itself a very choice one, is miserably mangled in every way. *Luggelaw* is a mountain *tarn*, in the county of Wicklow, where no one ever took boat unless to fish or sketch, and where hounds never could come—nor, if they did, do sportsmen hunt with saddle-bags. The epigram was made, we believe, by Charles Bushe on Mr. Cæsar Colclough, a barrister riding the Leinster Circuit, who, in a storm that deterred others, crossed the ferry at *Ballinlaw*, between Waterford and Wexford. It was said that he took this short cut to anticipate the rest of the bar by an earlier arrival at Wexford, and that Bushe took this kind of revenge on him. This blunder is the more remarkable because it proves that Moore never could have visited Luggelaw, one of the most striking scenes of that picturesque district so often mentioned in his *Melodies*. How this should have happened we cannot imagine, particularly if he saw the 'Meeting of the Waters,' Glandelough, &c., in going to which he must have passed close to Luggelaw, which is nearer to Dublin, and we think finer than any of them.

Moore professed to feel great pleasure from natural scenery, but this and several other passages in the *Diary* lead us to doubt whether the feeling was very strong. *Dovedale*, for instance, gives him no more distinct idea than that it is the very abode of—*genii*! (i. 301). To be sure, both he and Lord John tell us that he wept at the sight of *Mont Blanc*, but he also tells us that he wept at seeing a Frenchman go up in a balloon. We know also that he never saw Killarney till his English friends the Lansdownes took him there in his forty-second year; and when he was asked which of two different confluences he meant to describe in his celebrated song of the 'Meeting of the Waters,' he was unable to say.

The specimens he gives of his own bon-mots or repartees are very poor—take one, which, from the rank of the lady and the care with which he records it, was, we presume, a favourite recollection:—

'Had music in the evening [at Woburn]. The duchess [of Bedford] said she wished I could transfer my genius to her for six weeks; and I answered, "Most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time."'  
—iii. 283.

The good taste of agreeing so readily in the Duchess's humble estimate of herself,

and in her Grace's high opinion of *him*, and of estimating his own superiority at just the worth of *Woburn* (!), seems to us equal to its pleasantry.

After the publication of the *Life of Sheridan* there was some talk of his undertaking those of *Grattan* and *Byron*:—

'Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for *Lives* I was likely to have—I said I had better publish *nine* together, in one volume, and call it *The Cat*.'—iv. 323.

Spoiled it seems from the old drollery in *Walpole's Letters*: 'If I had as many *lives* as a *cat*, or as one *Plutarch*.'

Finding some difficulty in lighting a fire at a French inn,—

'I said the wood was like the houses in Paris, *as-uré contre l'incendie*—which amused Lord John.'—iii. 13.

Having thus endeavoured to collect from the scattered evidence of the *Diary* a kind of synopsis of some of the chief points of Moore's personal and literary character, we now turn to the consideration of some circumstances of a more public nature; and here it is that we can cordially say that, whatever neglect or error of detail may be imputed to Lord John Russell's editorship, his work is a public—we had almost said historical—benefit. Moore's political satires had a considerable effect in their day, not so much from their gaiety and wit—which was often feeble, and more often forced—as from the deep bitterness and personal rancour by which they recommended themselves to that combination of factions self-styled the *Whig party*. Of this active and unscrupulous Opposition Moore became the poet-laureate; and though his vituperatory verses are as essentially effete as the panegyrics of any court laureate of them all, they have left behind them, both in common talk and in the *olla-podrida* literature of our day, a kind of vague impression, which these volumes will tend to correct and efface to a degree of which Moore's egotism was, and Lord John Russell's prejudice is, we suspect, alike unconscious.

To exhibit this in its true light we must revert a little to Moore's autobiography.

We here find more than we have ever before heard or suspected of his early initiation into the United Irish Conspiracy. Moore tells us that he was not actually a United Irishman—and his youth would, no doubt, prevent his being in their councils—but he frequently boasted that he was heart and soul devoted to their principles, and, to the extent of his little power, active in pro-



pagating them. All of what are called his *patriotic* songs were calculated to revive and feed the spirit of the Irish Rebellion; and, to the very last, he seems to be proud of being considered a *Jacobin*, and even a *traitor*—which latter title is evidently viewed by him as equivalent to that of *patriot*.

This leads us to observe on two passages of Lord John Russell's Preface, penned no doubt with the object of justifying Moore's extreme politics, but which we think deserve, on higher grounds, serious animadversion. In his critical summary of Moore's works, Lord John says of his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, that 'the character and fate of Lord Edward are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot;' and in speaking of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the noble Editor affirms that it was '*wickedly provoked*' by the Government. This canonization of treason and murder as *patriotism*, and this calumny on the Government of the country, are among the legacies that Lord John has had from Holland House. Our readers know that Lord Holland avowed both these scandalous opinions in his last volume of *Memoirs*; and we hope they have not forgotten our refutation of them (Q. R. June, 1852). We need hardly say that we have very little reliance on Lord John Russell's judgment on any question where party prejudices can intervene; but that an author who has published largely on modern history—a statesman who has been successively Secretary of State for the Colonial, the Foreign, and the Home Departments, Prime Minister, and who is now Leader of the House of Commons—should go out of his way to gild over rebellion as *patriotism*, and to assert so gratuitous and so absurd a slander as that the English and Irish ministers of those days had '*wickedly provoked*' the rebellion, passes our understanding: it is like nothing we ever read of, except the assertion of certain French historians that Mr. Pitt provoked the massacres of September.

We are astonished at Lord John Russell's venturing to reproduce such a misrepresentation if it were merely *historical*:—it is worse, as we have just intimated, when a man in such a station endeavours to palliate not merely rebellion—but a rebellion of which we can scarcely say that the ashes are yet cold;—but worst of all it is, when the very book he is editing—notwithstanding the *avowedly* rebellious bias of the author—contradicts Lord Holland's and Lord John Russell's fable of the rebellion having been '*wickedly*' or in any way '*provoked*' by the Government. Moore's *first*

political recollections—dating many years before 1798—he tells us, were that—

'all the oldest acquaintances of his father and mother were some of those most deeply involved in the grand conspiracy against the Government.'—i. 48.

Again in the year before the rebellion, Moore says—

'the celebrated newspaper called the Press was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and the other chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy [*Were they the tools of Pitt and Camden?*], with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis that was fast approaching.'—i. 55.

Moore would have been willing enough to palliate the rebellion—but he had been too near an observer to attempt any such imposition; and every line and every word of his record of those times is a contradiction of Lord John Russell's most indecent and most unfounded—we might almost borrow his own term '*wicked*'—charge on the Government of the time.

From these perilous political connexions—though never from these rebellious principles—Moore seems to have soon escaped into a very different and—in spite of his *Jacobin* opinions—more congenial society. His musical taste introduced him to one or two musical families, which he surprised and delighted by a combination of poetry and music in a style altogether peculiar to himself. He sang his own verses to his own tunes, in a style still more his own: the songs were indeed rather little amatory breathings than poetry—the voice rather a warbling than singing—but both were set off by an expression of countenance and charm of manner the most graceful, the most natural, and the most touching that we have ever witnessed; in truth we believe that those who have ever heard Moore's own performance will agree that from no other lips—not even those of female beauty—did his songs ever come with such fascinating effect. With this singular and seductive talent, accompanied by perfect good manners and lively conversation, he soon made his way in the 'singing, dancing, supping' society of Dublin; and it is evident from all the names that occur in the letters of this period that it was of an altogether different political complexion from his former associations.

At this time his parents, though little in a condition to meet such an expense, decided on his being educated for the Bar—and accordingly, in April, 1799, he proceeded to

London, to be entered at the Middle Temple. The preparations for this journey are told with singular naïveté, and include a peculiarity which we should not have expected from what he says of the general good sense of his mother:—

‘A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together, towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth, blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.’—i. 72.

He remained here, it seems, only long enough to *keep*, as it is called, two law terms, and returned to Dublin in July; where, the season of the year having no doubt thinned the gay company in which he had before lived, he probably worked more assiduously at preparing for the press the translation of Anacreon which he had begun while yet in college. This work—then his only ticket in the lottery of life—being at last ready for the press, he returned to London, where he immediately circulated proposals for publishing it by subscription.

He had brought also a letter of introduction to the Earl of Moira, who at that time was the chief professor of Irish patriotism in England; the intercourse of that date was confined to a morning visit and a dinner; but he then received an invitation to the Earl’s seat at Donington Castle in Leicestershire, of which he availed himself on his way to London the *second* time, in November, 1799.

He made for many years not merely frequent visits to Lord Moira at Donington, but several lengthened abodes with which his Lordship indulged him, in the absence of the family, to pursue his studies free from expense and the absorbing distractions of society, and with the advantage of a fine library—a considerate kindness on the part of Lord Moira which showed an early appreciation of the danger to which Moore’s taste for the dissipations of London exposed him. Soon after his marriage Moore hired a cottage in the neighbouring village of Kegworth, where he had the library always,

and occasionally the society of the castle, within his reach.

Very early in their acquaintance Lord Moira seems to have obtained from George IV., then Prince of Wales, the acceptance of the dedication of the forthcoming *Anacreon*; and as Moore’s subsequent conduct towards that Prince was altogether, we think, the least creditable as well as the most remarkable circumstance of his whole life, it is our historical duty to give as particular an account of it as we can gather from these volumes. Some time before the personal introduction Moore writes:—

‘[1800. May.]—My dear Mother,—I have got the Prince’s name [to the subscription], and his permission that I should dedicate *Anacreon* to him. Hurra! Hurra!’—i. 104.

‘*Hurra! Hurra!*’ We pause for a moment, not to sneer at this burst of exultation, very natural in a youth of Moore’s then circumstances, but to lament that the next time we meet these words from Moore’s pen should be in an insult to the very personage of whose favour he was once so proud—in a burlesque description of the Regent’s opening Parliament:—

‘*Hurra! Hurra!* I heard them say,  
And they cheered and shouted all the way,  
As the great Panurge in his glory went  
To open in state his Parliament.’—*Works*, 511.

At one of the fashionable assemblies in which Moore’s agreeable talents soon rendered him so universally acceptable—a party, we believe, of Lady Harrington’s—he had by and by the honour of being personally introduced to His Royal Highness:—

‘1800. Aug. 4th.—I was yesterday introduced to His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. He is, beyond doubt, a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honour he had done me, he stopped me, and said the honour was entirely his.’ &c., &c.—107.

‘1801. March 8th.—I last night went to a little supper after the opera, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were.’—111.

‘March 28th.—You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, “How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you.”’—112.

This is all we find before Moore’s trip to America; but immediately after his return he writes:—

‘[1804] Saturday [Dec. 7th]—My darling Mother—I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night at a small supper party at which I met him. Every one noticed the cordiality with which he

spoke to me. His words were these :—" I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I had heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you [laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time] it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially—was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father's and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and, pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing. It was at Lord Harrington's.—i. 178.

'1806. May.—I believe I told you the kind things the prince said to me about my book (the Odes and Epistles).—193.

'1811. June 21st.—My dearest mother,—I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête [at Carlton House], which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eye with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. . . . The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.—i. 254-5.

This was one of those two *fêtes* at the beginning of the Regency to which Moore's subsequent libels make so many offensive, and, as we now see, ungrateful allusions. We see also that he had once at least dined at Carlton House.

The Prince was certainly struck with the talents and manners of the young poet, and partook of Lord Moira's good will towards him :—and during Mr. Addington's administration—in 1803—their *joint* influence (we speak advisedly) procured for their protégé a *very easy* office in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It is no doubt to palliate Moore's subsequent ingratitude to *both* his patrons that he and his partisans, and of course Lord John, take the tone of denouncing this appointment as 'the greatest misfortune of Moore's life,' and even of treating the kindness of his early protectors as a matter of reproach. This is altogether unfounded. We nowhere find any distinct account of the value of the office, and on the contrary there seems a studied reserve on that subject; but we see that both Moore and his father made close inquiries into that important point, the results of which were so satisfactory as to induce Moore to make a voyage to Bermuda to take possession of the post. We know that it yielded *something* (i. 184) :—and indeed during *twelve years*—the most strug-

gling years of his life—we hear no complaint of its not being productive. On the contrary, in 1810, he talks of 'his *Bermuda treasury*,' and expects to receive something thence very shortly' [i. 245]. In May 1812 he expected 'money from Bermuda,' which turned out to be '*money indeed!*' [i. 280]. In the winter of 1813 we find him entering into a negotiation for getting an immediate advance on the credit of his coming profits [i. 369]; and in December 1814 we have him acknowledging the remittance of no less a sum than £500, which he immediately invests in the funds, and glories in being 'a stock-holder' [ii. 58]. It is just a year after the receipt of this £500 that we find his first complaint about Bermuda—I get as near nothing from it as possible' [ii. 88]. No wonder: he had been twelve years pocketing whatever moneys his deputy chose to send him—and, though warned and advised both *officially and privately* that he ought to look after this important business, he never took, as far as appears, any trouble about it. At last, in the spring of 1818—after *fifteen years'* enjoyment of the office—came the real disaster, which was this :—The proceeds of the sales of two or three ships and cargoes, which had been condemned, were lodged in the registry of the court pending an appeal; this sum Moore's deputy embezzled, and Moore, who had, he says, 'forgotten both the deputy and the office,' was disagreeably awakened by a demand from the injured parties to make good the deposit. What the real defalcation was is not exactly stated, but it was finally compromised for £1040. Twice or thrice that sum need not have *overwhelmed* a prudent man in Moore's circumstances. He was in the receipt of very large sums for his works, and for immediate aid, on this occasion, Messrs. Longman offered to advance the whole sum on his own security, and several of his private friends—Mr. Rogers, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Richard Power, Lord John Russell, and the present Duke of Bedford, were anxious to enable him to have settled the affair at once. These offers his delicacy rejected, and he proceeded to resist the demand by dilatory proceedings in the court. We do not understand this kind of *delicacy*: would it not have been more delicate, or, in plain English, more honest—even if he had exhausted his own immediate resources—to have accepted temporary loans from such old and affluent friends as we have named—or, still better, Messrs. Longman's proposal in the way of business—than to have not only left the claimants unpaid, but increased their loss by a litigious resistance? Instead, however, of

feeling either for himself or the claimants, it appears from the Diary that for a year and a half—from April 1818 to August 1819—Moore was enjoying himself in his usual round of fashionable amusement, and it was not till the progress of the suit rendered delay no longer possible that he thought of escaping from arrest, first in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, but, as the safety of that asylum was doubtful, finally by retiring to the Continent.

Why should the bounty of his royal and noble patrons be in any way made responsible for all this personal neglect and imprudence on Moore's part? They gave him an office, estimated as we think we have heard, at £400 a year clear profit, which—besides being as much as they had any chance of obtaining from a Government with which they were not connected—was also in every way suitable to Moore's then position. It secured him a moderate income, and, being almost a sinecure, left him at liberty to dedicate his time to his literary avocations. Such is, we believe, the truth of this long misunderstood and misrepresented affair.

We must now revert to Moore's political prospects. In 1806 All the Talents came into office, and amongst them Lord Moira. Moore, with as keen an appetite for place as ever a *patriot* had—and we can say no more—is in a perfect fever of greedy delirium. He writes to his mother, Feb. 4th, 1806,—

'I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fate is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and my fate now depends upon his sincerity, which it would be profanation to doubt; and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence! Tierney goes [Chancellor of the Exchequer] to Ireland, so there a hope opens for my father's advancement. In short, every thing promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune smiles.'—192.

Fortune smiled but not so bountifully as Moore anticipated. Lord Moira was only Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which has little civil patronage, but he did for Moore all that he could, and more than he ought. He made his father barrack-master of Dublin, for which the old man's years and habits rendered him wholly unfit; and having in his own gift 'a small appointment to give away, he proposed it to Moore himself—till something better offered' [i. 192]. Moore does not say what it was, but declines it, telling his lordship he would wait till something worthier of his [sic] 'generosity and my ambition should occur' [ib.]. Lord Moira, instead of being offended, ap-

plies to Mr. Fox for that 'something worthier,' and Mr. Fox seems good naturedly to have promised compliance with his request.

'You may tell my uncle and aunt of Fox's *promise*—Lord Moira has told me that it is one of the Irish *Commissionships* that I am to have; but these will not be arranged until those in England are settled.'

Whatever the *promise* may have been, it and Lord Moira's influence vanished at Mr. Fox's death; and Moore, ignorant, no doubt, at the time, of the delicate situation in which Lord Moira was placed after Mr. Fox's death, never forgave his lordship for the neglect and lukewarmness to which he attributed his disappointment.

Dissatisfied with Lord Moira and the Talents, Moore became outrageous at their successors.—'Fine times,' he says, 'for changing a ministry—and changing to such *fools* too' (i. 222); the fools being—*inter alias*—Percival, Liverpool, Harrowby, Huskisson, Palmerston, Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington!—He goes down in despair to Donington Park, to vent his bile on this new Ministry:—

'I am not (he says to Lady Donegal, 27th April, 1807) writing love verses. I begin at last to find out that politics is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better to rebel against Government than have nothing to do with it. So I am writing politics, but all I fear is that my former ill luck will rise up against me, and that, as I could not write love without getting into —, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason* (sic).—i. 225.

This, a confession more candid than delicate to be made to a Tory lady, was followed up by his two political satires of 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance,' which bitter and even personally libellous as they are, may be fairly forgiven to a papist who had lost the prospect of an Irish Commissionership by the cry of 'No Popery.' But he still had hopes from Lord Moira, which the melancholy illness of George III., and the prospect of a new reign kept alive. On this latter subject we find in a letter of the 17th of August, 1811, a passage so discreditable that nothing but his own evidence could make us believe. He had it seems at that time his silly opera of 'M.P.' in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and thus expresses his apprehension that the *King's death* might interfere with it:—

'I have been a good deal and *loyally* (sic) alarmed lest a *cert. in catastrophe* should interrupt the performances of the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may

be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before HE is—[N.B. before he is dead, I mean—don't mistake me].—i. 258.

He then proceeds to repeat an account of the 'poor King being turned loose and suffered to range blindly and frantic about his apartments at Windsor, like Polypheme in his cave,' which, however, 'he is *quite happy to find was all a fabrication*' (ib.). This brutal trifling with the two most awful incidents of human nature—insanity and death—is rendered additionally painful and pitiable by the recollection that the giddy author was doomed to have his own reason quenched and his own life closed under the calamitous circumstances which he then treated so lightly.

In February, 1812, the restricted Regency expired; and the Prince—after an ineffectual effort to form a combined ministry, which was chiefly defeated by the dissensions and extravagant pretensions of the Whigs themselves—continued Mr. Perceval's administration. Moore writes to Lady Donegal:—

'In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power I see an end of the *long hope* of my life, and my intention is to go far away into the country, &c. . . . the truth is, that the political events of the last few days, so suddenly breaking up *all the prospects* of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill natured.'—i. 269, 270.

In an immediately following letter he states his own motives still more clearly—no loyalty to the Prince, no devotion to Lord Moira, no Whiggery, no popery, no patriotism—nothing but a personal speculation. He tells lady Donegal that he needs no consolation, for—

'the truth is, I feel as if a load had been taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense in which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-wisp* all my life, and the only thing I regret is, that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance.'—i. 271.

But he has still another consolation:—

'I, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I meet him and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege.'—i. 271.

That is, in plain English, 'having no longer any hope of a *place*, I am free to become a libeller, and I mean to use my privilege.'

This laudable resolution soon connected him with *Holland House*—where Lord Moira had become an object of suspicion or

worse, because the Prince showed more reluctance 'to desert Lord Moira than the rest of the party,' amongst whom Lord Moira was now evidently *de trop*.

Moore, already secretly dissatisfied (as we have seen) with Lord Moira, now began immediately, under Lord Holland's special auspices, that series of *personal* libels on the Prince which made so much noise in their day, but which, when we are now obliged to look through them, appear to us to have less of *wit* or even gaiety than we thought, and to have owed their vogue to what we may call, in the original and most appropriate meaning of the word, their *scurrility*. The salt of these productions was their ingratitude, irreverence, and insult against *one who ought* to have been in a peculiar degree exempt from them—not only by the absence of every private provocation and the existence of personal obligation on Moore's part, but still more—by *his* public station, which, besides its legal claims to respect, had one which should have been even more binding on a man of delicacy and honour—that he was as helpless as a woman against such *polissonnerie*.

These showers of garbage, flung in newspapers at the Sovereign, as if he had been a criminal in the pillory, Moore in 1813 collected, with some additional lampoons, in a little volume called *The Twopenny Post-Bag*. One of Lord John Russell's rare notes—and a rare one this is—assures us that this *Post-Bag* 'is full of fun and humor, without ill-nature' (i. 331). 'We will not dispute Lord John's taste as to what he may think fun and humor. Anything that abuses a political opponent is, no doubt, fun and humour; but we should have been utterly astonished at his finding no *ill-nature* in the *Twopenny Post-Bag* if we did not know that there are palates so disordered as not to find vinegar sour, nor aloes bitter. We can only say that to our taste, and that we think of the majority of mankind, there never was a bitterer or sourer specimen of concentrated malignity; and we quite agree in the judgment passed on it by a Whig—a clever man, and a personal friend of Moore—that it was 'ribaldry not to be palliated even by its wit;' and that '*deep must have been the hate that prompted it; and bitterly and rancorously it was uttered.*' And we shall see by and by that Lord Holland himself repented him of such impolitic as well as unworthy libelling. Lord John's strange compliment to his friend's *good nature* puts us in mind of Foote's to the Dutchess of Kingston. 'Well, I have heard of *Tartars* and *Brimstones*, but your Grace is the *flower* of the one and the *cream* of the other.' Such

seem to us the *cream* and *flowers* of Moore's poetical lampoons. A more practical and conclusive commentary on Lord John's estimate of these *goodnatured* verses is furnished by the fact, that Moore was afraid to own, and Carpenter of Bond Street, then his usual publisher, to print them; and so the title-page announced some obscure name, or perhaps pseudonyme, under which the poison might be safely disseminated.

This course of libelling ran on for many years, and in a spirit still more ignoble than it began. Moore might be excused for preferring Lord Holland to Lord Moira—for resenting the discountenance of the Catholic claims—for sharing the sudden disappointment of his political party; but an *odium in longum jacens*, bad as it is, would be less discreditable than such a motive as the following, which it seems to us astonishing that Moore should have confessed even to his own pen:—

'1818. Nov. 20th.—Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! *money must be had*, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest.'—ii. 218.

'Dec. 17th.—Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a *little money* without much trouble.'—ii. 240.

The first, certainly the most remarkable, and artistically, we think, the best, was a parody on the letter (Feb. 15, 1812) of the Prince to the Duke of York, explanatory of his motives for retaining his father's ministry, whose measures had at that important crisis of the affairs of the world been so successful, but proposing to combine with them—to resist the common danger—the Whig party under Lords Grey and Grenville. The latter peremptorily declined. We do not stop to inquire whether these Lords were right or wrong—Moore pronounces them decidedly wrong, because they spoiled his hopes of a place—nor do we mean to revive that or indeed any other merely political question of the day, further than to say that the Prince's letter received the general assent of the country and of what was left of independence in Europe, and was the basis of that triumphant policy which led Wellington from the Tagus to the Seine, and Buonaparte from the Tuileries to St. Helena.

Moore did not trouble himself with any such considerations. He saw in the royal letter nothing but the destruction of the '*long hope*' of his life that he had been building on the Prince's friendship for Lord Moira

and Lord Moira's friendship for himself, and he endeavoured, like other disappointed fortune-hunters, to disguise his own vexation under the cloak of patriotism. It was on or about the same day that he announced to Lady Donegal his intention to use his 'privilege' of libelling that this parody was read to a select conclave at Holland House, preparatory to its being published in the *Morning Chronicle*. There is a curious sequel to this affair. We find in the *Diary*, near ten years later—

'1821, Nov. 2.—Lord Holland anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's letter, whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrell. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. *Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with. I should much like to know the secret of his reviving this matter just now.*'—iii. 297.

And four years later still—

'1825, Aug. 16.—Lord Holland read to me several cahiers of what I rather suspect to be memoirs of his own times. There was mention in it of my parody on the Prince's letter. "Another poet," he said, "Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than of worldly prudence," &c. *This is too bad*—Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody.'—iv. 304.

The secret is now plain enough. Lord Holland, when he came in a less heated moment to write an account of the affair, saw it was indefensible, and was desirous of implicating poor Lord Moira in the blame, and so disguising a main point of the Prince Regent's case, which was, that the party had thrown Lord Moira overboard, not he them.

We know not where we could find a stronger instance of prophetic self-censure than is afforded by some lines of a satire of Moore's called *The Sceptic*, published in 1809, in which, with that blindness to the *tu quoque* which so often afflicts writers of this class, he says:—

'Self is the medium through which judgment's ray  
Can seldom pass without being turned astray.  
Had Walcot first been pension'd by the Crown,  
Kings would have suffered by his praise alone;  
And Paine perhaps, for *something snug per ann.*  
Had laughed, like Wellesley, at the Rights of Man.'

We forget to what phrase of Lord Wellesley's he may have alluded, but certainly any one who reads of his own morbid anxiety for government patronage and place might not uncharitably apply the preceding line to his own case—

'And Moore perhaps, for something snug *per ann.*,'

would have taught his Muse a different song than those libels on the Sovereign. The poem proceeds:—

'Woe to the sceptic, in these party days,  
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise,  
For him no *pension* pours its *annual fruit*s,  
No *fertile sinecure* spontaneous shoots.  
Nor his the meed that crowned Don Hookham's  
rhyme;

Nor sees he e'er in dreams of future time  
Those *shadowy forms of sleek reversions* rise  
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes;  
Yet who that looks to History's damning leaf,  
Where *Whig* and *Tory*—*thief* opposed to *thief*—  
On either side, in lofty shade, are seen,  
While Freedom's form hangs crucified be-  
tween, &c.

Works, 145.

We would believe that the penman of this sneer at that eminent scholar, writer, and diplomatist, Mr. Hookham Frere, and this tirade against all placemen, was himself in possession of a '*sinecure*,' and a '*fertile*' one, too, till he mismanaged and lost it by his entire neglect; that he procured for his father a place almost a '*sinecure*,' which the old man also mismanaged and lost; that his own life was passed in *dreams of reversions* as '*dear*' as any Scotchman ever entertained; that when those '*thieves*' the '*Whigs*' had come into power, in 1806, he was in 'a bewilderment of hope and anxiety' for a *place*;—and that he was destined to be at last '*pensioned by the Crown*'?

So far we have only looked to Moore's personal relations with the Prince and the *patriot* pretences under which he endeavoured to colour his libels; but we find in these volumes some elucidation, of a more important matter. The great point of Moore's attack, and that which in a variety of shapes was urged against the Prince by the Whigs, was His Royal Highness's desertion of his old political friends in forming that ministry of *fools* in 1807. We should not have thought it worth while to discuss such a charge—as if great national interests were to be made subservient to the partialities of private life—as if Prince Henry ought to have preferred Sir John Falstaff to Chief Justice Gascoyne—but unreasonable and unconstitutional as the

indulgence of such personal partialities would have been if they had existed, the fact is that they did *not* exist, and that the imputation against the Prince was an anachronism and a misrepresentation. The Prince is charged with '*deserting his old friends*.' Now, the plain historic fact is, and Moore himself is forced to attest it, that, whatever it may be called, coolness, separation, desertion was the act of the party and not of the Prince. Those of the party who possessed especially his private regard were *Mr. Fox*, *Lord Moira*, and *Sheridan* (Moore, Life of Sheridan, ii. 384). These composed the heir-apparent's '*little senate*.' His deference for Mr. Fox induced him to submit to his coalition with Lord Grenville, but he was '*never friendly to it*' (ib. ii. 383–409), so that on Mr. Fox's death, as Moore himself states—

'the chief *personal* tie that connected the Heir Apparent with the party was broken—its *political* identity has been already disturbed [by the Grenville coalition]; . . . and *immediately* after Mr. Fox's death His Royal Highness made known his intentions of *withdrawing from all interference in politics*, and expressed himself as no longer desirous of being considered as a *party man*—his own phrase.'—*ib.*

What possible pretence could there be, four or five years after that explicit declaration, to consider him as bound to that party?

Lord Holland himself, in 1818, confessed to Moore that Lords Grenville and Grey were to blame for the final rupture with the Prince in 1812—and this he did so strongly that Moore goes on to say—

'All this accounts *most satisfactorily* for the *defection* of the Prince, and, if anything could justify his *duplicity* and *apostacy*, it would be their arrogance and folly.'—ii. 184.

This is but a cross-grained candour; for of what duplicity and apostacy, as respects friendly relations, was the Prince ever accused, except in this *defection* so '*satisfactorily accounted for*'? But in justice to Moore we must say, that at this time he probably was not aware of the extent of Lord Moira's separation from the party in 1807—which the Earl subsequently told him, and authorized him to repeat.

So far as to the pretence of the Prince's deserting his friends. Now a word about the principle of Catholic Emancipation, which he was also said to have deserted. It is well known that the Prince's own opinion never was in favour of that question; indeed it would have been a strange abnegation in one whose power and station had no other basis in this country than Catholic exclusion,



and Moore himself furnishes us with evidence, not merely of this adverse feeling, but of its being well known to those of the Prince's most intimate friends who took the opposite view. That question was first broached in the Imperial Parliament in the spring of 1805. The Prince's opposition to it was immediate and decided. Being informed that Fox had consented to present the Catholic petition in the Commons (as Lord Grenville was to do in the Lords), the Prince endeavoured to dissuade him from that step. This we learn from Fox's answer to *Sheridan*, who conveyed the Prince's wishes. Fox avowed and persisted in his intention, adding, '*I am sure you know how painful it would be to me to disobey any command of His Royal Highness, or even to act in any manner which might be in the slightest degree contrary to his wishes, and therefore I am not sorry that your information came too late*' (Life, ii. 334). At this time—the beginning of May, 1805—there was no prospect of any political change; Mr. Pitt was alive—the King in good health—the Catholic question was new—it had not yet taken its strong party colour, and had none of the *prestige* which in a long subsequent struggle it acquired—there was nothing therefore at this time to affect the sincerity of the Prince's opinion, and in that *opinion* there is no reason to suspect that he ever for a moment wavered. Shortly after this, when the Catholic question had grown to be a thorough party measure, we find (*ib.*, ii. 364) a letter from *Sheridan* to the Prince, in which he states the Prince's position on that question to be *so different from his own*, that he had not liked to talk to him on the subject. This letter is undated, but it must have been two or three years before the Regency.

Moore himself was, about this time, no very zealous emancipator, and talks what we dare say he would a little later have called the language of bigotry and intolerance. He writes to his mother in the summer of 1807:—

'Dublin is again, I find, or rather still, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little; and even if they merited all they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things that they could get it.'—i. 231.

This paragraph is much more significant than it seems at first sight. The month or day is not given, but it was written from *Dorington*, where he then was with *Lord Moira*; and it appears from the context that it was towards the end of June or beginning of July in 1807—just at the meeting of the new Parliament which followed the dismissal of

All the Talents, and when Catholic Emancipation had become the leading—indeed the paramount principle of the Whig party, now again become the Opposition. Can it be reasonably doubted that Lord Moira's opinion was not very different from Moore's? Moore, in his '*Life of Sheridan*,' makes an awkward and tardy confession of the injustice of his calumnies on the Prince in this matter:—

'With respect to the chief personage connected with these transactions, it is a proof of the tendency of knowledge to produce a spirit of tolerance, that they who, judging merely from the surface, have been most forward in reproaching his separation from the Whigs, as a rupture of political ties and an abandonment of private friendships, must, on becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances that led to this crisis, learn to soften down considerably their angry feelings, and to see, indeed, in the whole history of the connexion—from its first formation in the hey-day of youth and party, to its faint survival after the death of Mr. Fox—but a natural and distinct gradation towards the result at which it at last arrived, after as much fluctuation of political principle on one side as there was of indifference perhaps to all political principle on the other. —*Life*, ii. 408-9.

The cloudy verbosity of this confession shows the reluctance with which it was made; but, as it finally gives the substantial truth, we shall not quarrel with its style or taste.

There remains, however, another incident in this affair, hitherto very indistinctly noticed, but which really was the hinge on which Moore's fortune turned. Towards the close of 1812, when Lord Moira was appointed Governor-General of India, Moore's own hopes began to revive, but he soon saw, from Lord Moira's cool and distant manner, that *something* had changed his Lordship's disposition towards him; he begins to foresee a disappointment, which he accounts for to his two most confidential correspondents in the same repeated words:—

'I do not think that Lord Moira—*eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers* that he has about him—will be able to offer me or procure me anything worth my acceptance.'—i. 312-13.

Vexation and vanity are blind guides, or Moore would not have thus irreverently described a class to which he himself so prominently belonged; for it is but too evident that he was as *hungry* as any of the *pack*, and that the rest of the *pack* probably thought as contemptuously of him. But this suggestion was no more true than it was decorous. The real cause was much simpler. It was that of which Moore must have been conscious, though he affected not

to see it—it was that indicated by Lord Holland in the conversation of the 2nd of November, 1821, above quoted; namely, the self-evident fact that neither Lord Moira nor any other friend of the Prince or servant of the Crown could have ventured to propose any species of favour to a person who had made himself so gratuitously, so prominently, and so personally offensive to the Sovereign. It was therefore, as we have shown, neither the Prince that deserted Lord Moira, nor Lord Moira that deserted Moore; it was Moore who, under the joint influence of personal disappointment and of Holland House, had giddily abandoned Lord Moira, outrageously insulted the Prince, and rendered absolutely impossible any further kindness that either might have originally designed him.

Amongst all these libels there is one that deserves special notice, not only for its untruth, but because Moore himself furnishes us with proofs of its deliberate malignity; we mean that concerning the conduct of the Prince towards poor Sheridan towards the close of his life; and as the matter is of more lasting interest than almost anything else in these volumes, and as we have it in our power to add something to what we said on the same subject in our review of Moore's *Life of Sheridan* when first printed (*Q. R.*, vol. xxxiii.)—the *Diary* itself, indeed, affording additional confirmation of the view we then took of this almost historical question—we shall be excused for entering the more fully into its details.

On the 5th of August, 1816, a month after Sheridan's death, Moore published, anonymously of course, in the *Morning Chronicle*, nine malignant stanzas on 'The Death of Sheridan,' of which three were addressed especially to the Prince Regent. Those three we feel it necessary to quote in this place, not merely as a specimen of Moore's style of insulting the Sovereign, but because we are able to accompany them with a fuller refutation from Moore's own confessions, now fortunately, and in spite of himself, supplied:—

'And thou too whose life, a sick Epicure's dream,

Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam

Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;  
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,

Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine:

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou hast,

All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd

When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last

And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd.'

The ground of this outrageous insult and calumny was as follows:—A very few days before Sheridan's death, Mr. Vaughan, commonly called 'Hat Vaughan,' an old friend of his, called at Carlton House, and told Colonel Macmahon, the Prince's private secretary, that poor Sheridan was in a deplorable state of both health and circumstances—in fact dying of disease and starvation. Sheridan had of late (from a motive which we shall mention in the sequel) made himself a stranger at Carlton House, where therefore this news created equal sorrow and surprise; but Mr. Vaughan's picture of the destitution was so vivid, that the Prince, without any further inquiry, authorised Colonel Macmahon to advance in the first instance to Mr. Vaughan £500 to be employed in the immediate relief of the sordid misery he described, but with an injunction that what was done should appear to be done by Mr. Vaughan as a private friend, and most especially that the Prince's name should not be mentioned. Mr. Vaughan declined to take more than £200 at first, and with that sum he instantly went to Sheridan's house: under his direction, and at the expense of about £150, the pressing distress was relieved; and he saw poor Sheridan and his wife—who was almost as ill and quite as destitute—in a state of comparative comfort. Two days after this had been accomplished, the comforts provided and paid for by Mr. Vaughan, and while he was preparing ulterior measures, he was surprised by having the money he had expended returned to him, as from *Mrs. Sheridan's* friends, who, it was said, would not allow Mr. Sheridan to want for anything—and Mr. Vaughan's further interposition was rejected. Such are the naked facts of the case, at least as Mr. Vaughan reported them to Col. Macmahon. He added, as his own conjecture, that it was soon suspected that he was only the secret agent of the Regent, and that some zealous political partizans, who had hitherto taken no notice of Sheridan's distress, thought this a good opportunity of insulting his Royal Highness, and, under pretence of '*Mrs. Sheridan's* independent spirit,' had induced and enabled her to repay Mr. Vaughan's advances. Of the justice of this conjecture we have no direct evidence, for Mr. Vaughan did not know

whence either the money or the advice came but, seeing how exactly it tallies with Moore's libellous misrepresentation, it cannot be reasonably doubted that they came from the same source.

We must now go back to account for Sheridan's estrangement from Carlton House, and here we have the evidence (imperfect as we shall afterwards see, but substantially sufficient) of Lord Holland—as stated in Moore's record of a conversation between them. We omit a passage or two very abusive of Sheridan's general character, but which do not immediately apply to the point to which we wish to confine ourselves. What we are obliged to tell is painful enough, and needs no aggravation. The first and main charge is that 'this gracious Prince,' as Moore ironically calls him, abandoned to obscurity and even absolute want an old and faithful friend. Hear Moore's report of Lord Holland's own answer to that:—

'1818, 7th Oct.—Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan; told me the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind. . . . A proof of this mixture was that, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring Sheridan into parliament; and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but Sheridan refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high mindedness, he told Lord Holland of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough, &c.'—ii. 184.

The intrigue Lord Holland alludes to took place after Sheridan's defeat at Stafford, in October 1812, which, as Moore says,

'completed his ruin. He was now excluded both from the theatre and parliament—the two anchors of his life—and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck on the waters,' &c.—*Life*, ii. 437.

We need hardly observe that exclusion from Parliament was the more serious in poor Sheridan's case, as it exposed him to the personal degradation of arrests, from which, during his long course of pecuniary shifts and difficulties, he had hitherto been exempt. But did the Prince then abandon him? The foregoing extract answers that question—and Moore himself acknowledges that the Prince offered to find him a seat; but adds Moore—

'the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the Royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear, and he declined it.'—*Life*, ib.

So Moore, in the published '*Life*' (1825), chose to colour the case; but we now see in the Diary of seven years' earlier date (1818), that when Lord Holland told him of this affectation of independence, it was only as illustrative of Sheridan's habitual system of 'meanness and swindling;' and that it was refuted by the concomitant fact that Sheridan was 'setting on foot an intrigue' to induce the Prince to advance 4000*l.* to buy a borough. This decisive fact, told to Moore by Lord Holland at the same time as the rest of the story, was—may we not say fraudulently, suppressed in the '*Life*'—as was also that other important fact that the Prince had told Sheridan that the seat was 'by no means to fetter him in his political conduct.' To this double suppression *veri* Sheridan's biographer, to complete his fable, added a *suggestio falsi* of his own invention—that Sheridan had declined the Regent's offer. For this supplement Lord Holland it appears, did not afford him the slightest colour, and, we can add, it never had the least foundation. On the contrary, Sheridan was naturally and notoriously anxious to avail himself of the Regent's offer, and very active in endeavouring to discover how and where the seat was to be obtained: that, and that alone (and not any question of independence, which had been already provided for), was the difficulty. It was while Sheridan was employed in this search after a seat that a circumstance occurred which terminated all these negotiations, and produced the self-banishment of Sheridan from Carlton House. The case was this:—After the negotiation mentioned by Lord Holland about the seat that was to be had for 4000*l.*, and which had failed—not through either Sheridan or the Prince—Sheridan, in his renewed inquiries, found, or pretended to have found, that a gentleman, returned at the general election for a close borough, wished to resign it, and would do so, and secure the election of his successor, for 3000*l.* This sum we know, from the best authority, the Prince also consented to advance, and *did advance*, and it was placed in the hands of a third person (a solicitor named by Sheridan) to be paid to the anonymous gentleman on Sheridan's return. Sheridan being then, as he had been all his life, in great pecuniary straits, was unfortunately tempted to obtain possession of this 3000*l.* There even seems reason to doubt whether the whole story had not been an invention to get the cash

into this solicitor's hands. At all events, however, nothing that we have ever heard, even of Sheridan, was more complicated, more farcical, or more disgraceful, than the devices which he employed to get hold of this money—which *he eventually did*; but not without grievous complaints on his part that some of the people he employed in cheating the Prince had, in their turn, cheated him. The result was, that the 3000*l.* vanished, and with it all hope of the seat. It was not till *then* that Sheridan was, as Moore says, 'completely ruined'—'a wreck,' indeed, but of his own making. He never had the courage to see the Prince again. He soon hid himself, as it were, in a different class of company, and was, as we ourselves remember, lost sight of by all his former society.

On this last point also we must say a few words. In the verses in the 'Chronicle' there were, besides the three stanzas against the Prince before quoted, several more, in which Moore reproaches, in the most bitter terms, the Princes, noblemen, and gentlemen who, he says, ostentatiously paraded themselves at Sheridan's funeral, but had suffered him to die of want; and this, another gross calumny, he reproduced in the 'Life.'

'Where were they all, those Royal and noble persons, who now crowded to "partake the gale" of Sheridan's glory?—where were they all while any life remained in him?—where were they all but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking?—or when zeal now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted his death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with *patience*.'—*Life*, ii. 451.

So it seems. Mr. Moore, at least, had not *patience* to investigate the *truth*—the truth being, that these most respectable personages, whose names Moore carefully enumerates—that is, as he thinks, gibbets, for thus paying him the last office of humanity—knew, and could know, nothing of the previous destitution. Sheridan—a self-immolated victim to his own lamentable and shameful weaknesses—had hidden himself from their society; and it was, as Lord Holland told Moore (which Moore ought not, when dealing out his censures, to have forgotten), a peculiarity of Sheridan's disposition, that he had all his life endeavoured to put a false face on his difficulties, and to conceal his private embarrassments and wants. He was still living—nominally at least—in his usual respectable residence in Saville Row; beyond that circumstance everything about him had long been obscure. No one knew or suspected the extremities to which

he was reduced; this Moore himself confesses. The first signal of distress was a private one, a request to Mr. Rogers, dated the 15th May, to lend him 150*l.*, which, he said, would 'remove all difficulty.' Moore himself was the bearer of the money.

'I found Mr. Sheridan as good-natured and candid as ever; and though he was within a few weeks of his death [he died on the 7th of July], his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre, for which his eyes were so remarkable, diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price he expected for his dramatic works, &c.'—*Life*, ii. 456.

There was nothing, it seems, like *destitution*—nothing to alarm Mr. Moore—nothing to induce Mr. Rogers to increase or repeat the advance of 150*l.* Moore proceeds to say, that he cannot find that, during the following month any of his royal and noble friends called at his door or sent to inquire after him. Why should they? What reason had they to suspect a danger which neither Moore nor Mr. Rogers appear to have done? And a little further on we find this passage:—

'About the middle of June the attention and sympathy of the public was, *for the first time*, awakened to the desolate situation of Sheridan by a paragraph in the Morning Post.'—*Life* ii. 459.

'*For the first time*!'—and what was the consequence?

'This article produced a strong and general sensation. Its effect, too, was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan's door, and in the appearance of such names as the Duke of York, Duke of Argyle, &c., amongst the visitors.'—*Ib.*

That is, they came as soon as they heard that he was ill; and now, we ask, with what fairness or candour did Moore, in his libel of 1816, and, still worse, in his history of 1825, hold up to public execration or contempt those *royal and noble personages*, as not having shown sympathy for a danger they had never heard of, while he knew and confesses that they showed that sympathy as soon as the truth reached them? Moore had sharpened his original libel by what he thought a striking contrast; and ten years after, when he came to publish his history, he adhered to and reprinted the libel, utterly regardless of having in the same pages proved its falsehood.

But we have not yet done with this series of deliberate misrepresentations.

Moore is very indignant at the tardy parsimony of the Prince's assistance through

Mr. Vaughan. He first heard the story, four days after Sheridan's death, by a *letter from town*—that is, no doubt, from one of the Holland House clique—and he writes to his mother:—

'1816. July 10th.—Poor Sheridan! The Prince, (I hear from town), af er neglecting him and leaving him in the hands of bailiffs *all the time of his sickness*, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.'—ii. 102.

A more malignant sentiment than that '*I hope it is true*' we never read—'*hope*' that something painful, cruel, scandalous, that must have sharpened the death-pangs of one friend, and stained the character of one who had been a friend and benefactor, '*may be true*!' But, again; if Sheridan was in the hands of bailiffs *all the time of his illness*, it was not the fault of the Prince—for there is no proof that the Prince knew anything about it—but rather of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore, who, as we have just seen, themselves visited him in his last illness; and if he was then in the hands of bailiffs, must have known it, and left him so. Moore could have afforded no pecuniary relief, but the wealthy brother-poet and banker might; at all events, neither Moore nor any of his correspondents could be justified in saying that the *Prince* had left him in the hands of bailiffs. Upon this '*letter from town*'—*which we should like to see*—Moore's libel was founded, and to *that* he stuck, even after its falsehood was proved to—we cannot say his *satisfaction*, but—his *conviction*.

The point in dispute was, whether the 200*l.* which Mr. Vaughan brought was the whole intended donation, or whether it was only a first instalment to relieve the urgent necessities of the moment. Now we entreat our readers to attend to the following dates and circumstances. Moore's Diary has this entry:—

'1820, Aug. 16.—Received a letter from Lord Strangford, telling me that he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200*l.* gift to Sheridan, and can furnish me with facts which he says will completely disprove that story. *Shall be glad* to hear them [we doubt *that*, for we have seen that he *hoped* the scandal might be true]. I can only say that *I have the authority direct* of Vaughan (him of the Hat) for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money.'—iii. 138.

This is an evasion of the question. There was no doubt about the money having been sent. The point was, whether that was an inchoative or a final contribution. Now there is not in the Diary, in which all his inquiries about Sheridan are so minutely

registered, any trace that he had *at this date* ever seen Mr. Vaughan. We have the evidence of his own note on this subject in the '*Life*,' that he had had

'a conversation with Mr. Vaughan, in which Mr. Vaughan told him that a further supply was intended.'—*Life*, ii. 457.

This, therefore, must have been *the same* conversation subsequently reported:—

'1822, April 30th.—Met *that* [misprint for *Hut*] Vaughan, who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be *merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted*. This alters the complexion of the thing materially.'—iii. 348.

Now, we put Moore's veracity as to a point of fact and his candour in point of statement in issue on his own assertions. How could he, on the 16th August, 1820, quote, against Lord Strangford's suggestion, Mr. Vaughan's authority, when it appears that he did not see Mr. Vaughan till near two years later—30th April, 1822; and how could he, under the former date, misrepresent Mr. Vaughan's communication as the very reverse of what it turns out to have really been in the interview in 1822! and which Moore is forced to admit *materially altered the complexion of the case*—that is, overthrew Moore's whole calumny. If it should be suggested that Moore might possibly have seen Vaughan *twice*, we disprove any such hypothesis: first, by the silence of the Diary—so minute in all that relates to his collectanea about Sheridan; secondly, because, if Vaughan has told him two different stories, it is hardly possible that, writing in the spirit Moore did, he should not have availed himself of such a contradiction—instead of saying of the *last* communication that '*it altered the complexion of the thing*,' he would have said, '*it is contradicted by what Vaughan told me before*.' And finally, why did he, so late as the 25th May, 1825, in restating the affair, say that Dr. Bain, the physician who attended Sheridan,

'never understood (as Croker and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come?'—iv. 281.

Why, we say, did he at this last date put the fact on *Mr. Croker's* authority—which had never been mentioned before, and which could only have been hearsay, at second or third hand—when he had himself heard the facts so long before as 1822 from Mr. Vaughan, the sole agent and *testis ipissimus* of the transaction? Digitized by Google

There are one or two other equally slip-

perty passages concerning this affair in the Diary, with which we need not trouble our readers after the decisive extracts we have made; but, to complete the picture, and exhibit Moore's obstinate resolution to obscure the truth of the matter, we must add that in the 'Life' he reproduces the calumny in the *text*, and only throws into a *foot-note*, as if he disbelieved it, the *fact* which he thought had made so *material an alteration in the complexion of the case*.

The revival of these calumnies against George IV., by the publication of Moore's Memoirs, induces us to insert here part of a memorandum taken down from His Majesty's own lips on the 26th of November, 1825, shortly after the appearance of Moore's Life of Sheridan. His Majesty, in dictating these notes, intended them to be made use of to repel Moore's misstatements; and, by now producing the portion that relates to Mr. Vaughan's mission, we feel that we are at last doing what, from an over-delicacy, has been perhaps too long delayed. The communication was made in the familiar tone of private conversation, and we have not presumed to alter a word, but we have omitted some of the very painful details reported by Mr. Vaughan which, however, add nothing to the main point of his narrative.

THE KING — 'The last time that I saw Sheridan was in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, on the 17th August. 1815. I know the day from this circumstance, that I had gone to pay my brother a visit at Oatlands on his birthday, and next day, as I was crossing over to Brighton, I saw, in the road near Leatherhead, old Sheridan coming along the pathway. I see him now in the black stockings, and blue coat with metal buttons. I said to Bloomfield, "There's Sheridan;" but, as I spoke, he turned off into a lane when we were within thirty yards of him, and walked off without looking behind him. That was the last time I ever saw Sheridan, nor did I hear of or from him for some months; but one morning MacMahon came up to my room, and after a little hesitation and apology for speaking to me about a person who had lately swindled me and him so shamelessly, he told me that Mr. Vaughan—*Hut* Vaughan they used to call him—had called to say that Sheridan was dangerously ill, and really in great distress and want. I think no one who ever knew me will doubt that I immediately said that his illness and want made me forget his faults, and that he must be taken care of; and that any money that was necessary I desired MacMahon should immediately advance. He asked me to name a sum, as a general order of that nature was not one on which he could venture to act: and whether I named, or he suggested, 500*l*. I do not remember; but I do remember that the 500*l*. was to be advanced at once to Mr. Vaughan, and that he was to be told that when that was gone he should have more. I set no limit to the sum, nor did I say

or hear a word about the mode in which it was to be applied, except only that I desired that it should not appear to come from me. I was induced to this reserve by several reasons. I thought that Sheridan's debts were, as the French say, "*la mer à boire*," and unless I was prepared to drink the sea, I had better not be known to interfere, as I should only have brought more pressing embarrassments on him; but I will also confess that I did not know how really ill he was, and, after the gross fraud he had so lately practised upon me,\* I was not inclined to forgive and forget it so suddenly, and without any colour of apology or explanation; for a pretended explanation to MacMahon was more disrespectful and offensive to me than the original transaction: and finally there is not only bad taste but inconvenience in letting it be known what pecuniary favours a person in my situation confers, and I therefore, on a consideration of all these reasons, forbid my name being mentioned at present, but I repeated my directions that he should want for nothing that money could procure him.

MacMahon went down to Mr. Vaughan, and told him what I had said, and that he had my directions to place 500*l*. in his hands. Mr. Vaughan, with some expression of surprise, declared that no such sum was wanted at present, and it was not without some pressing that he took 200*l*., and said that if he found it insufficient he would return for more. He did come back, but not for more; for he told MacMahon that he had spent only 130*l*. or 140*l*., and he gave the most appalling account of the misery which he had relieved with it. He said that he found him and Mrs. Sheridan both in their beds, both apparently dying, and both starving! It is stated in Mr. Moore's book that Mrs. Sheridan attended her husband in his last illness; it is not true, she was too ill to leave her own bed, and was in fact already suffering from the lingering disease of which she died in a couple of years after. They had hardly a servant left. Mrs. Sheridan's maid she was about to send away, but they could not collect a guinea or two to pay the woman's wages. When Mr. Vaughan entered the house he found all the reception rooms bare, and the whole house in a state . . . . . that was quite intolerable. Sheridan himself he found in a truckle bed in a garret, with a coarse blue and red coverlid, such as one sees used as horse-cloths, over him. Out of this bed he had not moved for a week, . . . . . nor could Vaughan discover that any one had taken any notice of him, except one lady—whose name I hardly know whether I am authorised to mention. Some ice and currant water was sent from Holland House—an odd contribution, for if it was known that he wanted these little matters, which might have been had at the confectioner's, it might have been suspected that he was in want of more essential things.

'Yet, notwithstanding all this misery, Sheri-

\* This is the affair imperfectly stated by Lord Holland (see *ante*, p. 161), but the general result was, that Sheridan obtained 3000*l*. from the Prince by what can really only be described by Lord Holland's phrase—*swindling*. Digitized by Google

dan on seeing Mr. Vaughan appeared to revive : he said he was quite well, talked of paying off all his debts, and, though he had not eaten a morsel for a week, and had not had a morsel to eat, he spoke with a certain degree of alacrity and hope. Mr. Vaughan, however, saw that this was a kind of bravado, and that he was in a fainting state, and he immediately procured him a little spiced wine and toast, which was the first thing (except brandy) that he had tasted for some days.

'Mr Vaughan lost no time in next buying a bed and bed-clothes, half a dozen shirts, some basons, towels, &c. &c. He had Sheridan taken up . . . . . and put into the new bed—he had the rooms cleaned and fumigated—he discharged, I believe, some immediately pressing demands, and, in short, provided, as well as circumstances would admit, for the care and comfort, not only of Sheridan, but of Mrs. Sheridan also.

'I sent the next day (it was not till next day that McMahon repeated this melancholy history to me, for I myself did not see Mr. Vaughan) to inquire after Sheridan, and the answer was that he was better and more comfortable, and I had the satisfaction to think that he wanted nothing that money and the care and kindness of so judicious a friend as Mr. Vaughan could procure him; but the day following, that is two days after Mr. Vaughan had done all this, and actually expended near 150*l.* as I have stated, he came to MacMahon with an air of mortification, and stated that he was come to return the 200*l.* "The 200*l.*!" said MacMahon, with surprise; "why, you had spent three-fourths of it the day before yesterday!" "True," returned Vaughan, "but some of those who left these poor people in misery have now insisted on their returning this money, which they suspect has come from the Prince. Where they got the money I know not, but they have given me the amount with a message that Mrs. Sheridan's friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan wanted for nothing I," added Mr. Vaughan, "can only say that this assistance came rather late, for that three days ago I was enabled, by His Royal Highness's bounty to relieve him and her from the lowest state of misery and debasement in which I had ever seen human beings."

As this article is passing through the press we are surprised by receiving an extraordinary supplement to the work we have been discussing, in the shape of a catalogue of autograph letters of Moore to his music-publisher, Mr. Power, which are, at the moment we write, sold or selling by auction.

Of these letters it is stated that *only* fifty-seven have been printed in Lord John Russell's work. This implies that Lord John had a wider choice, and indeed we find that there are about *one hundred and sixty* lots, each containing several letters, whose dates are contemporaneous with those given by Lord John. But the striking peculiarity of the catalogue is this, that it notes that Lord John has made many *omissions* in the letters he has printed, and it gives large extracts from the much greater number that are still unpublished. As far as we can judge from the short notices of the catalogue, Lord John's omissions of *passages* seem not to have been many, nor of any importance; but if *all* the *letters* here catalogued were (as seems implied) placed at his disposal, he has pretty evidently *not selected* the most *characteristic*. As to the great mass of those that are unpublished, the extracts from them given in the catalogue appear to us quite as curious as any that Lord John has published, and even as Moore's own Diary. Mr. Power seems to have been the person deepest in his personal confidence—most employed in all his concerns—and for many long and struggling years, while Moore looked so gay and prosperous to the world, his only resource almost for his daily bread. The details given in the extracts of the catalogue are often very painful—sometimes ignoble—but they are intensely characteristic of a state of things for which not even the humiliating confessions of the Diary had prepared us, and we hesitate not to say, even as they stand in the auctioneer's catalogue, afford a much clearer, and by their vividness, reality, and truth, more interesting view of Moore's habits, circumstances and feelings, than all Lord John Russell's volumes—of the value of which, as affording a *complete* picture of Moore, the catalogue has very considerably lowered our opinion. We suppose that another *livraison* of his Lordship's work must be near at hand, and we must reserve for that occasion a *great* deal more than we at present have time or space for, both as to portions of these opening volumes on which we have not touched, and as to this Power correspondence, of which we confidently expect to hear more than the auctioneer has told us.



## THE DESTRUCTION OF LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS.

*Letter from the late John Murray to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Wilmot Horton.*

DEAR SIR,

*Albermarle Street, May 19, 1824.*

On my return home last night I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it. However unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot, by any means, admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself.

Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his Memoirs, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman and Co., who however declined to purchase them; Mr. Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him. Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as Editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c.

Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favour to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*.—As the reason pressed upon me for this change was that their friends thought there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request; and accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, "Whereas Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall redeliver the Memoirs; but that, if the sum be not repaid *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within Three Months\* after the death of the said Lord Byron." I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron*; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural—namely that, although I consented to restore the work, *while Lord Byron should be alive* to direct the ulterior disposal of it, I would by no means consent to place it *after his death* at the disposal of any other person.

I must now observe that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment, which was my sole lien on this property, although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me into possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker. Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled or *at once executed*.

Finding this application unavailing, and becoming, by the greater lapse of time, still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner, and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But, not being at all satisfied

\* The words "within Three Months" were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request—and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the deed, which is still in existence.

with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms on which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him that he would either cancel it, or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider of this proposition. In a day or two he called, and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative—namely, the redemption of the Memoirs—as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*; and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreement. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote nor called upon me as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call);—nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation which had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until *the death of Lord Byron* had, *ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs.

You will therefore perceive that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, *during Lord Byron's life*, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he however neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, being cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter.

As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot, from my own knowledge, say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them I did not nor will inquire; but, having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honour, and I must add the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that—although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive the repayment of the 2000 guineas advanced by me—yet I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs without any previous agreement for such repayment:—and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, —and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

(Signed)

JOHN MURRAY.

To Rt. Wilmot Horton, Esq.



# THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXXVI.

FOR OCTOBER, 1853.

- ART. I.—1. *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger, publié sous les auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* Paris. 1846.
2. *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année 1853.* Paris. 1853.
3. *Discours prononcés dans la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la réception de M. le Comte de Montalembert, le 5 Février, 1852.*
4. *Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi.* Par M. Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Paris. 1849.
5. *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Par MM. les Secrétaires Perpétuels. Paris. 1835–1853.

It was on the 25th of October, 1795, or, according to the calendar of that period, on the 3rd Brumaire, an IV., that the National Convention, the very day before it ceased to exist, created the Institute of France, in which it was proposed to resuscitate and combine in a single body the old Academies, which two years earlier the same Convention had abolished. The new society was divided into three classes: that of the physical and mathematical sciences, that of the moral and political sciences, and that of literature and the fine arts. These three classes were further subdivided into twenty-four sections,\*

which were intended to include every branch of secular knowledge from Mathematics down to Elocution. Each section was composed of twelve members, six residing in Paris, and six in the various provinces of France. The separate sections had special meetings for their own particular business, and once a month there was a general gathering of the whole Institute. Members were elected by the entire body, and whilst a musician or a comedian decided on the merits of a botanist or a geometrician, the astronomers and veterinary surgeons assisted in their turn to select the best architect or the best poet. The arrangement betrays the influence of the political theories of a time when the intelligence of voters was less considered than their numbers, and when labourers and artisans were supposed to be competent to choose physicians and judges.

The extreme Republican party have often appealed to the creation of the Institute as an unanswerable proof of the solicitude felt by the government of 1793 for the progress of knowledge. To appreciate the justice of the pretension it is sufficient to remark that it was not the National Convention in the days of its dreadful power and sinister splendour—it was not the National Convention of Robespierre and Danton,—but the National Convention—sinking beneath the weight of its own unpopularity, and impelled by a death-bed repentance—which founded the Institute. It would be difficult to believe that a political assembly which listened to

\* These twenty-four sections were as follows:—  
I. The first class was divided into ten sections: 1, mathematics; 2, mechanical arts; 3, astronomy; 4, experimental physics; 5, chemistry; 6, natural history and mineralogy; 7, botany and general physics; 8, anatomy and physiology; 9, medicine and surgery; 10, rural economy and veterinary art. II. The second class included: 1, analysis of

sensations and ideas; 2, morality; 3, social science and legislation; 4, political economy; 5, history; 6, geography. III. The third class comprised: 1, grammar; 2, the languages of antiquity; 3, poetry; 4, antiquities and monuments; 5, painting; 6, sculpture; 7, architecture; 8, music and elocution.

Marat and the butcher Legendre, which admired the style of Père Duchesne and sent André Chenier to the guillotine, could take much interest in literature; or that lovers of science could have shed the blood of Lavoisier after attempting to dishonour him, have massacred Bailly and forced Condorcet to commit suicide. No tinge of scholarship could have remained among legislators who, not content with having closed all the educational establishments, burned or pillaged the most valuable libraries and archives, and seriously asked for a collection of the Laws of Minos to assist them in framing a constitution.\* The republic of 1793, that republic of which France is incessantly reminded by the self-called *pure* republican party, detested literature, learning, and science, and, in founding the Institute on the last day of its existence, the Convention only yielded to the outcry of the public, who reproached it with having suppressed, by a barbarous decree, the academies which had once shed such lustre on France.

The collection of laws by which the Institute was first regulated, with their subsequent modifications by the different governments which have succeeded in France since 1795, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année 1853*. In reading the *Annuaire*, it becomes evident at once that the Convention regarded the Institute merely as a literary and scientific machine, acting under the guidance of the ruling power, which was to dictate to the authors and *savants* of the period the course they were to follow in their investigations. The first and fundamental law of the Institute is expressed in a way which assimilates the mental pursuits of a learned society to the manual labour of a company of artisans who worked under the direction of a government agent: 'L'Institut National des Sciences et Arts est destiné . . . à suivre, conformément aux lois et arrêtés du Directoire Exécutif, les travaux

scientifique et littéraires qui auront pour objet l'utilité générale et la gloire de la République.' The Republicans of the Convention have here assumed a tone of authority which Louis XIV. himself had refrained from using towards the old Academies. Though he has not the reputation of having allowed too much liberty to his subjects, he knew the value of the men whom he was addressing, and, instead of speaking to them as a master, he 'exhorted them to extend their researches to everything that may be useful and curious, in the various branches of mathematics, in the different processes of the arts, and in all that may relate to natural history or physics.'

In addition to the mischievous control proposed to be exercised by the Executive Directory, the Convention marred its project partly through ignorance—as when they allotted to the same section two sciences so distinct as botany and general physics—and partly by yielding to the prejudices of the time, as in the predominance which was given to practical agriculture. Whilst the Institute was annually to choose twenty persons to travel, at the expense of the state, for the purpose of collecting observations upon farming, it was decided that six would be sufficient to glean, in every part of the world, the facts which related to all other branches of knowledge, including geography. It is only too well known that at a period when, by the help of the *maximum*, the horrors of famine had spread over the whole of France, the Convention adopted a language of hypocritical sensibility, borrowed chiefly from agriculture and gardening, and which would sometimes have led a stranger who entered the chamber of the Committee of Public Safety to believe himself transported to happy Arcadia. There are those still living in Paris who remember Robespierre walking with a large bouquet of flowers in the garden of the Tuileries which had been planted with potatoes! Vegetables were then held in great honour, and were introduced everywhere, even into the almanack. The French Republican Calendar, decreed at this period by the Convention, and which remained in use for several years, is a work to startle the wildest imagination. The duration of the month, the length of the week, the beginning of the year, are all changed; and in their stead we find an assemblage, at once ridiculous and revolting, of words imported from the Greek, and expressions transferred from the language of the kitchen. The days are divided into ten hours, and the hours into ten minutes. Every day of the year has a separate title, which is generally taken from the farm: one is called *carrot*, another *cab-*

\* Here is a characteristic letter on this subject, the fac-simile of which will be found in the second volume of the *Isographie des Hommes Osélèbres*, a collection well known in France:

7 Juin, 1793, l'an 2 de la Répub.

'Cher Concitoyen,—Chargé avec quatre de mes collègues de préparer pour Lundi un plan de Constitution, je vous prie en leur nom et au mien de nous procurer sur-le-champ les loix de Minos, qui doivent se trouver dans un recueil de loix grecques; nous en avons un besoin urgent.

HERAULT DE SÉCHELLES.

'Salut, amitié, fraternité au brave citoyen Désaulnays.'

It is well known that this Hérault de Séchelles was the principal compiler of what is called the *Constitution de l'An III*. He was of an old parliamentary family, and was certainly one of the most educated members of the Convention.

bage, a third *ass*, a fourth *hog*, and thus through three hundred and sixty days,—the last five of this preposterous year being termed *sansculottides*, in honour of the *sansculottes*. Worse than this merely ridiculous nomenclature, the Convention shocked and insulted all sober feeling by its scandalous impiety, and called *Christmas-day* the *day of the Dog*! In the phraseology of its leaders, in its public festivals, and even in its fashions, the epoch presented an ignoble combination of classical pretension with rustic vulgarity. A cook could not buy her provisions without being forced to blunder through fragments of the learned languages, and the vocabulary of the markets was frequently, in exchange, introduced into the debates of the National Convention. It was by this body, and amidst these circumstances, that the Institute of France was raised out of the ruins of the ancient fabrics of literature, science, and art.

The government of the Directory succeeded to that of the Convention, and the vote relative to the establishment of the Institute was carried into execution under its auspices. Of a hundred and forty-four members of whom the Institute was to be composed, forty-eight were chosen by the Directory, and the other ninety-six were elected by the first forty-eight, whom the government had appointed. If political prejudices had been less strong, it would have been natural to admit into the Institute all the members of the old Academies who were still living in France; but though care was taken, on the contrary, to say or do nothing which could connect the newly-modelled republican body with the former monarchical establishment, yet the functionaries of the Institute were necessarily selected, to a great extent, from these experienced guides. Cuvier, in his *éloge* of Adanson, gives a touching picture of the first reunion after the terrible tempest which had dashed to pieces the vessel, and engulfed so many of the crew:—

‘At the summons of the ruling power, and after four years of dispersion, those illustrious men left on all sides the obscurity of their retirement, and met together once more. The impression produced by that meeting can never be effaced—their tears of joy, their reciprocal and eager questions regarding their misfortunes, their retreats, their occupations; their mournful recollections of numbers of their colleagues who had fallen beneath the axe of the executioner; and the pleasing emotion of those who, called for the first time to sit beside men whose genius they had long respected, now also learnt from this affecting sight to appreciate the qualities of their hearts!’

The celebrated characters who were thus again brought together had owed their safe-

ty during the Reign of Terror solely to the care which they had taken to court oblivion by concealment. The majority of them had passed the intervening space in misery and privation. The illustrious botanist Adanson, who has endowed science with so many novel and pregnant ideas, was reduced, for want of a lamp, to the necessity of working by the uncertain glimmer of his scanty fire. When summoned to take his place at the Institute, he replied to the invitation that he was unable to attend for want of a pair of shoes. Laplace had taken refuge in the house of a peasant in the country, and was dependent for his subsistence on the price of a gold medal which he had received from a foreign Academy. Indeed, such had been his poverty that for a long while he could not afford to purchase a broom. Lagrange, one of the greatest of mathematicians, was threatened with arrest as a suspected person, and only escaped through a powerful friend who procured a decree from the Committee of Public Safety, commanding him to make calculations on a subject which was then of primary importance, the theory of *projectiles*. The Abbé Haüy, the founder of Crystallography, had been thrown into prison, and was strangely saved in some moment of merciful caprice through the casual remark of a citizen that it was ‘better to spare a recusant priest than to put a peaceable student to death.’ Lalande, equally famous as an astronomer and a scholar, was reduced to the necessity of standing with a telescope in the evening on the *Pont Neuf*, to show the moon to the persons in the street; and he was probably indebted even for his life to that impiety and cynicism which harmonized well with the ideas of the time. At evening parties he never failed to produce a box of spiders and caterpillars, which he ate like sweetmeats as he talked. If he met a person, whether man or woman, whose conversation pleased him, he invariably requested permission to inscribe their names in his *Supplement* to Sylvain Maréchal’s *Dictionnaire des Athées*, which had been originally undertaken at his own suggestion, and in which, upon all sorts of paradoxical pretences, they had inserted such champions of Christianity as St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, Pascal, Bossuet, and Fénelon. A verse of Delille on humming birds, which commenced with the words, ‘*Et des dieux s’il en est*,’ having appeared in a journal, Lalande added the poet to his list, and hastened to inform him of his canonization. It proved that *s’il en est* was a misprint for *s’ils en ont*, and Delille retorted: ‘You are a fool to see in my verses what I never wrote, and not to see in the heavens what is visible to all the world.’

Lalande had the daring, nevertheless, to affirm in his Supplement 'that he was prouder of his progress in atheism than of his progress in astronomy;' nor did his insults to religion prevent him from proclaiming that he believed himself possessed of all the virtues of humanity. 'From these virtues,' said a wit, 'it is at least necessary to except humility.'

The learned Benedictines, whose immense labours had thrown a flood of light upon the ecclesiastical and literary history of France, were too much discredited by their profession and piety to be admitted into the Institute, but it comprised from the very commencement so many men of confirmed or rising reputation that it won the public esteem. The mathematical and physical sciences were the richest in representatives of a first-rate order. The dignity inherent in the new body was increased by the inheritance of glory bequeathed them by the old Academies; for, wiser than the government which founded it, the Institute was eager to trace back its pedigree to its honoured predecessors. The efforts it made with this view were manifested in a thousand ways, and particularly by the care it took to complete, as far as possible, the publication of the memoirs of the ancestral societies. The links by which it had striven to connect itself with the past became stronger still when, under Louis XVIII., the different classes resumed their ancient names.

The Academies which preceded the Institute, and from which it now boasts to descend, were four in number. The oldest in date, the *Académie Française*, was founded in 1635, during the reign of Louis XIII., by Cardinal Richelieu, who filled it with his creatures, and who wished to use it to establish his pretended literary superiority over the great Corneille. The *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes* gives the following curious account of its origin:—

'The French Academy was founded the first among those which now compose the Institute; it dates from the first half of the seventeenth century. Cardinal Richelieu, having learned that several literary men met on stated days at the house of Conrart, a Protestant who was mixed up in all the politics of the time, to discuss various subjects and communicate their works to one another, he became suspicious of the society. He wished to belong to it, and long and earnestly requested to be admitted a member. All-powerful though he was, he was refused. Fearing to brave but resolved to conquer them, he determined to constitute them a royal society. Against this they struggled for two years, and, either from connivance with the men of letters, all of whom were influential persons, or from jealousy at the establishment of a new power which might become a rival to themselves, the Parliament declined to register the patent. At length, in 1636,

they were obliged to yield. The new society was charged with the duty of perfecting the language, and thence received the name of the *Académie Française*. The Cardinal declared himself its head, under the title of Protector. After Chancellor Seguier, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIV. took himself the title of Protector, which has been borne ever since by the Kings of France.'

The Parliament bore no good-will to Richelieu for encroaching on their political prerogatives, and, when the weighty question of the Academy was referred to them, a member said that it reminded him of the satire of Juvenal where the senate, after ceasing to bear its part in public affairs, was consulted about the dish for a turbot.

The new society fulfilled their instructions by engaging in the compilation of a Dictionary which was designed to be the standard of language for the nation. It did not appear till 1694, and Garrick complimented Johnson on having effected in seven years what it cost forty Frenchmen half a century to accomplish. In truth, their very number was the principal cause of the delay, for, instead of a division of labour, they endeavoured to carry on the work in committee. 'They have all,' said Furetière, 'the art of making long orations on a trifle. They can hardly get over a couple of lines without long digressions, without telling an anecdote, or talking of the news of the day.' 'Every one,' said Boisrobert, 'promises great things; when they meet they do nothing. They have been *six years* employed on the letter *F*, and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they get through *G*.' Colbert, at a loss to understand how the time could be spent, attended a sitting. The word under discussion was *ami*, and there was such a controversy to determine what was meant by a *friend* that the great minister was thenceforth satisfied that it was vain to be impatient. The language, moreover, was in a transition state. Before *Z* was completed *A* had grown antiquated, and the entire road had to be traversed anew.

In 1658 the ex-queen of Sweden, Christina, paid a visit to the Academy, after having just enacted at Fontainebleau the fearful tragedy of the murder of Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse. The murder excited general indignation, and the Academicians, in receiving the Queen, had the spirit to rebuke her. They invited her to hear a specimen of their Dictionary, and read the word *jeu*, under which occurred the proverbial phrase, '*Game of princes, which only pleases the player*, to express the malignant violence of a person in power.' The Queen immediately understood the application, and endeavoured



to smile, but the smile was as ghastly as the game of princes she had played. The French Academy were content to confine their satire to their hall of assembly, but it is singular how prone lexicographers have been to make their dictionaries the vehicle of their prejudices or their wrongs. Dr. Johnson's definitions of *Whig*, *pension*, *pensioner*, *oats*, and *excise*, are familiar to all the world. A more curious, and less known instance, occurs in the once popular French Dictionary of Richelet, who thus exemplifies the word *escroquer*—'The son of François Herrard de Vitri swindled (*escroqué*) M. Richelet of ten Louisdors, and that scoundrel, instead of retrieving the misconduct of his son by restoring what he had basely swindled (*escroqué*), had the insolence to approve what he had done, and in a foolish note to thank M. Richelet for his generosity.'

When the labours of the Academy at last appeared, they disappointed expectation. The philological portion was extremely meagre, no quotations were given from standard authors, and the meanings of words were exclusively illustrated by familiar phrases constructed for the occasion. Repeated revisions have done little to remove these radical defects, and, though a useful work for ordinary purposes, we must look forward to the *historical* dictionary of the language, upon which the forty are at present engaged, for anything like a monument worthy of their great names and long reputation.

The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was founded in 1663. In the introduction to the first volume of their Memoirs, which was published in 1717, it is stated that Louis XIV., perceiving that 'France had not yet been sufficiently careful to leave to posterity a just idea of her (by which he meant *his*) greatness, and that the most brilliant actions ran a risk of being forgotten, because they were not perpetuated on marble or in bronze, he deemed it for the advantage of the nation to establish an Academy which should devote itself to devising inscriptions, mottoes, and medals.' An enormous volume, entitled *Médailles relatives aux Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis le Grand*, contains engravings and descriptions of three hundred and eighteen medals commemorative of the reign of this magnificent prince. The new Academy, who were destined to transmit his glory to posterity, consisted at first of only four persons, who were selected from among the members of the *Académie Française*. Louis XIV. called them 'his little academy,' and their occupations deserved no higher appellation. Besides their primary duty of devising medals, they were to describe the King's *fiets*, select designs for his tapes-

tries, and, what was still more strange, assist Quinault in the composition of his operas,—to choose the subjects, arrange the scenes, and compose the *divertissements*, or, in other words, the *ballets*! It is evident that it was not at the outset an erudite society, nor were the duties exactly worthy of the genius of Boileau and Racine, who were among its earlier members. The Academy was re-constructed in 1701, and out of a frivolous committee of taste, whose aim was to feed the vanity or minister to the pleasures of Louis XIV. by the most hyperbolical designs, and the most arrogant inscriptions, there arose a body which has never been surpassed for the accuracy, the solidity, and the extent of its researches. Before the Revolution it had already published forty-six quarto volumes full of important dissertations on all the branches of history and scholarship; and Gibbon, who constantly quotes the collection, pays it the compliment of saying that no work had been of greater service to him in his labours. The seventeenth century, which produced Descartes, Pascal, and Fermat in philosophy, and Corneille, Molière, Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fénelon in literature, had also given birth to several prodigies of learning. Everybody knows by name, and every scholar by its use, the admirable glossary of Ducange, which is not merely a dictionary of the barbarous Latin of the middle ages, but contains the most enormous collection of facts on the early history of modern Europe which was ever perhaps brought together by a single man. A learned cotemporary observed that what astonished him most was that Ducange had spent only thirty years upon the work. What he had done for modern Latin he next accomplished for the later Greek, and he was one of the editors of the series of Byzantine historians, which consists, with its supplements, of upwards of fifty folio volumes. The Benedictine monks, combining their labours, published their celebrated editions of the fathers, and could boast the names of Montfaucon and Mabillon, whose prodigious works on antiquity, on the monuments of the French monarchy, in short, on every branch of chronological and archaeological learning, have never been surpassed in indefatigable diligence and scrupulous accuracy. Never was there a completer contrast than between the patient concentration of these earnest scholars, and the hasty, discursive sciolism of our superficial age.

The *Académie de Peinture*, founded in 1648, never played an important part under the monarchy; but it was far otherwise with the old *Académie des Sciences*, which, established in 1666, and remodelled in 1699, soon outstripped the rest in European reputation.

Though the *Académie Française* could boast the names of Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, and Voltaire, their works did not proceed from the body to which they belonged, whereas the *Académie des Sciences* was the vehicle for communicating the researches of its members to the world, and shone with the lustre of the numerous rays of which it thus became the focus. Nor did it stop at the ornaments of France, but enhanced and extended its fame by adopting such men as Peter the Great, Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Boerhaave, Linnæus, and a host of others who were scarcely less distinguished. Louis XIV., who wished for panegyrists everywhere, did not diminish the favour with which the Academy was regarded abroad by bestowing pensions on a certain number of foreign *savants*. The abstruse pursuits of these philosophers became even popular as well as celebrated through the *éloges* of Fontenelle, who for many years was the Secretary of the Academy, and succeeded in interesting a prodigious number of readers in the lives and labours of his colleagues. The ignorant, said Voltaire, understood, and the learned admired him. As a mathematician and man of science he did not belong to the highest rank, and he playfully alluded to the circumstance when he said, on presenting his *Géométrie de l'Infini* to the Regent Orleans, 'There, Sir, is a book that only eight men in Europe can understand, and the author is not one of the eight.' As a writer, again, he has never been classed among the rarest masters of language and style, but in the combination of author and natural philosopher he may challenge comparison with any name in the world. His *éloges*, free from the usual extravagance of panegyrics, and the tawdry commonplaces of pretentious declamation, are remarkable for their liveliness, simplicity, and elegance; and unite, in admirable proportions, biographic details with scientific exposition. In describing his colleagues he set forth their qualities both of heart and intellect, and taught the public to love alike the philosophy and the philosophers.

Such were the separate Academies which formed the basis of the new National Institute. In that period of change and violence the tyrant of to-day was the slave or victim of to-morrow, and another master was now rapidly ascending the steps of a throne from which so many aspirants had been precipitated in turn. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which the Institute had opened its doors to General Buonaparte by electing him, on the 25th of December, 1797, a member of the section of Mechanics, he quickly employed his power to dismember the society to which he had the honour to belong. As the

whole course of his government proved, he dreaded free discussion, and had no toleration for any intellectual pursuit which might end in sapping the sandy foundations of despotism. The lengths to which he would have carried his censorship may be judged by an apostrophe he addressed to M. Suard. 'Your Tacitus,' he exclaimed, 'was only a declaimer and an impostor who calumniated Nero,—yes, I say, *calumniated*, because Nero, after all, was regretted by the people. What a misfortune for princes to have such historians.' 'That may be true,' replied M. Suard, 'but what a misfortune for the people if there were not such historians to restrain and terrify bad princes.' The aversion which he felt for the historians of the past was infinitely stronger for the speculators on the present, whom he contemptuously called *idéologues*. Two or three years, accordingly, after he became First Consul, he suppressed the class of moral and political philosophy. The Institute was then arranged in four divisions: viz, Mathematical and Physical Sciences; French Language and Literature; Ancient History and Literature; and the Fine Arts. The number of members was altered, entire sections disappeared, others were called into being, the links which connected the different classes were loosened, and, what was the most important change of all, the elections, which had hitherto been perfectly free, were declared invalid until they had received the approbation of the government.

The sequel corresponded with the commencement, and under the Empire the Institute remained in complete subjection. Napoleon protected mathematics and physics because he knew that those who cultivated them cared little for politics, and generally submitted to any government which gave them pensions and titles. Neither was he indifferent to the advantages which might accrue to his most cherished science—the art of war—and the professional motive was aided by his personal regard for members like Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Laplace, and Lagrange, some of whom had accompanied him to Egypt, and for whom he retained a strong regard. He equally encouraged the arts, because he was well aware that the splendid monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting were so far from provoking inconvenient discussions that they served, on the contrary, to amuse the people and dazzle their imaginations. But as for the literature of the Empire, which only permitted panegyrics, nothing could be poorer, and it would have profited more by a little liberty than by all the tinsel with which Napoleon decked his flatterers. Not only was the censorship exercised over books and newspapers, but it

was also applied to the oration which every member of the class of French Language and Literature pronounced in public on the day of his admission. On account of a few words which he had introduced into his speech, and which he refused to modify, Chateaubriand was virtually prevented from taking his seat at the Institute during the imperial rule.

With his constant desire to gain renown and produce effect, Napoleon established decennial prizes, which gave rise in 1808 to a series of interesting reports by the different classes of the Institute on the progress of all the branches of human knowledge since 1789. It is said that the Emperor had expressed a wish that the labours of the entire civilized world should be included in the review; but, on looking through the collection, it is evident that the writers clearly understood that France must occupy the first place. This was the patriotism which best pleased Napoleon, and, what was no less gratifying, they joined to the flattery of the nation a fulsome and undignified adulation of its head, which became so much the vogue that the greatest men did not scruple to employ it. It is painful to find the illustrious Cuvier himself, in his Report on the progress of Natural History, addressing the Emperor in such terms as these: 'A word from your Majesty can create a work which will as far surpass that of Aristotle by the extent of the subjects which it will embrace, as your actions exceed in splendour those of the Macedonian conqueror.' The same tone is everywhere apparent. It is Napoleon that is to direct and inspire discoveries, and the *one* word of his Majesty goes for more than the genius and achievements of the discoverers.

At the restoration the Institute was again re-organized. The four old Academies resumed their names, and some members were excluded who had been among the bitterest enemies of the house of Bourbon. This was an encroachment upon the liberties of the society; but the men who thought it proper that the Directory in forming the Institute should summon only a portion of the old Academicians—the men who silently submitted to the violent suppression by Napoleon of a whole department of science, could not complain that Louis XVIII. should erase the names of politicians who had both voted for the execution of Louis XVI. and assisted in the revolution which brought Napoleon from Elba to Paris. Gradually, however, this distrust ceased, and after a few attempts at resistance, the government no longer opposed the election of persons who had formerly figured in the hostile ranks. Under Louis Philippe the Institute enjoyed, if not an un-

limited, at least an ample freedom, and during the ministry of M. Guizot the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, whose very existence had been intolerable to Napoleon, was once more re-established. The same liberty of speech and action has been far from continuing down to the present time. Some of the members were expelled during the late republic, and M. Fortoul, who was the Minister of Public Instruction, prohibited the Academy from proposing last year for one of its annual prizes the 'History of Parliamentary Eloquence in England.' The Academy which might bow with a semblance of self-respect to the genius and power of the first Napoleon could not consent to take its orders from the mouth of M. Fortoul, and as it refused to provide a second subject there was no award. Apparently the Minister was of opinion that the history of parliamentary eloquence in England would not be conducive to 'the glory of France,' which is what the Institute is charged by the terms of its foundation to promote.

After all its remodellings the Institute is now composed of five Academies, which, in the official *Annuaire*, are arranged in the following order: the *Académie Française*, the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, the *Académie des Sciences*, the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The meetings are held at the Palais Mazarin, a large building on the banks of the Seine, which, with its fine library, was founded by the Cardinal two centuries ago for the benefit of the public. The administration of the Institute is tolerably uniform. Besides agents to regulate its general affairs, each Academy has its *bureau*, composed of a president or director,\* a vice-president elected by the members for a fixed period, and of one or more perpetual secretaries, who are appointed for life. These bureaux are the managers for their respective societies—especially the perpetual secretaries, who enjoy an unusual amount of consideration and influence. They receive five times the salary of the ordinary members,† and, apart from their

\* In the *Académie Française* the President takes the title of Director, and the Vice-President that of Chancellor.

† The salary of a perpetual Secretary is 6000 francs, or 240*l.* per annum. Every titular member of the Institute receives an annual sum of 1200 francs, or 48*l.*, besides a *droit de présence*, which averages five francs a sitting, that is, about 800 francs a-year. At the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, there are also increased allowances made to the members of the commissions to which the government has intrusted the direction of particular works, such as the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, &c.

office, are generally among the most distinguished personages and best writers of their time.

Although the *Académie des Sciences* has the highest reputation abroad, it is the *Académie Française* which in France—that is, in Paris—excites the greatest interest. The forty members of whom it is composed are not only the most popular authors of the day—they are not only the men who, in poetry or prose, in the public journals, or from the professor's chair, have the ear of the largest number of persons—but they are also the men who, for thirty years, have taken the most prominent part in political affairs, and who have been conspicuous actors in the critical moments which have decided the fate of the country. Indeed, power of speech has become one of the chief qualifications for admission, and, accordingly, every orator who has played a distinguished part in politics is eager to obtain such a testimonial to his success as is implied in his adoption by the Academy. But, since vacancies are not of frequent occurrence, it often happens that, at one election, there are several candidates with conflicting claims as authors, orators, prose writers or poets—who obtain the suffrages of different fractions of the assembly. When the rival aspirants are men who have been much before the world, a contest becomes, particularly towards the close, a matter of intense excitement to a large portion of Parisian society. Drawing-rooms are in commotion; fashionable ladies pen dozens of beseeching billets; newspapers write up their editors or allies; the friends of the competitors move heaven and earth; even ministers of State exert their authority, and for several days everybody who reads, writes, or thinks is engaged in canvassing. When the election is over, the interest is diverted to another point. The successful member is required—as indeed was the custom in all times—to read, at a public sitting, an *éloge* of the academician he succeeds, and the president in return sets forth the merits of their new associate. These *receptions*, as they are called, are generally thronged by all the fashion of Paris. Splendid equipages crowd the avenues to the Institute; the hall is filled to overflowing, and it is a common sight to see ladies of the highest rank and in their richest attire battling with one another for seats several hours before the proceedings commence. Curiosity, which with them is the most powerful of passions, not only overcomes their natural politeness, but even their care for their dress. At length a roll of drums is heard; the soldiers (for nothing can be done in France without soldiers) present arms, and the Academicians enter the semi-

circular space reserved for their use. On a signal from the president, the new member rises amid the profoundest silence, and delivers an oration which often ranks among the masterpieces of French eloquence, and which the president strives to emulate by as brilliant a reply.

If the *reception* always passed in this routine manner, the excessive eagerness to be present would no longer exist. But it is generally known beforehand that the speakers will seize the opportunity to treat directly or indirectly on the great subjects of the day. Sometimes it is literary, sometimes religious and political systems, which are brought into collision. The discussion, if we may so call it, though animated for a prepared and sometimes intercommunicated dialogue, is always courteous and complimentary, for the *Académie Française* prides itself as much on maintaining the old traditions of urbanity as in preserving the strictest purity of language. A good example of these intellectual duels, in which there is the report and the flash of the pistol, without the ball, occurred not long since on the admission of the Count de Montalembert, who for many years has been the champion of the ultra-Catholic party in France, and whose constant aim has been to ruin the University for the benefit of the Jesuits. His predecessor, M. Droz, a writer of considerable merit, had passed through all the phases of political opinion, commencing with an admiration for revolutions, and ending with thorough monarchical and conservative principles. The occasion afforded M. de Montalembert a pretext for touching upon all the questions of Church and State which he has most at heart, and deciding them according to the exclusive notions of his party. On that day it happened that the President of the Academy was a man who presented in everything the most complete contrast to M. de Montalembert,—a Protestant was confronted with an ultra-Catholic, and the former Grand Master of the University with its deadliest opponent. Without in the slightest degree infringing the laws of courtesy, and while manifesting the utmost personal goodwill towards his antagonist, M. Guizot firmly maintained in his answer the principles of which he has been the earnest supporter through life. 'You know, sir,' he began, 'that it was said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *In my Father's house are many mansions*;' and starting from this point he demonstrated to M. de Montalembert that his impetuous zeal was but little in harmony with the cause of Christianity. Nothing could be more attractive at the moment than the dignified debate. To the somewhat monkish countenance and rather unctuous oratory of M. de

Montalembert oppose the severe profile and commanding eloquence of M. Guizot; imagine the champions in the presence of a numerous and enthusiastic audience, consisting of the warmest partisans of their several systems, and of all the most distinguished politicians who had spent their lives in kindling and directing the passions of their fellow-citizens; imagine this at a time when liberty of speech was suspended, when the press was gagged, when parliamentary discussion was at an end—and it is easy to conceive what expectation was excited by these speeches, and what a frenzy of applause accompanied their delivery. So great was the effect that the French government would allow them to be published in the newspapers only in a mutilated form. In the official edition which was printed for the Institute they may be read in their integrity.

It is not only on the reception of a new member that the *Académie Française* comes into direct communication with the public. Every year there is a solemn meeting at which prizes are bestowed upon those who have produced upon given subjects the best works in prose or verse. At the same time there is another distribution of a less usual kind, that of the *prizes of virtue*. They were instituted by M. de Montyon, a celebrated French philanthropist, who, in 1782, entrusted various sums to the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences*, to be annually conferred upon persons who had either distinguished themselves by worthy actions, or had published books or inventions of a useful character. When the Convention swept away the prizes of virtue, and were doing their utmost to eradicate the thing, M. de Montyon emigrated to England. He had retained possession of his immense fortune, and on his return to France in 1816, he renewed and augmented his gift. He bequeathed a further endowment at his death, which took place in 1820, and the two academies are now the dispensers of a considerable income. *Virtue prizes* are said to be of Chinese origin; but whatever effects they may have produced at the other end of the world, it may well be doubted whether it is expedient with us to make money the representative sign of those duties, which are denominated virtuous precisely because they are thought to be thoroughly disinterested. Add to which, there is the difficulty of estimating the moral purity of an action, and the still greater difficulty of pronouncing upon the relative merits of the deeds of rival competitors, and of ticketing each with its proper market price.\* The

Academy, who are the appraisers, will estimate, for instance, at 3000 francs, the virtue of a fireman who has rushed into the flames to save the life of a child, and at only 500 francs the virtue of a servant who, for thirty years, has affectionately tended on a poor and helpless master. As might be expected, when the object is public effect, the heroism which is momentary, ostentatious, and dramatic, usually fetches far higher sums than the heroism of prolonged and obscure self-denial. But let us for a moment admit the wisdom of the proceeding, and enter the hall in which the prizes are distributed.

The President of the Academy, surrounded by the members of the Institute, and a numerous auditory, delivers a speech in which the heroes of the day are portrayed generally in a pompous style. After having exhausted all the flowers of rhetoric, and all the wealth of his most affecting eloquence, the speaker exclaims in a dramatic tone:—'Jeanne, Madeleine (or whatever the name may be), you plunged courageously into a torrent (here follows a poetical description of the torrent) to save a drowning child! You did a virtuous action! The Academy awards you a recompense of 1000 francs. And you, Paul or Jacques, by giving an asylum in your cottage (we omit the description of the cottage and the eulogy of a pastoral life) to a poor deserted orphan, you also did a virtuous action! The Academy therefore awards you a recompense of 800 francs.' Whereupon the men begin to cheer and the ladies to weep. The drama is performed every year on a fixed day, and every year with undiminished applause by actors who strive to surpass each other in eloquence and pathos. Their success is measured by the number of embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs which have been wet with tears, just as the virtue of an action is estimated by the number of crowns which have been pocketed by the worthy recipient.

Now, if imbued with these maxims, and adopting money as a sort of thermometer of virtue, one of the prizemen, feeling desirous to know a few at least of the gentlemen who have just been treating him with so much politeness, should address himself to a neighbour who is better informed than himself, some such dialogue as this might probably ensue:—

'Pray tell me who is that gentleman sitting

numerous the judges must be embarrassed to decide who has the whitest skin and clothes. A. M. Place, in a recently published little work entitled *Manuel Élémentaire d'Hygiène*, expresses his belief that these rewards will be shortly abolished, because everybody will be convinced of the necessity of frequent washing both for their persons and linen. It will be long enough before the prizes for virtue are abandoned on similar grounds.

\* In some parts of the continent prizes are given for cleanliness, and when the candidates are

at the end of the third bench on our left? I like his tranquil and benevolent expression of countenance.'

'That is M. Pouillet, a member of the *Académie des Sciences*, who has written some admirable works on Natural Philosophy. He formerly instructed the princes of the Orleans family in physical science, and has continued so strongly attached to them that he has refused to swear fidelity to the government of Louis Napoleon.'

'His gratitude and his attachment reflect great credit on himself and on the princes who inspired it. He must have received a large sum as a reward for his constancy.'

'On the contrary, he has been deprived of all the offices which he held, and the duties of which he fulfilled to the general satisfaction.'

'Oh!' says the virtuous prizeman, rather confused, 'and who is that tall gentleman of a distinguished appearance, who is sitting in front of us?'

'That is M. Mignet, and the little man by his side is M. Thiers. During the Restoration, when there was courage in the act, M. Mignet published a book in which he occasionally defended the government of 1793 from some aspersions which had been cast upon it, for there is nothing so bad but that it is possible to calumniate it, including even that Republic. Under Louis Philippe he was Director of the Archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and never has the post been filled with greater advantage to historical literature. Unfortunately, however, in 1848, he had the indiscretion to write a letter, in which he said, that to him Italy did not seem to be ripe for a republican government. The French Republic took offence at the sentiment, and dismissed him from his post.'

'I am confounded,' says the novice, 'at what you say: were not those acts virtuous and worthy of a prize? And is it possible—to speak in the pecuniary phraseology that is the order of the day—that he has been fined for his conduct?'

'You are not alone in differing from state functionaries in your ideas of virtue. Even magistrates and academicians cannot always agree, and there is an instance. Look at that gentleman. His name is M. Mérimée, and though an eminent author, and one of the judges of virtue, judges of another kind imprisoned him last year for fifteen days for having been guilty of what several of his colleagues at the Academy called "a good article and a good action," and whom a higher power, Louis Napoleon, has recently appointed a member of the Senate.'

'Oh, it is needless to continue. I find that it is only in the case of poor people and small

things that money is the recompense of virtue. For people in a high position rewards and punishments seem constantly to be distributed in France on very different principles.'

The inconsistencies which we have supposed to strike our worthy prizeman are not, however, observed by the auditors, who after alternate sobs and cheers retire from the assembly, persuaded that they themselves have done a virtuous action, and half believing that they have been born into a golden age, in which misfortune is wept over, and merit paid.\*

The *Académie Française* is fortunate in its perpetual secretary. M. Villemain, who fills the distinguished office, was appointed while still young, in company with M. Guizot and M. Cousin, to one of those three professorships which shed so much lustre on the early years of the Restoration. France has seldom possessed a more classical writer or a more general scholar, and he lectured with equal success on the Fathers of the Church and on the Parliamentary Orators of England. His works are full of delightful essays on a great variety of subjects, and his sketches of Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Byron, deserve to be better known in this country. His popularity as a professor caused him to be elected before the Revolution of 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies. Louis-Philippe made him Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1844 he took an active part in the University question, which was then agitating France. The Ultra-Cath-

\* At the annual meeting of the present year the President of the Academy—M. Viennet—well known for his witty satirical tales, tried to vindicate the *Prix de Vertu*, and announced himself favourable to rewarding by special prizes the civic virtues of the upper classes. But if money is to be the type of virtue, how can he make the public understand that a prize, for once in a life-time, of a hundred pounds, is preferable to the stock-jobbing which is one of the plagues of the country, and often yields such enormous though scandalous gains! Unless he could obtain for civic worth and moral courage a degree of prosperity which are seldom their lot, he would soon find that, though his prizes might occasionally afford relief to poverty, they would never prove a bribe to produce good conduct. The Academy must leave consciences to be moulded by higher inducements, and rest satisfied with the influence it exerts by the dispensation of literary premiums. In the present year the public seemed to share our opinion, for they were more impressed by the sight of a young pupil of the *École de Droit*, bearing the illustrious name of Guizot, receiving a medal for his essay on the Greek comic authors, than by all the sums of money which were granted under the title of *Prix de Vertu*. Every one must be gratified at the success of a son of so distinguished a father, and we have this further interest in this selection for the medal that, during his temporary exile four years since, his father had the good sense and good taste (as we think) to send him as a pupil at King's College, London.

lic faction, enraged at their discomfiture, published pamphlets of incredible violence, and M. Villemain was necessarily their chief victim. He unfortunately attached too much importance to their attacks; his health declined, and a brain fever supervened. He soon recovered from his illness, and gave a noble proof of his entire disinterestedness by refusing a large donation which the government proposed to bestow upon him as a national recompense. He has since resumed his position at the *Académie Française*, where, uniting the authority of age with the respect which was always accorded to his upright character and brilliant talents, he maintains, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, the high tone which befits the representative of the literature of his country.

If individual talent constitutes the strength of the *Académie Française*, a spirit of association and community of labour is the peculiar characteristic of the men who, in the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, devote their energies to learned researches. They have resumed, and worthily continued, the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*,\* and the great collection of the *Historiens des Gaules*, which were interrupted at the Revolution by the suppression of all the religious orders. Each of these publications already consists of more than twenty enormous volumes, and the pride which succeeding governments have taken in promoting them is the best tribute to the learned monks who framed the colossal plans, and who, placed above the wants and cares of life, laboured solely from the love of literature and zeal for the reputation of the order of St. Benedict.

Since the re-organization of the Academy at the Revolution several of its members have not been unworthy of its pristine fame. Among the number was Visconti, who, reading Greek and Latin at three and a half years old, surpassed in his manhood the whole of Europe in his knowledge of ancient art. So great was his reputation that he was invited to England to value the Elgin Marbles, and he has left a durable monument of his taste and classical lore in the *Iconographie Grecque et Romaine*, and the *Museo Pio Clementino*. Daunou was another of the men who might have competed with our forefathers in application and profundity. He left a convent

of Oratorian monks to become at the Revolution a member of the National Convention, and though retaining in his heart his republican principles, he belonged to nearly all the political assemblies which have since succeeded one another, and died in 1840 a peer of France. He rendered great service to historical students by arranging the general archives of France, of which Napoleon had appointed him keeper, and as professor he delivered a course of lectures on Greek and Roman history which did not appear in print till after his death, and which would certainly have been more perfect if the author himself had superintended the publication, but which, in spite of diffuseness and repetitions, are admirable for their completeness, their clearness, and the impartial and intelligent comments which accompany the facts. Napoleon employed him in the conflict with the Pope, and his *Essai Historique sur la puissance temporelle des Papes* is the most solid treatise ever written on the topic. In addition to his other arduous functions, he was perpetual secretary to the Academy, and a voluminous contributor to their proceedings; for his knowledge was universal, and he was equal to any demand that could be made upon him, inasmuch that the bare titles of his writings are sufficient to fill any reader with amazement. His successor in the keepership of the archives, M. Letronne, was also an academician, and notwithstanding that he died in the prime of life, he left behind him works which are models of sagacious criticism in that particular department of historical inquiry, which rather consists in destroying old theories than in constructing new. Thierry, blind almost from his youth, and since afflicted with paralysis, still happily survives, with many other distinguished members, to complete, it is to be hoped, his great work on the History of the Communes.

France has always possessed a school of celebrated Orientalists, who have largely contributed to the reputation of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. In the seventeenth century appeared the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot, an immense repertory, which, as subsequently expanded and improved, has become indispensable to all who take an interest in kindred studies. In our own day his successors have shone with still greater brilliancy under the direction of M. de Sacy, who, for fifty years, was the revered guide of numerous disciples. Champollion, taught by the discoveries of Dr. Young, assisted in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics; Abel Rémusat rendered Chinese studies almost popular at Paris; Saint-Martin explored with unhopd-for success the language and literature of Armenia; and Chéry introduced into

\* This great work, which is absolutely indispensable to everybody who wishes to master mediæval literary history, was begun in 1733 by three Benedictine monks of the congregation of St. Maur, Dom Rivet, Dom Taillandier, and Dom Clément. Its present editors are Messrs. Lajard, Paulin-Paris, Victor Leclerc, and Littré. A list of the other publications issued under the direction of the *Académie des Inscriptions*, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut*.



France a knowledge of Sanscrit, which, much as it was cultivated in England, had not hitherto crossed the Channel. His labours were continued by Eugène Burnouf, who sounded all the depths of the old Indian theosophy, and extended his researches to those Median and Assyrian antiquities which are associated with the names of Colonel Rawlinson, Layard, and Dr. Hinckes among ourselves. Like Champollion and Rémusat, like Saint-Martin and Chézy, Burnouf died in the flower of his age, just after the *Académie des Inscriptions* had conferred upon him its highest recompense, by appointing him to the office of perpetual secretary. Fresh recruits are filling up the gaps which have been caused by death, and the present race of Orientalists will not allow France to lose the distinguished position she has won.

None of the classes into which the Institute is divided exercise a more decisive influence in their own department than the *Académie des Beaux Arts*. There has existed for many years at the Villa Medici, at Rome, a school of painting known by the name of the *Académie de France*, at which a certain number of young artists are maintained for a fixed period, at the expense of the State, to study the masterpieces of antiquity and of the Renaissance. The Academy at Paris appoints the director of the Academy at Rome, selects the pupils after a public competition, and makes an annual Report on the works they are required to send home. Nothing can exceed the animation of the sitting at which these prizes are awarded. After a detailed account of all the competing productions, the names of the successful candidates are announced,—a decision which sometimes provokes opposition, and hisses are heard to mingle with the applause. An unsuccessful artist usually believes himself the victim of envy, bad taste, or cabala. He resolves to protest against an injustice, which is one of the axioms of his mind, and forgets that to hiss his antagonist is only another method of cheering himself, with the addition that the vanity is stimulated by malice. Of all the solemnities of the Institute, this is the only one at which such symptoms of petulant self-approval occur. The Reports, as well as the *éloges* of deceased members, are drawn up by the perpetual secretary,—a duty which is now discharged by M. Raoul-Rochette; for the Academicians, more engaged in handling the brush and chisel than the pen, have modestly selected a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions* to be their official interpreter. As his whole life has been devoted to the study of archæology and of the history of the arts, he has every qualification which can grace the post. Many of the Academicians

themselves have displayed eminent merit in their respective pursuits; but it is not our function to dwell here upon individual talent, or to enter upon a field so vast as a general examination of the present state of the Fine Arts. To judge fittingly of the excellences and failings of the French school, we must visit the palace of Versailles, go through the galleries of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, pause before the triumphal *Arc de l'Etoile*, enter the churches and public buildings which are in course of erection, and attend the annual exhibitions which take place in Paris.

The French government is disposed to encourage the arts; but it is by no means inclined to patronize the *Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques*, which comprises the most distinguished representatives of all the parties in the State; and it is obvious that to allow the society a freedom of discussion which is denied to Parliament and the press, would be to make it the outlet of every pent-up opinion. Until the ruling power is strong enough to let loose its opponents, a corporation of political philosophers can never hope to enjoy absolute liberty. Many of its members, too, as might be expected, have fallen under the displeasure of the governments which have succeeded since the overthrow of Louis Philippe, for actions done independently of the Academy. In the section of Philosophy, there is M. Cousin, who has been excluded from the Council of Public Instruction, and induced to abandon his chair at the Sorbonne; M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the learned translator of Aristotle's 'Logic,' who has been obliged to resign his post at the Collège de France, and M. de Rémusat, who has suffered successively imprisonment and exile. In the section of jurisprudence, we find M. Giraud, who has been under a cloud for having opposed the spoliation of the Orleans property, and M. Dupin, compelled, for the same cause, to throw up his position in the Court of Cassation. In the section of political economy, we find M. Léon Faucher; and in the section of history, MM. Guizot, Mignet, Michelet, and Thiers, all of whom have experienced in different degrees the frown of power. The tact and the courage, nevertheless, of individual members enable them to preserve their dignity in their discourses, and the day is not forgotten on which M. Mignet, under the republic of 1849, took occasion, in the course of his *éloge* on M. Rossi, to denounce in stern and magnanimous language the pretended patriots who assassinated the only man who was capable perhaps of averting the ruin of Italy.

The *Académie des Sciences*, the last of which it remains for us to speak, has in our own day adopted new methods to gain an

ascendancy over the public. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the idea of seeking to obtain popularity by mathematics would have seemed chimerical to men who submitted their abstruse calculations to the exclusive judgment of their peers. At that period, however, of great discoveries, elaborated in silence and solitude, and promulgated without parade, the influence of the *Académie des Sciences* extended far and wide. The most flourishing foreign societies, those for instance of St. Petersburg and Berlin, commonly published their Memoirs in French; and the prizes proposed at Paris were competed for by the principal philosophers of Europe. The *Académie des Sciences* has now issued from its learned retirement, and addressing itself to the populace wins their sympathy, by the tone of its meetings and official periodicals, and also, it must be confessed, by the utility of its labours when applied to the industrial and mechanical arts. But at the same time, it has lost the pre-eminence which once caused it to be regarded as incontestably the scientific centre of Europe. The philosophers of Berlin and St. Petersburg have ceased to pay it tribute. It is rare to receive a communication of importance from any foreigner of eminence; and its prizes are of a nature which, far from exciting the emulation of the great philosophers abroad, can scarcely find first-rate aspirants at home. There is no impartial person who will hesitate to admit that the Paris Academy has fallen from the rank which it formerly held in the scientific world, when the mathematical department alone included the names of Lagrange, Laplace, Carnot, Monge, Legendre, and Lacroix, surrounded by such disciples as Fourier, Poisson, Cauchy, and Binet. It is true that, at a meeting this year, M. Liouville declared that the French were still 'the first geometers in the world;' but those who are acquainted with the works of the learned Academician, and who have not unreservedly adopted his notions upon what are technically termed *differentials with fractional indices*, might be tempted to remark that when the Institute shone with its highest lustre, Lagrange and Laplace were satisfied with being the first geometers in the world, without assuring the world of the fact. If we were to refer the question to some impartial and consummate judge,—take, for example, M. Gauss, of Göttingen,—he might probably tell us that since the French mathematicians say such flattering things of themselves they can need no praise from any other quarter. 'I could wish,' remarks M. Sainte-Beuve, 'that we should give up proclaiming what is repeated everywhere, in the colleges and even in the Academies, that the

French nation is the greatest of all nations, and its literature the most beautiful of all literatures. I should prefer that we were contented to assert that it was *one* of the first, and that we should show some consciousness that the world did not begin and does not end with ourselves.'

In every other branch of knowledge, no less than in mathematics, the Academy has either lost its principal ornaments, or the surviving members who do it the greatest honour belong to an almost extinct generation. Contemporaneously with the illustrious mathematicians we have mentioned, France could boast of Cuvier and Lacépède, in natural history; of Berthollet, Vauquelin, and Gay-Lussac in chemistry; of Malus, Fresnel, Ampère, and Dulong, in physics; of Antoine de Jussieu and Desfontaines, in botany; of Haüy in crystallography; of Delambre, in astronomy; and of Dupuytren, in surgery; while Biot, Thénard, Cauchy, Mirbel, Arago, and Chevreul, are veterans of science, who cannot be set down to the account of our age. The fact is that the ardour once felt for the pure sciences is extremely diminished, and what may be called the younger Academy, such as M. Dumas, M. Elie de Beaumont, and M. Leverrier, give more of their time to the Senate than the Academy, and are more devoted to politics than to physics.

The steps by which the change has been produced are quickly told. Thirty years ago the Academy applied itself quietly to its proceedings, and held weekly meetings from which strangers were excluded, with the exception of a few occasional *savants* of repute. Notwithstanding the opposition of the more prudent members, it gradually allowed its audience to be increased. Journalists were admitted, and, after the events of 1830, the popular flood which had swept away a throne forced open the doors of the Academy, which have never since been closed. This, which was to science no less a revolution than that which had just been effected in the state, was helped forward by men who wished to establish their dominion over the Institute, and who knew that the multitude is the most powerful instrument of despotism, when you have the adroitness to seduce it. From that day forward profound discussions disappeared from the Academy; and the agitators, who sought by all possible means to secure the favour of the crowd, thundered from time to time in the daily journals against the members who resisted the innovations. Newspaper intimidation, which has been employed in politics with fatal success among a people whose military bravery is so far superior to their moral courage, could not fail to exercise an irresistible influence upon retired *savants*,

who, alarmed by the revolutions which had taken place in their country, were in consternation to find themselves held up to obloquy as bad citizens and persons of retrograde minds. A monopoly of newspapers being impossible, and attacks being sure before long to generate a defence, the aspirants obtained a fresh instrument of domination by persuading the Society to appoint them to publish an account of their Transactions under the title of *Comptes Rendus*. These, in obedience to the principle that the many were to be won at any cost, were often filled with the worthless communications of people of no reputation, to the exclusion of papers of undeniable merit. The Academy became, and continues a sort of committee of journalists; and as all their attention is now bestowed on the hasty preparation of the weekly *Comptes Rendus*—which amount since 1835 to thirty-five enormous quarto volumes—the important collection of memoirs, which was for two centuries the repository of all the treasures of French science, has been sadly neglected, and appears only at long and irregular intervals. Every one will have recognised in M. Arago the promoter of the revolution we have described. To those who should ask him if this was the means by which he expected to raise himself to the pinnacle of scientific reputation, he might probably reply, that in 1848 he attained to the dictatorship, and that that was enough for him.

Few men have been so happily gifted by nature as M. Arago. With uncommon vivacity of mind, a vast intellect, a singular power of oratory, a fine figure, and a handsome countenance, he combined all the qualities which could contribute to solid distinction or effective display. Born just before the outbreak of the Revolution, on the frontier of Spain, and of a family of Spanish descent, he received as his birthright the passions of the south. His education was conducted in accordance with the ideas of a time when the learned languages were completely neglected; and he opposed at a later period the teaching of Latin, with which he had never become familiar, and which—as his own genius could dispense with it—he naturally considered a superfluous accomplishment. What instruction he received he owed to the *Ecole Polytechnique*. There, contrary to the habits of the place, he comparatively neglected mathematics, in which he was surpassed by several of his comrades, to direct his attention to astronomy and physics. Fired by the brilliant success which he obtained in society, he applied himself more and more to the branches of natural philosophy which secured him such prompt and easily-won applause. From hence, no doubt, we are to date his desire of establishing

his supremacy upon the captivating exposition of popular science of which he is an unsurpassed, and possibly an unrivalled, master. After the Revolution of 1830, he threw himself into the arms of the democratic party, in discontent, as was suspected, at not having been appointed Minister of Public Instruction. Even at the period when he professed moderate opinions, when he was the friend of Marshal Marmont, and was reckoned among the partisans of the Duke d'Angoulême, he showed an excessive susceptibility in his scientific discussions, and his intolerance knew no bounds when he had once enrolled himself in the republican ranks. Everything at the Academy assumed a political colour in his hands. He leagued himself with the journals of the ultra-liberal party, and especially with the *National*, which opened a fire on the *savants* who were not obedient to his will. Works addressed to the Institute were brought into prominence, left in the shade, or criticised with severity, according as they proceeded from friends, neutrals, or enemies. As the republicans were not then so numerous as they afterwards became, they extended their countenance to a class of intriguers, who, while supporting the Government, wished to conciliate the favour of the Opposition, whereby they got honours and places from the Ministry, and sympathy and panegyrics from the empty-handed foe. Abandoning almost entirely the department of discovery, in which he had attained a just and European celebrity, M. Arago devoted himself to delivering popular lectures, and writing those clever essays which entitle him to be ranked among the great authors, as well as among the ablest *savants* of the age. But here again breaks out the leading failing of his brilliant career. He has addressed himself too often to that false and vulgar patriotism which is always sure to find an echo in France, and which consists in attributing all the discoveries of importance to Frenchmen. As we have had our share of scientific geniuses, we have necessarily come in for our share of disparagement. M. Arago indignantly repudiated the claims of the Marquis of Worcester to the invention of the steam-engine,\* just as, more recently, he denied that Mr. Adams was the discoverer of Neptune.†

\* We have not forgotten the violence with which M. Arago, when treating the question in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1829, accused the English of having sacrificed truth to national prejudices. It may usually be remarked of all partisans that they charge upon others their own particular vice. Mr. Ainger espoused the cause of the English with complete success, amidst the applause of a distinguished and numerous audience.

† It is only by looking through the French newspapers of the year 1846 that the attacks of M.

In the same way he refused to allow that there was the slightest merit in the experiment for proving the identity of lightning and electricity which has rendered Franklin immortal, in order that, the name of the American being blotted out, a French abbé (Nollett) might alone receive honour.

In 1830 M. Arago became Perpetual Secretary to the Academy, and certainly no other man could put forth equal claims to the post. By the courtesies of his office he should since have composed the *éloges* of Dulong, who discovered the law of the refrigeration of bodies; of Poisson, who, by establishing the invariability of certain elements of our planetary system, gave the finishing touch to the edifice of Newton; and of several others, whom most Perpetual Secretaries would have thought it an honour to sketch for posterity. M. Arago, however, has passed them by, and sought in the annals of the Revolution for the names of Monge and Condorcet, because, it is to be presumed, they furnished him with fresh opportunities to expound his republican sentiments. Cuvier had said in his *éloge* of Saussure, that though Lavoisier, Condorcet, and Bailly seemed to have an imperious claim upon the homage of the Academy, he had lacked the courage to recall the atrocities of the age which had made them its victims. M. Arago is possessed of more courage than Cuvier; but, as we read his *éloges*, we shall perceive that it was not altogether 'to obtain expiation for the crimes of that disastrous period' (to use the expression of Cuvier), that M. Arago has been searching the annals of the Republic of 1793.

The application of science to utilitarian purposes, which is an honourable distinction of the time, has assisted to increase the number of M. Arago's clients. Every Monday the *Académie des Sciences* opens its sittings at three o'clock, in the presence of a crowded assembly. The desk at which the Perpetual Secretaries\* are seated, with the President and Vice-President, is literally piled with letters,

Arago on the claims of Mr. Adams can be rightly appreciated; for the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy convey but a faint reflection of their impetuosity. At that time M. Arago displayed all the fire of his character, and all the force of his talents, to secure to M. Leverrier the exclusive right to a discovery which he professed to consider superior to that of the law of gravitation by Newton. Having since quarrelled with his *protégé*, his party at least, if not he himself, has made every possible effort to persuade the ignorant public that the planet of Leverrier does not even exist.

\* At the *Académie des Sciences* there are two perpetual secretaries; one for the mathematical sciences (M. Arago), the other for the physical sciences (M. Flourens). The latter, who is an eminent physiologist, does not sympathise, we are assured, with M. Arago's views.

memoirs, books, papers, and documents of every description addressed to the Academy, and the larger proportion of them by persons who are almost entirely unknown. The majority of these communications relate to inventions, and the adaptation of science to arts and manufactures. After being read in the Academy the letters are inserted entirely, or in part, in the *Comptes Rendus*, and frequently copied into the newspapers. It is plain that such advertisements, which cost nothing and are extremely effective, must be eagerly sought by the industrial classes. The Perpetual Secretaries have, it is true, the right of selection, and of proportioning the extent of their notice to the importance of the subject. But with the kind of people that throng the hall of the Academy, with the general preference of the public for utilitarian projects, and with the democratic ideas of M. Arago, we may be certain that, if anything is thrown aside, it is not the production of an *ouvrier*. It is curious to observe with what zeal and complacency the patron and servant of the crowd employs his extraordinary gift of exposition in the detailed explanation of some trivial invention, or in entertaining an audience abounding in quidnuncs with the marvels which impose on a vulgar imagination. But inexhaustible when he has to announce showers of frogs,\* or any other phenomena more or less doubtful which the ignorant populace greet with applause, he can dispose in two words of an important discovery which would awaken no curiosity in the mass. If we consider that the sittings should properly last but a couple of hours, that they are commenced by going through the minutes of the previous meeting, which sometimes give rise to discussions, and that, besides the reading of the reports drawn up by its order, the Academy often resolves itself into a secret committee, to discuss its private affairs, it is self-evident that of the time which remains at its disposal, the correspondence must occupy the principal part. Then, instead of seeing, as we should have expected, the audience taking an interest in the works of the Academy, we see the Academicians meet together to hear their Secretaries read the works of the audience. The parts are changed: nor is this all; for the audience assume the privilege to blame or applaud, while the poor Academicians listen

\* See in the *Comptes Rendus* the strange communications made by M. Arago at the sittings on the 11th July and 3rd October, 1836. The showers of frogs thus emphatically announced before a gaping crowd were afterwards denied by the naturalists of the Academy; and a discussion arose, of which the *Comptes Rendus*, it is almost needless to be said, present not the slightest trace.

in silence. It daily becomes more difficult to obtain a hearing for a purely theoretical paper, or to get up a discussion on the higher branches of scientific research. Not even the eminence of Lord Brougham could gain, as we read some time since in the newspapers, an opening to communicate his beautiful experiments upon light. There was the inexorable law that the endless correspondence must first be gone through, and before the nobodies had been heard out, the time was up. It is not to be questioned that M. Arago is a Samson in intellectual strength, but he might turn his prowess to better account than in pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Science to make sport for the Philistines.

Another bad effect which results from the admission of the public to the *Académie des Sciences*, is the virulence it imparts to the discussions of the members, who are often animated at once by scientific rivalries and political passions. Men who would argue amicably with closed doors, contend for victory in the presence of the crowd, and the serene rigor of philosophic disputation is exchanged for the heated declamation of popular demagogues. From a thousand examples which we might give of the violence of these debates, we will select only one, which occurred at the first meeting of the present year. In delivering, a short time before, the *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, a great chemist and natural philosopher, M. Arago seized the occasion to blame, with much bitterness, the changes which have lately been introduced into the programme of studies at the *Ecole Polytechnique*. The censure, though apparently addressed to the government, was in reality directed against M. Leverrier and his friends, who had been placed on the commission to the exclusion of the friends of M. Arago. It was therefore, in truth, a conflict between the Government party in the Academy and the Republican section, which had hitherto retained a sort of monopoly of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and had inspired the pupils with the most democratic ideas. At the end of last year M. Leverrier requested that the *éloge* should be published in order that he might reply to the charges contained in it, and at the first January meeting of 1853 M. Faye repeated the demand. Hence grew the war of words, of which an account is preserved in the *Journal Politique et Commercial du Havre*, and which, though manifestly written by an adherent of the Arago party, plainly betrays that the bitterness was on one side and the moderation on the other :—

‘There is an old proverb which says, that what you do on the first day of the year you do every

day after : if this were true, we should have to expect, during the course of 1853, some very stormy meetings at the *Académie des Sciences*, for the first was a perfect tempest. We might really even parody the famous line of Molière :

“Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l’âme des savans !”

It was again the *Ecole Polytechnique* which formed the pretext for the quarrel; and it was M. Faye who awkwardly set fire to the magazine. In a manuscript note, which had necessarily been prepared beforehand, he unfortunately took it into his head to find fault with M. Arago’s expression in reference to the programme of the School, that it contained things really *unimaginable*. “If I did not protest against such language,” he said, “as a member of the Commission which drew up the programme, I should hesitate to appear again before my pupils. I cannot allow it to be believed that I have consented in any degree to diminish the importance of mathematical studies.”

‘He had hardly ended reading his paper when a formidable adversary suddenly rose. It was M. Liouville. “I was not at the last meeting,” he said, “but I have read the protest of M. Leverrier, I have just heard yours, and I do not hesitate to say that you are defending a most miserable cause. Yes! in the programme which you have prepared there are things *incredible, unimaginable*.” And with truly marvellous rapidity, M. Liouville quoted a host of examples to give greater weight to his close, accurate, and vigorous argumentation. “You are my pupils,” he exclaimed at the close of his speech; “I have assisted you to enter the scientific world, but now I have often cause to regret it.”

‘M. Leverrier rose to reply. All he wished was that M. Arago should publish his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, in order that he might answer the passage relative to the *Ecole Polytechnique*. He was delighted to acknowledge that M. Liouville had been his master. He regretted that the friendly feeling which had once subsisted between them had ceased: but it was not his fault. No considerations, however, would prevent him from demanding the publication of the *éloge* with the most energetic perseverance; and he would defend the programme of which he had been in part the author.

“Your programme,” retorted M. Liouville, “is rejected by all who are worthy to bear the name of geometers, by MM. Sturm, Laine, Charles, &c., &c.; and the French geometers are the first in the world. Europe read it only to hiss it.”

‘M. Charles declared that he agreed with M. Liouville, and shared in his opinion. The discussion turned to personality in a most deplorable manner, and the President had great difficulty in restoring tranquillity. As for M. Arago, he contented himself with declaring that he had been quite ready to give his colleagues the manuscript of his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, which he had brought with him for that purpose; but as it had been demanded in so unbecoming a manner, he should refuse it. He would print his work whenever it suited his convenience to do so. “You have already attempted to use intimidation towards M. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary of the Aca-

*démie Française*," he said, addressing himself to M. Leverrier. "You did not succeed. You will succeed no better with me; I shall yield no more than M. Villemain has yielded." Some clamour arose at this, but silence was speedily restored, and the formation of the bureau for 1853 was proceeded with.'

'Away with literature,' said Grevius, the scholar, 'if it does not soften the mind and the manners, and if it renders its cultivators more savage than gladiators, and more extravagant than buffoons.' Is there no Grevius in the Academy of Sciences to tell the truth to his brethren? or, if republicans could condescend to take a lesson from royalists, might they not adopt with advantage a rule which was given to their parent body by Louis XIV.?'—'The Academy shall carefully watch that, on those occasions when several academicians shall be of different opinions, they shall employ no term of contempt or bitterness regarding one another, either in their speeches or in their writings; and even when they combat the opinions of any man of science whatsoever, the Academy shall exhort them to speak of him with proper consideration.'

If the violence of the democratic faction increases, its influence in the Academy appears as clearly to be on the decline. While France was governed by the republic of 1848, and especially while dreading the triumph of the Socialists, the party which wielded the sceptre in the state was also permitted to wield it in the Academy; but since the agitated waters have become tranquil, and it is possible to hope for a few years of quiet, M. Arago and his followers have daily lost ground. Some of his old supporters have accepted employments which bring them into too close a connexion with Louis Napoleon to leave any doubt that they are friendly to the imperial rule, and the result of these secessions was manifested in the election of a member to the Institute on the 9th of February, 1852. The Arago candidate was M. Charles Buonaparte, the author of several works on natural history, who, in his function of President of the Roman Republic, in the time of Mazzini, had won the sympathy of the democratic *savants*. His opponent was M. Francis Delessert, who belongs to a race notorious for its attachment to the Orleans family. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on behalf of the late President of the Roman Republic, he was signally defeated, and M. Delessert elected by a large majority.

The choice of academicians is not the only election at which there is a struggle for supremacy. The Institute possesses the right of presenting candidates to the government

for a large number of literary and scientific appointments. This privilege, which is exercised with regard to the most important educational institutions—the *Ecole Polytechnique*, for example, the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*, and the *Collège de France*—secures the *Académie des Sciences* a most extensive influence. No idea can be formed in England of the legion of placemen beyond the Channel, and who, without exaggeration, are more numerous than the soldiers. Madame de Staël used to say that the most popular constitution which could be established would run in terms like these:—'First and only article—All Frenchmen are public functionaries, and are paid by the state.' Of no class of persons is the witty assertion more true than of the men of science, who are usually poor, and often altogether dependent on their salary. There is no distinction here between republicans and monarchists; everybody, under every government, wants a place: and the only difference during the reign of Louis Philippe between friends or foes was that the former received their pay with prayers for the continuance of his rule, and the latter took it while constantly engaged in schemes for overthrowing him. The stipend attached to these posts is generally small, varying from 20*l*.<sup>\*</sup> to 240*l*. a year. Accordingly, there is scarcely a *savant* of distinction who does not hold two, three, or even more appointments, which, added together, furnish a tolerable income, but which, as they are not to be got without exertion, force him to be incessantly canvassing for votes. The members of the Institute enter into the competition as well as others; and for the better paid offices they are, strictly speaking, the only candidates. 'When I found,' said the Count d'Artois of a particular period of the reign of Louis XVI., 'that everybody else was holding out his hands, I held out my hat.' Such is the system which prevails too often with the philosophers—the little men fill their hands, and the great their hats. Pecuniary considerations are a large ingredient in what is termed at the Institute the art of making *combinations*, or of interesting members in the success of an election which sooner or later may result in some advantage to themselves or their friends. The party formed on one side is frequently resisted by a similar organisation on the other, and the rival factions, instead of thinking exclusively

\* The members of the bureau of the *Journal des Savants*, for instance, all of whom are members of the Institute, receive 500 francs (20*l*.) a year. They are elected by their colleagues, but, as is always the case in France, must be approved by the government.

of the merits of the candidates, are intent upon obtaining a colleague whose support may be of service at a future day.

It might seem at first sight that there was one department of physics which had profited by the politics which have been imported into the placid regions of natural philosophy. For many years, M. Arago, who is the Director of the Observatory at Paris, has employed his position in the Chamber of Deputies, and elsewhere, to obtain large grants from the state for the use of the institution over which he presides. Yet nothing is more notorious than that astronomy is on the decline in France. With all the qualities necessary for success, the very extent of M. Arago's philosophic lore, the universality of his sympathies, the multiplicity of his duties, his eager interest in politics, have prevented his devoting himself with sufficient exclusiveness to the practice of a science which admits of no neglect. It is true that he has sometimes surrounded himself with able men, and was successively the patron of M. de Pontécoulant and of M. Leverrier; but, whether the scholars were not sufficiently docile, or that the master grew jealous of their rising reputation, or that the demon of party troubled the atmosphere and made it not quite so serene as that of the stars, certain it is that the perpetual secretary withdrew suddenly his countenance, and forgetful of all his former praises, commenced a system of attack. The science suffers while the astronomers dispute. Much amusement has occasionally been produced by chance persons discovering luminaries in the heavens while the Argus of the Paris Observatory was asleep. The idle promenaders on the *Boulevard des Italiens* detected one evening a magnificent comet, which was not seen by Astronomer Arago and his assistants until the following night. It was only last December that a German artist, M. Goldschmidt, looked out of his window, in the *Rue de Seine* (the street in Paris which is about the least suited for surveying the stars), and distinguished a new planet which had not revealed itself to more knowing eyes. Twenty six of these bodies, exclusive of Neptune, have now been detected since the beginning of the century—eight by Mr. Hind, at the Regent's Park; seven by M. de Gasparis, at Naples; others at Palermo, at Bremen, at Driesen, at Lilienthal, at Düsseldorf, at Marseilles, and at Markree in Ireland. Though they have been seen in the foggiest regions, as well as under the clearest skies, Paris (except when M. Goldschmidt looks out of his window) appears unsuited for the purpose, notwithstanding that M. Arago, on the 13th of September, 1852, proposed to

the *Académie des Sciences* an infallible method of finding out every planet which remained. Since that period several more have been added to the list,\* and not one of them was announced from the Observatory at Paris, where they possessed the infallible method for discovering them all. It may safely be predicted that when M. Arago turns politics out at the door the planets will begin to peep in at the window.

It is not our intention to deny the merits of the *Académie des Sciences*, or to disparage the genius of the great man who for twenty years has been almost its dictator. It may even be admitted that every age has its pernicious tendencies, and that rivalries, cabals, and a desire to domination, were not born with M. Arago. But it is equally indisputable that, from the hour of its foundation, the Academy has never entered upon so dangerous a path, and after climbing to the highest eminence it has begun to descend the hill on the other side. While it is still surrounded with the halo of celebrated names, and before its *prestige* has vanished, it should remember that science is of no party—that, above all, it is not of the party of demagogues; and that the attempt to convert the discoveries of the Aragos and Leverriers into a weekly amusement for the people, can only end in banishing severer science in favour of showers of frogs and declamatory speeches. It is to be hoped that this noble corporation will shake off the dust it has acquired in the arena, and be content for the future, like the academicians of old, to mature in shade and seclusion the grand truths of philosophy, preferring the applause of the world and posterity to the transitory clamour of a Monday

\* The number of these discoveries has greatly increased since the publication in the Quarterly Review of the article on Meteors, Aerolites, and Shooting Stars. As the complete catalogue is not easily obtained, we give it here, with the date of the discovery and the name of the observer:—

1. 1801	Ceres	Piazzi	Palermo.
2. 1802	Pallas	Obers I.	Bremen.
3. 1804	Juno	Harding	Lilienthal.
4. 1807	Vesta	Obers II.	Bremen.
5. 1845	Astrea	Hencke I.	Driesen.
6. 1847	Hebe	Hencke II.	Driesen.
7. 1847	Iris	Hind I.	London.
8. 1847	Flora	Hind II.	London.
9. 1848	Melia	Graham	Markree.
10. 1850	Hygeia	De Gasparis I.	Naples.
11. 1850	Parthenope	De Gasparis II.	Naples.
12. 1850	Victoria	Hind III.	London.
13. 1850	Egeria	De Gasparis III.	Naples.
14. 1851	Irene	Hind IV.	London.
15. 1851	Eunomia	De Gasparis IV.	Naples.
16. 1852	Psyche	De Gasparis V.	Naples.
17. 1853	Thetis	Luther	Düsseldorf.
18. 1853	Melpomene	Hind V.	London.
19. 1853	Fortuna	Hind VI.	London.
20. 1853	Masalia	Chacornac	Marseilles.
		De Gasparis VI.	Naples.
21. 1856	Lutetia	Goldschmidt.	Paris.
22. 1856	Caliope	Hind VII.	London.
23. 1856	Thalia	Hind VIII.	London.
24. 1853	Phocæa	Chacornac II.	Marseilles.
25. 1853	—	De Gasparis VII.	Naples.
26. 1853	—	Luther II.	Bilk.



evening's assembly. The entire Institute is not without its dangers. It has profited enormously by the fostering influence of the state; but governments can stifle by their embraces, as well as strangle by their opposition. If either threats or bribes were to destroy its independence, it would soon cease to be respected itself, or to confer credit on its masters. It must be free to think what it pleases, and to say what it thinks, or the intelligence of the age will find other voices to speak its opinions; and literature, learning, science, and art will no longer be represented by the Institute of France. Englishmen would assuredly deplore its decline; for, besides that our greatest men are proud to be enrolled among its members, jealousy of the achievements of our neighbours has long ceased to be a sentiment with the most ignorant of our people. The language of France has become nearly as necessary to us as our own, and the more familiar we grow with it, the more we learn to admire the genius, and ratify the reputation of the host of luminaries which she has produced for centuries in every department of knowledge.

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ART II.—*Vita S. Thomæ Cantuariensis.*  
Ed. Giles. London.

EVERY one is familiar with the reversal of popular judgments respecting individuals or events of our own time. It would be an easy, though perhaps an invidious task, to point out the changes from obloquy to applause, and from applause to obloquy, which the present generation has witnessed; and it would be instructive to examine in each case, how far these changes have been justified by the facts. What thoughtful observers may thus notice in the passing opinions of the day, it is the privilege of history to track through the course of centuries. Of such vicissitudes in the judgment of successive ages, one of the most striking is to be found in the conflicting feelings with which different epochs have regarded the contest of Becket with Henry II. During its continuance, the public opinion of England and of Europe was, if not unfavourable to the Archbishop, at least strongly divided. After its tragical close, the change from indifference or hostility to unbounded veneration was instantaneous and universal. This veneration, after a duration of more than three centuries, was superseded, at least in England, by a contempt as general and profound as had been the previous admiration. And now, after three centuries more, the re-

volution of the wheel of fortune has again brought up, both at home and abroad, worshippers of the memory of St. Thomas of Canterbury, who rival the most undoubting devotee that ever knelt at his shrine in the credulous reigns of the Plantagenet kings. It is not our intention to attempt the adjustment of these various verdicts, and indeed there appears less need of an arbitrator than there might have been some years since. Indications\* are not wanting, that the pendulum which has been so violently swung to and fro, is at last about to settle into its proper place; and we may trust that on this, as on many other controverted historical points, a judgment will be pronounced in our own times, which, if not irreversible, is less likely to be reversed than those which have gone before. But it may contribute to the decision upon the merits and defects of Becket if we endeavour to present a more complete picture than has hitherto been drawn of that passage of his career which has left by far the most indelible impression—its terrible close. Even though the famous catastrophe had not turned the course of events for generations to come, and exercised an influence which is not exhausted yet, it would still deserve to be minutely described from its connexion with the stateliest of English cathedrals, and with the first great poem of the English language.

The labour of Dr. Giles has collected no less than nineteen biographies, or fragments of biographies, all of which appear to have been written within fifty years of the murder, and some of which are confined to that single subject. To these we must add the accounts of the contemporary or nearly contemporary chroniclers—Gervase, Diceto, Hoveden, and, although somewhat later, Brompton; and, what is the most important, because the earliest—the French biography in verse by Guernes, or Garnier, of Pont S. Maxence, which was composed only five years after the event. Dr. Giles has promised a supplement to his valuable work, containing this curious relic—the more interesting from being the sole record which gives the words of the actors in the language in which they spoke. We wish Dr. Giles good speed in his undertaking, and meanwhile avail ourselves of the concluding fragment of the poem which has been published by the great scholar Immanuel Bekker in the Berlin Transactions.

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\* One author, the Rev. J. O. Robertson, of Bekebourne, may be especially selected as having already taken, in two articles in the *English Review* of 1846, an impartial survey of the whole struggle, in which he will no doubt be imitated by Dr. Pauli, already known as the learned biographer of Alfred, in his continuation of Lappenbergs *History of England*.

Of these twenty-four narrators, four—Edward Grim, William Fitzstephen, John of Salisbury (who unfortunately supplies but little), and the anonymous author of the *Lambeth MS.*—claim to have been eye-witnesses. Three others—William of Canterbury, Benedict, afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and Gervase of Canterbury—were monks of the convent, and, though not present at the massacre, were probably somewhere in the precincts. Herbert of Bosham, Roger of Pontigny, and Garnier, were not even in England, but they had been on terms of intercourse more or less intimate with Becket, and the two latter, especially, seem to have taken the utmost pains to ascertain the truth of the facts they relate. From these several accounts we can recover the particulars of the death of Archbishop Becket to the minutest details. It is true that, being written by monastic or clerical historians after the national feeling had been roused to enthusiasm in his behalf, allowance must be made for exaggeration, suppression, and every kind of false colouring which could set off their hero to advantage. It is true, also, that on some few points the various authorities are hopelessly irreconcilable. But still a careful comparison of the narrators with each other, and with the localities, leads to a conviction that on the whole the facts have been substantially preserved, and that, as often happens, the truth can be ascertained in spite, and even in consequence, of attempts to distort and suppress it. If this be so, few occurrences in the middle ages have been so graphically and copiously described, and few give such an insight into the manners and customs, the thoughts and feelings, not only of the man himself, but of the entire age, as the eventful tragedy, known successively as the “martyrdom,” the “accidental death,” the “righteous execution,” and the “murder” of Thomas à Becket.

The year 1170 witnessed the termination of the struggle of ten years between the King and the Archbishop; in July, the first reconciliation had been effected with Henry, in France; in the beginning of December Becket had landed at Sandwich—the port of the monks of Canterbury—and thence entered the metropolitan city, after an absence of six years, amidst the acclamations of the people. The cathedral was hung with silken drapery; magnificent banquets were prepared; the churches resounded with organs and hymns; the palace-hall with trumpets; and the Archbishop preached in the chapter-house on the text, ‘Here we have no abiding city, but we seek one to come.’<sup>b</sup> Great difficulties, however, still remained. In addition to the gen-

eral question of the immunities of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point in dispute between the King and the Archbishop, another had arisen within this very year, of much less importance in itself, but which eventually brought about the final catastrophe. In the preceding June Henry, with the view of consolidating his power in England, had caused his eldest son to be crowned King, not merely as his successor, but as his colleague; insomuch that by contemporary chroniclers he is always called ‘the young King,’ sometimes even ‘Henry III.’ In the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury the ceremony of coronation was performed by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London and Salisbury. The moment the intelligence was communicated to Becket, who was then in France, a new blow seemed to be struck at his rights; but this time it was not the privileges of his order, but of his office, that were attacked. The inalienable right of crowning the Sovereigns of England, inherent in the see of Canterbury from the time of Augustine downwards, had been infringed, and with his usual ardour he procured from the Pope, Alexander III., letters of excommunication against the three prelates who had taken part in the daring act. These letters he had with him, unknown to the King, at the time of the reconciliation, and his earliest thought on landing in England was to get them conveyed to the offending bishops, who were then at Dover. They started for France from that port as he landed at Sandwich, leaving however a powerful auxiliary, in the person of Randulf de Broc, a knight to whom the King had granted possession of the archiepiscopal castle of Saltwood, and who was for this, if for no other reason, a sworn enemy to Becket and his return. The first object of the Archbishop was to conciliate the young King, who was then at Woodstock, and his mode of courting him was characteristic. Three magnificent chargers, of which his previous experience of horses enabled him to know the merits, were the gift by which he hoped to win over the mind of his former pupil; and he himself, after a week’s stay at Canterbury, followed the messenger who was to announce his present to the Prince. He passed through Rochester in state, entered London in a vast procession that advanced three miles out of the city to meet him, and took up his quarters at Southwark, in the palace of the aged Bishop of Winchester, Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen.<sup>c</sup> Here he received orders from the young King to proceed no further, but return instantly to Canterbury. In obe-

<sup>b</sup> Fitzstephen, *Ed. Giles*, vol. i. p. 282.

<sup>c</sup> Fitzstephen, 284, 285.

dience to the command he relinquished his design, and turned for the last time from the city of his birth to the city of his death.

The first open manifestations of hostility proceeded from the family of the Brocs of Saltwood. Before he had left the neighbourhood of London, tidings had reached him that Randulf de Broc had seized a vessel laden with wine from Henry II., and had killed or imprisoned the crew. This injury was promptly repaired at the bidding of the young King, to whom the Archbishop complained of the outrage through the abbot of St. Alban's and the prior of Dover.<sup>a</sup> But the enmity of the Brocs was not so easily allayed. No sooner had the Primate reached Canterbury than he was met by a series of fresh insults. Randulf, he was told, was hunting down his archiepiscopal deer, with his own dogs in his own woods; and Robert, another of the same family, who had been a monk in the novitiate, but had since taken to a secular life, sent out his nephew John to waylay and cut off the tails of a sumpter mule and a horse of the Archbishop. This jest, or outrage (according as we regard it), which occurred on Christmas-eve, took deep possession of Becket's mind.<sup>b</sup> On Christmas-day, after the solemn celebration of the usual midnight mass, he entered the cathedral for the services of a festival which eminently precludes the intrusion of passionate and revengeful thoughts. Before the performance of high mass he mounted the pulpit, and preached on the text (according to the Vulgate version), 'On earth, peace to men of good will.' He began by speaking of the sainted fathers of the church of Canterbury, the presence of whose bones made doubly hallowed the consecrated ground. 'One martyr,' he said, 'they had already'—Alfege, murdered by the Danes, whose tomb stood on the north side of the high altar; 'it was possible,' he added, 'that they would soon have another.'<sup>c</sup> The people who thronged the nave were in a state of wild excitement; they wept and groaned, and an audible murmur ran through the church, 'Father, why do you desert us so soon? to whom will you leave us?' But, as he went on with his discourse, the plaintive strain gradually rose into a tone of fiery indignation. 'You would have thought,' says Herbert of Bosham, who was present, 'that you were looking at the prophetic beast, which had at once the face of a man and the face of a lion.' He spoke—the fact is recorded by all the biographers, without any sense of its extreme incongruity—he spoke of the insult of the docked tail<sup>d</sup>

of the sumpter mule, and in a voice of thunder<sup>e</sup> excommunicated Randulf and Robert de Broc; and in the same sentence included the Vicar of Thirlwood, and Nigel of Sackville, the Vicar of Harrow, for occupying those incumbencies without his authority, and refusing access to his officials.<sup>f</sup> He also publicly denounced and forbade communication with the three bishops who, by crowning the young King, had not feared to encroach upon the prescriptive rights of the church of Canterbury. 'May they be cursed,' he said in conclusion, 'by Jesus Christ, and may their memory be blotted out of the assembly of the saints, whoever shall sow hatred and discord between me and my Lord the King.'<sup>g</sup> With these words he dashed the candle on the pavement,<sup>h</sup> in token of the extinction of his enemies; and as he descended from the pulpit, to pass to the altar to celebrate mass, he repeated to his Welsh crossbearer, Alexander, the prophetic words, 'One martyr, St. Alfege, you have already—another, if God will, you will have soon.'<sup>i</sup> The service in the cathedral was followed by the banquet in his hall, at which, although Christmas-day fell this year on a Friday, it was observed that he ate as usual, in honour of the joyous festival of the Nativity.<sup>j</sup> On the next day, Saturday, the Feast of St. Stephen, and on Sunday, the Feast of St. John, he again celebrated mass;<sup>k</sup> and towards the close of the Sabbath, under cover of the night, he sent away, with messages to the King of France and the Archbishop of Sens, his faithful servant Herbert of Bosham, telling him that he would see him no more, but that he was anxious not to expose him to the further suspicions of Henry. Herbert departed with a heavy heart,<sup>l</sup> and with him went Alexander, the Welsh crossbearer. The Archbishop sent off another servant to the Pope, and two others to the Bishop of Norwich, with a letter relating to Hugh Earl of Norfolk. He also drew up a deed appointing his priest William to the chapelry of Penshurst, with an excommunication against any one who should take

nication of the Broc family was not the only time that Becket avenged a similar offence. Lambard, in his *Perambulations of Kent*, says that the people of Strood, near Rochester, insulted Becket as he rode through the town, and, like the Brocs, cut off the tails of his horses. Their descendants, as a judgment for the crime, were ever after born with horses' tails. Another explanation of the legend was that the inhabitants of Strood were the persons whom St. Augustine is reported to have visited with this curse for fastening a fish's tail to his back. (See Harris's *Kent*, 303.)

<sup>a</sup> Herbert, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 323.

<sup>b</sup> Fitzstephen, 292.

<sup>c</sup> Grim, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 68. <sup>1</sup> Garnier, 17.

<sup>d</sup> Garnier, 71-75. <sup>2</sup> Herbert, 324.

<sup>e</sup> Fitzstephen, 292. <sup>3</sup> Herbert, 324, 325.

<sup>a</sup> Ibid., 286. <sup>b</sup> Ibid., 287. <sup>c</sup> Ibid., 292.

<sup>d</sup> According to the popular belief, the excommu-

it from him.<sup>a</sup> These are his last recorded public acts. On the night of the same Sunday 'he received a warning letter from France, announcing that he was in peril from some new attack. What this was is now to be told.

The three prelates—Roger of Bishop's-bridge, Archbishop of York,<sup>b</sup> Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and Jocelyn the Lombard, Bishop of Salisbury—having left England as soon as they heard that the excommunication had been issued against them, arrived in France a few days before Christmas,<sup>c</sup> and immediately proceeded to the King, who was then at the castle of Bur, near Bayeux.<sup>d</sup> It was a place already famous in history as the scene of the interview between William and Harold, when the oath was perfidiously exacted and sworn which led to the conquest of England. All manner of rumours about Becket's proceedings had reached the ears of Henry, and he besought the advice of the three prelates. The Archbishop of York answered cautiously, 'Ask counsel from your barons and knights; it is not for us to say what must be done.' A pause ensued; and then it was added—whether by Roger or by some one else does not clearly appear—'As long as Thomas lives, you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life.'<sup>e</sup> These words goaded the king into one of those paroxysms of fury to which all the earlier Plantagenet princes were subject, and which was believed by themselves to arise from a mixture of demoniacal blood in their race. It is described in Henry's son John as 'something beyond anger: he was so changed in his whole body that a man would hardly have known him. His forehead was drawn up into deep furrows; his

flaming eyes glistened; a livid hue took the place of colour.'<sup>f</sup> Henry himself is said on one occasion to have torn out the eyes of a messenger who brought him bad tidings; and in his previous controversy with Becket, he is represented as having flung down his cap, torn off his clothes, thrown the silk coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it, gnawing the straw and rushes. Of such a kind was the frenzy which he showed on the present occasion. 'A fellow,' he exclaimed, 'that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me—a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the King and the whole royal family, and tramples on the whole kingdom—a fellow that came to court on a lame sumpter mule sits without hindrance on the throne itself.' 'What sluggish wretches,' he burst forth again and again, 'what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!'<sup>g</sup> and with these fatal words he rushed out of the room.

There were present among the courtiers four knights, whose names long lived in the memory of men, and on which every ingenuity was exercised to extract from them an evil augury of the deed which has made them famous—Reginald Fitzurse, 'son of the Bear,' and 'of truly bearlike character' (so the Canterbury monks represented it); Hugh de Moreville, 'of the city of death'—of whom a dreadful story was told of his having ordered a young Saxon to be boiled alive on the false accusation of his wife; William de Tracy—a brave soldier, it was said, but 'of parricidal wickedness'; Richard le Brez or le Bret, commonly known as Brito, from the Latinised version of his name in the Chronicles—more fit they say, to have been called the 'Brute.'<sup>h</sup> They are all described as on familiar terms with the King himself, and sometimes, in official language, as gentlemen of the bed-chamber.<sup>i</sup> They also appear to have been brought together by old associations. Fitzurse, Moreville, and Tracy had all sworn homage to Becket as Chancellor. Fitzurse, Tracy, and Bret had all connexions with Somersetshire. Their rank and lineage can even now be accurately traced through the medium of our county historians and legal records. Fitzurse was the descendant of Urso, or Ours, who had, under the Conqueror, held Grittleston in Wiltshire, of the Abbey of Glastonbury. His father, Richard Fitzurse, became possessed in the reign of Stephen of the manor of Wil-

<sup>a</sup> Fitzstephen, 292, 293.

<sup>b</sup> Anon. Passio Tertia, Ed. Giles, vol. ii, p. 156.

<sup>c</sup> This contest with Becket for the privileges of the see of York, though the most important, was not the only one which Archbishop Roger sustained. It was a standing question between the two archbishops, and Roger maintained the pre-eminence of his see against Becket's successor in a somewhat singular manner. 'In 1176,' says Fuller, 'a synod was called at Westminster, the Pope's legate being present thereat; on whose right hand sat Richard Archbishop of Canterbury, as in his proper place; when in springs Roger of York, and, finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap.' . . . 'It matters as little to the reader as to the writer,' the historian continues, 'whether Roger beat Richard—or Richard beat Roger: yet once for all we will reckon up the arguments which each see alleged for its proceedings,' which accordingly follow with his usual raucy humour.—Fuller's *Church Hist.*, iii. § 3.

<sup>d</sup> Herbert, 319.

<sup>e</sup> Garnier, 65, who gives the interview in much greater detail than the other chroniclers.

<sup>f</sup> Fitzstephen, 390.

<sup>g</sup> Richard of Devizes, § 40.

<sup>h</sup> Will. Cant., Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 30; Grim, 68 Gervase, 1412. Digitized by Will. Cant., 31.

<sup>i</sup> 'Cubiularii,' Gervase, Chron., 1414.

leton in Somersetshire, which had descended to Reginald a few years before the time of which we are speaking.<sup>6</sup> He was also a tenant in chief in Northamptonshire, in tail in Leicestershire.<sup>7</sup> Moreville was a man of rank, and held high office, both before and after the murder. He was this very year Justice itinerant of the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, where he inherited the barony of Burgh-on-the-Sands and other possessions from his father Roger and his grandfather Simon. He was likewise forester of Cumberland, owner of the castle of Knaresborough, and added to his paternal property that of his wife, Helwise de Hauteville.<sup>8</sup> Richard the Breton was, it may be inferred from an incident in the murder, intimate with Prince William, the King's brother.<sup>9</sup> He and his brother Edmund had succeeded to their father Simon le Bret, who, it would seem, had given his name to the village of Samford, still called from the family, Samford Bret. Tracy had already distinguished himself in war.<sup>1</sup> His family were allied by marriage to the great house of Courtenay,<sup>2</sup> and he held a fee and under-fee in Devonshire.<sup>1</sup>

It is not clear on what day the fatal exclamation of the King was made. Fitzstephen<sup>3</sup> reports it as taking place on Sunday, the 27th of December. Others,<sup>4</sup> who ascribe a more elaborate character to the whole plot, date it a few days before, on Thursday the 24th,—the whole Court taking part in it, and Roger Archbishop of York giving full instructions to the knights as to their future course. However this may be, it was generally believed that they left Bur on the night of the King's fury. They then, it was thought, proceeded by different roads to the coast, and crossed the Channel on the following day. Two of them landed, as was afterwards noticed with malicious satisfaction, at the port of 'Dogs' near Dover,<sup>5</sup> two of them at Winchelsea,<sup>6</sup> and all four arrived at the same hour<sup>4</sup> at the fortress of Saltwood Castle, the property of the see of Canterbury, but now occupied, as we have seen, by Becket's chief enemy—Dan Randolph of Broc—who came out to welcome them.<sup>7</sup> Here they would doubtless be told of the excommunication launched against their host on Christmas-day. In the darkness of the long winter night of the 28th of

December<sup>8</sup> it was believed that the conspirators concerted the scheme, with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces. Early in the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name<sup>9</sup> for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers, and galloped along the same Roman road which still conducts the traveller by a straight line of fifteen miles from Saltwood to the city.<sup>10</sup> They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the Abbot.<sup>11</sup>

The abbey was in a state of considerable confusion at the time of their arrival. A destructive fire had ravaged the buildings two years before,<sup>12</sup> and the reparations could hardly have been yet completed. Its domestic state was still more disturbed. It was now nearly ten years since a feud had been raging between the inmates and their abbot, who had been intruded on them in 1161, as Becket had been on the ecclesiastics of the Cathedral,—but with the ultimate difference, that, whilst Becket had become the champion of the clergy, Clarembald had stood fast by the King his patron, which perpetuated the quarrel between the monks and their superior. He would, therefore, naturally be eager to receive the new comers, and with him they concerted measures for their future movements.<sup>13</sup> Having sent orders to the mayor or provost of Canterbury to issue a proclamation in the King's name, forbidding any one to offer assistance to the Archbishop,<sup>14</sup> the knights once more mounted their chargers, and, accompanied by Robert of Broc, who had probably attended them from Saltwood, rode under the long line of wall which still separates the city and the precincts of the cathedral from St. Augustine's monastery, till they reached the great gateway which opened into the court of the Archbishop's palace. They were followed by a band of about a dozen armed men, whom they placed in the house of one Gilbert,<sup>15</sup> which stood hard by the gate.

It was Tuesday the 29th of December. Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized—on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left the King's court in Normandy—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had re-

<sup>6</sup> Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. p. 487.

<sup>7</sup> Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 216–88.

<sup>8</sup> Foss's Judges of England, i. 279.

<sup>9</sup> Fitzstephen, 308. <sup>10</sup> Will. Cant., 31.

<sup>11</sup> Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 514.

<sup>12</sup> Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 115–221.

<sup>13</sup> Fitzstephen, 290.

<sup>14</sup> Garnier, 65, 66; so also Gervase, Chron., 1414.

<sup>15</sup> Grim, 69; Gervase, Chron., 1414.

<sup>16</sup> Garnier, 66. <sup>17</sup> Fitzstephen, 291.

<sup>18</sup> Garnier, 66.

<sup>19</sup> Gervase, 66. <sup>20</sup> Grim, 60; Roger, ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 160; Fitzstephen, 293; Garnier, 66.

<sup>21</sup> Garnier, 66, 70. <sup>22</sup> Gervase, Chron., 1412.

<sup>23</sup> Thorn's Chronicles, 1818.

<sup>24</sup> Gervase, Chron. 1414. <sup>25</sup> Garnier, 66.

<sup>26</sup> Fitzstephen, 296.

turned from that exile—it was now on a Tuesday that the fatal hour came<sup>c</sup>—and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—and on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated. Another omen was also remarked. He had told several persons in France that he was convinced he should not outlive the year,<sup>d</sup> and in two days the year would be ended.

That morning he attended mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings.<sup>e</sup> The dinner,<sup>f</sup> which took place in the great hall of his palace at three in the afternoon, was now over; the concluding hymn or 'grace' was finished;<sup>g</sup> and Becket had retired to his private room,<sup>h</sup> where he sat on his bed,<sup>i</sup> talking with his friends; whilst the servants, according to the practice which then prevailed, and which may still be seen in our old collegiate establishments, remained in the hall, making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with hay and straw, to accommodate those who could not find room on the benches;<sup>k</sup> and the crowd of beggars and poor,<sup>l</sup> who daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone<sup>m</sup> into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hall<sup>n</sup>—the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral,<sup>o</sup> they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cape, and tunic,<sup>p</sup> or coat of ordinary life.<sup>q</sup> One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them.<sup>r</sup> They were generally known as courtiers; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by

William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal,<sup>s</sup> who had just parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognised, he ran forward and gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them to the room where Becket sat. 'My lord,' he said, 'here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you.'<sup>t</sup> 'Let them come in,' said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even for those rough men, when they first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them, Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy, had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the King. He was still in the vigour of strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing;<sup>u</sup> and his tall figure,<sup>v</sup> though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of vestments which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sat or lay on the ground the monks or clerks of his household—amongst them, his faithful counsellor, John, Archdeacon of Salisbury, William Fitzstephen his chaplain, and Edward Grim, a Saxon monk, of Cambridge,<sup>w</sup> who had arrived but a few days before on a visit.

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sat next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning.<sup>x</sup> They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting exchanged in a whisper to the attendants who stood near the door,<sup>y</sup> and then marched straight to where the Archbishop sat, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clerks and monks who were reclining around. Radulf the archer sat behind them,<sup>z</sup> on the boards. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed steadfastly on each in silence,<sup>aa</sup> which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look mutely at each other, till Fitzurse,<sup>ab</sup> who throughout took the lead, replied, with a scornful expression, 'God help you!' Becket's face grew crimson,<sup>ac</sup> and he glanced round at their countenances,<sup>ad</sup> which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's speech. Fitzurse

\* Alan, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 377; Matthew Paris, 97. It was the fact of the 29th of December falling on a Tuesday that fixes the date of his death to 1170, not 1171. Gervase, Chron. 1414.

<sup>d</sup> Gervase, 70, b. 25. \* Anon. Lambeth, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 121; Roger, 169; Garnier.

<sup>f</sup> For the account of his dinners, see Herbert, 68, 64, 70, 71. \* Ibid., 70.

<sup>h</sup> Grim, 70; Benedict, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 55.

<sup>i</sup> Roger, 163.

<sup>k</sup> Fitzstephen, 189.

<sup>l</sup> Grim, 70; Fitzstephen, 294; Garnier, 66 (b).

<sup>m</sup> Grim, 70. \* Garnier, 66. \* Fitzstephen, 310.

<sup>n</sup> Gervase, 1415. \* Grim, 70; Roger, 161.

<sup>o</sup> Grim, 70; Anon. Lambeth, 120.

\* Guenea, 66, 67; Roger, 161; Grim, 60; Fitzstephen, 297.

<sup>t</sup> Garnier, 67. \* Herbert, 63. \* Fitzstephen, 184.

<sup>u</sup> Herbert, 336. \* Garnier, 67. \* Benedict, 55.

<sup>v</sup> Roger, 161; Garnier, 67. \* Roger, 161.

<sup>w</sup> Roger, 161.

<sup>x</sup> Roger, 161. \* Grim, 70; Garnier, 67.

<sup>y</sup> Roger, 161.

again broke forth,—‘We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private, or in the hearing of all.’ ‘As you wish,’ said the Archbishop. ‘Nay, as you wish,’ said Fitzurse.<sup>1</sup> ‘Nay, as you wish,’ said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop’s intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on.<sup>1</sup> Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when Becket, suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, ‘This must not be told in secret,’ and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks.<sup>2</sup> For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the crozier which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach.<sup>1</sup> The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King. These complaints, which are given by the various chroniclers in very different words, were three in number. ‘The King over the water commands you to perform your duty to the King on this side the water, instead of taking away his crown.’ ‘Rather than take away his crown,’ replied Becket, ‘I would give him three or four crowns.’<sup>m</sup> ‘You have excited disturbances in the kingdom, and the King requires you to answer for them at his court.’ ‘Never,’ said the Archbishop, ‘shall the sea again come between me and my church, unless I am dragged thence by the feet.’ ‘You have excommunicated the bishops, and you must absolve them.’ ‘It was not I,’ replied Becket, ‘but the Pope, and you must go to him for absolution.’ He then appealed, in language which is variously reported, to the promises of the King at their interview in the preceding July. Fitzurse burst forth, ‘What is it you say? You charge the King with treachery.’ ‘Reginald, Reginald,’ said Becket,<sup>n</sup> ‘I do no such thing; but I appeal to the archbishops, bishops, and great people, five hundred and more, who heard it, and you were present yourself, Sir Reginald.’ ‘I was not,’ said Reginald, ‘I never saw nor heard anything of the kind.’ ‘You were,’

said Becket, ‘I saw you.’<sup>o</sup> The knights, irritated by the dialogue, swore again and again, ‘by God’s wounds,’ that they had borne with him long enough.<sup>p</sup> John of Salisbury, the prudent counsellor of the Archbishop, who perceived that matters were advancing to extremities, whispered, ‘My lord, speak privately to them about this.’ ‘No,’ said Becket; ‘they make proposals and demands which I cannot and ought not to admit.’<sup>q</sup>

He, in his turn, complained of the insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. ‘They have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule’s tail, they have carried off the casks of wine that were the King’s own gift.’<sup>r</sup> It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four,<sup>s</sup> put in a milder answer: ‘Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages? Why did you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?’ The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him: ‘Hugh! how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man’s permission to avenge them. I will give to the King the things that are the King’s, but to God the things that are God’s. It is my business, and I alone will see to it.’<sup>t</sup> For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilized nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire;<sup>u</sup> they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him, gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, ‘You threaten us, you threaten us; are you going to excommunicate us all?’ One of the others added, ‘As I hope for God’s mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many already.’<sup>v</sup> The Archbishop also sprang from his couch,<sup>w</sup> in a state of strong excitement. ‘You threaten me,’ he said, ‘in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my lord the Pope.’<sup>x</sup> Foot to foot shall you find me

<sup>1</sup> Grim, 70; Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

<sup>2</sup> Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

<sup>1</sup> Roger, 161; Benedict, 55.

<sup>m</sup> Roger, 162; Benedict, 56; Garnier, 67.

<sup>n</sup> Grim, 71; Roger, 162; Garnier, 67. It was probably Tracy’s thought, as his was the confession generally known.

<sup>o</sup> Benedict, 56; Garnier, 68.

<sup>p</sup> He was remarkable for the tenacity of his memory, never forgetting what he had heard or learned. (Gervase, Chron.)

<sup>q</sup> Benedict, 59; Garnier, 68. <sup>r</sup> Benedict, 60.

<sup>s</sup> Roger, 162.

<sup>t</sup> Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415; Garnier, 68. <sup>u</sup> Benedict, 62. <sup>v</sup> Roger, 163, 164.

<sup>w</sup> Fitzstephen, 296. <sup>x</sup> Garnier, 68.

<sup>y</sup> Garnier, 68.

<sup>z</sup> Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415.



in the battle of the Lord.\* Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides, you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house.' He alluded to the fealty sworn to him as Chancellor, by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. 'There is nothing,' they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, 'there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King.'<sup>b</sup>

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and monks, with a few soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Archbishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, 'You who are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance, stand off.' They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, 'Guard him; prevent him from escaping.' The Archbishop said, 'I shall not escape.' On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them, saying, 'Come with us.' He called out to Becket, 'You see what they are doing with me.' 'I see,' replied Becket; 'this is their hour, and the power of darkness.' As they stood at the door they exclaimed, 'It is you who threaten;' and in a deep undertone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders.<sup>c</sup> With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable,<sup>d</sup> he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to release Fitz-Nigel;<sup>e</sup> then he implored the temperate Moreville to return<sup>f</sup> and repeat their message;<sup>g</sup> and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, 'Here, here you will find me.'<sup>h</sup>

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing another soldier as they went, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, 'To arms! to arms!' A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the houses where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword, 'King's men! King's men!' (Réaux—Réaux!) The

gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed, and in front of the wicket, which was left open, William Fitz-Nigel, and a soldier attached to the household of Charembald, Simon of Criol, kept guard on horseback.<sup>1</sup> The knights threw off their capes and coats under a large mulberry-tree in the garden,<sup>2</sup> appeared in their armour, and girt on their swords.<sup>3</sup> Fitzurse armed himself in the porch,<sup>4</sup> with the assistance of Robert Tibia, trencherman of the Archbishop.<sup>5</sup> Osbert and Algar, two of the servants, seeing their approach, shut and barred the door of the hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open.<sup>6</sup> But Robert de Broc, who had known the palace during the time of its occupation by his uncle Randolph,<sup>7</sup> called out, 'Follow me, gentlemen, I will show you the way;' and got into the orchard behind the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber between the hall and the Archbishop's bedroom. The wooden steps were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs.<sup>8</sup> Fitzurse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber,<sup>9</sup> broke through an oriel window which looked out on the garden,<sup>10</sup> entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, and opened the door to the assailants.<sup>11</sup> The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, re-seated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels,<sup>12</sup> in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his lifetime was not so different from the opinion which till lately prevailed, as we are sometimes asked to believe. 'It is wonderful, my Lord, that you never take any one's advice; it always has been, and always is your custom to do and say what seems good to yourself alone.' 'What would you have me do, Dan John?'<sup>13</sup> said Becket. 'You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing as you do that these men only seek occa-

\* Benedict, 61.

<sup>b</sup> Fitzstephen, 296; Grim, 72; Anon. Passio Quinta, 174. <sup>c</sup> Fitzstephen, 296. <sup>d</sup> Garnier, 69.

<sup>e</sup> Fitzstephen, 296. <sup>f</sup> Fitzstephen, 296.

<sup>g</sup> Benedict, 62; Garnier, 69.

<sup>h</sup> Grim, 72; Roger, 163; Garnier, 69 (though he places this speech earlier).

<sup>1</sup> Fitzstephen, 298.

<sup>2</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672. <sup>3</sup> Garnier, 70.

<sup>4</sup> The porch of the hall, built by Langton about fifty years later, still in part remains. There is a similar porch, in a more complete state, the only fragment of a similar hall, adjoining the palace at Norwich. <sup>5</sup> Fitzstephen, 297, 298.

<sup>6</sup> Fitzstephen, 298; Roger, 165.

<sup>7</sup> Roger, 165; Benedict, 63.

<sup>8</sup> Grim, 73; Fitzstephen, 298; Garnier, 70.

<sup>9</sup> Roger, 165; Garnier, 70. <sup>10</sup> Garnier, 70.

<sup>11</sup> Benedict, 63; Garnier, 70.

<sup>12</sup> Fitzstephen, 298; Benedict, 62.

<sup>13</sup> Roger, 164; Garnier, 69.

sion to kill you.' 'I am prepared to die,' said Becket. 'We are sinners,' said John, 'and not yet prepared for death; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you.' The Archbishop answered, 'Let God's will be done.'<sup>a</sup> The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. 'Let them arm,' said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall, and the crash of a wooden partition in the passage from the orchard, announced that the danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants.<sup>a</sup> These united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. 'No,' he said; 'fear not; all monks are cowards.'<sup>b</sup> On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service.<sup>c</sup> Partly forced, partly persuaded by the argument, he rose and moved, but seeing that his crozier was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and called for it.<sup>d</sup> His proper crossbearer, Alexander the Welshman, had, as we have seen, left him for France<sup>e</sup> two days before, and the cross was, therefore, borne by one of his clerks, Henry of Auxerre.<sup>f</sup> They first attempted to pass along the usual passage to the cathedral, which was through the orchard, to the western front of the church. But both court and orchard being by this time thronged with armed men,<sup>g</sup> they turned through a room which conducted to a private door,<sup>h</sup> that was rarely used, and which led from the palace to the cloisters of the monastery. One of the monks ran before to force it, for the key was lost. Suddenly the door flew open as if of itself, and in the confusion of the moment, when none had leisure or inclination to ask how so opportune a deliverance occurred, it was natural for the chroniclers to relate the story which is told, with one exception, in all the narratives of the period—that the bolt came off as though it had merely been fastened on by glue, and left their passage free.<sup>i</sup> The one exception is the account by Benedict, then a monk of the monastery, and afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and his version, compared with that of all the other historians, is

an instructive commentary on a thousand fables of a similar kind. Two cellarmen, he says, of the monastery,<sup>k</sup> Richard and William, whose lodgings were in that part of the building, hearing the tumult and clash of arms, flew to the cloister, drew back the bolt from the other side, and opened the door to the party from the palace. Benedict knew nothing of the seeming miracle, as his brethren were ignorant of the timely interference of the cellarmen; but both miracle and explanation would at the moment be alike disregarded. Every monk in that terrified band had but a single thought—to reach the church with their master in safety. The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared.<sup>l</sup> The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloisters, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade.<sup>m</sup> For a few steps he walked firmly on, with the crossbearer and the monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder either to see whether the gate was locked or else if his enemies were pursuing.<sup>n</sup> Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door called out, 'Seize him, and carry him.' Violently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed him from behind;<sup>o</sup> half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the southern and eastern cloister, crying out, 'Let me go, do not drag me.' Thrice they were delayed even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice<sup>p</sup> in the cloister itself, and once in the chapter-house, which opened out of its eastern side.<sup>q</sup> At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery.<sup>r</sup> Instantly the cathedral was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer—part fled into the numerous hiding places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept, to meet the little band at the door.<sup>s</sup> 'Come in, come in!' ex-

<sup>a</sup> Garnier, 69.

<sup>b</sup> Roger, 164; Benedict, 62; Garnier, 70.

<sup>c</sup> Garnier, 70. <sup>d</sup> Roger, 165; Fitzstephen, 298.

<sup>e</sup> Fitzstephen, 299.

<sup>f</sup> Fitzstephen, 299; Benedict, 64.

<sup>g</sup> Herbert, 380. <sup>h</sup> Fitzstephen, 299.

<sup>i</sup> Roger, 165. <sup>j</sup> Garnier, 71.

<sup>k</sup> Grim, 73; Roger, 166; Garnier, 71.

<sup>l</sup> Benedict, 64.

<sup>m</sup> Fitzstephen, 299.

<sup>n</sup> Fitzstephen, 299; Anon. Passio Quinta, 175.

<sup>o</sup> Garnier, 71. <sup>p</sup> Ibid., 71. <sup>q</sup> Roger, 166.

<sup>r</sup> Fitzstephen, 204. <sup>s</sup> Will. Cant., 82.

<sup>t</sup> Benedict, 64; Herbert, 380.

claimed one of them, 'come in, and let us die together.' The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, 'Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in.' They withdrew a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, 'What is it that these people fear?' One general answer broke forth, 'The armed men in the cloister.' As he turned and said, 'I shall go out to them,' he heard the clash of arms behind.<sup>1</sup> The knights had just forced their way through the door from the palace to the monastery, and were advancing along the northern side of the cloister. They were in mail, with their vizors down, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets.<sup>2</sup> Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, 'Here, here, king's men!' Immediately behind followed four other knights,<sup>3</sup> and a motley group—some their own followers, some from the town—with weapons, though not in armour, brought up the rear.<sup>4</sup> At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the great door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars.<sup>5</sup> A loud knocking was heard from the terrified band without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church.<sup>6</sup> Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling as he went, 'Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle.'<sup>7</sup> With his own hands he thrust them from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, 'Come in, come in—faster, faster!'<sup>8</sup>

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung round him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. Even John of Salisbury, his tried and faithful counsellor, escaped with the rest.

Three only remained—Robert, canon of Mer-ton, his old instructor; William Fitzstephen (if we may believe his own account), his lively and worldly-minded chaplain; and Edward Grim, the Saxon monk,<sup>9</sup> who had joined his household only a few days, but who had been with him once before, on the memorable day when he signed the Constitutions of Clarendon, and had ventured to rebuke him for the act. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels to which a door then, as now, opened immediately from the spot where he stood; the other was the chapel of St. Blaise in the roof, itself communicating with the triforium of the cathedral, and to which there was a ready access through a staircase cut in the thickness of the wall at the corner of the transept.<sup>10</sup> But he positively refused. A last resource remained to the staunch trio who formed his body guard. They urged him to ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led from the transept.<sup>11</sup> They no doubt considered that the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket gave way, as when he left the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such at least was the impression on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his predecessors from time immemorial had been enthroned.<sup>12</sup> But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe must have been compressed in action within a few minutes. The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church.<sup>13</sup> It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering round, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps that burned before the altars. The twilight,<sup>14</sup> lengthening from the shortest day, which was a fortnight before, was just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects, though not enough to show any one distinctly. The transept in which the knights found themselves was in the same relative position as the existing portion of the

<sup>1</sup> Garnier, 74.

<sup>2</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672. \* Garnier, 71.

<sup>3</sup> Fitzstephen, 300.

<sup>4</sup> Herbert, 331; Benedict, 65.

<sup>5</sup> Anon. Lambeth, 121. Herbert (381) describes the knocking, but mistakingly supposes it to be the knights. <sup>6</sup> Garnier, 71. <sup>7</sup> Benedict, 65.

<sup>8</sup> Fitzstephen, 301.

\* Fitzstephen, 301.

<sup>9</sup> Roger, 166.

<sup>10</sup> Anon. Lambeth, 121; Gervase, Chron., 43.

<sup>11</sup> Fitzstephen 301.

<sup>12</sup> The 29th of December of that year corresponded (by the change of style) to our 4th of January.

cathedral, still known by the name of the 'Martyrdom,' which it obtained within five years after the primate's death. Its arrangements, however, much more closely resembled those which we now see in the corresponding transept on the southern side.<sup>k</sup> Two staircases led from it, one on the east to the northern aisle, one on the west, to the entrance of the choir. At its south-west corner, where it joined the nave, was the little chapel and altar of the Virgin. Its eastern apse was formed by two chapels, raised one above the other; the upper in the roof, containing the relics of St. Blaise, the first martyr whose bones had been brought into the church, and which gave to the chapel a peculiar sanctity; the lower containing<sup>l</sup> the altar of St. Benedict, under whose rule from the time of Dunstan the monastery had been placed. Before and around this altar were the tombs of four Saxon and two Norman archbishops. In the centre of the transept was a pillar, supporting a gallery leading to the chapel of St. Blaise,<sup>m</sup> and hung at great festivals with curtains and draperies. Such was the outward aspect, and such the associations, of the scene which now, perhaps, opened for the first time on the four soldiers, though the darkness, coupled with their eagerness to find their victim, would have prevented them from noticing anything more than its prominent features. At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending (as would appear from this circumstance) the eastern staircase.<sup>n</sup> Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. They could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps,<sup>o</sup> and one of the knights called out to them, 'Stay.' Another demanded, 'Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?' to which no answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step,<sup>p</sup> and still unable to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, 'Where is the Archbishop?' Instantly the answer came—'Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?'<sup>q</sup>—and

from the fourth step,<sup>r</sup> which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head, apparently a gesture of some significance to the monks who remembered it,<sup>s</sup> he descended to the transept. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing<sup>t</sup> by him took up his station between the central pillar<sup>u</sup> and the massive wall which still forms the south west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict.<sup>x</sup> Here they gathered round him, with the cry, 'Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated.' 'I cannot do other than I have done,' he replied, and turning<sup>y</sup> to Fitzurse, he added—'Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?' Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer, 'You<sup>z</sup> shall die,—I will tear out your heart.' Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming, 'Fly; you are a dead man.'<sup>bb</sup> 'I am ready to die,' replied the prelate, 'for God and the Church, but I warn you in the name of God Almighty to let my men escape.'<sup>cc</sup>

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were<sup>dd</sup> rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church.<sup>ee</sup> Fitzurse threw down the axe,<sup>ff</sup> and tried to drag him out by the collar of his cloak,<sup>gg</sup> calling, 'Come with us—you are our prisoner.' 'I will not fly, you detestable fellow,'<sup>hh</sup> was the reply of the Archbishop, roused to his usual vehemence. The four knights, to whom was now added a sub-deacon, Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc, chaplain of Robert de Broc,<sup>ii</sup> struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders;<sup>jj</sup> but Becket set his back against the pillar,<sup>kk</sup> and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim<sup>ll</sup> threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and, exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement.<sup>mm</sup> Fitzurse rejoined the fray, with a

<sup>r</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72.

<sup>s</sup> Grim, 75; Roger, 166.

<sup>t</sup> Fitzstephen, 301; Garnier, 72.

<sup>u</sup> Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.

<sup>x</sup> Matt. Paris, 104. <sup>y</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672.

<sup>z</sup> Will. Cant., 82. <sup>aa</sup> Grim, 79; Garnier, 72.

<sup>bb</sup> Roger, 166. <sup>cc</sup> Grim, 75, 76; Roger, 166.

<sup>dd</sup> Garnier, 72; Anon. Passio Quinta, 176; Fitzstephen, 301; Grim, 76; Roger, 166.

<sup>ee</sup> Anon. Lamb., 122; Fitzstephen, 302.

<sup>ff</sup> Grim, 76. <sup>gg</sup> Fitzstephen, 302; Benedict, 86.

<sup>hh</sup> Garnier, 72. <sup>ii</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672.

<sup>jj</sup> Roger, 166; Garnier, 71. <sup>kk</sup> Roger, 166.

<sup>ll</sup> Garnier, 72, 73. 1.

<sup>mm</sup> Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.

<sup>nn</sup> Benedict, 86; Roger, 166; Gervase, Act. Pont.,

<sup>k</sup> Garnier, 72. i. 74 (b. 11). For the ancient arrangements of 'the martyrdom' we refer the reader to the admirable account of Canterbury Cathedral by Professor Willis, pp. 18, 40, 71, 96.

<sup>l</sup> It may be mentioned, as an instance of Hume's well known inaccuracy, that he represents Becket as taking refuge 'in the church of St. Benedict,' evidently thinking, if he thought at all, that it was a parish church dedicated to that saint.

<sup>m</sup> Garnier, 79, b. 19. <sup>n</sup> Garnier, 72, b. 5.

<sup>o</sup> Garnier, 72, 9. <sup>p</sup> Garnier, 72, 10

<sup>q</sup> Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72.

drawn sword, and, as he drew near, Becket gave full vent to his anger; the spirit of the Chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse<sup>c</sup> epithet not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, exclaimed, 'You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me.' Fitzurse, roused to frenzy, retorted—'I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the King,' and waving the sword over his head, cried, 'Strike, strike!' (Ferez, ferez), but merely dashed off the prelate's cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said,<sup>d</sup> 'I commend myself to God, to St. Denys of France, to St. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church.' Meanwhile Tracy, who, since his fall, had thrown off his hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward and struck<sup>e</sup> a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, 'Spare this defence.' The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken;<sup>f</sup> and he fled disabled to the<sup>g</sup> nearest altar, probably that of St. Benedict within the chapel. It is a proof of the confusion of the scene, that Grim the receiver of the blow, as well as most of the narrators, believed it to have been dealt by Fitzurse, while Tracy, who is known to have been<sup>h</sup> the man from his subsequent boast, believed that the monk whom he had wounded was John of Salisbury. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder,<sup>b</sup> cutting

through the clothes and skin. The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head,<sup>c</sup> which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain he said—'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim,<sup>d</sup> who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—'For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die.' Without moving hand or foot,<sup>e</sup> he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), 'Take<sup>f</sup> this for love of my Lord William, brother of the King.' The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head<sup>g</sup>—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement.<sup>h</sup> Hugh of Horsa, the subdeacon who had joined them as they

1173; Herbert, 381. All but Herbert believe this to have been Fitzurse, but the reference of Herbert to Tracy's confession is decisive.

<sup>c</sup> 'Lenonem appellans,' Roger, 167; Grim, 66. It is this part of the narrative that was so ingeniously, and, it must be confessed, not altogether without justice, selected as the ground of the official account of Becket's death, published by King Henry VIII, and which represented him as having fallen in a scuffle with the knights, in which he and they were equally aggressors.

<sup>d</sup> Grim, 66.

<sup>e</sup> Grim, 66; Roger, 167; Garnier, 73.

<sup>f</sup> Garnier, 73. These are in several of the accounts made his last words (Roger, 267; Alan, and Addit. to John of Salisbury, p. 376); but this is clearly the moment when they were spoken.

<sup>g</sup> Garnier, 73.

<sup>h</sup> The words in which this act is described in almost all the chronicles have given rise to a curious mistake:—'*Brachium Edwardi Grim ferè abscedit.*' By running together these two words, later writers have produced the name of 'Grimfere.' Many similar confusions will occur to classical scholars. In most of the mediæval pictures of the murder, Grim is represented as the crossbearer, which is an error. The acting crossbearer, Henry of Auxerre, had doubtless fled.

<sup>a</sup> Will. Cant., 32.

<sup>b</sup> Fitzstephen, 303; Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73.

<sup>c</sup> Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73.

<sup>c</sup> Will. Cant., 32.

<sup>d</sup> Grim, 66.

<sup>e</sup> Gervase, Chron., 2466.

<sup>f</sup> Fitzstephen, 303.

<sup>g</sup> Grim, 77; Roger, 167; Passio Quinta, 177.

<sup>h</sup> Benedict, 66. For the pavement being marble, see Benedict, 66, and Garnier, 79, b. 19. Baronius (vol. xix. p. 379) calls it '*lapideum pavementum.*' A spot is still shown in Canterbury Cathedral, with a square piece of stone said to have been inserted in the pavement in the place of a portion taken out and sent to Rome. That the spot so marked is precisely the place where Becket fell, is proved by its exact accordance with the localities so minutely described in the several narratives; and that a piece was taken to Rome by the legates in 1173, and deposited in Sta. Maria Maggiore, is also well authenticated (see Baronius, vol. xix. 396). But whether the flagstones now remaining are really the same, must, we fear, remain in doubt. The piece sent to Rome is ascertained, after diligent inquiry, to be no longer in existence. Another story states that Benedict, when appointed Abbot of Peterborough in 1177, being vexed at finding that his predecessor had pawned or sold the relics of the abbey, returned to Canterbury, and carried off, amongst other memorials of St. Thomas, the stones of the pavement which had been sprinkled with his blood, and had two altars made from them for Peterborough Cathedral. Still, as the whole floor must have been flooded, he may have removed only those adjacent to the flagstones from which the piece was taken—a supposition with

entered the church,<sup>1</sup> taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. 'Let us go—let us go,' he said in conclusion; 'the traitor<sup>k</sup> is dead; he will rise no more.'<sup>l</sup>

This was the final act. One only of the four knights had struck no blow. Hugh de Moreville throughout retained the gentler disposition for which he was distinguished, and contented himself with holding back at the entrance of the transept the crowds who were pouring in through the nave.<sup>m</sup>

The murderers rushed out of the church, through the cloisters, into the palace. Tracy, in a confession made long afterwards to Bartholomew Bishop of Exeter, said that their spirits, which had before been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, gave way when the deed was perpetrated, and that they retired with trembling steps, expecting the earth to open and swallow them up.<sup>n</sup> Such, however, was not their outward demeanour, as it was recollected by the monks of the place. With a savage burst of triumph<sup>o</sup> they ran, shouting, as if in battle, the royal watchword<sup>p</sup>—'The King's men, the King's men!' wounding, as they went, a servant of the Archdeacon of Sens for lamenting the murdered prelate.<sup>q</sup> Robert de Broc, as knowing the palace, had gone before to take possession of the private apartments. There they broke open the desks and writing-cases, and seized many papal bulls, charters,<sup>r</sup> and other documents, which Randolph de Broc sent to the King. They then traversed the whole of the palace, plundering gold and silver vases;<sup>s</sup> the magnificent vestments and utensils employed in the services of the church; the furniture and books of the monks' rooms, and, lastly, the horses from the stables, on which Becket had prided himself to the last.<sup>t</sup> The amount of plunder was estimated by Fitzstephen at 2000 marks. To their great surprise they found two hair-cloths among the effects of the Archbishop, and threw them away. As the murderers left the cathedral, a tremendous storm of

thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick darkness<sup>u</sup> upon the scene of the dreadful deed.

The crowd was every instant increased by the multitudes flocking in from the town on the tidings of the event. There was still at that moment, as in his lifetime, a strong division of feeling—horror was expressed, not at the murder, but at the sacrilege; and Grim overheard even one of the monks declare that the Primate had paid a just penalty for his obstinacy,<sup>v</sup> and was not to be lamented as a martyr. Others said, 'he wished to be king, and more than king—let him be king, let him be king.'<sup>w</sup>

At last, however, the cathedral was cleared, and the gates shut;<sup>x</sup> and for a time the body lay entirely deserted. It was not till the night quite closed in that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entered with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, and cut off a piece of his shirt to bind up the frightful gash on the head. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance: a smile still seemed to play on the features—the colour on the cheeks was fresh—and the eyes were closed as if in sleep.<sup>y</sup> The top of the head, wound round with Osbert's shirt, was bathed in blood, but the face was marked only by one faint streak that crossed the nose from the right temple to the left cheek.<sup>z</sup> Underneath the body they found the axe which Fitzurse had thrown, and a small iron hammer, brought, apparently, to force open the door; close by were lying the two fragments of Le Bret's broken sword, and the Archbishop's cap, which had been struck off in the beginning of the fray. All these they carefully preserved. The blood, which, with the brains, were scattered over the pavement, they collected and placed in vessels; and as the enthusiasm of the hour increased, the bystanders, who already began to esteem him a martyr, cut off pieces of their clothes to dip in the blood, and anointed their eyes with it. The cloak and outer pelisse, which were rich with sanguinary stains, were given to the poor—a proof of the imperfect apprehension as yet entertained of the value of these relics, which a few years afterwards would have been literally worth their weight in gold, and

which the present appearance of the flagstone remarkably corresponds.

<sup>1</sup> Benedict (66) ascribes this to Brito; the anonymous *Passio Quinta* (177) to Fitzurse; Herbert (345) to Robert de Broc.

<sup>k</sup> Fitzstephen, 308; Roger, 268; Benedict, 67; Garnier, 74. <sup>l</sup> Grim, 78.

<sup>m</sup> Roger, 108; Grim, 77; Garnier, 74.

<sup>n</sup> Herbert, 351. <sup>o</sup> Grim, 79.

<sup>p</sup> Garnier, 74, b 1; Grim, 79; Roger, 168; Fitzstephen, 305. <sup>q</sup> Garnier, 75.

<sup>r</sup> Garnier, 74. <sup>s</sup> Fitzstephen, 305; Garnier, 75.

<sup>t</sup> Herbert, 352.

<sup>u</sup> Fitzstephen, 314.

<sup>v</sup> Grim, 79, 80.

<sup>w</sup> Will. Cant., 38.

<sup>x</sup> Grim, 67.

<sup>y</sup> Benedict, 68.

<sup>z</sup> Roger, 169.

<sup>aa</sup> Benedict, 68.

which were then sold for some trifling sum.<sup>a</sup>

After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flights of steps which led from the transept through the choir—'the glorious choir,' as it was called, 'of Conrad'—to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted—and probably, therefore, on this great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the body to catch any drops of blood that might<sup>d</sup> fall, and the monks sat weeping around.<sup>e</sup> The aged Robert, canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the martyred prelate, which hitherto had been only known to himself, as the confessor of the ascetic dignitary, and to Brun the valet.<sup>f</sup> In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garment and showed the monk's habit and hair-cloth shirt which he wore next his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch. Up to that moment there had been a jealousy of the elevation of the gay chancellor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The primacy involved the abbacy of the cathedral monastery, and the primates therefore had been, with two exceptions, always chosen from the monks. The fate of these two had, we are told, weighed heavily on Becket's mind. One was Stigand, the last Saxon archbishop, who ended his life in a dungeon, after the conquest; the other was Elsey, who had been appointed in opposition to Dunstan, and who, after having triumphed over his predecessor Odo by dancing on his grave, was overtaken by a violent snow-storm in passing the Alps, and, in spite of the attempts to resuscitate him by plunging his feet in the bowels of his horse, was miserably frozen to death. It now for the first time appeared that Becket, though not formally a monk, had virtually become one by his secret austerities. The transport of the fraternity on finding that he had been one of themselves, was beyond all bounds. They burst at once into thanksgivings, which resounded through the choir; fell on their knees; kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, and called him by that name of 'Saint Thomas' by which he was so long known to the European world. At the sound of the shout of joy there was a general rush to the choir, to see the saint in sackcloth who

had hitherto been known as the chancellor in purple and fine linen.<sup>h</sup> A new enthusiasm was kindled by the spectacle; Arnold, a monk, who was goldsmith to the monastery, was sent back, with others, to the transept to collect in a basin any vestiges of the blood and brains now become so precious; and benches were placed across the spot, to prevent its being desecrated by the footsteps of the crowd.<sup>i</sup> This perhaps was the moment that the great ardour of the citizens first began for washing their hands and eyes with the blood. One instance of its application gave rise to a practice which became the distinguishing characteristic of all the subsequent pilgrimages to the shrine. A citizen of Canterbury dipped a corner of his shirt in the blood, went home, and gave it, mixed in water, to his wife, who was paralytic, and who was said to have been cured. This suggested the notion of mixing the blood with water, which, endlessly diluted, was kept in innumerable vials, to be distributed to the pilgrims;<sup>k</sup> and thus, as the palm<sup>l</sup> was a sign of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a scallop-shell of a pilgrimage to Compostello, so a vial or bottle became the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.<sup>1</sup>

Thus passed the night; and it is not surprising that in<sup>m</sup> the red glare of an Aurora Borealis, which, after the stormy evening, lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace, like that at Rome after the murder of Rossi, should fancy that they saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven; or that, as the wax-lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sate round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised in the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers.<sup>n</sup>

Early in the next day a rumour or a message came to the monks that Robert de Broc forbade them to bury the body among the tombs of the archbishops, and that he threatened to drag it out, hang it on a gibbet, tear it with horses, cut it to pieces,<sup>o</sup> or throw it into some pond or sink to be devoured by swine or birds of prey, as a fit portion for the corpse of his master's enemy. 'Had St. Peter so dealt with the King,' he said, 'by the body of St. Denys, if I had been there I would have driven my sword into his skull.'<sup>p</sup> They

<sup>a</sup> Benedict, 68.

<sup>d</sup> Benedict, 69.

<sup>e</sup> Roger, 168; Garnier, 76, 10.

<sup>f</sup> Garnier, 45.

<sup>g</sup> Herbert, 327.

<sup>h</sup> Fitzstephen, 308; Gervase, Chron., 1416.

<sup>i</sup> Fitzstephen, 308.

<sup>k</sup> Fitzstephen, 308.

<sup>l</sup> Garnier, 78.

<sup>m</sup> Fitzstephen, 304.

<sup>n</sup> Anon. Passio Quinta, 156.

<sup>o</sup> Fitzstephen, 309; Anon. Lambeth, 134; Benedict, 69; Roger, 168; Herbert, 327; Grim, 81; Garnier, 76.

<sup>p</sup> Garnier, 76.



accordingly closed<sup>a</sup> the doors, which apparently had remained open through the night to admit the populace, and determined to bury the corpse in the crypt. Thither they carried it, and in that venerable vault proceeded to their mournful task, assisted by the Abbot of Boxley and the Prior of Dover, who had come to advise with the Archbishop about the vacancy of the Priory at Canterbury. A discussion seems to have taken place whether the body should be washed, according to the usual custom, which ended in their removing the clothes for the purpose. The mass of vestments in which he was wrapt is almost incredible, and appears to have been worn chiefly for the sake of warmth, and in consequence of his naturally chilly temperament. First, there was the large brown mantle, with white fringes of wool; below this there was a white surplice, and again below this a white fur garment of lamb's wool. Next these were two short woollen pelisses, which were cut off with knives and given away, and under these the black cowed garment of the Benedictine<sup>c</sup> order, and the shirt<sup>d</sup> without sleeves or fringe that it might not be visible on the outside. The lowermost covering was the haircloth, which had been made of unusual roughness, and within the haircloth was the warning<sup>e</sup> letter he had received on the night of the 27th. The existence of the penitential garb had been pointed out on the previous night by Robert of Merton; but, as they proceeded in their task, their admiration increased. The haircloth encased the entire body, down to the knees; the hair drawers,<sup>f</sup> as well as the rest of the dress, being covered on the outside with linen, that it might escape observation; and the whole so fastened together as to admit of being readily taken off for his daily scourgings,<sup>g</sup> of which yesterday's portion was still apparent in the stripes on his body.<sup>h</sup> Such austerity had hitherto been unknown to English saints, and the marvel was increased by the sight<sup>i</sup>—to our notions so revolting—of the innumerable vermin with which the haircloth abounded,—boiling over with them, as one account describes it, like water<sup>j</sup> in a simmering caldron. At the dreadful spectacle all the enthusiasm of the previous night revived with double ardour. They looked at each other in silent wonder; then exclaimed, 'See, see what a true monk he was, and we knew it not;' and burst into alternate fits of weeping and laughter, between the sorrow of

having lost such a head, and the joy of having found such a saint.<sup>b</sup> The discovery of so much mortification, combined with the more prudential reasons for hastening the funeral, induced them to abandon the thought of washing a corpse already, as it was thought, sufficiently sanctified, and they at once proceeded to lay it out for burial.

Over the haircloth, linen shirt, monk's cowl, and linen hose,<sup>c</sup> they put first the dress in which he was ordained, and which he had himself desired to be preserved<sup>d</sup>—namely, the alb, superhumeral, chrismatic, mitre, stole, and mapula; and, over these, according to the usual custom in Archiepiscopal funerals, the Archbishop's insignia, namely, the tunic, dalmatic, chasuble, the pall with its pins, the chalice, the gloves, the ring, the sandals, and the pastoral staff<sup>e</sup>—all of which, being probably kept in the treasury of the cathedral, were accessible at the moment. Thus arrayed he was laid by the monks—amongst whom was the chronicler Gervase—in a new marble sarcophagus<sup>f</sup> which stood in the ancient crypt,<sup>g</sup> immediately at the back of the shrine of the Virgin,<sup>h</sup> between the altars of St. Augustine and St. John the Baptist.<sup>i</sup> The remains of the blood and brains were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt closed against all entrance.<sup>j</sup> No mass was said over the Archbishop's grave,<sup>k</sup> for from the moment that armed men had entered, the church was supposed to have been desecrated: the pavement of the cathedral<sup>l</sup> was taken up; the bells ceased to ring; the walls were divested of their hangings; the crucifixes were veiled; the altars stripped, as in Passion week; and the services were conducted without chanting<sup>m</sup> in the chapter-house. This desolation continued till the next year, when Odo the Prior, with the monks, took advantage of the arrival of the Papal legates, who came to make full inquiry into the murder, to request their influence with the bishops to procure a re-consecration. The task was intrusted<sup>n</sup> to the Bishops of Exeter and Chester; and on the 21st of De-

<sup>b</sup> Roger, 169; Garnier, 77, b. 80.

<sup>c</sup> Fitzstephen; Benedict, 70; Matt. Paris, 104.

<sup>d</sup> Garnier, 77.

<sup>e</sup> Grim, 82; Anon. Passio Tertia, 156; Anon. Passio Quinta, 178.

<sup>f</sup> Grim, 82; Benedict, 70; Gervase, Chron, 1417.

<sup>g</sup> Benedict, 70; Addit. ad Alan, 377; Matt. Paris, 104.

<sup>h</sup> Fitzstephen, 309; Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673.

<sup>i</sup> Alan, 338; Fitzstephen, 311; M. Paris, 105; Garnier, 75. The arrangements of this part of the crypt were altered within the next fifty years; but the spot is still ascertainable.

<sup>j</sup> Gervase, Chron, 1417. <sup>k</sup> Fitzstephen, 310;

M. Paris, 45; Diceto, 558.

<sup>l</sup> Diceto, 558.

<sup>m</sup> Gervase, 1421.

<sup>n</sup> Gervase, Chron, 1417.

<sup>a</sup> Gervase, Chron., 1417.

<sup>b</sup> Matt. Paris, 104. <sup>c</sup> Garnier, 77; Herbert, 330.

<sup>d</sup> Fitzstephen, 203; Roger, 169; Benedict, 20.

<sup>e</sup> Garnier, 76.

<sup>f</sup> Anon. Passio Tertia, 156.

<sup>g</sup> Garnier, 77.

<sup>h</sup> Roger, 169; Fitzstephen.

<sup>i</sup> Roger, 169.

ember, the Feast of S. Thomas the Apostle, 1171, Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, again celebrated mass, and preached a sermon on the text, 'For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed' my soul.'

Within three years the popular enthusiasm was confirmed by the highest authority of the Church. In 1172 legates were sent by Alexander III. to investigate the alleged miracles, and they carried back to Rome the tunic stained with blood, and a piece of the pavement on which the brains were scattered—relics which were religiously deposited in the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore.\* In 1173 a Council was called at Westminster to hear letters read from the Pope, authorising the invocation of the martyr as a saint. All the bishops who had opposed him were present, and, after begging pardon for their offence,<sup>1</sup> expressed their acquiescence in the decision of the Pope. In the course of the same year, he was regularly canonized, and the 29th of December was set apart as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

A wooden altar, which remained unchanged through the subsequent alterations and increased magnificence of the Cathedral, was erected on the site of the murder, and in front of the ancient stone wall of St. Benedict's Chapel. It was this which gave rise to the mistaken tradition, repeated in books, in pictures, and in sculptures, that the prelate was slain while praying at the altar.<sup>2</sup> It remained till the time of Erasmus, who saw it, with the fragments of Le Bret's sword placed upon it, from which it derived its name of the 'Altare ad punctum ensis.' The crypt in which the body had been laid so hastily and secretly became the most sacred spot in the church, and, even after the 'translation' of the relics, in 1220, to the upper church, continued to be known down to the time of the Reformation as 'Becket's'

Tomb,' and was visited by pilgrims with a reverence only second to that with which they regarded the shrine itself. The history of the Shrine is a distinct chapter in the eventful story.

It remains for us now to follow the fate of the murderers. On the night of the deed the four knights rode to Saltwood, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace, whence, as we have seen, he brought or sent the threatening message to the monks on the morning of the 30th. They vaunted their deeds to each other, and it was then that Tracy claimed the glory of having wounded John of Salisbury. The next day they rode forty miles to one of the archiepiscopal palaces, and ultimately proceeded to Knaresborough Castle, a royal fortress then in possession of Hugh de Moreville, where they remained for a year.<sup>3</sup>

From this moment they disappear for a time in the black cloud of legend with which the monastic historians have enveloped their memory. Dogs, it was pretended, refused to eat the crumbs that fell from their table.<sup>4</sup> Struck with remorse, they went to Rome to receive the sentence of Pope Alexander III., and by him were sent to expiate their sins in the Holy Land. Moreville, Fitzurse, and Brito—so the story continues—after three years' fighting, died, and were buried, according to some accounts, in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, according to others, in front of the church of Montenegro,<sup>5</sup> with an inscription over their graves,—

'Hic jacent miseri qui martyrisaverunt  
Beatum Thomam Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem.'

Tracy alone, it was said, was never able to accomplish his vow. The crime of having struck the first blow<sup>6</sup> was avenged by the winds of heaven, which always drove him back. He was at last seized at Cosenza in Apulia with a dreadful disorder, which caused him to tear his flesh from his bones, and there he died miserably, after having made his confession to the Bishop of the place. His fate was long remembered

\* M. Paris, 106.

<sup>1</sup> Baronius, xix. 396. A fragment of the tunic and portions of the brain tied up in small blue bags are still shown in the reliquary of this church at Rome. The stone, as we have said, has long since disappeared. A tooth of the Saint is shown at the Church dedicated to him at Verona, a hand at Florence, and part of the arm in the Chapel of the English College at Rome.

<sup>2</sup> M. Paris, 106.

<sup>3</sup> The gradual growth of the story is curious:—1. The posthumous altar of the martyrdom is represented as standing there at the time of his death. 2. This altar is next confounded with the altar within the chapel of St. Benedict. 3. This altar is again transformed into the High Altar. And, 4. In these successive changes the furious altercation is converted into an assault on an unprepared and saintly worshipper, kneeling before the altar.

<sup>4</sup> See Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, i. 28.

<sup>5</sup> Brompton, 1064; Diceto, 557.

<sup>6</sup> Brompton, 1064.

<sup>7</sup> Baronius, xix. 399. The legend hardly aims at probabilities. What the 'Church of the Black Mountain' may be we know not; but any one who knows anything of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will remember that its front is, and always must have been, a square of public resort to all the pilgrims of the world, where no tomb either of murderer or saint could have ever been placed.

<sup>8</sup> 'Primus percussor,' Baronius, xix. p. 399.

among his descendants in Gloucestershire, and gave rise to the distich that—

‘The Tracys  
Have always the wind in their faces.’

Such is the legend. The real facts are curiously at variance with it, and show how little trust can be placed in this entire class of mediæval traditions. By a singular reciprocity the principle for which Becket had contended—that priests should not be subjected to the secular courts—prevented the trial of a layman for the murder of a priest by any other than a clerical tribunal. The consequence was, that the perpetrators of what was thought the most heinous crime since the Crucifixion could be visited with no other penalty than excommunication. That they should have performed a pilgrimage to Palestine is in itself not improbable, but they seem before long to have recovered their position. Even within the first two years of the murder they were living at court on familiar terms with the king, and constantly joined him in the pleasures of the chase.<sup>d</sup> Moreville, who had been justice itinerant in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland at the time of the murder, was discontinued from his office the ensuing year; but in the first year of King John he is recorded as paying twenty-five marks and three good palfreys for holding his court so long as Helwise his wife should continue in a secular habit. He procured about the same period a charter for a fair and market at Kirk Oswald,<sup>e</sup> and died shortly afterwards, leaving two daughters.<sup>f</sup> The sword he used at the murder is stated by Camden to have been preserved in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and it is now said to be attached to his statue at Brayton Castle. Tracy was, within four years from the murder, justiciary of Normandy; was present at Falaise in 1174, when William King of Scotland did homage to Henry II., and in 1176 was succeeded in his office by the Bishop of Winchester. He died and was buried at Morthoe in Devonshire, where he had estates, still known by the name of Woolacombe Tracy. Hence, perhaps, his selection of Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, as his confessor. The tomb which is shown as his grave seems really to be that of the clergyman of the parish in the fourteenth century, called *Sir William de Tracy*, according to the custom of those times.<sup>h</sup> There is, however, a memorial of his con-

nexion with the murder in the ruins which still remain of the Priory of Woodspring, on the banks of the Bristol Channel. This priory was founded by William de Courtney, descendant of Tracy, in honour of the Trinity, the Virgin, and *St. Thomas of Canterbury*.<sup>i</sup> Fitzurse is said to have gone over to Ireland, and there to have become the ancestor of the M'Mahon family in the north of Ireland—M'Mahon being the Celtic translation of Bear's son.<sup>k</sup> On his flight, the estate which he held in the Isle of Thanet, Berham of Berham Court, lapsed to his kinsman Robert of Berham—Berham being, as it would seem, the English, as M'Mahon was the Irish version, of the name Fitzurse.<sup>l</sup> His estate of Willeton, in Somersetshire, he made over, half to the knights of St. John the year after the murder, probably in expiation—the other half to his brother Robert, who built the chapel of Willeton.<sup>kk</sup> The descendants of the family lingered for a long time in the neighbourhood under the same name, successively corrupted into Fitzour, Fishour, and Fisher. The family of Bret or Brito was carried on through his daughter Maud, who gave lands to the Priory of St. Thomas, at Woodspring, and his granddaughter Aliee, who in 1238 continued the benefaction, in the hope ‘that the intercession of the glorious martyr might never be wanting to her and her children.’<sup>l</sup>

The figures of the murderers may be seen in representations of the martyrdom, which on walls, or in painted windows, or ancient frescoes, have survived the attempted extermination of all the monuments of the traitor Becket by King Henry VIII. Sometimes three, sometimes four are given, but always so far faithful to history, that Moreville is stationed aloof from the massacre. Two vestiges of such representations still remain in Canterbury Cathedral. One is a painting on a board, now greatly defaced, and kept near the tomb of King Henry IV., over which it formerly stood. It is engraved in Carter's *Ancient Sculptures*, and, through the help of the engraving, the principal figures can still be dimly discerned. There is the common mistake of making the Archbishop kneel at the altar, and of representing Grim as the bearer of the cross. The knights are carefully distinguished from one another. Fitzurse, with two bears on his coat—for they are usually discriminated by their armorial bearings—is depicted as inflicting the fatal stroke. Bret, with boars' heads, and

<sup>d</sup> Foss's *Judges*, i. 279, 280. <sup>e</sup> Gervase, 1422.

<sup>f</sup> Leyton's *Cumberland*, p. 127.

<sup>g</sup> Fuller's *Worthies*.

<sup>h</sup> Polehill's *History of Devonshire*.

<sup>i</sup> Collinson's *Somersetshire*, iii. 514.

<sup>k</sup> Fuller's *Worthies*. <sup>l</sup> Harris's *Kent*, 313.

<sup>kk</sup> Collinson's *Somersetshire*, iii. 487.

<sup>l</sup> Collinson's *Somersetshire*, iii. 543.

Tracy, in red and yellow armour, appear each to have already dealt a blow. Moreville, distinguished by fleurs-de-lis, stands apart, and on the ground lies the cap of their victim stained with blood. The other is a sculpture over the south porch, where Erasmus states that he saw the figures of 'the three murderers,' with their names of 'Tuscius, Fuscus, and Berrus,' underneath. These figures have disappeared; and it is as difficult to imagine where they could have stood, as it is to explain the origin of the names they bore; but in the portion which remains there is a representation of an altar surmounted by a crucifix, placed between figures of St. John and the Virgin, and marked as the altar of the martyrdom—'altare ad punctum ensis,'—by sculptured fragments of a sword, which lie at its foot.<sup>m</sup>

But the great expiation still remained. The King had gone from Bur to Argenton, a town situated on the high table-land of southern Normandy. There the news first reached him, and he instantly shut himself up for three days, refused all food<sup>n</sup> except milk of almonds, rolled himself in sackcloth and ashes, vented his grief in frantic lamentations, and called God to witness that he was in no way responsible for the Archbishop's death, unless that he loved him too little.<sup>o</sup> He continued in this solitude for five weeks, neither riding, nor transacting public business, but exclaiming again and again, 'Alas! alas! that it ever happened.'<sup>p</sup>

The French King, the Archbishop of Sens, and others, had meanwhile written to the Pope denouncing Henry in the strongest language as the murderer, and calling for vengeance upon his head.<sup>q</sup> What all expected was an excommunication of the King, and an interdict of the kingdom. Henry, as soon as he was roused from his retirement, sent off as envoys to Rome the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Worcester, and others of his courtiers, to avert the dreadful penalties by announcing his submission. The Archbishop of Rouen returned on account of illness, and Alexander III., who occupied the Papal See, and who, after long struggles with his rival, had at last got back to Rome, refused to receive the rest. He was, in fact, in the eyes of Christendom, not wholly guiltless

himself, in consequence of the lukewarmness with which he had fought Becket's fights; and it was believed that he, like the King, had shut himself up on hearing the news as much from remorse as from grief. At last, by a bribe of 500 marks,<sup>r</sup> an interview was effected on the heights of ancient Tusculum—not yet superseded by the modern Frascati. Two Cardinals, Theodore Bishop of Portus, and Albert Chancellor of the Papal See, were sent to Normandy to receive the royal penitent's submission,<sup>s</sup> and an excommunication was pronounced against the murderers on Maundy Thursday,<sup>t</sup> which is still the usual day for the delivery of Papal maledictions. The worst of the threatened evils—excommunication and interdict—were thus avoided; but Henry still felt so insecure, that he crossed over to England, ordered all the ports to be strictly guarded to prevent the admission of the fatal document, and refused to see any one who was the bearer of letters.<sup>u</sup> It was during this short stay that he visited for the last time the old Bishop of Winchester,<sup>v</sup> Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen, well known as the founder of the beautiful hospital of St. Cross, when the dying old man added his solemn warnings to those which were resounding from every quarter with regard to the deed of blood. From England Henry crossed St. George's Channel to his new conquests in Ireland, and it was on his return from the expedition that the first public expression of his penitence was made at the Council held by the legates at Avranches, in Normandy.

The great Norman cathedral of that beautiful city stood on what was perhaps the finest situation of any cathedral in Christendom—on the brow of the high ridge which sustains the town of Avranches, and looking over the wide bay, in the centre of which stands the sanctuary of Norman chivalry and superstition, the majestic rock of St. Michael, crowned with its fortress and chapel. Of this vast cathedral one granite pillar alone has survived the storm of the French Revolution, and that pillar marks the spot where Henry performed his first penance for the murder of Becket. It bears an inscription with these words:—"Sur cette pierre, ici, à la porte de la cathédrale d'Avranches, après le meurtre de Thomas Becket, Archevêque de Cantorbéry, Henry II., Roi d'Angleterre et Duc de Normandie, reçut à genoux, des légats du Pape, l'absolution apostolique, le Dimanche, xxii Mai, MCLXXII."

The council was held in the church on Ascension-day. On the following Sunday the

<sup>m</sup> Perhaps the most singular deviation from historical truth in the pictorial representations of the murder is to be found in the modern altar-piece of the church of St. Thomas, which forms the chapel of the English college at Rome. The saint is represented in a monastic garb on his knees before the altar of a Roman Basilica; and behind him are the three knights, in complete classical costume, brandishing daggers like those of the assassins of Cæsar.

<sup>n</sup> Vita Quadrip., p. 143.

<sup>o</sup> M. Paris, 125.

<sup>p</sup> Vita Quadrip., 144.

<sup>q</sup> Brompton, 1064.

<sup>r</sup> Gervase, 1418.

<sup>s</sup> Brompton, 1068.

<sup>t</sup> Gervase, 1418.

<sup>u</sup> Diesto, 566.

<sup>v</sup> Gervase, 1418.

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King swore on the Gospels that he had not ordered or wished the Archbishop's murder; but that, as he could not put the assassins to death, and feared that his fury had instigated them to the act, he was ready on his part to make all satisfaction—adding, of himself, that he had not grieved so much for the death of his father or mother.<sup>7</sup> He next swore adhesion to the Pope, restitution of the property of the see of Canterbury, and renunciation of the customs of Clarendon; and further promised, if the Pope required, to go a three-years' crusade to Jerusalem, or Spain, and to support 200 soldiers for the Templars.<sup>8</sup> After this he said aloud, 'Behold, my Lords Legates, my body is in your hands; be assured that whatever you order, whether to go to Jerusalem, or to Rome, or to St. James (of Compostella), I am ready to obey.' The spectators, whose sympathy is usually with the sufferer of the hour, were almost moved to tears.<sup>9</sup> He was thence led by the legates to the porch, where he knelt, but was raised up, brought into the church, and reconciled. The young Henry, at his father's suggestion, was also present, and, placing his hand in that of Cardinal Albert,<sup>10</sup> promised to make good his father's oath. The Archbishop of Tours was in attendance, that he might certify the penance to the French king.

Two years passed again, and the fortunes of the King grew darker and darker with the rebellion of his sons. It was this which led to the final and greater penance at Canterbury. He was conducting a campaign against Prince Richard in Poitou when the Bishop of Winchester arrived with the tidings that England was in a state of general revolt. The Scots had crossed the border, under their King; Yorkshire was in rebellion, under the standard of Mowbray; Norfolk, under Bigod; the midland counties, under Ferrers and Huntingdon; and the Earl of Flanders and Prince Henry were meditating an invasion of England from Flanders. All these hostile movements were further fomented and sustained by the revival of the belief, not sufficiently dissipated by the penance at Avranches, that the King had himself been privy to the murder of the saint who had now been canonized, and whose fame and miracles were increasing year by year. It was on Midsummer-day that the Bishop found the King at Bonneville.<sup>11</sup> So many messages had been daily despatched, and so much importance was attached to the character of the Bishop of Winchester, that the Normans, on seeing his arrival, exclaimed, 'The next thing that the

English will send over to fetch the King will be the Tower of London itself!"<sup>12</sup> Henry saw at once the emergency. That very day, with Eleanor, Margaret, his son and daughter John and Joan, and the princesses, wives of his other sons, he set out for England. He embarked, in spite of the threatening weather, and ominous looks of the captain. A tremendous gale sprang up, and the King uttered a public prayer on board the ship, that, "if his arrival in England would be for good, it might be accomplished; if for evil, never."

The wind abated, and he arrived at Southampton on Monday, the 8th of July.<sup>13</sup> From that moment he began to live on the penitential diet of bread and water, and deferred all business till he had fulfilled his vow. He rode to Canterbury with speed, avoiding towns as much as possible, and on Friday, the 12th of July, approached the sacred city by the usual road from London over the Forest of Blean. The first view of the central tower, with the gilded angel at the summit, was just before he reached the ancient village and hospital of Harbledown. This hospital or leperhouse, now venerable with the age of seven centuries, was then fresh from the hands of its founder Lanfranc. Whether it had yet obtained the relic of the saint—the upper leather of his shoe, which Erasmus saw, and which remained in the almshouse almost down to our own day—does not appear; but they halted there, as was the wont of all pilgrims,<sup>14</sup> and made a gift of 40 marks to the little church. And now, as he climbed the steep road beyond the hospital, and descended on the other side of the hill, the whole view of the cathedral burst upon him, rising, not indeed in its present proportions, but still with its three towers and vast front, and he leaped off his horse, and went on foot to the outskirts of the town. Here, at St. Dunstan's<sup>15</sup> church, he paused again, entered the edifice with the prelates who were present, stripped off his ordinary dress, and walked through the streets in the guise of a penitent pilgrim—barefoot, and with no other covering than a woollen shirt, and a cloak thrown over it to keep off rain.<sup>16</sup>

So, amidst a wondering crowd—the rough stones of the streets marked with the blood that started from his feet—he reached the cathedral. There he knelt as at Avranches, in the porch, then entered the church and went straight to the scene of the murder in the north transept. Here he knelt again, and kissed the sacred stone on which the Arch-

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

<sup>8</sup> The chroniclers have made a confusion between June and July; but *July* is right.—Hoveden, 308. <sup>9</sup> Garnier, 79. <sup>10</sup> Garnier, 79.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid., 71. He was present.

<sup>12</sup> Diceto, 557. <sup>13</sup> Alan., in *Vita Quadrip.*, 147.

<sup>14</sup> Gervase, 1422.

<sup>15</sup> Alan., *Vita Quadrip.*, 147, 148.

<sup>16</sup> Diceto, 576.

bishop had fallen, the prelates standing round to receive his confession. Thence he was conducted to the crypt, where he again knelt, and with groans and tears kissed the tomb, and remained long in prayer. At this stage of the solemnity Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London—the ancient opponent and rival of Becket—addressed the monks and bystanders, announcing to them the King's penitence for having by his rash words unwittingly occasioned the perpetration of a crime of which he himself was innocent, and his intention of restoring the rights and property of the church, and bestowing 40 marks yearly on the monastery to keep lamps burning constantly at the martyr's tomb.<sup>1</sup> The King ratified all that the bishop had said, requested absolution, and received a kiss of reconciliation from the prior. He knelt again at the tomb, removed the rough cape or cloak which had been thrown over his shoulders, but still retained the woollen shirt to hide the hair-cloth<sup>2</sup> which was visible to near observation next his skin, placed<sup>3</sup> his head and shoulders in the tomb, and there received five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, beginning with Foliot,<sup>4</sup> who stood by with the 'balai' or monastic rod in his hand, and three<sup>5</sup> from each of the eighty monks. Fully absolved, he resumed his clothes, but was still left in the crypt—on the bare ground, with bare<sup>6</sup> feet still unwashed from the muddy streets, and passed the whole night fasting. At early matins he rose and went round the altars and shrines of the upper church, then returned to the tomb, and finally, after hearing mass, set off, with one of the usual phials of Canterbury pilgrims, containing water mixed with the martyr's blood, and rode to London, which he reached in a week.<sup>7</sup>

So deep a humiliation of so great a prince was unparalleled within the memory of that generation. The submission of Theodosius to Ambrose, of Louis the Debonnaire at Soissons, of Otho III. at Ravenna, of Edgar to Dunstan, of the Emperor Henry IV. to Gregory VII., were only known as matters of history. It is not surprising that the usual figure of speech by which the chroniclers express it should be, 'the mountains trembled at the presence of the Lord'—'the mountain of Canterbury smoked before Him who touches the hills and they smoke.' The auspicious consequences were supposed to be immediate. The king had arrived in London on Sunday, and was so completely exhausted by the effects of the long day and night at Canterbury, that

he was seized with a dangerous fever. On the following Thursday,<sup>8</sup> at midnight, the guards were roused by a violent knocking at the gates. The messenger, who announced that he brought good tidings, was reluctantly admitted into the King's bedroom. The King, starting from his sleep, said, 'Who art thou?' The lad answered, 'I am the boy of your faithful Count Ralph of Glanville, and I come to bring you good tidings.' 'Is our good Ralph well?' asked the King. 'He is well,' answered the boy; 'and he has taken your enemy the King of the Scots prisoner at Richmond.' The King was thunderstruck; the boy repeated his message, and produced the letters confirming it.<sup>9</sup> The King leaped from his bed, and returned thanks to God and *St. Thomas*.<sup>10</sup> The victory had taken place on the very Saturday on which he had left Canterbury,<sup>11</sup> after having made his peace with the martyr.<sup>12</sup> On that same Saturday the fleet with which his son had intended to invade England from Flanders<sup>13</sup> was driven back, and he returned to France.<sup>14</sup>

Thus ended this great tragedy. Its effects on the constitution of the country, and on the religious feeling not only of England but of Europe, would open a new field on which we have no intention to enter. It is enough if, from the narrative we have given, a clearer notion can be formed of that remarkable event than is to be derived from the works either of his professed apologists or professed opponents—if the scene can be more fully realized, the localities more accurately identified, the man and his age more clearly understood. If there be any who still regard Becket as an ambitious and unprincipled traitor, plotting for his own aggrandisement against the welfare of the monarchy, they will perhaps be induced, by the account of his last moments, to grant to him the honour, if not of a martyr, at least of an honest and courageous man, and to believe that such restraints as the religious awe of high character, or sacred place and office,

<sup>1</sup> Garnier, 80.

<sup>2</sup> Gervase, Chron., 1427. <sup>3</sup> Ibid. <sup>4</sup> Grim, 86.

<sup>5</sup> Brompton, 1095. The effect of this story is heightened by Gaufridus Vosiensis (Script. Rer. Franc., 443), who speaks of the announcement as taking place in Canterbury cathedral, after mass was finished.

<sup>6</sup> Brompton, 1096.

<sup>7</sup> M. Paris, p. 130.

<sup>8</sup> A lively representation of Henry's penance is to be seen in Carter's Ancient Sculptures (p. 50). The King is represented as kneeling, crowned but almost naked, before the shrine. Two great officers, one bearing the sword of State, stand behind him. The monks in their black Benedictine robes are defiling round the shrine, each with a large rod in his hand directed towards the bare shoulders of the King.

<sup>1</sup> Grim, 86.

<sup>2</sup> Garnier, 80.

<sup>3</sup> Newburgh alone (118, 1) represents the penance as having taken place in the chapter-house, doubtless as the usual place for discipline.

<sup>4</sup> Grim, 86.

<sup>5</sup> Diceto, 575.

<sup>6</sup> Garnier, 80.

<sup>7</sup> Grim, 86.

laid on men like Henry and his courtiers, are not to be despised in any age, and in that lawless and cruel time were almost the only safeguards of life and property. If there be any who are glad to welcome or stimulate attacks, however unmeasured in language or unjust in fact, against bishops and clergy, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, in the hope of securing the interests of Christian liberty against priestly tyranny, they may take warning by the reflection, that the greatest impulse ever given in this country to the cause of sacerdotal independence was the reaction produced by the horror consequent on the deed of Fitzurse and Tracy. Those, on the other hand, who, in the curious change of feeling that has come over our age, are inclined to revive the ancient reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, as the meek and gentle saint of holier and happier times than our own, may, perhaps, be led to modify their judgment by the description, taken not from his enemies but from his admiring followers, of the violence, the obstinacy, the furious words and acts, which deformed even the dignity of his last hour, and well nigh turned the solemnity of his 'martyrdom' into an unseemly brawl. They may learn to see in the brutal conduct of the assassins—in the abject cowardice of the monks—in the unchristian mortifications and the unchristian passions of Becket himself—how little ground there is for that paradise of faith and love which some modern writers find for us in the age of the Plantagenet kings.<sup>d</sup> And for those who believe that an indiscriminate maintenance of ecclesiastical claims is the best service they can render to God and the Church, and that opposition to the powers that be is enough to entitle a bishop to the honours of a saint and a hero, it may not be without instruction to remember that the Constitutions of Clarendon, which Becket spent his life in opposing, and of which his death procured the repeal, are now incorpo-

rated in the English law, and are regarded without a dissentient voice as among the wisest and most necessary of English institutions; that the especial point for which he surrendered his life was not the independence of the clergy from the encroachments of the Crown, but the personal and now forgotten question of the superiority of the see of Canterbury to the see of York; and, lastly, that the wretched superstitions of which the shrine of St. Thomas became the centre ended by completely alienating the affections of thinking men from his memory, and rendering the name of Becket a by-word of reproach as little proportioned to his real deserts as had been the reckless veneration paid to it by his worshippers in the middle ages.

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ART. III.—*Louis XVII., sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. de Beauchesne. 2 vols. Paris. 1852.

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these '*Faux-Dauphins*,' but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools* and *dupes*. Not one of those cases appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal of M. A. de Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant

<sup>d</sup> One of the ablest of Becket's recent apologists (Oxanan, *Les Deux Chanceliers*), who combines with his veneration for the Archbishop that singular admiration which almost all continental Catholics entertain for the late 'Liberator' of Ireland, declares that on O'Connell, if on any character of this age, the mantle of the saint and martyr has descended. Perhaps the readers of our narrative will think that, in some respects, the comparison of the Frenchman is true in another sense than that in which he intended it. So fixed an idea has the similarity become in the minds of foreign Roman Catholics, that in a popular life of St. Thomas, published as one of a series at Prague, under the authority of the Archbishop of Cologne, the concluding moral is an appeal to the example of 'the most glorious of laymen,' as Pope Gregory XVI. called Daniel O'Connell, who as a second Thomas strove and suffered for the liberties of his country and his church.



records of the public offices which had any connexion with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought secondhand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbours and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found; for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgy, and of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple, and in the *Mémoires Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interesting summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes, and, though he occasionally cites them, he does not acknowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in an historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoulé* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

*'For twenty years I shut myself up in that tower—I lived in it—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it.'*—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Buonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says,—

*'I have repeopled it—I have listened to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have read from the writings on the walls the complaints, the pardons, the farewells!—I have heard the echoes repeating these wailings.'*—*Ib.*

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative, but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more inte-

resting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat of both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy and, to France, disgraceful episode in her history—the Captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution), he became heir-apparent to the throne, but, in fact, heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune, and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity; to his family he seemed a little angel—to the Court a wonder—to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to, M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.\*

Within *two hours* after the death of the first Dauphin (on the 4th of June, 1789), the Revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the Royal authority, but of the ordinary dictates of humanity, and the first feelings of nature. The Chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrow. When the deputation was announced, the King answered that this recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day*. They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the

\* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816 by M. Tirolier under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented a *lily broken by the storm*, with the legend, *Cécité et Jos.*—Turgy, 314.

people : the King still requested to be spared : the demagogues were obstinate—and to a third and more peremptory requisition the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking—‘Are there then *no fathers* among them?’

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the Guards, and led the Royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace-prison of the Tuileries, till the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy and sent them prisoners to the Temple—an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1212, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchesne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry’s work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike ‘the tower of Julius, London’s lasting shame,’ and stood like it in a large inclosure of inferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was, in truth, only the ‘Hotel’ of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d’Artois. Here the Royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed that they were to be lodged—the King even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and, above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighbouring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless, perhaps, the King) had ever set eyes on it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the King he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower, it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep*—the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the Queen, after the King’s death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, ‘*Nothing can hurt me now.*’ This portion of the tower had in latter times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbour; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the Archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of the archivist, that the Royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure; bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the King in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment :

‘I was led across the court to the door of the tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stair so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, echoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying.’

Considerable works were also undertaken

for external security. The towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pallay*, by the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of these works a remark of the young Prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pallay was the person employed to raise the walls, the Prince is reported to have observed that '*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*'\* The observation, though obvious enough, seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by M. Hue as his own in a note in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the Dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the Royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which, from first to last, they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessities of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society—that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to

the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the *Commune* or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Convention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent members their individual election. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its modest *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the Government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues that family was implicitly delivered over—they it was that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named *from amongst themselves* all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to insure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even Committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and chandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *Commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the Commune, and they all—and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads—were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

'Assensere omnes; et quæ sibi quisque timebat.  
Unius in miseri exitum conversa tulere.  
Jamque dies infanda aderat!'

\* It is worth observing that at the taking of the Bastille on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them *innocent*, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no state prisoner. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the fifth year of liberty, the prisons of Paris contained 8918 prisoners: to this number must be added 2637, who had passed in the preceding year from the prisons to the scaffold. When Buonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a state prison, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

But the *infanda dies*—the 21st January—in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October—nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal—nor Robespierre from the 9th Thermidor!

To the usurped, but conceded supremacy

of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its members, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

*‘Commune de Paris, 29th Sept. 1792, the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.*

Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form among themselves, the Council General of the Commune feel it their imperious duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the evasion of those traitors: they therefore decree—

- ‘1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.
- ‘2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*).
- ‘3. That the valet-de-chambre shall be placed in confinement.
- ‘4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.
- ‘5. That this decree shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de la bouche*). In a word, the Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do whatever their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these hostages.

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of escape? In virtue of this decree the King was removed that night to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one), where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the King. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately over the King's. On the 26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother's to his father's apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy—they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, when, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of Commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners *day and night* with increased insolence and rigour. At last, on the 11th December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother—the King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even his patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction: that Assembly, on the 1st December, came to a resolution allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, *the Commune would not obey it*. This was conclusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration ‘that the King might, till the definite judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that *they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt*.’ The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the King was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the Queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes in *his text* the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

‘My father, at the moment of parting from us for ever, made us promise never to think of aveng-

ing his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, "My son, you have heard what I have said; but as an *oath* has something more sacred than words, *hold up your hand and swear* that you will accomplish the last wish of your father." My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours.'—p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the King—as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son—but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the *text* as *directly* from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to '*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel.*' But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this *ceremony of an oath* is an *embroidery* on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 200.\*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend—his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves), that he exhibited both fear and fury—struggled with his executioner, and endeavoured to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend, the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing *in extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

\* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of '*Royal Memoirs*,' in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting '*Account of what passed in the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin.*'

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (*three weeks only after the execution*), there appeared this anecdote:—

'When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold' (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), "I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost*' (*je suis perdu*)!" This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated—namely that "the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning"—shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity—but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant.'—i. 479.

We—who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only *break of his fast* was by the reception of the Holy Communion—are dispensed from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

'Paris, 20 Feb., 1793, 1st year of the French Republic.

'CITIZEN—A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis, Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that that was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice. [The Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity.] Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him

that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, "*People, I die innocent.*" Then turning round to us, he said, "Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people."

'These, Citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred at the foot of the scaffold turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissors.]

'And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

'You may be assured, Citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honour to be your fellow Citizen,—SANSON.'

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died, *within six months*, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did not die soon after the King's death, nor even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mem. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab. c. 102*), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806. M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the same class. He says that Sanson left by his will a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record his horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a

few months of the King's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the reign of Louis XVII. His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short, he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the *Commune* a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

'*Commune of Paris, Sitting of the 25th Jan. 1793.*

'The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of *Madame Première* [to distinguish the young Princess from *Madame Elizabeth*], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see her child, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because it knows nobody of the name of "*Madame Première*."—ii. p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the Queen first saw her children in it, she said, 'My poor children, you will wear it long, but I for ever;' and she never after left her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was therefore

much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another *converted* municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by Hôbert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three Municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the Temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth watched over, and endeavoured by their charitable care and consolations to soothe the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new Commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little Prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard\* by name, who had lately been selected to conduct the King to the scaffold, saw in this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, 'I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them.' (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden blinds (*adats-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded but

laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:—

'Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that little Capet is sick, Resolved that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other.'—ii. p. 51.

The date prefixed to the resolution is worthy of its contents. '10 Mai, 1793; 2de de la République, 1er de la Mort du Tyran.' It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, however, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honour. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and, for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had *never* recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general Government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the Temple to the discretion of the Commune; but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of 'the son of Capet' from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*), to be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o'clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six Commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The Queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they at-

\* He was guillotined with Robespierre.



tempted to take him clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on.

'At last one of the Commissaries said, "It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard." Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—"No, for God's sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow." No answer. The Queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower, where she might still see him. One of the Commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyans* the Queen—"We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What! you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us." The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The Commissaries began to lose patience. At last the Queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and without a tear or sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—"My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and your father will look down from heaven and bless you." Having said this, she kissed him and handed him to the Commissaries: one of whom said—"Come, I hope you have done with your sermonising—you have abused our patience finely." "You might have spared your lesson," said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—"Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education."—and the door closed!"—ii. p. 71.

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He has traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditional details related at an interval of fifty years by the gossip of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence: Anthony Simon, of the age (in 1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings,

which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, afterwards *de l'Ecole de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighbourhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of Tutor to the young King. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill favoured. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the Commune, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the tutor of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of *never* losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of never quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatsoever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had those communications with her neighbours as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valeat quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were '*animal*,'—'*viper*,'—'*toad*,'—'*wolf-cub*,' garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young King and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the Tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommensurable for the custody of the son. For the first two days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread—refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his 'mother.' He

could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated, but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied: for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little Savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harpe*, with the gracious speech, 'Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsichord—you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket.' The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows—blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued, with a courage and intelligence above his age—which only produced new violence—to insist on being restored to his 'mother.' A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Menchoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief: they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue: 'Citizens,' asked the Guardian,

'What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub (*louveteau*)? He has been brought up to be insolent—I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink (*crever*) under it—so much the worse for him—but after all what do you mean to do with him?—to banish him?—Answer. No! To kill him?—No! To poison him?—No! But what then?—To get rid of him! (*S'en débarrasser*).'

\* The Memoirs published, in 1824, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M. Turgu, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchêne repeats. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority—indeed of none, except when, as in this case, his evidence may tell against himself.

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note—'*He was not killed—nor banished—but they got rid of him.*' The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother:—

'They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves—at last Drouet [note the choice of *Drouet* as spokesman to the Queen] said, "We are come to see whether you want anything." "I want my child," said the Queen. "Your son is taken care of," replied Drouet; "he has a patriot preceptor, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own." "I complain of nothing, Sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justness of my complaint."

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the Queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king's resistance was inflexible—he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him,—nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest—she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother—they must be removed—Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him—it tamed him more than blows could do, and by and by, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing

the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the Queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted), she caught a sight of her beloved boy, but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction—he was not in mourning for his father—he had on the Carماغ्नole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment, Simon was out of humour, and the Queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the Commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the Queen to the *Conciergerie*—the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The Queen well knew she was going to death—she knew she left her son in the hands of Simon—she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation—she leaves *her* in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived—though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the Queen was sent to the *Conciergerie*, Chaumette—the organ of the Commune—directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was—a little *guillotine*. Such toys the police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toymen had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their cus-

tomers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the Commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first of the Members of the Council of the Commune who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model—he was guillotined on the 18th of April following—a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present!

In the meanwhile the demoralisation of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons—he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of '*getting rid of him*,' but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The Queen's trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining—by what terror or violence who can tell?—the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Daunjon under Hébert's dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame's own account of this extraordinary inquisition:—

'They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt's examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken: they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me energy and strength of mind.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

Although the three victims were examined separately, yet the boy was made to sign each of the three depositions. M. de Beau-

chesne states that they were not even read over to him. It is pretty certain that he was incapable of understanding them. The best commentary, indeed, on these documents, is that of the poor Queen herself, who says in her testamentary letter to Madame Elizabeth—also accused in these horrible depositions:

‘I have now to speak to you on a subject most painful to my heart. I know how much that poor boy must have distressed you. Forgive him, my dear sister, recollect how young he is, and how easy it is to put what one pleases into a child’s mouth, even what he cannot comprehend. The day will come, I hope, when he will feel all your goodness and tenderness to him and his sister.’

It was under these auspices and influences that the Queen’s trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then at length Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury—not what we in England understand by a jury, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to them, according to the dictates of the public accuser—one of the jury, we say, observed to her that she had not replied to *that* point. On this challenge, she elevated with supreme dignity her head and her voice, and, turning from the Court to the audience, uttered these admirable words: ‘*I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.*’

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the President asked her whether she had anything to add. She said:—

‘For myself, nothing—for your consciences, much! I was a Queen, and you dethroned me—I was a wife, and you murdered my husband—I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me—I have nothing left but my blood—make haste to take it.’—ii. p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocution, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really made, this last was the only request ever granted to her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at eleven o’clock on that same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from

marking the fearful *retribution* which followed these infamous proceedings. Within *nine months* from the death of the Queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all—at least all whose fate is known—perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the Queen’s trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were, in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-opened door, and they saw nothing but the *hands* that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched, insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother’s fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the Queen’s death, 28th October, the boy made another declaration:—

‘That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple [in his former character of Commissary] in company with *Jobert*, Jobert had conveyed two notes to the Queen without Simon’s having seen them, and that this trick [espèglerie] made those ladies laugh very much at having deceived the vigilance of Simon. He, deponent, did not see the paper, but only that those ladies had told him so.

‘Before signing, he, little Capet, said, that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutait mieux les complots*).’

Insignificant as this deposition may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy’s deposition from his own mouth,—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name—but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for Jobert (unless there were two commissaries of the same name), so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal ladies, was of Simon’s own *clique*; and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, followed Robespierre to the scaffold in

the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of Jobert and his employers to *entrap* the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it up again seems hardly explicable, unless indeed it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *réduction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition—could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for he certainly would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of '*ces dames*' for the Princesses; it may therefore be safely concluded that the *réduction* was, to some extent at least, that of the Magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor Magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against Jobert. This Magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal*) was George Follope—aged 64—an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous patriot, and as such elected into the Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself as regarded the Princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot Jobert, and the use of the term '*ces dames*,' may have been attributed by his disappointed and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is that the next—and most unexpected—mention we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his '*accomplice*' Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des Condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition, especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child—equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth as in the former case. Indeed the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of even in that reign of insanity. The Princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either—and under these circumstances he was made, by a deposition dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

'That for the last fortnight or three weeks he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister]

knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the firewood was kept; that moreover he knows (*connait*), from the sound of their footsteps (which he distinguishes from the other noise), that during this time the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures: he thinks it may be *forged assignats* [!!!], but is not sure, and that they might pass them through the window to somebody.'—ii. 176.

He *knows* the noise was made by the prisoners and not by any one else—he can *distinguish* through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed towards their bedroom, it must be to hide something—he thinks *forged assignats*!—he thinks too they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to *somebody*—the only *bodies* in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observations and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 months old! Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was '*a little hard of hearing*'—but his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but *she* never mentioned it, though Simon states that 'for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council.'

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the Massacres and the Guillotine.

Meanwhile the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater rigour. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary-bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sung a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured suggestion was made as to

some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favourites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation he had some memory, or perhaps *dreamed*, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the superstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, 'I'll teach you to say your *Paternosters* and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*.' Nor was that all; he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavoured to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity: his neighbours thought him the Guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not

bear to appear amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the Commune, a national *fête* in honour of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thralldom. A 'self-denying ordinance' of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option, resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the '*échafaud vengeur*' of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan., 1794, the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, 'Capet, I know not when I may see you, again.' Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the '*load*.' But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The Committees of Government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavour to obtain from the *force of things* (*la force des choses*) that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded: he was confined to a single room, where Cléry had slept during the King's life; it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was inclosed by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the ante-room opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the

young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

'he may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison—like a young fawn that had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters.'—ii. p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

'Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting anything, and everything, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him, and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked, as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 256.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young King, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single

one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects, had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.

But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendently innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of colour (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 266); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant, fact that in the *original* edition of *Madame Royale's* narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But, whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assembled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers—

'with a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.\* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood *first* on the list of 25]. All the women, as they left the cart, asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died

\* There were executed at the same time Madame de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Crussol, de l'Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canizy, de Cerey, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.



with all the resignation of the purest piety.'—*Royal Mem.* p. 262.

Madame Royal did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers—'she was gone elsewhere for change of air;' when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told 'they would consider it.'

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned, Madame Royale's account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry—a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview.

'One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me: he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired.'—*ib.* 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important date, and adds a remarkable circumstance:—

'The day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth—that is, 11th May—Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written—

"My brother is ill. I have written to the Convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The Convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand."—*ib.* 219.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used; but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, considering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne:—

'The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals: they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap

and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels, which I had read over and over.'

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander-in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the Commissaries of the Commune—(most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold)—and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated: he was indeed noted in his district for his *patriotism*, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favourable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of *Josephine*, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some Municipals who were still in authority; they closely scrutinised his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o'clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the 'little Capet.' They had explained in general terms the way in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, 'Capet! Capet!' Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurent saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the Municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. An-

ther visit next morning had the same results; he child would neither speak nor show himself, though Laurent had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurent made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the *Committee de Sécurité Générale* came to conduct it:—

‘They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened: it seemed there were no means of doing so. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down (*enlevée*), and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI. could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and farrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trowsers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of grey and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding, over which black spiders were running. . . . At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them: he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food boy had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it? Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose grey hairs and paternal one seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, “*Because I want to die!*” These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him.”—ii.26

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *moreover*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame

Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Mémoires de Lombard* we find Barras's own account of his visit. He confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank—he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trowsers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints ‘prodigiously swollen and livid.’ Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, ‘after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!’ He adds indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to *get rid of him* (*se débarrasser de lui*); so to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off.’ The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, ‘was the last I saw of him.’ (*Mém. de Lombard*, p. 147, 150.) M. de Beauchesne's authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras's having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras's own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne's narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted, and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but

ameliorations to which the most odious convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigours of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except at his meal-times, and always then in the presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception—on his way to the leads he had to go by the wicket that conducted to what had been his *mother's* apartment: he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her *Mémoires*, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influence of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in the presence of the two guardians and a Municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical insults of the latter. These Commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of

Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk or some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup, with a '*small bit*' of its *bouilli*, and some *dry* vegetables (generally beans); a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good humoured, the guardians would endeavour to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in anything else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors, pried everywhere, gave his orders in a rough and imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner he exclaimed—

"Why this wretched food? If they were still at the Tuilleries I would assist to famish them out: but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?" Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, "Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don't see why the nation should remember it." Then turning to the guardians, "'Tis not his fault if he is his father's son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her children. So don't be harsh to him."—ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering sententious style, 'combining,' says M. de Beauchesne in his rhetorical way, 'the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fénelon.' Another of Delboy's phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues he declaimed against—

'those crafty hypocrites who do harm to others without making a noise—these are the kind of fellows who invented the *air-gun*.'

Such a voice had never before been heard

in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child's dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fenelon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

“Shall we ever meet again? I think not: our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognise each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honour never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity.”  
—*Id.*

The reign of this ‘*bourru bienfaisant*’ lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution ‘*de s’en défaire*.’

The daily change of Commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23rd February, 1795, the Commissary was one Leroux—a ‘*terroriste arriéré*’—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those ‘*plucked roitelets*’ looked without their feathers.’ When he entered Madame Royale’s room she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. ‘What!’ he cried, ‘is it the fashion here not to rise before the people?’ The Princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, ‘*Elle est fière comme l’Autrichienne*.’ When he visited the boy it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the son of the Tyrant—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin timidly ventured to produce Delboy’s charitable maxim, ‘that he could not help being the son of his father,’ they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. ‘Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters

should be strangled in their cradle!’ (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts ‘to the death of all tyrants,’ and the cards to play picquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at picquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—‘*Three tyrants*’—‘*Fourteen tyrants*.’ The queens were ‘*citoyennes*,’ and the knaves ‘*courtiers*.’ The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux’s Jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favourable result. Leroux had called for cards, and thereby authorised their introduction; and the child’s pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux’s departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself *for the rest of his life!* The next Commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin’s suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious Commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the Commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and indeed was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

‘the little Capet had tumours at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise.’

On this report a sub-committee of the Committee de *Sûreté Générale* were delegated to visit the child—it consisted of one *Harmand* (of the Meuse), who on the king’s trial voted for banishment, and *Mathieu* and *Reverchon*, who voted for death. These men found such a state of things that they thought (as Harmand him-

self afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living),

'that for the honour of the Nation, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of the Convention, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty Municipality of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee.'—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honour of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. Harmand's account of the affair was not published till after the Restoration (as M. de Beauchêne notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy), and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of Gomin, though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute *silence* of the child, from whom they, no more than the former Commissaries of the Commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence Harmand dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother—a statement which Gomin denies, and on his authority M. de Beauchêne distrusts Harmand's general veracity. We think unjustly. For though Gomin might contradict the unqualified statement of his never having spoken from that very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When Gomin first entered on his duties, 'Laurent foretold that he would not obtain a word from him,' which implies that he had not opened his lips to Laurent. The report of the Commune which preceded Harmand's visit also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; Harmand and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that Harmand's accuracy is in any degree im-

pugned by Gomin's secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this '*mutisme*' began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed it is certain that he never knew of his mother's death, but it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what maybe fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the '*son of the Tyrant*,' the '*roitelet*,' '*the king of La Vendée*,' and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew—the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. Gomin's timidity, not to say terror, of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child (Laurent and the Municipal of the day being absent at their club), he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at Gomin's countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on Gomin's face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry;—'No, no,' said Gomin, 'you know that that cannot be.' 'I must see Her!' said the child. 'Oh, pray, pray, let me see Her once again before I die!' Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—

and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his *mother*—he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after there was another sad scene. On the 23rd March, the Commissary of the day, one Collot, looking steadfastly at the child, exclaimed in a loud doctoral tone, 'That child has not six weeks to live!' Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, 'I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!' The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, '*Yet I never did any harm to anybody.*' (ii. 319.)

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme*; but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of everybody. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the 'son of the tyrant.' The Prince at parting squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him. His nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes, armed police, were sent, who *took* him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now *by trade* a master house-painter. He was an honest man, of the moderate republican party, with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, 'first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis the XVII. had died'—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a prin-

cipal witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,\* in October, 1880, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the Dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys, which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, '*And did you see me with my sword?*'†

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the Restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom he could barely recognise for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, *with his sword*, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, '*The little Capet is indisposed.*' No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms, '*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*' Still no notice. 'We must strike harder,' said the guardians; and now wrote that '*his life was in danger.*' This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder Dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise,

\* As this page is passing through the press we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Musée de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government, who desired no such result, paid no attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumours at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow: whether he wished to die, or was on the contrary afraid of poison, did not appear; but to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige him, the medicine was taken, and as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but aware that his words were watched (the doctor was never left alone with him), the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at 9 o'clock, the Commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the Revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, '*Sir*, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you.' Struck with the unusual appellation of '*Sir*,' and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, '*What sketch?*' '*Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you it would give me the greatest pleasure.*' '*It would please you?*' said the child, and a gracious smile authorised the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the Commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new Commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that '*it was needless—M. Desault died yesterday.*' A death so sudden and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures—the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by

his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances\* of the case gave a colour to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and, as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, '*the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty, of which there is no example.*' (*Roy. Mem.* 278.)

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—'*sent*,' says M. de Beauchesne, '*for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor*'—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the Commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick room, and the violent crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. '*If you have not authority,*' he said, '*to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room.*' The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, '*Don't speak so loud, for THEY might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them.*' They were his mother and aunt—who he thought were still living. The Commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself; the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight however of the sun and the freshness of the air through a large open window soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again locked up alone. On the morning of the 6th Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a

\* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates *officially* given to Desault's death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake, but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the deaths of the doctor and his patient from six days to three.



spoonful of tisan, and thinking him really better, dressed him and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room. '*Oh yes!*' he answered, 'with a faint, desponding smile, that went to all their hearts.' At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new Commissary, of the terrible name of *Hébert*, and worthy of it, arrived. 'Eh! how is this?' said he to the guardians; 'where is your authority for thus moving this *wolf-cub*?' 'We had no special directions,' replied Gomin, 'but the doctor ordered it.' 'How long,' retorted the other, 'have *barbers* (*carabins*) been the Government of the republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?' At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and to the new terrors which *Hébert's* threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day (8th June), consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes—he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, '*Still alone, and my mother in the other tower!*' But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th, as usual, he thought him better; the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise: and their bulletin, despatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long

time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. '*Be consoled,*' he replied, '*I shall not suffer long.*' Overcome by these words, Gomin kneeled down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

'And now,' says M. de Beauchesne, 'having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.'—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said, 'I hope you are not in pain.' '*Oh yes,*' he replied, '*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*' There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. 'Where do you hear the music?'—'*Up there.*' '*How long?*'—'*Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!*' And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, '*I hear my mother's voice amongst them!*' and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent; at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything? He replied, '*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*' He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne, '*I have something to tell you.*' Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard—the child was dead!

A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and of royalist opinions and connexions, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus* (atrophy, decay), the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate, the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, on the *Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the *heart*, and conveyed it in a napkin into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the *Restoration*) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, 'having handled it a thousand times, he easily recognised,' and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved *seventeen* stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in the churchyard of the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. re-

pose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy inclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighbourhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good reasons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the *Restoration* did not, in this narrow, secluded, and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angoulême. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the inclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancour of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

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ART. IV.—1. *Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints*. Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon. Paris. 1852.

2. *Bethlehem in Palestina*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1849.

3. *Golgotha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1851.

4. *Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1852.

By one of those sudden turns of history, which from time to time take the world by surprise, the whole attention of Europe, after an interval of more than five centuries, has once more been fixed on the 'Holy Places' of the Eastern world. That 'mournful and solitary silence' which, with the brief exception of 1799 and 1840, has for more than five hundred years 'prevailed along the shores' of Palestine, is once more broken by the sound of 'the world's debate,' by the mighty controversy which, beginning from the wrangles of Greek and Latin monks over the key of the Convent of Bethlehem, and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has

ow enclosed within its circle the statesmen of all the greatest powers in Europe.

Into that controversy we do not purpose to enter. To unfold its history at length, even without regard to those recent phases which are now embroiled the world, would require a volume. Yet a few words may suffice to put our readers in possession of the leading facts of the past on which it rests. The dispute of the 'Holy Places' is a result and an epitome of that Crusade within the Crusades which forms so curious an episode in that eventful drama. We are there reminded of what else we are apt to forget, that the chivalry of Europe were engaged, not only in the mighty conflict with the followers of Mahomet, but also in a constant under-struggle with the emperors of the great city they encountered in their midway progress. The capture of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth Crusade was but the same hard measure to the Byzantine Empire which on a smaller scale they had already dealt to the Byzantine Church, then, as now, the national Church of Palestine, as it is generally of the East. The Crusaders, by virtue of their conquest, occupied the Holy Places which had previously been in the hands of the Greeks; and the Greeks in turn, when the Crusaders were ultimately expelled by the Turks, took advantage of the influence of wealth and neighbourhood to regain from the conquerors that share in the sanctuaries of which the European princes had deprived them. Copt and Syrian, Georgian and Armenian, save, it is true, their own claims to maintain, as dissenters from the main Byzantine establishment from which they have successively separated. But the one standing conflict has always been between the descendants of the crusading invaders, supported by France or Spain, and the descendants of the original Greek occupants, supported by the great Northern Power which assumes to have succeeded to the name and privileges of the Eastern Cæsars. Neither party can ever forget that once the whole sanctuary was exclusively theirs, and, although France and Russia have doubtless interposed on behalf of their respective national creeds from political or commercial motives, yet the religious pretexts have arisen from the previous juxtaposition of two great and hostile Churches—here brought together within narrower bounds than any two sects elsewhere in the world. Once only besides has their controversy been waged in equal proximity; namely, when the Latin Church, headed by Augustine, found itself, in our own island, brought into abrupt collision with the customs and traditions of the Greeks, in the ancient British Church founded by Eastern missionaries. What in

the extreme West was decided once for all by a short and bloody struggle, in Palestine has dragged on its weary length for many centuries. And this long conflict has been further complicated by the numerous treaties which, from the memorable epoch when Francis I. startled Christendom by declaring himself an ally of the Sultan, have been concluded between France and the Porte for the protection of the Frank settlers in Syria; and yet again, by the vacillations of the Turkish government, partly from ignorance, and partly from weakness, as it has been pressed on one side or the other by the claims of two powerful parties in a question to the rights of which it is by its own position entirely indifferent.

Meanwhile, it may be of more general interest to give a summary account of places whose names, though long familiar, are thus invested for the moment with a fresh interest, and to describe briefly what is and what is not the importance belonging to the 'Holy Places' of Palestine. Many even amongst our own countrymen still regard them with an exaggerated reverence, which is a serious obstacle to the progress of a calm and candid inquiry into the history and geography of a country which can never lose its true attractions whilst there is a heart in Christendom to feel, or a head to think. Many, in their disgust at the folly and ignorance with which those sanctuaries are infested, not only deny to them their legitimate place, but extend their aversion to the region in which they are situated, perhaps even to the religion they represent. Many are ignorant altogether of their nature, their claims, or their peculiar relation to each other, or to the rest of the world.

Those who wish to study the subject at length cannot do better than peruse the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The Abbé Michon's little work gives the most perspicuous, as it certainly is the most condensed, account of the Holy Places which we have met; and his 'New Solution' gives us a favourable impression both of the candour and the charity of the author. The works of Tobler—a German physician from the shores of the Lake of Constance—exhibit the usual qualities of German industry, which almost always make their antiquarian researches useful to the student even when unreadable by the public at large. To the well-known authorities on these subjects in our own language we shall refer as occasion serves.

The term 'Holy Places,' which, applied in its most extended sense to the scenes of events commemorated in sacred history, would be only another word for the geography of Syria and Arabia, is limited in modern para-

seology to the special localities which the Greek and Latin Church, singly or conjointly, have selected for the objects of religious pilgrimage. Some scenes which the bulk of the Christian world would regard as most sacred are almost wholly neglected by the mass of devotees. Others, which rank high in the estimation of local and ecclesiastical tradition, are probably unknown beyond the immediate sphere of those who worship in them.

The Abbé Michon succinctly notices twelve such places. They are as follows:—1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common). 2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin). 3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed). 4. Church at Cana (Greek). 5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin). 6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman). 7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin). 8. Grotto (not the garden) of Gethsemane (Latin). 9. Tomb of the Virgin (common). 10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman). 11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman). 12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common). But, as some of these have been long deserted, and others depend for their support entirely on the greater sanctuaries in their neighbourhood, we shall confine ourselves to those which exist in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

1. Whether from being usually the first seen, or from its own intrinsic solemnity, there is probably none of the Holy Places which produce a greater impression at first sight than the convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The enormous edifice, which extends along the narrow crest of the hill from west to east, consists of the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting respectively upon its north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-western extremities. Externally there is nothing to command attention beyond its size—the more imposing from the meanness and smallness of the village, which hangs as it were on its western skirts. But the venerable nave of the Church—now deserted, bare, disowned—is probably the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in Palestine, we may almost say in the world; for it is the remnant of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, and the prototype of the Basilicas erected by her Imperial son—at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and St. Peter. The buildings of Constantine have perished; but that of Helena\* still in part remains; and

those who have visited the two Churches of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, constructed on the same model two centuries later by the Byzantine Emperors, can form some notion of what it must have been in the days of its splendour. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics, dimly visible on the walls above, the rough yet stately ceiling, of beams of cedar from Lebanon, probably the last great building to which those venerable forests yielded their rafters, still preserve the outlines of the Church, which was once\* rich with marble and blazing with gold.

From the nave, which is the only interesting portion of the upper church, we descend to the subterranean compartment, on account of which the whole structure was erected. At the entrance of a long winding passage, excavated out of the limestone rock, of which the hill of Bethlehem is composed, the pilgrim finds himself in an irregular chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, and containing two small and nearly opposite recesses. In the northernmost of these is a marble slab, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. In the southern recess, three steps deeper in the chapel, is the alleged stall, in which, according to the Latin tradition, was discovered the wooden manger, or “*præsepe*,” now deposited in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and there displayed to the faithful, under the auspices of the Pope, on Christmas Day.

Let us pause for a moment in the dim vault, between these two recesses; let us dismiss the consideration of the lesser memorials which surround us—the altar of the Magi, of the Shepherds, of Joseph, of the Innocents—to which few would now attach any other than an imaginative or devotional importance, and ask what ground there is for accepting the belief which invites us to confine the awful associations of the village of Bethlehem within these rocky walls. Of all the local traditions of Palestine, this alone indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century, ‘a cave near Bethlehem’ was fixed upon as the spot in which—‘there being no place in the village where he could lodge’—Joseph abode, and where accordingly Christ was born and laid in a manger. The same tradition seems to have been constant in the next generation,† even amongst those who were not Christians, and to have been uniformly maintained in the strange do-

\* Tobler has proved that a great part of the Church of Helena has been superseded by the successive edifices of Justinian and Emanuel Comnenus (pp. 104, 105). But there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the antiquity of the nave.

\* Tobler, *Bethlehem*, p. 110.

† *ἐκείνη ἡ σπηλιὴ οὐκ εἶχεν ἐν τῇ κοίτῃ ἑστῆσαν καὶ ἀναλίσκασθαι, ἐν δὲ σπηλιᾷ τινι συνέχευον τῆς κοίτης καθύπευθε καὶ τότε ἀποτὺν ὄντων ἐκεῖ, ἐβίβρασι ἡ Μάρια τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ ἐν φάργῳ αὐτὸν ἐβέβαλεν.*—*Justin. Dial. cum Tryph. 78.*

‡ Origen, *c. Cel. l. 51.*

uments\* which, under the name of the Apocryphal Gospels, long exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West. But even this, the most venerable of ecclesiastical traditions, is not without its difficulties. No one can overlook the deviations from the Gospel narrative; and though ingenuity may force a harmony, the plain impression left by the account of Justin is not that the Holy Family were driven from the inn to the manger, but from the crowded village to a cave in its environs.† The story looks as if it had been varied to fit the locality. The circumstance that excavations in the rock were commonly used in Palestine for stabling horses and cattle is of little weight in the argument. Maundrell has justly remarked upon the suspicion which attaches to the constant connexion of remarkable events with the grottoes and caves of the Holy Land. These abide when the fragile tenements of man have fallen into decay; and if the genuine caravanserais and its stable had been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and the residents at Bethlehem had wished to give a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious, they would inevitably have fixed on such a strongly marked feature as the grotto at Bethlehem. A second motive or the choice transpires in the passage of Justin—the wish to obtain support for an ancient prediction of the Messiah's birth in the words of Isaiah, xxxiii. 16, 'He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks' (LXX. ἐν ὑψηλοῖς ἀκροῖς ὀχυρᾶς πέτραις).

Perhaps a still graver objection to the identity of the scene remains to be mentioned. During the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the recess of the gilding and marble which has proved the bane of so many

sanctuaries. The removal of the casing disclosed, as we have been credibly informed, an ancient sepulchre hewn in the rock, and it is hardly possible that a cave devoted to sepulchral purposes should have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on the subject are too well known to require comment, either as a stable or an inn.

Still there remains the remarkable fact that here alone we have a spot known to be revered by Christians in connexion with the Gospel History two centuries before the conversion of the Empire, and before the burst of local religion which is commonly ascribed to the visit of Helena. The sanctuary of Bethlehem is, if not the most authentic, at least the most ancient of 'the Holy Places.' Yet there is a subordinate train of associations which has grown out of the earliest and the most sacred of its recollections; and which has at least the advantage of being unquestionably grounded on fact. If the traveller follows the windings of the long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of the rock. It was in this cell that, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious pilgrim who was ever attracted to the cave of Bethlehem—the only one of the many hermits and monks who from the time of Constantine to the present day have been sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here, for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied—here he gathered round him the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine—here, the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birthplace, and which had been first roused to religious fervour on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries, which he poured forth from his retirement, to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the Western world—here also he composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the 'Biblia Vulgata' of the Latin Church; and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death, at which all the world has been permitted to be present in the wonderful picture of Domenichino, which represents, in colours never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh, and the resignation and devotion of the almost enfranchised spirit.

II. The interest of Nazareth is of a kind different from that of Bethlehem. Its chief sanctuary is the Latin Convent at the south-eastern extremity of the village, so well known from the hospitable reception it affords to

\* The Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, c. xviii., ix., and the Gospel of the Infancy, c. ii., iii., iv., represent Joseph as going at once to the cave before entering the village, and speak of all the subsequent events recorded in the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke as occurring in the cave. In the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, c. iv., the birth is described as taking place in the cave, and the manger as being outside the cave. The quotations and arguments are well summed up in Thilo's *Index Apocryphus*, pp. 382, 383.

† If, adopting the tradition which Justin appears to have followed, and which has unquestionably prevailed since the time of Jerome, we suppose the duration of the Magi to have been offered on the same spot, the locality would then be absolutely reconcilable with the words of St. Matthew, that they came into 'the house where the young child was.'

travellers caught in the storms of the hills of Gilboa, or attacked by the Bedouins of the plain of Esdraelon; and also, we may add, for the impressiveness of its religious services, acknowledged even by the stern Presbyterianism of Dr. Robinson, and the exclusive philosophy of Miss Martineau; where wild figures, in the rough drapery of the Bedouin dress, join in the responses of Christian worship, and the chants of the Latin Church are succeeded by a sermon addressed to these strange converts in their native Arabic with all the earnestness and solemnity of the preachers of Italy. There is no place in Palestine where the religious services seem so worthy of the sacredness of the recollections. But neither is there any where the traditional pretensions are exposed to a severer shock.\* However discreditable may be the contests of the various sects, they have yet for the most part agreed (and indeed this very agreement is the occasion of their conflicts) as to the spots they are to venerate. At Nazareth, on the contrary, there are three counter-theories—each irreconcilable with the other—with regard to the scene which is selected for special reverence.

From the entrance of the Franciscan church a flight of steps descends to an altar, which stands within a recess, partly cased in marble, but partly showing the natural rock out of which it is formed. In front of the altar, a marble slab, worn with the kisses of many pilgrims, bears the inscription 'Verbum carnis factum est,' and is intended to mark the spot on which the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Close by is a broken pillar,† which is pointed out as indicating the space occupied by the celestial visitant, who is supposed to have entered through a hole in the rocky wall which forms the western front of the cave, close by the opening which now unites it with the church. The back, or eastern side of the grotto, behind the altar, leads by a narrow passage into a further cave, left much more nearly in its natural state, and said by an innocent and pleasing tradition, which no one probably would care either to assert or to refute, to have been the residence of a neighbour who looked after the adjacent house when Mary

was absent on her visit to Elizabeth in Judæa.

With the rivalry which prevails in the East on the subject of the Holy Places, it is not surprising that the Greeks excluded from the Latin convent should have established a 'Church of the Annunciation' for themselves at the opposite end of the town. But it would be an injustice to them to suppose that the contradiction was exclusively the result of jealousy. Without a word in the Scripture narrative to define the scene—without the slightest indication whether it took place by day or night, in house or field—the Greeks may be pardoned for clinging to the faint tradition which lingers in the apocryphal Gospel of St. James, where we are told that the first salutation of the Angel came to Mary\* as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighbourhood of the town. This spring—and there is but one—still bears her name, and in the open meadow by its side stands the Greek Church, a dull and mournful contrast in its closed doors and barbarous architecture to the solemn yet animated worship of the Franciscan Convent—though undoubtedly with the better claim of the two to be considered an authentic memorial of the Annunciation.

But the tradition of the Latin Church has to undergo a ruder trial than any which arises from the contiguous sanctuary of the rival Greeks. There is a third scene of the Annunciation, not at the opposite extremity of the little town of Nazareth, but in another continent—not maintained by a hostile sect, but fostered by the Supreme Head of the Roman Church itself. On the slope of the eastern Apennines, overlooking the Adriatic Gulf, stands what may without exaggeration be called (if we adopt the Papal belief) the European Nazareth. Fortified by huge bastions against the approach of Saracenic pirates, a vast church, which is still gorgeous with the offerings of the faithful, contains the 'Santa Casa,' the 'Holy House,' in which the Virgin lived, and (as is attested by the same inscription as at Nazareth) received the Angel Gabriel. The ridicule of one-half the world, and the devotion of the other half, has made every one acquainted with the strange story of the House of Loretto, which is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls.

\* Besides the difficulties which we are about to notice, there is the clumsy legend of the 'Mountain of Precipitation,' too well known to need further comment or refutation. See Robinson, iii. p. 187.

† This pillar is one out of numerous instances of what may be called the extinction of a traditional miracle, in deference to the spirit of the time. To all the early travellers it was shown as a supernatural suspension of a stone. To all later travellers it is exhibited merely as what it is, a broken column,—fractured probably in one of the many assaults which the convent has suffered.

\* Protev. Jacobi, c. xi. No special locality was known in the time of Jerome. Paula, he tells us, 'percurrit Nazareth nutriculum Domini,' evidently implying that the village generally, and not any particular object within it, was the object of her pilgrimage (*Hieron. Epitaph. Paul.*). Even as late as 1185 the grotto alone was known as the sanctuary of the Church of Nazareth, as appears from the Itinerary of Phocas.

of the sanctuary: how, in the close of the 13th century, it was first conveyed by angels to the heights above Fiume, at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, then to the plain of Loretto, and lastly to its present hill. But, though the wondrous 'fitting' of the Santa Casa is with us the most prominent feature in its history, it is far otherwise with the pilgrims who frequent it. To them it is simply a portion of the Holy Land—the actual spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity of the belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary of Christendom. Not to mention the adoration displayed on the great festivals of the Virgin, or at the commemoration of its miraculous descent into Italy, the devotion of pilgrims on ordinary week-days exceeds anything that can be witnessed at the holy places in Palestine, if we except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter.

Every morning, while it is yet dark, the doors of the Church at Loretto are opened. A few lights round the sacred spot break the gloom, and disclose the kneeling Capuchins, who have been there through the night. Two soldiers, sword in hand, take their place by the entrance of the 'House,' to guard it from injury. One of the hundred priests who are in daily attendance commences at the high altar the first of the hundred and twenty masses that are daily repeated. The 'Santa Casa' itself is then lighted, the pilgrims crowd in, and from that hour till sunset come and go in a perpetual stream. The 'House' is crowded with kneeling or prostrate figures, the pavement round it is deeply worn with the passage of devotees, who, from the humblest peasant of the Abruzzi up to the King of Naples, crawl round it on their knees, while the nave is filled with bands of worshippers, who, having visited the sacred spot, are retiring from it backwards, as from some royal presence. On the Santa Casa alone depends the sacredness of the whole locality in which it stands. Loretto—whether the name is derived from the sacred grove (*Lauretum*) or the lady (*Loreta*) upon whose land the house is believed to have descended—had no existence before the rise of this extraordinary sanctuary. The long street with its vendors of rosaries, the palace of the governor, the strong walls built by Pope Sixtus IV., the whole property of the rich plain far and near, are mere appendages to the humble edifice which stands within the Church. And its genuineness and sacredness has been affirmed by a long succession of pontiffs, from Boniface VIII. down to Pius IX.

No one who has witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot could

wish to speak lightly of the feelings it inspires. Yet its connexion with the question of the Holy Places of Palestine, as well as with the pretensions of the Church which fosters the double claim of Loretto and of Nazareth, demands an investigation that, under other circumstances, might be deemed gratuitous. The difficulty is not evaded by the distinction that the one is a house and the other a grotto, because both house and grotto are asserted to enclose the exact locality of the Angelic visitation—to be each the scene of a single event which can only have happened in one. But this is not all. If it were practicable for either, being once committed, to abate its pretensions, it is palpable to every traveller who compares the sanctuaries that by no possibility can they ever have been amalgamated. The 'Santa Casa' at Loretto is an edifice of 36 feet by 17: its walls, though externally cased in marble, can be seen in their original state from the inside, and appear to be of a dark-red polished stone. The west face has one square window, through which it is affirmed the Angel flew; the east contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a block of masonry, supposed to be the altar on which St. Peter said mass, when the Apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up.\* Notwithstanding that the monks of Loretto and of Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other, the ecclesiastics of Palestine could not be altogether ignorant of the distant but mighty sanctuary patronized by the highest authorities of their Church. They therefore show to any inquiring traveller the space which was occupied by the Holy House before its flight—the only space certainly on which it could have stood, if either the Italian or Syrian tradition were to be maintained. This space is a vestibule in front of the grotto, into which the house is alleged to have opened. The alterations which the Church of Nazareth have undergone render it impossible to lay any stress on the variation of measurements. But the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such appendage as the Santa Casa. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rocks, it would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. A comparison of the masonry of the so-called workshop of Joseph at Nazareth, with the material of the House of Loretto, may be considered no less

\* We have omitted, for the sake of perspicuity, all the confessedly modern alterations.



fatal to the theory. Whilst the latter is of a kind wholly unlike anything in Palestine, the former is composed, as might be expected, of the grey limestone of the country, of which, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were in all times built.

To many it may seem superfluous to attempt a serious refutation of the most incredible of ecclesiastical legends. But the claims of Loretto have been so strongly maintained by French and Italian (we happily cannot yet say English) writers of our own times—the faith of the See of Rome is so deeply pledged to its genuineness by bulls and indulgences, as well as by custom and tradition, that an interest attaches to it far beyond its intrinsic importance. Even if the story were accepted, the embarrassment remains, for there is still the rival sanctuary, which is equally under the Papal authority. If the question of the genuineness of such a relic, and the truth of such a miracle, can be left undecided, it either follows that the system of local sanctuaries is of no practical importance, or that on momentous points of practical importance the Church of Rome is as little capable of infallibly guiding its members as the Church of England or the Church of Geneva.

But the explanation of the origin of the legend has also a value as a general illustration of the history of 'Holy Places.' Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayer the favour of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. The demand remained, though the supply was gone. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen first the desire, and next the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet? The House of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the 'Last sigh of the Crusades;' its particular form suggested possibly by the Holy House of St. Francis at Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity. It is not indeed a matter of conjecture that in Italy, where the temperament of the people most craves such stimulants, there were devotees who actually endeavoured to reproduce within their own immediate neighbourhood the very scenes of Palestine. One such example is the Church of St. Stephen at Bologna, within whose walls were crowded together various chapels and courts, representing not only, as in the actual

Church of the Sepulchre, the several scenes of the Crucifixion, but also the Trial and Passion; and which is entitled, in a long inscription affixed to its cloister, the 'Sancta Sanctorum;' nay, literally 'the Jerusalem' of Italy.\* Another still more curious instance may be seen at Varallo, in the kingdom of Piedmont. Bernardino Caimo, returning from a pilgrimage to Palestine at the close of the fifteenth century, resolved to select the spot in Lombardy which most resembled the Holy Land, in order that his countrymen might enjoy the advantages without undergoing the privations he had suffered himself. Accordingly, in one of the beautiful valleys leading down from the roots of Monte Rosa, he chose (it must be confessed that the resemblance is somewhat like that between Monmouth and Macedon) three hills, which should represent respectively Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary; and two mountain streams, which should in like manner personate the Kedron and Jordan. Of these the central hill, Calvary, became the 'Holy Place' of Lombardy. It was frequented by S. Carlo Borromeo, and under his auspices was studded with chapels, in which the scenes of the Passion are embodied in waxen figures of the size of life. The entire country round continues to this hour to send its peasants by thousands as pilgrims to the sacred mount. As the feelings which actuated Bernardino Caimo would naturally have existed in a more fervid state two centuries earlier, when the loss of Palestine was more keenly felt, and the capture of Nazareth was fresh in every one's mind, we can easily imagine that the same tendency which produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna and a second Palestine at Varallo, would, on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast of Romagna, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more ignorant and poetical age was ascribed, in the case of the Holy House, to the hands of angels, was intended in the case of the Holy Sepulchre to have been literally accomplished by Sixtus V. by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for its bodily transference to Rome, that so Italy might glory in possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour.

### III. Every one has read of the multitude

\* This church was, at least in its foundation, considerably earlier than that of Loretto, having been first erected in the 6th century. There is an excellent account of it in Professor Willis's *Essay on the Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre*. Digitized by Google

of Holy Places which cluster within and around the walls of Jerusalem. Ever since the occupation of the city by the Crusaders, the same localities have age after age been pointed out to pilgrims and travellers with singular uniformity. Here and there a tradition has been misplaced by accident, or transposed for convenience, or suppressed in fear of ridicule, or, may be, from honest doubts; but, on the whole, what was shown to Maundeville in the fourteenth century, was with a few omissions shown to Maundrell in the seventeenth; and what Maundrell has described with the dry humour characteristic of his age, may still be verified by travellers who take the trouble of procuring an intelligent guide. Such localities are curious as relics of that remarkable period when for the first and only time Palestine became a European province—as the scenes, if they may be so called, of some of the most celebrated works of European art, and as the fountain-head of some of the most extensive of European superstitions. No one could see without at least a passing emotion the various points in the *Via Dolorosa*, which have been repeated again and again in pictures, and in legends, throughout the western world; the spot where Veronica is said to have received the sacred cloth, for which Lucca, Turin, and Rome contend—the threshold where is believed to have stood the *Scala Santa*, now worn by the ceaseless toil of Roman pilgrims in front of St. John Lateran. On these lesser sites it is useless to dwell in detail. But they possess one common feature which it is worth while briefly to notice. Some countries, such as Greece—some cities, such as Rome—lend themselves with great facility to the growth of legends. The stalactite figures of the Corycian cave at once explain the origin of the nymphs who are said to have dwelt there. The deserted halls, the subterranean houses, the endless catacombs of Rome, afford an ample field for the localisation of the numerous persons and events with which the early Roman ecclesiastical history abounds. But in Jerusalem it is not so. The featureless rocks without the walls, the mere dust and ashes of the city within, repel the attempt to amalgamate them with the fables which are affixed to them, and which, by the very fact of their almost imperceptible connexion with the spots in question, betray their foreign parentage. A fragment of old sculpture lying at a house door is sufficient to mark the abode of Veronica—a broken column, separated from its companions in a colonnade in the next street, is pointed out as that to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew—a faint line on the surface of a rock is the mark

of the girdle which the Virgin dropt to convince Thomas. There is no attempt at subtle fraud, or even at probability. The only handle perhaps, even for a legendary superstructure, afforded by the scenes themselves, is the red and white colour of the limestone rock, which, if the *Scala Santa* or any part of it were ever at Jerusalem, may have suggested the marks. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, and almost playful, spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places in which to realize the dreams of their own imaginations.\*

From these lesser memorials—the mere sport and exuberance of monastic traditions—we pass to the greater, though still not the greatest, of the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They are—the Church, or rather Mosque, of the Ascension, on the top of Mount Olivet; the Church containing the tomb of the Virgin, at its foot; and the ‘*Cenaculum*,’ or Church of the Apostles, on Mount Zion.

1. The present edifice of the Church of the Ascension has no claims to antiquity. It is a small octagon chapel situated in the court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of the celebrated view to which the world can offer no equal. Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since the seventh century, as imprinted with the footsteps of our Saviour. There is no memorial to which we more joyfully apply our observations upon the alightness of ground with which many of the sacred localities were selected. It would be painful to witness any symptom of fraud, or even the adoption of some fantastic trick of nature, in connexion with such an event as is here commemorated. A deep repulsion would be created in all but the coarsest minds were there, for example, any such impression as that which is shown in the Chapel of *Domine Quo Vadis* at Rome, or of St. Radegonde at Poitiers, where well-defined footmarks in the stone indicate the spots in which our Saviour is alleged to have appeared to St. Peter and St. Radegonde. Here there is only a simple cavity in the rock, which has no more resemblance to a human foot than to anything else. It must have been chosen in default of anything better;

\* An instructive example of the readiness with which several localities were invented may be seen in Sæwulf's unconscious account of the accommodation of the Mahometan relics in the Mosque of Omar to Christian history during that short period in the twelfth century when it was in the hands of the Crusaders. (*Early English Travellers*, p. 40.)

† Arculf. (*Early English Travellers*, p. 5.) He spoke of the ‘dust’ on which the impression remains; but probably he meant the same thing.

and could never of itself have suggested the connexion.

It is not improbable that the Church of the Ascension marks the site on which Helena built one of the only two churches which Eusebius ascribes to her—the church ‘on the top of the hill’ whose glittering cross was the first thing that caught the eye of the pilgrims\* who, in the age of Constantine and of Jerome, approached Jerusalem from the south and west. At the same time† a circumstance, on which Eusebius lays great stress, has been strangely overlooked by most of those who have treated on the subject, and which, though it may not invalidate the identity of the position of the ancient church with the present mosque, certainly throws a new light upon the object for which it was erected. ‘A true tradition,’ he tells us, ‘maintains that our Lord had initiated his disciples in his secret mysteries’ before the Ascension, in a cave to which, on that account, pilgrimages were in his time made from all parts of the Empire, and it was to honour this cave, which Constantine himself also adorned, that Helena built a church, in memory of the Ascension, on the summit of the mountain. It is almost certain that Eusebius must refer to the singular catacomb, commonly called the Tombs of the Prophets, which is a short distance below the third summit of Mount Olivet, and was first distinctly noticed by Arculf in the seventh century, to whom were shown within it ‘four stone tables, where our Lord and the Apostles sat.’‡ In the next century the same ‘four tables of His Supper’ were seen by Bernard the Wise, who speaks of a church being erected there to commemorate the Betrayal.§ From that period it remained unnoticed till attention was again called to it by the travellers of the seventeenth century, in whose time it had assumed its present name.

It is possible that what Bernard calls the church may have been the remains of the buildings which Constantine erected, and that the ruins, still discernible on the third summit, may be the vestiges of the sacred edifice of Helena. It is, however, possible also (and the expression, ‘summit of the whole mountain,’ rather leads to this conclusion), that, though in connexion with the cave, her church was built on the site which is usually assigned to it within the precincts of the present mosque. But, whichever be the case, it is clear from the language of Eusebius that the spot which she meant to honour was not the scene of the Ascension itself, but the scene of the conver-

sations which preceded that event, and which were believed to have occurred in the cave. Had this been clearly perceived, much useless controversy would have been spared. There is no proof from Eusebius that the place from which our Lord might be presumed to have ascended was ever specified at all. Here was (as usual) the tradition of the *cave*, and nothing besides, and Helena fixed upon the site of her church partly (no doubt) from its commanding position, partly from its vicinity to the rocky labyrinth in which the instructions immediately preceding the Ascension were supposed to have been delivered. It was reserved for observant travellers of our own time to perceive the impossibility of reconciling what is at present alleged to be the scene of the Ascension with the words of St. Luke, to which we must add its palpable contradiction to the whole character of the event. Even if the Evangelist had been less explicit in stating that ‘Jesus led out the disciples as far as Bethany,’ we should still have maintained that the secluded hills\* which overhang the village on the eastern slope of Olivet are as evidently appropriate to the entire tenor of the narrative, as the startling, we might almost say offensive, publicity of a spot in full view of the city of Jerusalem is wholly inconsistent with it, and (in the absence, as it now appears, of even traditional support) in every sense untenable.

2. There are probably not many Englishmen who, before the diplomatical controversy which it has provoked, knew anything of the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, the least known, but most romantic, sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine. Yet there are few travellers whose attention is not arrested by the sight of a venerable chapel, approached by a flight of steps, which lead from the rocky roots of Olivet among which it stands, and entered by yet again another and deeper descent, under the low-browed arches of a Gothic roof, producing on a smaller scale the same impression of awful gloom that is so remarkable in the subterranean church of Assisi. ‘You must know,’ says Maundeville,† ‘that this Church is very low in the earth, and a part is quite within the earth. But I imagine that it was not founded so; but since Jerusalem has been so often destroyed, and the walls broken down, and levelled with the valley, and that they have been so filled again and the ground raised, for that reason the church is so low in the earth. Nevertheless, men say there

\* Hieronym. Epitaph. Paul.

† Euseb. Vit. Conet. iii. 41, 43; Demonst. Evang. vi. 18, p. 288.

‡ Early travels in Palestine, p. 4.

§ Ibid. p. 24.

\* That especially to which Tobler assigns the name of Djebel Sajach (Siloahquelle und Oelberg, p. 84).

† Early Travels in Palestine, p. 176.

commonly, that the earth hath been so ever since the time that our Lady was buried there, and men also say there that it grows and increases every day without doubt.' Its history is comparatively recent. It is not mentioned by Jerome amongst the sacred places visited by Paula, and, if on such matters the authority of the Third General Council\* is opposed to have weight, the tomb of the Virgin ought not to be found at Jerusalem but at Ephesus. The authority, however, of a General Council has been unable to hold its ground against the later legend, which placed her death and burial at the Holy City. Even the Greek peasants of Ephesus itself, though still pointing to the ruined edifice on the heights of Coressus, as the tomb of the Panaghia, have been taught to consider it as commemorating another Panaghia than the Theotocos, in whom their great Council exulted. Greeks and Latins, unhappily for the peace of Europe, unite in contending for the possession of the rocky sepulchre at the foot of Olivet—the scene, according to the belief of both churches, of that 'Assumption,' which has been immortalized by the genius of Titian and Raphael, and which in our later ages has passed from the region of poetry and devotion into a literal doctrine.

Close, however, to the Church of the Virgin is a spot which, as it is omitted in Abbé Michon's catalogue of Holy Places, we ought not in consistency to pass over. Yet a few words—and perhaps the fewer the better—must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. That the tradition reaches back to the age of Constantine is certain. How far it agrees with the slight indications of its position in the Gospel narrative will be judged by the impression of each individual traveller. Some will think it too public. Others will see an argument in its favour from its close proximity to the brook Kedron. None probably will be disposed to receive the traditional sites which surround it—the Grotto of the Agony, the rocky bank of the three Apostles, the 'terra damnata' of the Betrayal. But in spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity and the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive-trees—now indeed less striking in the modern garden-enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side—will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting and, except the everlasting hills

themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.

3. On the brow of Mount Zion a conspicuous minaret is pointed out from a distance to the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the south as marking the Mosque of the Tomb of David. Within the precincts of that mosque is a vaulted Gothic chamber, which contains within its four walls a greater confluence of traditions than any other place in Palestine, after the Holy Sepulchre. It is said to occupy the site of the edifice—it cannot of course be the very church itself—which Epiphanius mentions as having survived the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. That in the days of Cyril there was some such building, in which he delivered his famous lectures, is evident from his own allusions. But it is startling to hear that this is the upper chamber of the Last Supper, of the meeting after the Resurrection, of the day of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, of the burial of Stephen. If it were not for the antiquity of some of these pretensions, dating as far back as the fourth century, and the interest of all of them, it would be hardly worth while to allude to assumptions which rest on a foundation too fragile to bear discussion. A conjecture might almost be hazarded, that the building, being in ruins or of palpably earlier date than the rest of the city as rebuilt by Hadrian, had served as a convenient receptacle for every memorable event which remained unattached. It is impossible at least that it should be both the scene of the 'Cenaculum,' and stand within the precincts, or rather above the vault of the Tomb of David. The belief that here is the burial-place of the Royal Psalmist, although entertained by Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen alike, has given it a special sanctity only in the eyes of the last, and M. De Sauley has endeavoured, in a very elaborate argument, to set up in preference the catacomb on the north of the city, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. But the old site is maintained by many zealous upholders of the local traditions, as, for example, by Mr. Williams, in his 'Holy City,'\* and all that we assert is the incompatibility of the claim to be at once the scene of David's burial and of the Last Supper. The Jewish feeling, at the commencement of the Gospel History, could never have permitted a residence to exist in juxtaposition with the Royal Sepulchre.

4. We now approach the most sacred of the Holy Places; in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest sink into insignificance, and which, even if spurious, is among the most interesting spots in the world. It is

\* *Concil. Hardouin, tom. i. pp. 148.* The history of the tradition is well given in *Mr. Williams's Holy City, 2nd ed. vol. ii. 434.*

needless to attempt on the present occasion to unravel once more the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre.\* Everything, we believe, which can be urged against the claim will be found in the 'Biblical Researches' of Dr. Robinson—everything which can be said in its favour in the 'Holy City' of Mr. Williams, including, as it does, the able discussion by Professor Willis on the architectural history of the church. It is enough to remind our readers that the decision mainly turns upon the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. It is commonly confessed that the present edifice stands on the site of that which was constructed by Constantine, and the historical question is the value to be attached to the allegation that the spot was marked out in the time of the latter by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected for the purpose of polluting the spot believed to be the Holy Sepulchre by the Christians of his age. The Crucifixion, as we all know on the highest authority, being without the city, and the tomb in a garden nigh at hand, the topographical question is whether it is possible, from its position, that the selected locality could have been on the outer side of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. On the historical branch of the inquiry we will merely remark that the advocates of the Sepulchre have never fairly met the difficulty well urged by the learned Dean of St. Paul's,† that it is hardly conceivable that Hadrian could have had any motive in defiling the spot with heathen abominations, when his whole object in establishing his Roman colony at Jerusalem was to insult the Jews and not the Christians, who were emphatically divided from them. It is equally affirmed that Hadrian established the worship of Venus upon the scene of the Nativity, and it throws a further suspicion upon both stories that there is no allusion, either by Justin or by Origen, to the desecration at Bethlehem, though speaking of the very cave over which the Pagan temple is said to have been erected, and within a century of its erection. In the topographical question, while admitting the weight of the objection drawn from the proximity, to say the least, of the present site to the inhabited portion of old Jerusalem, we yet do not think that the opponents of the Sepulchre have ever done justice to the argument stated by Lord Nugent, and pointedly brought out by

Professor Willis, which is derived from the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. Underneath the western galleries of the church are two excavations in the face of the rock, which as clearly form an ancient Jewish sepulchre as any that can be seen in the valley of Hinnom or in the Tombs of the Kings. That they should have been so long overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, can only be explained by the perverse dulness of the conventional guides, who call attention instead to two graves sunk in the floor,\* which may possibly, like similar excavations at Petra, be of ancient origin, but which, as Dr. Schulz suggests, may have been dug at a later period to represent the graves, when the real object of the ancient sepulchres had ceased to be intelligible—as the tombs of some Mussulman saints are fictitious monuments erected over the rude sepulchres hewn in the rock beneath. The names assigned to these sepulchres are fanciful of course, but their existence seems a conclusive proof that at some period the site of the present church must have been without the walls, and lends considerable probability to the belief that the rocky excavation, which exists in part perhaps still, and once existed entire, within the marble casing of the chapel of the Sepulchre, was a really ancient tomb, and not, as is often rashly asserted, a modern imitation.

Farther than this we believe that in our present state of knowledge no merely topographical considerations can bring us. Even if these tombs should prove the site of the present Church to have been outside some wall, they do not prove it to have been the wall of Herod; for it may have been the earlier wall of the ancient monarchy; and although it was satisfactorily established that the Church was outside the wall of Herod, it would only prove the possibility, and not the probability, of its identity with the site of the Crucifixion. But, granting to the full the doubts—and it may be more than doubts—which must always hang over the highest claims of the Church of the Sepulchre, we do not envy the feelings of the man who can look unmoved on what has, from the time of Constantine, been revered by the larger part of the Christian world as the scene of the

\* The question has already been discussed by us in an article on Dr. Robinson's 'Biblical Researches' (Q. R. vol. 69). A summary of both sides of the question is given in the eighth number of the 'Museum of Classical Antiquities,' April, 1858.

† Milman's History of Christianity, vol. i. p. 417.

\* Even Mr. Curzon, whilst arguing for the antiquity of these tombs, in his graphic account of the Church, speaks of them as 'in the floor.' (*Eastern Monasteries*, p. 166.) Another slight inaccuracy may be noticed (p. 203), because it confuses the tenor of a very interesting narrative. He confounds the 'stone where the women stood during the anointing' with 'the stone where the Virgin stood during the crucifixion.' The two spots are wide apart.

greatest events that ever occurred upon earth, and has itself become, for that reason, the centre of a second cycle of events, which, if of incomparably less magnitude, are yet of a romantic interest almost unequalled in human annals. It may be too much to expect that the traveller, who sees the uncertainty of the whole tradition, should partake those ardent feelings to which even a man so sceptical as Dr. Clarke of the genuineness of the localities confesses, in the striking passage in which he describes the entrance of himself and his companion into the Chapel of the Sepulchre; but its later associations at least may be felt by every student of history without the faintest fear of superstition or irreverence.

Look at it as its site was first fixed\* by the extraordinary man who from so many different sides deeply affected the fortunes of Christendom. Whether Golgotha were here or far away, there is no question that we can still trace, as Constantine or his mother first beheld it, the sweep of rocky hill, in the face of which the sepulchre stood. If the rough limestone be disputed, which some maintain can still be felt in the interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, there can be no doubt of the rock which contains the 'tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus;' none of that which in the 'prison' and in the 'entombment of Adam's head' marks the foot of the cliff of the present Golgotha; or of that which is seen at its summit in the so-called fissure of the 'rocks rent by the earthquake;' none, lastly, of that through which a long descent conducts the pilgrim to the subterranean chapel of the 'Invention of the Cross.' In all these places enough can be seen to show what the natural features of the place must have been before the native stone had been 'violated by the marble' of Constantine; enough to show that we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the church is built on the native hills of the old Jerusalem.† On these cliffs have clustered the successive edifices of the venerable pile which now rises in almost solitary grandeur from the fallen city. The two domes, between which the Turkish sheikh was established by Saladin to watch the pilgrims within—the lesser dome surmounting the Greek church which occupies the place of Constan-

tine's basilica; the larger that which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, and for the privilege of repairing which the world has so nearly been roused to arms—the Gothic front of the Crusaders, its European features strangely blending with the Oriental imagery which closes it on every side; the minaret of Omar\* beside the Christian Belfry, telling its well-known story of Arabian devotion and magnanimity; the open court thronged with buyers and sellers of relics to be carried home to the most distant regions of the earth; the bridges and walls and stairs by which the monks of the adjacent convents climb into the galleries; the chambers of all kinds which run through the sacred edifice; all these, and many like appearances, unfold more clearly than any book the long series of recollections which hang around the tattered and incongruous mass. Enter the church, and the impression is the same. There is the place in which to study the diverse rites and forms of the older churches of the world. There alone (except at Bethlehem) are gathered together all the altars of all the sects which existed before the Reformation. There is the barbaric splendour of the Greek Church exulting in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. There is the deep poverty of the Coptic and Syrian sects, each now confined to one paltry chapel, and which forcibly contrast with the large portions of the edifice which have been gained by the Armenians through the revenues in which that church of merchants—the Quakers of the East, as they have been justly called—so richly abounds. There is the more chastened and familiar worship of the Latins, here reduced from the gigantic proportions which it bears in its native seat to a humble settlement in a foreign land, yet still securing for itself a footing, with its usual energy, even on localities which its rivals seemed most firmly to have occupied. High on the platform of Calvary, beside the Greek sanctuary of the Crucifixion, it has claimed a separate altar for the Exaltation of the Cross. Deep in the Armenian chapel of St. Helena it has seated itself in the corner where the throne of Helena was placed during the 'Invention.' In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself,

\* We are, of course, not ignorant of Mr. Ferguson's ingenious, we may almost say, brilliant attempt to disprove even the Constantinian origin of the present site; but till he has shown (as his argument requires) that the market-place of Jerusalem was at that time in the valley of Jehoshaphat (to omit all other objections), we cannot think that he has made out any case.

† Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Willis's masterly discussion of the whole subject is his attempt to restore the original form of the ground.—(Sections 7 and 9.)

\* The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the Church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it. The story is curiously illustrated by the account which Michon (p. 72) gives of the occupation of the 'Cœnaeum' by the Mahometans. A few Mussulmen in the last century, who were determined to get possession of the convent, entered it on the plea of its being the tomb of David, said their prayers there, and from that moment it became a Mahometan sanctuary.

whilst the Greek Church, with its characteristic formality, confines its masses to the antechapel, where its priests can celebrate towards the east, the Latin Church, with the no less characteristic boldness of the west, has rushed into the vacant space in the inner shrine, and, regardless of all the points of the compass, has adopted for its altar the Holy Tomb itself. For good or for evil, for union or for disunion, the older forms of Christendom are gathered together, as nowhere else in Europe or in Asia, within those sacred walls.

It would be an easy though a melancholy task to dwell on the bitter dissensions which have thence arisen—to tell how the Armenians stole the Angel's stone from the antechapel of the Sepulchre—how the Latins procured a firman to stop the repairs of the dome by the Greeks—how the Greeks demolished the tombs of the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, in the resting-place which those two heroic chiefs had chosen for themselves at the foot of Calvary—how the English traveller was taunted by the Latin monks with eating the bread of their house, and not fighting for them in their bloody conflicts with the Greeks at Easter—how the Abyssinian convent was left vacant for the latter in the panic raised when a drunken Abyssinian monk shot the muezzin going his rounds on the top of Omar's minaret—how, after the great fire of 1808, which the Latins charge to the ambition of their rivals, two years of time, and two-thirds of the cost of the restoration were consumed in the endeavours of each party, by bribes and litigations, to overrule and eject the others from the places they had respectively occupied in the ancient arrangement of the Churches—and how each party regards the infidel Turk as his best and only protector from his Christian foe. These dissensions, however painful, are not without their importance, as exhibiting in a palpable form the contentions and jealousies which from the earliest times to the present day have been the bane of the Christian Church; making mutual enemies dearer than rival brethren, and the common good insignificant in comparison with the special privileges of each segment of the circle. Yet let us not so part. Grievous as are these contentions, we cannot but think that their extent has been somewhat exaggerated. Ecclesiastical history is not all controversy, nor is the area of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a battlefield of sects. On ordinary occasions it exhibits only the singular sight of different nations, kindreds, and languages worshipping, each with its peculiar rites, round what they unite in believing to be the Tomb of their com-

mon Lord—a sight edifying by the very reason of its singularity, and suggestive of a higher, and, we trust the day may come when it may be added, a truer image of the Christian Church than that which is now too often derived from the history both of holy places and holy things.

There is one more aspect in which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre must be regarded. It is not only the Church of all the ancient communions—it is also in a special manner the Cathedral of Palestine and of the East, and it is there that the local religion which attaches to all the Holy Places reaches its highest pitch, receiving its colour from the eastern and barbarous nations who are the principal elements in the congregation. Most of our readers will have derived their conception of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from Mr. Curzon's graphic description of the celebrated catastrophe of 1834; but as the extraordinary occurrences of that year would convey a mistaken impression of the usual routine, it may be well to subjoin an account of the more customary celebration of the festival. The time to which our readers must transport themselves is the morning of Easter Eve, which, by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is the gallery of the Latins, whence all Frank travellers view the spectacle,—on the northern side of the great Rotunda—the model of so many European churches, and of which the most remarkable, perhaps, that of Aix-la-Chapelle, was built in express imitation of the famous original. Above is the dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre, that on the east containing the 'Stone of the Angel.' Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians, and has a round hole on its north side, from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks, and a corresponding aperture for the Armenians on the south. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, which is the only portion of the edifice allotted to the Copts. Yet farther west, but parted from the Sepulchre, is the chapel, equally humble, of the Syrians, whose poverty has probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the so-



alled tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus which lie in their precincts. The chapel of the Sepulchre itself rises from a dense mass of pilgrims who sit or stand wedged together; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which lines the walls of the church, a circular lane is formed by two circumferences of Turkish soldiers, who are there to keep order. For the first two hours all is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture, whence the fire is to spring, keep their hands fixed in it with a clench which is never an instant relaxed. About noon this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run the circuit of the Sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not appear. Accordingly, for two hours, or more, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog.\* He sees a medley of twenty, thirty, fifty men, some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, racing and catching hold of each other, lifting one of their companions on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps on the ground, when a second succeeds. A fugleman usually precedes the rest, clapping his hands, to which the others respond by the like action, adding wild howls, of which the burden is, 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan'—'Jesus Christ has redeemed us.' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the passage between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, wheeling round and round like the Sabbath of the Witches in Faust. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the race course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of

the Rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, defiles round the Sepulchre.

The excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, now becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remain in their places, but all join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time, strangely and almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession—the stately chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom—mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; and at the third circuit the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. The crisis of the day is approaching, and one great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. It is difficult to describe the appearance, as of a battle and a victory, which at this moment pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the building at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger, waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers before the tremendous rush. In a small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of 'the Fire,' the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the City. A single vacant space is left—a narrow lane from the fire-hole in the northern side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the flame; and on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times the expectation of the Divine presence was raised at this juncture to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told,\* and doubtless truly, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism, or of daring pro-

\* It is possible that in these performances there may be some reminiscence of the ancient funeral games, such as those which took place round the pile of Patroclus. An illustration which comes more home may be found in Tschendorff's description of the races at the tomb of the great Bedouin saint, Sheykh Saleh, in the Peninsula of Sinai (Reisen, ii. pp. 207-314), and in Jerome's account of the wild fanatics, who performed gambols exactly similar to those of the Greek Easter before the reputed sepulchres of John the Baptist and Elisha, at Samaria—*ululare more luporum, vocibus latrare canum—alios rotare caput, et post egerum terram vertice tangere.*—(*Epitaph. Paul.*, v. 113.) Possibly it was in parody of some such spectacles that the Latins held their dances in St. Sophia, in the capture of Constantinople, at the fourth Crusade.

\* With this, and one or two other slighter variations, the account of Maundrell, in the 17th century, is an almost exact transcript of what is still seen.

faneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief remains—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, and intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of the frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and the fraud which is preparing within. At last it comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop in the chapel—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, till at last the entire edifice from gallery to gallery, as well as through the whole of the area below, is blazing with thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried in triumph out of the Chapel, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, 'to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to have come.\*' It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the Church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the Convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the consecrated tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, leads at times to the violent pressure at the single outlet of the church which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its reputed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment after the fire is communicated; and not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the Church is again filled through the area of the Rotunda, through the chapels of Copt and Syrian, through the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, filled in every part, except the one Chapel of the Latin Church, by a mass of pilgrims, who are wrapt in deep sleep awaiting the midnight service.

Such is the celebration of the Greek Easter—probably the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honour, and considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, the most offensive imposture to be found in the world. It is impossible to give a precise account of the origin of the rite. The explanation often offered, that it has arisen from a misunderstanding of a symbolical ceremony, is hardly combatible with its remote antiquity. As early as the ninth century it was believed that 'an angel came and lighted the lamps which hung over the Sepulchre, of which light the Patriarch gave his share to the bishops and the rest of the people, that each might illuminate his own house.\*' It was in all probability an imitation of an alleged miraculous appearance of fire in ancient times—suggested perhaps by some actual phenomenon in the neighbourhood, such as that which is mentioned in Ammianus's account of Julian's rebuilding the Temple, and assisted by the belief so common in the East, that on every Friday a supernatural light which dazzles the beholders, and supersedes the necessity for lamps, blazes in the sepulchres of Mussulman saints. It is a remarkable instance of a great—it may almost be said awful—superstition gradually deserted by its supporters. Originally all the sects partook in the ceremony, but one by one they have fallen away. The Roman Catholics, after their exclusion from the church by the Greeks, denounced it as an imposture, and have never resumed it since. Indeed, next to the delight of the Greek pilgrims at receiving the fire, is now the delight of the Latins in deriding what in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith' for this very year they describe (forgetful of the past and of S. Januarius at Naples) as a 'ridiculous and superstitious ceremony.' 'Ah! vedete la fantasia,' exclaim the happy Franciscans in the Latin gallery, 'Ah! qual fantasia—ecco gli bruti Greci—noi non facciamo così.' Later the grave Armenians deserted, or only with reluctance acquiesced in the fraud; and lastly, unless they are greatly misrepresented, the enlightened members of the Greek Church itself, including, it is said, no less a person than the Emperor Nicholas, would gladly discontinue the ceremony, could they but venture on such a shock to the devotion of thousands who yearly come from far and near, over land and sea, for this sole and special object.

It is doubtless a wretched thought that for

\* Bernard the Wise, A.D. 867. *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 26. There is a story of a miraculous supply of oil for the lighting of the lamps on Easter Eve at Jerusalem, as early as the 2nd century.—Euseb. H. E. vi. 9.

\* Curzon's *Monasteries*, p. 203.

such an end as this Constantine and Helena should have planned and builded—for such a worship Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, have fought and died. Yet in justice to the Greek clergy it must be remembered that it is but an extreme and instructive example of what every church suffers which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our European minds may be the frantic orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather perhaps to wonder that these wild creatures should be Christians at all, than that being such they should take this mode of expressing their devotion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dullness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers\*—they were not ‘working out,’ but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

It may seem to some a painful, and perhaps an unexpected result of our inquiry, that so great an uncertainty should hang over spots thus intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion,—that in none the chain of tradition should be unbroken, and in most cases hardly reach beyond the age of Constantine. Is it possible, it is frequently asked, that the disciples of the first age should have neglected to mark and commemorate the scenes of such events? And the answer, though often given, cannot be too often repeated, that it not only was possible, but precisely what we should infer from the absence of any allusion to local sanctity in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, who were too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their localities, too wrapt in the spirit to pay regard to the letter or the place. The loss of the Holy Sepulchre, thus regarded, is a testimony to the greatness of the Resurrection. The loss of the manger of Bethlehem is a witness to the universal significance of the Incarnation. The sites which the earliest followers of our Lord would not adore their successors could not. The obliteration of the very marks which identified the Holy Places was effected a little later by what may without presumption be called the providential events of the time. The Christians of the second generation of believers, even had they been anxious to preserve the recollection of sites which were familiar to their fathers, would have found it in many respects an im-

possible task after the defacing ruin which attended the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. The same judgment which tore up by the roots the local religion of the old dispensation, deprived of secure basis what has since grown up as the local religion of the new. The total obliteration of the scenes in some instances is at least a proof that no Divine Providence, as is sometimes urged, could have watched over them in others. The desolation of the lake of Gennesareth has swept out of memory places more sacred than any (with the one exception of those at Jerusalem) that are alleged to have been preserved. The cave of Bethlehem and the house of Nazareth, where our Lord passed an unconscious infancy, and an unknown youth, cannot be compared for sanctity with that ‘house’ of Capernaum, which was the home of his manhood and the chief scene of his words and works. Yet of that sacred habitation every vestige has perished as though it had never been.

But the doubts which envelope the lesser things do not extend to the greater,—they attach to the ‘Holy Places,’ but not to ‘the Holy Land.’ The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem absolutely indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are signalized in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to S. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connexion existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charms which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling—of making topography a matter of religion—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.

These ‘Holy Places’ have indeed a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst

\* Eothen, p. 187—148.

the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the Crusades, or with the tears and prayers of thousands of pilgrims which, of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they were offered. But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine as the latter course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the Church itself, and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee: the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever.

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- ART. V.—1. *Ephemerides Isaaci Casauboni, cum Præfatione et Notis*. Edente Johanne Russell, S.T.P., Canonico Cantuariensi, Scholæ Carthusianæ olim Archididascalo.  
2. *Le Triumvirat Littéraire au XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle; Juste Lipse, Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon*. Par M. Charles Nisard. Paris, 1852.

ON his thirty-eighth birthday and the first year of his Professorate at Montpellier, Casaubon commenced a private Diary. He continued to keep it with a punctuality probably without parallel in the history of journalism, and which of itself indicates the man, till within a fortnight of his death in 1614. It is literally 'Nulla dies sine linea.' Wherever he went the current volume went with him, and he made a note, however brief, of the spent day before he slept. So invariable was the rule, that on one occasion, having left the register behind when he slipped out of Paris for a night, his wife takes up the pen in his stead. 'February 23 (1601). Ce jour dit M. Casaubon a esté absent, que Dieu garde, et

moi et les nostres avec lui. Amen.' The daughter of Henry Estienne, though accustomed from childhood to speak Latin in her father's house, where the very domestics were compelled to talk like ancient Romans, makes her entry, it will be observed, in the vernacular tongue. Casaubon himself uniformly employs Latin; or rather Græco-Latin, so thickly is his Diary sown with Greek phrases. The Latin is good, and shows much facility in the adaptation of classical language to modern and household objects. The Greek occurs more in low phrases and half theological expressions of the Byzantine mint. The flow of Casaubon's style in a journal, which must have been written *currente calamo*, establishes the justice of the account of his conversation which was given by Cardinal Du Perron, who said of him 'That when he talked French he talked like a peasant; but when Latin, he spoke it like his mother tongue.'

The *Ephemerides* is now for the first time published entire. There is a hiatus of about three years and a half, between 1604 and 1607, the fasciculus containing that period having been lost as early as the time of Meric Casaubon, who succeeded his father as prebendary of Canterbury, and deposited the MS. in the chapter library, from whence it has been disinterred by Dr. Russell. It is in the regularity of the entries that the value of the Diary consists, and the Editor has exhibited a sound judgment in resisting the temptation to select only the interesting passages. These are not very many; for a scholar's life is seldom one of incident, and he has little else to tell than what he read and wrote. Casaubon does this minutely, but rarely mixes reflections or criticisms, which were reserved for other MS. volumes, such as 'ἔλγῃ indigesta,' or for the margins of his books. Several volumes of such *Adversaria*, compiled by Meric from his father's memoranda, are still preserved. Besides noting his daily scholastic task, Casaubon intimates, but very briefly, his family affairs, visits, journeys, letters, and conversations, including sometimes his expenditure. Public events are little noticed, and only when they have interested him more than ordinarily. The loss from the omission of historical and political details is probably nothing. We can read anywhere of the battle-field and the council-chamber—show us, if you can, the domestic interior. We are sated with state apartments, let us have a peep into the kitchen or the housekeeper's room.

M. Nisard, ignorant of the publication of Dr. Russell, has drawn his materials from two volumes of letters, and other collections (among which are extracts from the *Ephemerides*) which appeared at Rotterdam in

709. These he has used well, and, though the Diary enables us to deepen some of the ones, and add here and there a more life-like touch, his Casaubon is faithfully and distinctly drawn, and is in every essential particular the Casaubon of the Ephemerides. In that triumvirate, which forms the subject of his greeable volume, and which contains Scæger the most brilliant, and Lipsius the wisest scholar of his day, our journalist represents laborious industry. In the age of the schoolmen, if the first had been saluted as Doctor Incomparabilis, Lipsius might have been canonized as Doctor Lepidissimus, and Casaubon fairly earned the title of Indefatigabilis. Having nothing eccentric about him, he will for this very reason be a better representative man, and furnish a juster idea of the ordinary life of a classical scholar about A.D. 1600.

Isaac Casaubon was born at Geneva, February 8 (18), 1559, and was thus the junior of Scaliger by nearly twenty, and of Lipsius by more than ten years. His father was a French Calvinist minister, who was forced to fly from his native province of Dauphiné, by the rigorous persecution which the Lorraine action, ruling in the name of Henry II., directed against the reformed faith. When the vigilance of the Inquisition was relaxed in the early part of the reign of his successor, Charles IX., Arnald Casaubon was invited by the Protestant congregation of Crest, a small town in the department of Drome, to settle among them as their minister. Here, sharing with his flock the perils and vicissitudes of that period of distress which culminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he passed the remainder of his life. For several years Isaac had no other instructor than his father, and his initiation into the rudiments of Greek was effected during one of their forced retirements into the sequestered valleys of the Hautes Alpes. At nineteen, having convinced his aptitude for learning, he was sent to Geneva, the head-quarters of Calvinism, where the new religion had formed a college, of which Beza was then the director. Here he addicted himself specially to Greek, and soon attained such proficiency that he was pointed out by Francis Portus, who was lecturer on that language, as his own successor. It may have helped to quicken the perception of his merits, that the performances which revealed it were two Greek epigrams in praise of his master. A year or two after Portus' death, which happened in 1581, Casaubon was, on this recommendation, appointed to the post. The elevation may seem premature for a youth of twenty-four, and doubtless implied great merit; but the name of 'Professor of Greek' must not mis-

lead us. When the age of the students was much below what it usually is now in our universities, such a functionary, notwithstanding his imposing title, would find himself, as is the case in a Scotch university at present, engaged in teaching the very rudiments of the language. For this humble drudgery older or more distinguished scholars would not often be obtainable, and thus it was that in that day so many young men filled the office. Even in the University at Leyden, and at the height of its early renown, Heinsius was lecturer in Greek at eighteen, whereas the newly-founded establishment at Geneva advanced very modest pretensions. It consisted of a preparatory school or *college*, with an academy or 'auditoire' annexed to it, and though Calvin had wished to establish a chair in each of the faculties, the want of funds had prevented his proceeding beyond the three most essential—Hebrew, Greek, and Philosophy. But the functions of the professors were wider than their titles. Casaubon explained both Greek and Latin authors, and sometimes Hebrew—perhaps during a vacancy of the chair—while the teacher of Hebrew was professor of Oriental tongues in general. How poor were the stipends may be gathered from the statement, that Beza, who was second pastor in the town as well as rector of the academy, received only 80*l.* a-year.

Geneva might appear to have combined most of the requisites which were needed for the erection and growth of a university. Politically uniting the honours of the name of Free town of the empire with all the solid advantages of entire independence, its recent successful resistance to the seigneurial claims of the Dukes of Savoy had inspired a spirit of confidence and triumph from which has so often dated the commencement of a new existence for enfranchised states. The citizens were neither unprepared nor unworthy to exercise their own privileges. Long habits of self-government, and the existence of two parties who contended by constitutional arms alone within the bosom of its senate, had taught them valuable political lessons. When the better party, that of the friends of liberty, found themselves the stronger, they used their victory with the wise moderation which might have been looked for from men so trained.

Geographically, situated in the midst of nations speaking three great languages, there was much in Geneva to facilitate the immigration of foreigners. This of itself was an inestimable advantage. The revival of university life in Northern Europe which set in about the middle of the sixteenth century encountered two great obstacles, neither of which existed in the middle ages, and to the absence of which is to be ascribed the pecu-

liar development of the schools of learning which the twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed. These obstacles were, the religious schism, and the formation of nationalities. The gradual gathering of the separate members of the European state-system into a few large monarchies with powerful antipathies was a decentralizing power which the attraction of a common literature might for a time resist, but could never overcome. The neutral territory of Geneva offered a most favourable field for counteracting the dissociating elements of the new state of things. A Bavarian student at Paris was a stranger by the side of the French pupils, as a French student at Pisa was equally an alien among Tuscans and Lombards. But at Geneva all were equally at home, or equally strangers. There 'Tros Tyriusve nullo discrimine agetur.' A native of Geneva, however much attached to his 'patrie,' could have no nationality, and he has none to this day. Like Athens of old, the city was the asylum, and might have become the school, of the rest of the world. Scarcely any of its illustrious inhabitants at that epoch were natives of the place,—Calvin came from Picardy; Beza from the Nivernois; Portus was a Greek, of Candia; Diodati and the Turretini had migrated from Lucca, Pacius from Vicenza; the Spanheims from the Palatinate. At a time when its population was probably under 15,000 souls it contained 400 English refugees (1556). With these advantages of territory, situation, and liberal government, it might have been anticipated that the attempt made in the middle of the century to establish a university would have met with success. Whence came it, then, that the successor to the fading splendour of the Italian schools was not Geneva, but Leyden? That question is answered when it is said that the founder of the former college was Calvin. The success of Leyden, which had equally with Geneva to contend with the obstacle created by nationality, was due to its being based on the principle of religious toleration. The failure of Geneva was owing to its being wholly committed to the principle and spirit of religious exclusion. Leyden, in a corner of Europe among an illiterate people who spoke a semi-barbarous dialect, had a brilliant career and a universal reputation. Geneva, speaking the language of civilization, on the borders of the nursery of letters, remained a mere Calvinist seminary. Indeed, though both Calvin and Beza were among the most erudite men of their age, their object was not the promotion of learning. With them everything was subservient to theology, and by theology they meant their own system, which, though undoubtedly profound, was eminently

narrow and exclusive. They wanted a seminary to propagate 'la religion,' as the reformed doctrines were called, and we need not wonder that a sectarian academy should have produced comparatively little fruit. Within its own narrow limits it bore the stamp and impress of its founder's vigour; but so rigid were its rules, that as late as 1796 no dissident, nor even a Lutheran, could be a citizen of Geneva, or teach publicly in the academy.

The subjugation of university life at Geneva to ecclesiastical ends had a powerful influence in shaping the character and course of Casaubon. It was in this society, the first for which he exchanged the paternal roof, that he married, and formed his friendships, and it was here that he passed the eighteen years of his life which intervened between his nineteenth and his thirty-seventh year. At the time of his appointment to succeed Portus in the Greek chair his passion for literature possessed all the ardour of a first love. It broke out in the shape of notes on *Diogenes Laertius*—a characteristic choice, as showing his early taste for the erudite, rather than for the vigorous and practical writers of antiquity. He dedicated this inaugural essay to his father, and the venerable pastor received the offering of his learned son with the observation that he had rather have from him a single sentence on the Holy Bible than all the fine things he seemed to have so much at heart. Casaubon never forgot the rebuke; and, like Elwood's remark to Milton, it took effect long after it was uttered. For the present his conscience was satisfied by the composition of some brief notes on the Gospels, and after what was, perhaps, a forced labour, he betook himself to the unexplored and inexhaustible fields of Plato and Aristotle.

His next publication, however, was a volume of corrections of Theocritus, which only deserves mention as being the produce of his gratitude for the notice he received from the very celebrated man who has left the stamp of his name on all the Greek literature of the period—Henri Estienne. In character they were sufficiently dissimilar; but as there was thirty years difference between their ages, disparity of temper was no bar to a friendship which was cemented by community of taste. Henri Estienne, though not the greatest critic, was the most singular and original character connected with letters in that generation. An Hellenist 'de première force,' according to the measure of the time, he has no claim to be ranked with the triumphviri; nor is he considered equal to Budeus, Camerarius, or Canter. But, considering how little his temperament was adapted for a studious life, his attainments in classical learning must excite

our wonder. He was by natural constitution formed for stirring, and not for sedentary intellectual pursuits: nothing less than the sphere of politics could have absorbed his restless energy; nothing below the first prizes in that arena have slaked his craving ambition. The son of a printer was excluded from the competition, except by the avenue of the Church, which was closed to the Huguenot. Hence, like so many other frustrate activities, his were obliged to find what vent they could in literary pursuits. The path in which his eccentric and chafing spirit was compelled to walk was marked out for him by the circumstances of his inheriting his father's name, and his stock in trade; but it was too petty a distinction for him to be satisfied with emulating the beauty of typography which had acquired for the press of Robert Estienne its European reputation. To Henri, 'unus non sufficit orbis,' he aspired to be his own printer, corrector, editor, critic. His father, with a prognostic of the son's unsettled temper, had directed by his will that the famous Greek types which had been cast at the cost of Francis I. should not be removed from Geneva. The spirit of Henri fretted at the confinement to so narrow a theatre; he felt himself, as was said afterwards of Mad. de Staël, 'trop grand poisson pour notre lac,' and, like her, he sighed for Paris. Henri [V., who did nothing else for him, had the goodness to intercede with the Council of Geneva to obtain the annulment of the clause in the father's will; but the burgher pride of the senate, though docile to the despotism of their pastors, was aroused by the interference of a foreign potentate. They cared nothing for the retention in their town of the first Greek press in Europe, and their resistance proceeded from their jealous independence. But though the household gods of Estienne were thus constrained to abide in one place, and though he had there a wife whom he loved, at least of whom he has written most warmly, he himself was to be met with anywhere rather than at home. From Naples to London he wandered wherever he could meet with MSS. and learned men, collecting the one, insulting and quarrelling with the other; getting into scrapes with the police by his neglect of regulations, and escaping the consequences by his dexterity and the impossibility of detecting his country or his native tongue. Incessantly on the move, he collated Greek MSS.—the most sedentary of literary occupations—with the perseverance of a Becker; found time to throw off more books from his too fluent pen than many printers have sent forth from their press; and printed more than many men have found leisure to read. His own compositions were not, it will

be supposed, of the most solid description; but consisted of a cloud of brochures, pamphlets, diatribes, prefaces, dedications, notes, observations, schediasmata, libelli—the light artillery of the scholar. The matter is often in ludicrous contrast with the title. His 'Apologie pour Hérodote' is the text for a string of scandal on the monks. He sate down in a mood of ill-humour to review the Latin of Lipsius—a fertile theme—and having written the title 'De Latinitate Lipsiensis,' he is wholly occupied with the Turkish war, which gave occasion to the wits to entitle the book 'De Latinitate Lipsiensis contra Turcas.' His own latinity was far from being unexceptionable. He showed Pithou several fragments of new editions of Roman authors, and on pressing him for his opinion received the significant answer that he had better keep to his Greek.

He travelled, as was customary before the days of passable roads, on horseback, but on a high-spirited and mettlesome Arab, and not on the spavined backs of the post-houses. These seasons—for his teeming imagination could not be idle—were claimed by his muse. An epigram, or a prologue, or a soliloquy, was composed and written down, without drawing rein.\* Like the author of Marston, his poetical excitement required a gallop. He talks as much of his horses as Sully, and has sung the praises of one which he bought at the fair of Francfort; and bewailed in elegiacs the way in which he was jockeyed in a deal at Zurzach. His equestrian feats intrude themselves into his gravest dissertations, and he will break out in the middle of a preface to Apollonius Rhodius into an anecdote of how he once leaped a toll-gate on the high-road near Francfort. Fifty different Latin versions of a single distich in the Greek Anthology attest at once his powers of versification, and the uneasy soul to which variety was the breath of life. When excitement failed him, as it did on several occasions during the threescore years

\* His father before him is supposed to have improved these equestrian hours. It was Robert Estienne that divided the New Testament into verses, and his son Henri tells us that it was effected during a journey from Lyons to Paris, *inter equitandum*. The phrase has been commonly supposed to signify that he performed the task upon horseback, but Michaelis thought it might only mean that he did it between the stages while taking his ease at his inn. The first and literal interpretation is doubtless correct. John Wesley read hundreds of volumes as he ambled upon his nag from one preaching station to another, and, however difficult it might have been to pencil figures upon the margin of the Testament when mounted upon the fiery Arab of Henri, it might easily have been accomplished upon the hack of Robert, which was probably as steady as his desk.



and ten for which the machine continued to supply the incessant demands he made upon it, he fell into a state of the most utter wretchedness. His seasons of sadness were not ordinary depression of spirits, for when he was unnerved, the reaction was in proportion to the previous feverishness of his existence. He was then the victim of a satiety or loathing of his usual occupations, and he could not even enter his library without shading his eyes with his hand to avoid the sight of his books. He complained that he could nowhere find a description of his disease, but the simple truth was, that his commanding energies, made for manly strife, rebelled from time to time against the pedant's vocation to which they were condemned.

It is impossible to allude in the most cursory manner to the endless diversity of Henri Estienne's writings, and this teeming pamphleteer was the compiler of one of the most laborious monuments of erudition that was ever produced in any age—the famous Greek *Thesaurus*, which has only been recently superseded, and which was of itself a sufficient task for one industrious life.

It was at the time when Estienne's fortunes were on the decline, owing to the excess of his undertakings, and specially to the vast expense of publishing the '*Thesaurus*,' that Casaubon came first within his orbit. The young professor began by courting the notice and the library of the great Philomath, but soon included in his devotion the printer's fair daughter Florence. Estienne's passion for the collection of MSS. was accompanied by an equally alert jealousy in their custody. He had amassed great treasures of the sort, and guarded them as the Indian griffins their gold from every invader except the mites and the worms. He was averse, it is said (*Scaligerana*), to the match with Casaubon, but Casaubon could more easily obtain his daughter than one of his MSS. He was as unwilling to restore the works he had borrowed as to lend his own, and Leunclavius had to dun him for a series of years to get back a Xenophon. To enter his library was strictly forbidden, not only to strangers, but to his family. To open it by stealth, and hunt for a book among the disordered heaps, during one of his long absences, was, says Casaubon, 'as mighty an undertaking for them as the siege of Troy,' and when they had accomplished the feat, they trembled with apprehension lest the impetuous old Grecian should detect what they had done. The paternal opposition to the suit was probably less disinclination to the match than a fear that the son-in-law would extort the key of the book-room. Casaubon's mode of laying siege to daughter and library at once was quite in

character. Estienne had printed two editions of Theocritus, and till he should himself think proper to publish a third, these two must have been, in his own opinion, incapable of being improved on. It would never have entered into any head less simple and unworldly than Casaubon's to think of recommending himself by publishing '*Lectiones Theocriticæ*;'—by re-editing over an editor's head. Scaliger had been mightily indignant when Henri Estienne had presumed to tamper with some of his emendations. '*Omnes quotquot edidit libros, etiam meos, corrumpit*' (*Scaligerana*). This was high treason, and it might seem petty treason for Casaubon to meddle in his turn with the readings of Henri. He only assumed, however, to be the moon following in the wake of the sun, and a deprecatory preface and proper submissions caused the offering to be graciously accepted. The great merits of Casaubon, and the reflection that a son-in-law who promised to be so learned a Grecian might be useful in executing some of the numerous projects which multiplied on him as he waned in years, weighed with Estienne. The author of the '*Lectiones Theocriticæ*' was frankly admitted into his friendship and his house, and in 1586 married his daughter. How tenderly Casaubon was attached to her every page of the Diary bears abundant evidence, and she returned his affection; but there is no appearance of her sharing, as M. Nisard supposes, in her husband's pursuits. On the contrary, we infer that she was a weak woman, and, though we hear nothing like the untunable murmurs of Hooker's wife, it is evident that her domestic distresses were not sparingly inflicted on her good-man, who perhaps on his part tried her patience by a scholar's indifference to household difficulties. Still there was no bitterness in the harpings of the housewife on her cares, and a narrow *ménage* and a numerous family seem never to have introduced domestic discord.

Casaubon had rushed into print early, not to say precipitately; but, as we should scarcely regard the '*Diogenes Laertius*' as more than an exercise for a degree, it may be thrown out of the account, and thenceforward we shall see him forming himself for the editorial functions which made his great reputation by long, silent, and laborious study. Matrimony did not detain him long from his books. This was his Philosophy and Jurisprudence period, of which the former with him meant Aristotle and Plato, and in the latter he had the assistance of the eminent Julius Pacius, the pupil of Raymond Sully, the master of Peiresc. We are not surprised to find that the next event we have to record is that he fell dangerously ill. During his com-

pulsory abstinence from study his father's rebuke of his profane pursuits came back strongly upon him. He registered a vow that, should he regain his strength, he would give his time exclusively to sacred authors. No sooner was he in a condition to re-enter his study, than he threw himself with ardour upon the Old Testament Scriptures, and the oriental tongues, devouring the rabbis, and astonishing Chevalier, his Hebrew instructor, by the rapidity of his progress. His skill in student-craft shortly convinced him that, even with a view to the understanding of the sacred books, it was a false system which would confine the mind to them alone. He got back to the classics, and before long was as much engrossed by them as ever. But now it was not philosophy; for which, in truth, though he superintended an edition of Aristotle, he had no vocation. He fastened upon authors more congenial to his tastes, and during the first ten years of married life, he successively brought out Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Polyænus (an Ed. Princeps), Apulius, Suetonius, and what remains the most characteristic, if not the happiest specimen of his editing, the Characters of Theophrastus. All this while he continued to lecture his pupils, and, though confined by his ignorance of his auditors to humble ground, he himself applied to all the books he read in class the critical skill of a master. His copies of the tragedians, of Hesychius, Stephanus Byzantius, Synesius, Epictetus, bear evidence in their margins of his unremitting labour, the results of which—the mere sweepings of his study—were always at his service of his friends. He had fixed his eyes on Athenæus as the subject for his own *chef-d'œuvre*, and had for some time been making corrections of that corrupted author. His emendations were to be submitted to an Aristarchus whose opinion might be a trustworthy guide to an explorer adventuring on such a quagmire as the existing text. He was still only in his thirty-fifth year, and here was but one man in Europe to whom he could look up as his superior in Greek.

Scaliger had just (1593) removed to Leyden. In his retirement near Tours, he had been waited on by a deputation, humbly saying that it would please his lordship to deign to become the hope and light of the studies of the Dutch University. He might dictate his own terms. Let him but give his residence and his name; let him but occupy the professorial chair, and he need never descend to the labour of lecturing. On this condition, and after once flatly refusing their proposals, Scaliger had consented. It was now that Casaubon presented himself before the 'King of Letters' with his humble pe-

tition. 'He had debated it long,' he said, 'and ventured on the step with fear and trembling. For if he knew him to be a man, and one both amiable and condescending, he knew also that an intellect occupied in fathoming the mysteries of knowledge ought not lightly to be intruded on. In this spirit he presumed to knock at the gate of his friendship to ask for admission, including the favour of his advice and correspondence.' He received a gracious reply, and in return submitted a specimen of his Athenæus. It was slightly commended by Scaliger, with the cold addition, that he could, if it were worth while, point out blemishes. Casaubon, not repulsed, and sincerely anxious for the credit of his work, implored him in the most submissive terms not to keep back anything he had to say of his emendations. Scaliger was disarmed by such an entire surrender at discretion. He protests with arrogant humility that he was not so vain as to correct Casaubon, that he had never read anything more admirable than the notes on Athenæus, and that he was not ashamed to avow that there were innumerable things in them which he had learned for the first time, and that his ambition was to be esteemed not the least contemptible of those who called Casaubon master. The master understood well enough what these effusions were worth. He was not so simple as to take Scaliger at his word, and his discretion was able finally to ripen into a secure alliance, an acquaintance opened on the rotten foundation of mutual flattery. He desired to make a pilgrimage to King Joseph in Holland, and laid up two hundred golden crowns in a purse of velvet to defray the expenses of the journey. The coveted opportunity never arrived, and he was obliged to content himself with having 'knocked at the gate of Scaliger's friendship.' Though they never met, their correspondence was only broken by death, and is one of the most interesting in the collection of the epistles of Casaubon.

By this time our Diarist had by his numerous and careful editions achieved a reputation in France and Germany. He had also formed connexions, not merely among scholars, but with a wide circle of men of rank and eminence. To one of these patrons was owing his removal—promotion it can scarcely be called—from the city which was at once his native and his adopted country, and in which he had struck all the roots, domestic and social, that give a man a hold on the 'solum patriæ.' He was undoubtedly attached to Geneva, yet he deserted it for a post, which, offering him no better prospect than the one he was leaving, exposed him to charges of a discontented, capricious disposi-

tion. The imputation, taken in connexion with a confessedly somewhat querulous temper, cannot be pronounced altogether unfounded; yet the motives for his leaving Geneva are apparent enough, and have not been sufficiently considered by his biographers. His father-in-law was a most inconvenient and troublesome neighbour; and his slender salary was ill-paid, partly from the emptiness of the treasury, partly from the little estimation in which his functions were held by the long-cloaked party who administered the affairs of the Calvinistic republic. The atmosphere of the place was pre-eminently theological; and though Casaubon the man was esteemed, liked, loved, Casaubon the scholar was not appreciated at a scholar's value. His scrupulous attendance at four sermons per week was of more worth than the most profusely learned expositions from the professorial chair. Here were sources of disgust enough, and it took no more than it does now to make a man whose position is uneasy desire to improve it by change of place. The fallacy of attempting to escape social annoyances by the expedient is only to be detected by trying the experiment.

He was thus in a mood to accept any promising opening which might present itself. Proposals had been made from universities in the United Provinces—from Leyden and Franeker; but they were neither very hearty nor very distinct. The only tangible offer came from Montpellier, and this had been obtained for him by the influence of one of his powerful and warmest friends. Canarge de Fresne, a nobleman of rank, and of great credit at court, had been lately sent by Henri IV. into the south as president of the chamber (*mipartie*) of Languedoc. At his suggestion the town council of Montpellier, as early as 1595, had made overtures to Casaubon. They were not very alluring in themselves. Montpellier was as poor as Geneva; and being, like Geneva, closely bound up with the Huguenot cause, it shared equally in all the embarrassment under which the French Protestants were labouring at this crisis. Casaubon played with the proposal, anxious to escape from Geneva, but hoping to receive some more eligible invitation. Two years passed away, and nothing else offered. The Government at Geneva did not take the hint, and would not, or could not, augment his stipend. The council of Montpellier, still prompted by De Fresne, renewed their instances, and Casaubon gave a tardy consent. It would, at least, remove him from Geneva, and bring him into France, where alone, if anywhere, he could look for preferment. Henri IV., who was on the point of completely accommodating the protracted re-

ligious troubles, would have preferments to dispense, and obscure hints were thrown out of Royal favour.

The university of Montpellier did not rank high. Its reputation rested almost entirely on its medical schools; though even in this department its fame was on the wane. Since the time when, on the ruin of Cordova, it had risen to be the first university of its class in the south-west of Europe, the throngs of students had dwindled, and four regius professors of physic, salaried from the treasury, now alone represented the numerous lecturers and demonstrators in anatomy, whom the payments of the pupils had once sufficed to maintain. It still continued, however, to rank next after Paris, and to be an M.D. of Montpellier was a sufficient title to practise anywhere. The number and severity of the examinations, sixteen of which had to be passed before the doctor's hood could be assumed, stamped a peculiar value on the degree, just as the facility with which the payment of fees secured the discredited appellation at Valencia had occasioned the saying, '*Doctor de Valenza, Longa Roba, corta scienza.*' But medicine formed a faculty apart, which had its own university officers, who took precedence, and disclaimed connexion with the other faculties which had grown up by its side. In the faculty of laws the University possessed a teacher of some renown, William Rankin; in arts its celebrity was wholly provincial, as might have been expected from the fact that while the chairs of physic and anatomy were submitted to competition, those in arts were the patronage of the town council. If there was little distinction in the position, there was no pecuniary equivalent. When we find that the regius professors of medicine received only 600 francs, we shall not expect that the teachers in what were considered the inferior faculties would be highly paid. The evil was co-extensive with letters, and wherever there existed a full head it was almost sure to be accompanied by an empty purse. Bacon complained, in his *Advancement of Learning*, of 'the smallness and meanness of the salary which in most places is assigned unto the public lectures. In the universities of this realm, which I take to be of the best endowed universities of Europe, there is nothing more wanting towards the flourishing state of learning than the honourable and plentiful salaries of such readers.'

But little tempting as were the terms, they were not performed. They had promised him, besides his stipend, a house and firewood; the latter a costly item in a locality removed from the great forests, and where the cold in winter is occasionally intense.

Neither condition was kept. He had to spend the first winter in two little rooms hired at his own cost, and not a tenth part of the wood was supplied. When, at last, they found him a house, he had to pay for it himself, and they immediately deducted the first year's rent, 30 francs, from the first half-year's stipend, which had been promised, but was not paid, in advance. They had engaged to give him four hundred and fifty francs towards furnishing the dwelling they had omitted to provide, and he could only get two-thirds of the sum. Disgusted with their faithlessness and their parsimony, he seriously thought of retracing his steps to Geneva.

These difficulties, however, were owing to want of means more than to want of will on the part of his patrons. The disasters of the civil wars had exhausted all the parties in France, and they paid him as they could, in little sums at a time. But what was wanting in lucre, was in some degree compensated by the appreciation which was denied him at Geneva. Deputations from the corporation and the university met him on his arrival a mile from the city. His course was attended not only by the scholars, but by men of learning and eminence, of whom he found no lack at Montpellier. He selected for his subject, with a view to attract the legal students, the Laws and Civil Affairs of the Roman Republic. His prelection, as was usual in all the faculties, physic as well as arts and theology, was in the Roman tongue. His inaugural discourse was written; his subsequent lectures were spoken from notes. They consisted of detached remarks, or a running comment on some text, such as Book iii. of 'Cicero de Legibus.' His long, correct, but dull sentences, largely interlarded with Greek; his profusion of learned illustration and quotation, which overloaded his subject, and the purely philological character of his course, were not at all adapted for general popularity. To account for his drawing an extra-academical audience, we must consider besides the erudite taste of the age, the novelty of the exhibition, the celebrity of his name, and the desire of the authorities to do honour to their selection. He now, for the first time, tasted the gratification of a public homage, and witnessed in person the general recognition of his unrivalled attainments. Medicine was the ancient boast of Montpellier; law, which formerly had been monopolized by Poitiers, had more recently begun to flourish among them; and Casaubon, they said, had at last brought the classics. He exerted himself to the utmost to meet their expectations. Too wise and too modest to be made vain, he felt the applause which attended his course to be less the reward of past labour than an incitement

to further research. He gave up all his days to preparation for the lecture-room. His subject obliged him to be at once jurist and philologist, and great as were his acquisitions, he was fully conscious what regions of knowledge were still unexplored.

This bright season in a life of gloom was of short duration. The novelty wore off; the audiences fell away, and the niggardliness of the town council began to be seriously felt. He relapsed into his habitual despondency about his family affairs, and a severe illness came to aggravate his mental distress. The chancery of Paris, even on the personal solicitation of Rankin, refused to issue the letters of naturalization which had been promised him, except at an exorbitant fee, which Casaubon declined to pay. He had never contemplated Montpellier as a permanent residence, and the mortifications he experienced increased his impatience to leave it. He only coveted such a provision as should release him from the drudgery of teaching, and enable him to give his whole time to his books. In these he found his sole relief from vexations, and returning to his 'Athenæus' he again began to read with a view to edit. We survey with despair the stupendous monuments of the erudition of the time, and conclude that there were giants in the earth in those days. With more iron in the globules of their blood than we find in ours, the secret of their achievements is in their industry, and not in their force of mind. Sustained labour, prolonged to an advanced period of life, was as much the rule then as it is the exception now. Here is a man, at forty, who is in his own department of letters at the pinnacle of fame, and who has already secured whatever promotion is within his reach, toiling on at productions which could be no further source of fame or profit. He would have hailed a benefactor of mankind in the being

'Who first invented work, and bound the free  
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down  
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood!'

Before he emigrated to France he had formed a connexion with a wide circle of distant friends, entailing a heavy correspondence. Letter-writing, not on business, but on literary topics, took up much of his time, and he paid the tax grudgingly. Though a quick-tempered, he was a warm-hearted and affectionate man, and he soon conciliated a numerous set of fresh friends in his new place of residence. The fashionable era of Montpellier had not yet commenced. Fifty years later it had become a great winter resort for health or pleasure; and dress, visiting, and fashionable company had transformed it from

a Huguenot fortified town to a lively watering-place. Edward Browne, son of Sir Thomas, who visited it in 1664, while he reports highly to his father of its medical school, is no less charmed with its society :—

'This place is the most delightful of all France, being seated upon a hill in sight of the sea, inhabited by a people the most handsome in the world; the meanest of them going neatly drest every day, and their carriage so free that the merest stranger hath acquaintance with those of the best rank of the town immediately.'

In Casaubon's time the social disposition was equally strong, but the visiting was on a more simple and primitive footing. His friends—'*amici quam non amici*'!—dropped in on him every morning, and though our courteous student received them in his workshop, he all the while was counting the minutes and wishing them gone. Notwithstanding his sighs and groans over morning callers and gossiping half-hours, he dedicated whole days with satisfaction to a *tête-à-tête* with Rankin, or the President de Fresne, and was always ready for a conversation on the state of the Church, on the prospects of 'the Religion,' and on the backsliding of Henri IV. Six A.M. was a late hour for him to enter his study; five, and often earlier, was more usual. His first act was one of devotion, and unless specially busy, he gave an hour to the Hebrew Scriptures, or some religious book. The author he had in hand occupied him, with the interval of breakfast at ten, till the lecture, which was usually at four, was announced by the tolling of the great bell. He lectured four days in the week. Wednesday and Saturday were holidays,—*Mercredi*, then styled '*jour d'Hippocrate*,' being substituted, in the medical school of Montpellier, for Thursday, which was adopted in most universities. Though the town was wholly Huguenot, yet from long custom the '*jours chomés*' of the Catholic ritual were kept as holidays, but the emancipation from the lecture-room was counterbalanced by sermons, of which there was one nearly every day in the week, and on Sundays four. The university functionaries were not bound to attend. Yet Casaubon was usually present at festivals, a always on Sundays, not, however, without a strong sense of the sacrifice he was making in quitting Chrysostom or Basil in his study to comply with the custom of a Church where the quantity of preaching was in his judgment so often in the inverse proportion to its quality.

'Their sermons,' says Heylin, writing in 1625, are very plain and homespun, little in them of

the Fathers and less of human learning, it being concluded in the synod of Cappe that only the Scriptures should be used in their pulpits. They consist much of exhortation and use, and of nothing in a manner which concerneth knowledge : a ready way to raise up and edify the will and affection, but withal to starve the understanding.'

Calvin himself was '*facundiae contemptor*,' and at Montpellier the entire duty was performed by two curés, of whom the one was incapacitated by age, and the other by youth. On Sundays, after the first sermon, which was at 8 A.M., Casaubon wrote letters, pursued his ordinary studies, or received his friends. To our astonishment we find that there was no strictness in keeping the Sabbath among the French Protestants of that age of theological ferment. The commencement of the summer vacation varied with the time of Easter, but it was not later than the first week in July, and the schools re-opened in August or September. The Christmas holidays began in the middle of December, and lasted about a month. Sometimes, but very rarely, he went beyond the walls for health or recreation, and he visited de Fresne at Carcassonne, or walked out to the country villa of Dr. Sarrasin, or went over the ruins of Maguelonne.

The chair he occupied is called by *Le Clerc* the chair of Greek and Literæ Humaniores. The subjects on which he lectured were miscellaneous enough. He opened his course, as has been said, with the Roman History and Constitution. He afterwards took up the *ἔπος* of Hippocrates, the whole of whose works he had gone through in private in little more than a month. In addition to his ordinary course he read from time to time some Greek author with a voluntary class. We find mention made of Homer, Pindar, Theophrastus, Aristotle's Ethics, Persius, Plautus (*Captivi*), and Cicero ad Atticum. At a later period Theophrastus on Plants was in reading, and the pleasure was heightened by the discovery that the last editor (the elder Scaliger) had left room for a plentiful crop of emendations. Though in common with his age he thought philosophy meant Aristotle, he could not live at Montpellier without discovering that medicine was something more than the perusal of Hippocrates and Galen. He was a not infrequent attendant at the medical disputations, and even at dissections, and he entered with zest into some chemical experiments when on a visit to Lyons. It may deserve to be mentioned that at Paris in 1601 (January 18) he bestowed a spare hour on a show of '*illius equi Scotici mirabilis*,' in which readers of Shakespeare will recognise the 'dancing horse'

of 'Love's Labour Lost.\*' His reading was discursive, not desultory, and when he commenced a book he generally persevered to the end. In the spring of 1597, though labouring under a severe attack of dysentery, and much interrupted by the disputes with the Council, and by several changes of lodgings, the works he digested were Hippocrates, Basil, Seneca, Suidas, and Cedrenus, while the Hebrew Bible, Chrysostom, Jerome, Tertullian, Alexander Rhetor, and Philostratus were read cursorily or in parts. All this was between February and June, and was quite independent of two courses of lectures, for some of which considerable research was required. He was sensible at times that he was impairing his power of thought by over-much reading, and after resolving to resist its seductions was ever and anon driven back when he began to reflect of how much he was ignorant. There is a notion afloat that the great scholars of the olden time were merely prodigies of pedantry who knew nothing beyond Greek and Latin; and the study of their lives in correcting this error will dispel another,—that it is impossible to be at once discursive and deep. The Scaligers and Casaubons took a wide range; but devoted more hours to each field of the farm than punier cultivators bestow upon their one little plot.

In June, Casaubon began to devote himself to Athenæus. He instinctively discerned what a congenial field he offered to his own turn of scholarship, and had long marked him down as his game. Other occupations and the prospect of a removal from Geneva had deferred the execution of his project. Now, when he seemed to be settled for life and in the full maturity of his powers and acquirements, he gave himself to a task, of which the arduous nature could with difficulty be overrated. Those who suppose that to edit a classic is among the easiest of literary toils, and only a fit occupation for laborious dullness, can form no conception of what Casaubon accomplished. Those only who know that a perfectly good edition of a classic is among the rarest of the triumphs which the literary Fasti have to record; that for the last three centuries we have been incessantly labouring at the Greek and Latin remains, and yet that the number which have been satisfactorily edited is fewer than that of great

epics, or histories; and who call to mind that some of the most popular of ancient authors who have been attempted the oftenest, as *e.g.*, Horace, still await a competent expositor—those only can measure what a giant's strength was required to cope with Athenæus, in the state in which his remains existed in the time of Casaubon. It was a giant's strength that Casaubon put forth, and he produced a work which has continued to this day one of the landmarks of philology. That it is utterly inadequate as an edition of Athenæus is only a consequence of its having appeared in the sixteenth century; but as a collection of most multifarious erudition, very pertinently applied to illustrate the text, it must always remain a standard book of reference, and has as yet indeed no equal. Casaubon's weakness lay in arranging the text, and for this there was more than one reason. He appears to have committed himself to this portion of his labours prematurely, having revised it for a spirited publisher and patron of letters, Jerome Commelin, of Heidelberg, with whose name on the title-page it appeared in 1595, before Casaubon left Geneva, where it was printed at the press of his brother-in-law, Paul Estienne. The basis of his text was that of the Basle edition of 1535, which he corrected from collations made in Italy by Henri Estienne, and by conjectures of his own, and other scholars, who had exercised their skill on detached passages. But, with the laxity of his age, he has not given that exact *signallement* of the MSS. employed, which can enable us to identify them; and worse still, he has not always distinguished between the readings of his authorities and the emendations suggested by his own ingenuity. He has thus, if anything, multiplied the difficulties of determining the genuine text. But had he bestowed all the pains in his power, there was one department of the critical art to which no scholar of his day was competent—the metrical arrangement of the poetical citations, with which Athenæus is studded. Even in the prose portion our Diarist is not often happy in his conjectures—a species of sagacity in which he was surpassed by many of his contemporaries—and in the verse he is helpless. The Latin translation was worse than the original Greek, for to save time—in the case of Casaubon it could hardly have been done to save trouble—he reprinted the version of Daléchamp, which, very incorrect in itself, was not accommodated to the new recension. When the editor of Athenæus commenced later an edition of Polybius, which he never lived to complete, warned perhaps by his former negligence, he began by turning the first book into Latin, and with such success

\* 'How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.' The date of the first edition of *Love's Labour Lost* is 1598. To the illustrations collected by Douce we may add, besides this visit of Casaubon, an allusion in Whitlock's *Zootomia*. Nay, I believe Banks his horse was taught in better language than some would have Christians ought.'

that some of his contemporaries affirmed that we, who came after, would find it difficult to decide whether Casaubon translated Polybius or Polybius Casaubon. Apart from the hyperboles of prettily turned compliments, M. Nisard, an excellent judge, pronounces it a model of its kind—uniting literal fidelity with purity of language and elegance of composition.

The volume, then, hastily printed at Geneva, and published by Commelin, would never have made or sustained a reputation. It is in the other half of the work, the volume of 'Animadversions,' prepared during his residence at Montpellier, that his genius shone forth. The rich and fertilizing stream of his inexhaustible erudition diffuses itself over the page, and keeps the reader in perpetual admiration at its steady and well-directed supply. There is nothing philosophical about his philology; but, on the other hand, he does not merely cite and accumulate.\* His knowledge comes from his mind, as well as from his memory or his commonplace book. He was far enough from being versed in politics, but speaks of the life and affairs of the Greeks and Romans with uniform good sense, like a plain man, who understood in a plain way what life and affairs were. It was an advantage imposed upon him by the age in which he lived, that all his information was gathered at first hand. The compendia and sylloges, the manuals of antiquities, philosophy, and history, which smooth the path of the modern scholar, save his time and preserve him from blunders, but they inevitably tinge with a borrowed hue the pure impression of ancient manners and ideas, which immediate contact with the originals can alone secure.

\* He was not, however, free from the weakness with which we are so familiar in the commentators of Shakespeare, of piling up quotation upon quotation for the sole purpose of displaying his reading. M. Nisard has given a specimen of the manner in which he contrives to append three pages of note to two words of text. Theophrastus had alluded to the habit of the dealers at Athens in putting money into their mouths when, in the hurry of business, they had not time to put it into their purse. Casaubon backs up his interpretation with an array of passages from Alexis, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, and others. Then he remarks that the essence of the custom might be witnessed in his own time with the women who held their pins between their lips to avoid the trouble of sticking them into the pin-cushion. Upon this hint he takes a fresh start, and launches out into a dissertation on the danger of the practice, and infers that, as the women of the fourteenth century sometimes swallowed a pin, the shop-keepers of Athens may have done the same by a coin. This carries him off to the passage of Aristophanes, in which Guelpis meets with precisely such an accident, and here at last he stops in his 'excursus!' M. Nisard justly remarks of notes, that the more the light is concentrated the stronger it shows.

Such are the celebrated 'Animadversiones in Athenæum.' The Ephemerides enable us to compute the time—almost the days and hours—which Casaubon bestowed on the task. The foundation was laid when he was engaged on the text at Geneva, and it was at Montpellier, June 23, 1597, that he began seriously to shape his collections into a commentary. He completed on April 16, of the following year, the first rough draught of what now constitutes a folio volume of a thousand pages. Within a few days he commenced an entire revision of what he had written. There is no note of the time occupied by these 'secundæ curæ,' but he was still engaged by them on the 3rd of July, when he left home for an absence of some months. A third and final review, including writing out for the press, was begun at Lyons, March 20, 1599, and with much interruption completed at Paris, August 9, 1600,—the year in which the 'Animadversiones' were published.

The vexations of the printing-house were not the least misery of the learned enthusiasts of that generation. Before Casaubon turned his back upon Geneva he confided a few leaves, which he had prepared of his Commentary, to the family press. His despotic father-in-law had two correctors at the period, one of whom was ignorant of typography, and the other of Greek. Between them they provoked the despairing editor to withdraw his manuscript. He hoped for better luck when he was settled at Montpellier, and found on his arrival that the city of Hippocrates was without a set of Greek types. He had then recourse to the printers of Lyons, who possessed the types, but had no compositors who were skilled in the use of them. Casaubon scolded and entreated by turns without perceptible result, and he exclaimed in his letters that his hair was growing white with the harassing conflict.

To have done with the book was all the satisfaction it ever gave him. The work itself had been throughout its progress an irksome task, 'catenati in ergastulo labores.' Should any one have had occasion to feel that the fruits of a life of ambition are 'apples of Sodom,' let him not conclude that the life of the man of letters is an unmixed delight. The recent complaints which have been raised against literature as a profession have turned chiefly on the fact that it is so poorly remunerated. None of the plaintiffs have pleaded the throes attendant on the act of composition, or the exquisite torture of a fastidious taste, exercised, like a conscience, 'tortore flagello,' on its own products. Literary leisure, if it mean to read books, may be a very



agreeable life, but to have to write them is another thing. While engaged in translating Homer, Pope used to be haunted by the ghost of his undertaking in his dreams, and 'wished to be hanged a hundred times.' Of the blood and sweat, the groans and sighs, which enter into the composition of a volume in folio, as much as into that of a hogshead of sugar, no more faithful record has ever been preserved than in these 'Ephemerides.' Yet Casaubon was not writing for bread, nor for fame. He had the latter, and the former was not then to be procured by books. The pains of composition were not even repaid by the parental pleasure of contemplating his offspring. To Casaubon the labour and its result were equally repulsive and disappointing. He felt most bitterly on the completion of his 'Animadversions' how far he had fallen short of his own ambitious designs, and humbly invokes the aid of Scaliger to amend passages, of which the corruption had baffled his skill. He was sometimes inclined to explain his distaste by the frivolity or grossness of parts of his author, and he continually sighed for the time when, rid of his travail, he could give himself up to sacred letters. On regaining his liberty he refrained from executing his vow. Athenæus done, he took up with Persius; and when, many years after, he did resign the classics for the Fathers, the result was pronounced by general consent a signal failure.

We have anticipated a little, in order to keep together the history of the Athenæus. It has been seen that on his first removal to Montpellier, his friends had dropped hints of some further promotion. In the summer of 1598, they allured him to Paris, where he was presented at court, and the hopes were authenticated by the King in person. Nothing specific was promised, but he was led to understand that it was intended to appoint him to a chair of classical literature in the University of that capital. There were, however, difficulties in the way, with which his friends were acquainted, but of which he himself only learnt later the full extent. He was not long in suspense. In December, De Vicq announced that he had obtained him a patent for a retaining pension till he should be installed in his chair; and he signified his promotion to the Council of Montpellier. He still awaited a nomination in form. On the 22nd of January, after dinner, he was gladdened by the sight of the expected document, as it still exists among the Burney MSS., signed by the King, and countersigned by the secretary. It was, however, no presentation to a Royal Professorship, but a command to relinquish his engagement at Montpellier, and come to Paris, where it was the

King's intention to employ him in the profession of the *Literæ Humaniores*. These indefinite expressions might have raised suspicions; but he seems to have had none at first, and immediately prepared to obey the summons. He despatched his family and his books as far as Lyons, and speedily followed himself, little foreseeing that this promise of future advancement was nearly all he should ever get from the French court. He had been very impatient to leave Montpellier, but it soon appeared that there was no occasion for hurrying to Paris. He lingered months at Lyons, where, with his family and library, he was lodged in the hotel of his magnificent patron, De Vicq, who also undertook to advance the requisite sums for bringing out the 'Animadversions.' Literature was not held in the same esteem in the town as in the house of his friend, and there was little demand for any books except breviaries. When De Vicq wanted to send a present to Germany, Casaubon at his request hunted the shops for anything in the shape of a new publication, but without success. What Lyonsese booksellers there were must have been truly 'cormorants on the tree of knowledge,' if the widow Harsy, who published for Casaubon, was a fair specimen of the race. She appears to have taken advantage of the poor Diarist's simplicity, and cheated him with a barefaced impudence that could only have been used to a man who was far too deep in Greek and Latin to attend to anything else. Before he closed his career, he had successively tasted all the ills but one of the scholar's life:—

'Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.'

The last was his only blank chapter in the Calamities of Authors.

Meanwhile his friends at court, who had his interest much at heart, and whose honour was pledged to promote it, were urging on the fulfilment of the promise that had been made him; but the obstacles in the way were becoming every day more apparent, and were really on the increase. In a word, the tide of feeling and opinion at Paris was now setting in with increased strength against the Reformed religion and its adherents. It was thirty years since the S. Bartholomew; and the reaction—if indeed there had been any—which followed that massacre had quite died away, and the Parisian mob were ready for a second. In no part of that mob was the hatred against 'cette maudite secte Huguenote et Habloniste' more vehement than among the students of the 'pays Latin.' In going out on Sundays to any of the three churches which the Edict of Nantes allowed

them in the banlieu, they were liable to be robbed and insulted by the roystering youth. Paris and its schools had throughout the troubles been the stronghold of the League; and now, when in the provinces the stream had turned strongly in favour of the Catholics, it was not likely that the capital would cool in its zeal for orthodoxy. The university occupied a position between two enemies, the Reformed on one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. The latter were, at the moment, by far the most formidable foe; but the very opposition of the colleges and professors to the encroachments of ultra-Catholics, rendered it more incumbent on them to place their orthodoxy above suspicion by keeping the Calvinists at bay. University interests are among the first to suffer in a time of civil war, and the wars of the League had been no exception. Students had fallen off, lectures were interrupted, discipline had become impossible; the endowments of exhibitions and professorial stipends, generally secured on lands or houses, were irregularly paid or altogether in abeyance. Accordingly, one of the first cares of Henri IV. as soon as he became undisputed master was to endeavour to restore efficiency to the educational establishments. A commission was appointed to review the statutes; the old professorial chairs were revived and two new ones created. But it was gradually found to be impossible to enforce the religious equality, which was the wish of the King. When, accordingly, in 1600 (September 18th), Henri's new statutes were promulgated in full assembly of the academical body, they contained an enactment prohibiting the admission to the colleges not only of Huguenot teachers, but even Huguenot students. Strangers lodging in the town were still allowed to attend the courses without regard to their tenets; but if they discoursed with the collegians on subjects of religion, they were to be interdicted the privilege.

Under these circumstances it was impossible that effect could be given to the mandate addressed to Casaubon at Montpellier. Indeed, when we look at the date and the terms of the summons, it is difficult to believe that it was made in good faith:—

'Monsieur de Casaubon' (it ran), 'ayant délibéré de remettre sus l'Université de Paris, et d'y attirer pour cest effect le plus de savans personages q'il me sera possible; sachant le bruit que vous avez d'estre aujourd'hui des premiers de ce nombre, je me suis resolu de me servir de vous pour la profession des bonnes lettres en la dite université, et vous ay à ceste fin ordonné tel appointment; &c.

Before the date of this letter (Jan. 3, 1599),

it must have been sufficiently apparent that no Huguenot, in the present temper of the university, could be quietly seated in one of its chairs. The truth we believe was, that the court even then entertained expectations of winning Casaubon over to the fashionable side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. These expectations were most sanguine at the outset, and were not unreasonable, looking at the numerous conversions which took place every day. They only died away gradually as the proselytizers slowly arrived at the discovery that they had mistaken their man. Casaubon and the court misunderstood one another. He was so candid, so reasonable, and admitted so much, that they supposed him ripe for apostacy, while he, in turn, imagined they would accept him in spite of his heresy, since they seemed to prize so highly his reputation for learning.

But if the court thus dallied with him to procure an abjuration, the University professors showed him the steadiest aversion. With them his religion was only the pretext, and the real motive was professional jealousy. They hated him with the hate which dull mediocrity bears to superior merit, and were glad of any excuse for shutting the gates on him. The splendid days of the University—the days of Francis I.—were gone by, and the great names of Lambinus and Turnebus had been replaced by men of an inferior stamp; many of them, like Passerat, useful teachers, but with all that over-estimate of their own importance which teaching, whether in the school-room or the lecture-hall, is apt to engender. Seen through the distorted medium of academic judgments, Charpentier was preferred to Ramus, and Marcile to Scaliger. At the time of Casaubon's first visit to the capital, Marcile was the 'magnus Apollo' of the students; and the Parisian professor sent a patronizing message to the humble provincial, that he had his permission to call upon him. Casaubon meekly complied, and paid his respects in that wonderful apartment in the College du Plessis, in which this admirable Crichton had, as his disciples reported, spent, like another Pythagoras, ten years in unbroken study. Pigeon-holes round the walls contained the fruits of his vigils—commentaries on the civil law, a perfect compilation on Roman antiquities, translations of Aristotle, and dictations on all the principal classics. The egotism, presumption, ignorance, and pedantry, were highly offensive to Casaubon, who took care never to repeat his visit, and when he came to settle in Paris he chose a lodging on the court side of the water, with the avowed purpose of avoiding the dwellers in the University quarter. Afterwards, however, he shifted over to the opposite bank, and established himself close to the

great convent of the Cordeliers, which became so notorious in the first French Revolution.

While Casaubon was at Lyons awaiting the course of events, he was a second time summoned by a letter from De Vicq, which announced a speedy arrangement. He travelled post with such diligence that he reached Paris early on the sixth day. He got a most gracious reception at court, and Henri repeated his intention of employing him in the University. Casaubon had become sufficiently aware of its character to have lost all desire to be admitted to its honours, even if the realization of the promise had been possible. 'May the earth,' he said, 'swallow me up rather than be the colleague of such a knave as Marcile.' His friends suggested his appointment to the Keepership of the Royal Library, which would retain him in immediate dependence on the King, who, though he had not and never affected any taste for letters, had taken a personal liking to Casaubon. The office was not vacant, but he received a patent of the place in reversion, and for the present a pension of 2000 francs, with a further sum to defray the expenses of removal. Though this may seem a paltry allowance, it was above the average of professors' stipends at that time, or if we look at pensions, the poet Malherbe accepted one of 1000 francs, and it was only in his old age that it was raised to 1500. It was enough for Casaubon, with what little property had come into his possession, to secure him, at least, all the necessities of life. But he soon found that to get a bill on the Treasury was one thing, and to get it paid was another. The admirable Sully, who had not spared his own estate or timber during the necessities of his Sovereign, was a rigid economist; and after passing the *surintendant*, there was still to run the gauntlet of the inferior officers. Those who were paid at all had no chance of being paid in full. An enormous percentage was demanded for cashing a treasury draft, and Henri Estienne, on once presenting a bill of Henry III. for 1000 crowns, was offered 600 as a reasonable compromise. On his expressing his willingness to allow 50 crowns discount, the clerk laughed in his face: 'Je vois bien que vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que les finances; vous reviendrez à l'offre, et ne la retrouverez pas.' It was certainly essential that there should be parsimony somewhere. Between his passion for play and his passion for women, Henri would have long before involved his finances, if Sully had not kept the key of his coffers. The marquise in the morning, and the dice in the evening, left little margin for poets or scholars, and the inexorable paymaster, to add to the

difficulty, did not like Casaubon, though of his own religious persuasion. The poor Grecian had to tramp many a fruitless journey to the Rue St. Antoine, and to waste many a weary hour in the ante-chamber, before he could get to speak with the minister, and we are not surprised that the great Sully of history should be handed down to us in the letters of the poverty-stricken pensioner as 'iniquissimus quæstorum præfectus.'

The King's countenance continued to shine on Casaubon, and if he was rebuffed at the Treasury he was welcomed at the Palace. Henri was not a prince who saw character, as most princes must do, with other men's eyes. His long and early admixture in the rough and equal school of camps had made him a shrewd judge of men, and he retained to the last his frank and sociable *Béarnaise* humour. He delighted to converse with Casaubon: not that their talk was like the subsequent colloquies with James I., of classics and Roman antiquities, or of the Five Points, but they had still one serious subject in common—the interest of the Protestant Churches. Notwithstanding Henri's abjuration, and his having now become, whatever may originally have been the case, sincerely bent on establishing the Catholic religion, he was not utterly forgetful of the interests of the Protestant minority, to whom he had till recently belonged, and whose arms had kept open for him the road to the throne. He knew, what many of his new advisers did not, that it was possible to be a Huguenot and yet a pious man. He saw that Casaubon had the zeal without the fanaticism of the Calvinists, and—strange inconsistency of the human heart!—the libertine and the gamester delighted to talk with the pious, devout, and almost ascetic scholar of their common religious hopes. There was no hypocrisy here: it was but the other side of the man. Pursuing his licentious amours at fifty, with a passion unpardonable at twenty-five, he loved to listen to the seaching sermons of the Père Cotton, and to the serious and solemn conversation of Casaubon—'graves cum rege de pietate sermones.'

The Père Cotton, a Jesuit, was the King's confessor, and such was his influence that it was said of Henri that he had cotton in his ears. The ill offices of the Jesuit were never wanting to discredit the Huguenot. Persevering calumny, which, addressed to a weak prince, is certain death to the object of his estimation, is at least a slow poison with the strongest minds, and after a lengthened absence of the King from Paris, the clouded brow and averted eye would declare to Casaubon how the enemy had improved their opportunities. The impression was dissipated

by renewed intercourse, and the eulogiums of more candid and loftier minds. It is a high testimony to Casaubon's personal worth, that the best men of both religions were his friends, and that his enemies were the fiercest and most bigoted partisans of the rival creeds. The premier president, Achille de Harlay, his brother-in-law, the great De Thou, and Petau (Paul), great-uncle of the celebrated Jesuit theologian, were a tried trio, who, though Catholics, stood by him against all opponents. It was to De Thou's interference that he was now indebted for not being disappointed of the post of King's Librarian. Casaubon had for three years had the patent of survivorship in his possession; but with great delicacy had never mentioned it to the aged occupant of the office, though at different times he received much annoyance from him. When he died, the same Spanish cabal that had clamoured against the appointment of Sully as ambassador to England, because he was a Huguenot, were urgent with the King that so responsible a post as the custody of the MSS. of the Fathers should not be intrusted to Casaubon. To avoid seeming however to pass him over on account of his religion, they proposed to invite Grotius from the Hague, to show that the objections were on personal grounds. Casaubon, with a lofty pride of spirit, refused to solicit or to urge his claims; but the cotton with which the royal ears were stopped was, as yet, penetrable by the voice of De Thou, who was grand master of the Library. His interference was decisive. Casaubon was confirmed in the place, with an addition of 400 francs to his pension.

With an office thus honourable, of which, though not a sinecure, the duties were light and congenial, enjoying the esteem of all the good and wise of the capital, and having achieved a European reputation, the position of Casaubon might appear even enviable, and might certainly have been supposed productive of content. But there were bitters in the cup, and before we charge the repining tone in which he always spoke of his situation in Paris, to dissatisfied temper, we must make allowance for the annoyances to which he was exposed. A stipend of 2500 francs, though even above the average of literary incomes at the time, was a narrow dependence for a large family to whose periodical increase there seemed no end; and he had, besides, his sister (a widow) and her child on his hands. It could barely have met their necessary requirements, and education for the sons, or provision for the daughters, must have been out of the question. The scale of living, and of every other expense, was far higher in the capital as compared with the provinces than it is at present. He could not rent an apart-

ment that would hold them all, though small and inconvenient, under 300 francs. The modest portion which would have been suitable for the daughters of a provincial *caré* would, he complains, be spurned by a Parisian lackey. When the city of Nismes offered him 1800 francs as Professor, he admits that it was better than the 2500 francs he had at present, if he took into account the cost of residing at the respective places. Independent of his salary his own resources were next to nothing; for he had early dipt into them by the indispensable necessity of a classical library, and he lost the remainder of his little patrimony, while still charged with his mother's jointure, by the dishonesty of the corporation of Bordeaux. The total had been but some 1500 francs and 35 sheep, and the greater part of it was invested in bonds of that town. The municipality, finding the burthen inconvenient, and knowing the widow Casaubon to be helpless, repudiated principal and interest. His wife's fortune was lost in a way he thought still more grievous, by the rapacity and injustice of the Senate and Presbytery of Geneva—his own Geneva, for which 'he would have gladly laid down his life'—and he inveighs with much vehemence against the 'unjust, inhuman, and unrighteous decision of these pharisees and hypocrites.' But John Le Clerc had heard a different version from his grandfather of one part, at least, of these proceedings. Besides a considerable sum of money, there were among the effects of Henri Estienne at Geneva the celebrated Greek matrixes, which Francis I. had caused to be cast, and the great scholar had pawned them in some pecuniary crisis for 400 crowns to Nicolas Le Clerc. The matrixes were now claimed by the King of France as the property of the Crown. Whether the claim was just or not, one thing was clear, that Le Clerc was entitled to his 400 crowns, and we must certainly confirm the decision of the Genevan courts, that the money ought to come from the estate of Henri Estienne. If the matrixes were not his, he had no power to mortgage them, and if they were, the French Crown, which wrongfully claimed them of the heirs, was the party in fault, and not the magistrates of Geneva. Le Clerc had the strongest reason to complain, for he was only reimbursed the half of his loan; and though it was mean in a King of France to withdraw from the Estienne family at the third generation the stock in trade which had been turned to such noble account, it is yet admitted that Francis I. had never pretended that they were an absolute gift.

Casaubon was more justified in his constant uneasiness at the uncertain tenure of what he continued to enjoy. It was with difficulty he

could touch his quarter's salary of 600 francs, because perchance 300,000 in hard cash had been handed over that morning to Made-noiselle d'Entragues. No sums were too vast to be lavished on the King's pleasures; if the money is not forthcoming, the *gabelle* can be doubled, and a tax of 15 per cent. can be laid on woollen cloths; no sum was too small not to be grudged to the most learned scholar in France. Henri IV. was a patron of literature, and ranks not the lowest among the sovereigns who have encouraged and pensioned its cultivators; but the Marquise de Verneuil would not have stooped to pick up a draft for the total amount of the bounty bestowed upon authors: 'Hos inter sumptus estertia Quintiliano ut multum duo sufficiunt.'

Casaubon soon experienced in addition the painful truth that the man who accepts favours at court belongs no longer to himself, and has parted with his peace and independence. Innumerable compliances and accommodations were expected of him, which were no sacrifices to supple courtiers, but were felt as humiliating by one who had principles to cherish. All offices, small as well as great, were in former times held during the pleasure of the sovereign, and if what was given was little, much was expected in return. The zeal of the Jesuits, co-operating with the favour of the Court, was bringing back the noblesse to the bosom of the Church, with a success that attracted universal attention, and was, in fact, the most remarkable occurrence of the time. The political *proneurs* of the League were succeeded in the pulpits of Paris by theological controversialists, incessantly handling the topics of Romanist polemics. In point of learning, the Reformed party in France were much over-matched by their antagonists, and Casaubon was almost the only exception among his co-religionists in the capital. His immense erudition, his standing at court, the favour of the King, and the friendship of the learned, made him conspicuous above the ill-educated, narrow, and obscure knot of Calvinist pastors, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the proscribed congregations at Hablon or Charenton. When his friends and patrons were going over daily, he became a mark for the renewed assaults of the proselytisers, and he might have said, as Bellarmine did of himself, 'Ego pungor, ego plector.' At each fresh triumph in other quarters, they returned to attack the fortress that still defied them, their irritation increasing with every repulse. Du Perron reasoned with him from antiquity; Fronton Duceus threatened him with the loss of the royal favour; others promised him all the rewards that Rome could bestow. Argument he waived, though pro-

fessing himself always willing to listen, for he had seen enough of controversy to be convinced by experience of the truth of what he had read in Gregory Nazianzen, that no fruit is ever gathered from the thorns of dialectica. The threats he despised, and the offers of preferment he indignantly rejected. His friends who were Romanized already tried their efforts. Canaye de Fresne contrived theological breakfast parties, at which he entrapped Casaubon into the company of Jesuit priests. It was more than once reported, and believed, that he had actually gone over, and the rumours were by no means fraudulent inventions. They originated in the sincere but precipitate zeal of sanguine religionists, who, trained to think prodigies, when their own Church was concerned, more probable than not, were always believing that Christendom was on the eve of returning to the bosom of the Pope. The same fallacious dream has been indulged by the Romanists of our day, and however often they awake to find that it was but the phantom of their brain, they are always ready to hail anew the deceitful vision. Our Diarist's conduct, though it never afforded any real ground for such expectations, wore just that complexion which, to superficial observers, imports hesitation and uncertainty. In this way Baxter was abused by High Churchmen as a Roundhead, and stigmatised as an Erastian by Nonconformists. Casaubon, on solid grounds and sufficient knowledge, was distinctly attached to the Protestant form of faith and worship. But he was moderate in his opinions, and candid in his arguments, and while his temperate language made his Roman Catholic companions believe what they wished, the fanatics of his own party thought it treason to their cause that he refused to father the whole of their extravagance.

One of the most remarkable examples of Casaubon's impartiality and its natural consequences was exhibited in his conduct at the conference of Fontainebleau, which has been compared with that of Hampton Court. They had little resemblance except in the unfairness with which they were managed, and the clumsy attempt on the part of those who got them up, to give a judicial character to a foregone conclusion. The issue to be tried at Fontainebleau was not the general issue between the Roman and the Protestant Church, but the good faith of certain quotations from the Fathers, in a book on the Eucharist, lately published by Philippe de Mor-nay, seigneur de Plessis-Marly. The elegance of the style, the noble birth of the author, and, above all, his lay character, had caused the book to make a great sensation. There is no question that his theological learning,

of which he made a wonderful parade, was unequal to the undertaking. Du Perron affirmed that there were at least 500 false, garbled, or misinterpreted citations of the Fathers in the book, and Du Plessis challenged him in an evil hour to prove his charge. The Bishop, who was the most learned theologian in France, accepted the challenge, the King took up the matter, and Casaubon was adroitly nominated by the Romanists one of the arbitrators. There is an anecdote current that Henri IV., who presided at the discussion, turned to Sully after the opening debate, and said, 'What think you of your Pope?' 'I think,' replied Sully, 'that Mornay is more of a Pope than you imagine, for do not you see that he is conferring the red hat upon the Bishop of Evreux?' The minister meant that Du Plessis, by the weakness of his cause, was sure to give his popish adversary a triumph which would end in his being made a Cardinal. Besides fighting feebly while the contest continued, the Protestant pleaded illness, and withdrew from the lists. He was soon, in fact, convinced that his cause was bad. The greatest amount of critical erudition would not have saved from innumerable blunders any one who embarked, in that age, on the unexplored ocean of patristic learning. What could be expected from a lay-gentleman who had got up his references for the occasion, and who had doubtless, as Scaliger asserted, taken the majority of them at second-hand? It was as easy for Du Perron to expose De Mornay, as for Bentley to demolish Boyle. Though the real question put to *arbitrement* never touched the merits of the respective creeds, it was sure to be represented as a triumph of the Romanists over the Protestant cause. No Huguenot could comprehend how a true disciple could aid in the result, and Casaubon, for pronouncing that A was not B, was believed to be a secret ally of the enemy and a traitor to his faith. Pinauld, one of the ministers at Geneva, and a former friend, did not hesitate to write to him that, after the part he had played at the Conference, it must be doubtful whether he adhered to the true religion.

In the midst of the perplexities which beset him, Casaubon found, or rather made, leisure to produce an enormous commentary upon Persius, which was published at Paris in 1605. None of his works were elaborated with greater vexation of spirit, and he declared that he had exhausted his mind upon the task. Scaliger, who had a low opinion of Persius, wrote to Casaubon, upon receiving the commentary, that 'the sauce was worth more than the fish.' The editor adroitly turned his defence of his author into a panegyric upon a critic who would brook no

contradiction, and as among other faults he had objected to the obscurity of the satirist, Casaubon wonders that anything could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger.

In January, 1609, that celebrated scholar breathed his last. Besides his great work upon chronology, he won immense distinction as an editor of classics. Bayle has said, in a passage quoted by M. Nisard, that the ancients would laugh if they could read the thoughts that were imputed to them, and no one was ever more open to the criticism than the younger Scaliger. He showed the same partiality for ingenious refinements in amending as in interpreting his text; but nothing can be further removed than the blunders of dulness, and the extravagances of genius, and his very errors were a proof of his powers. His contemporaries lavished on him all the flowers of panegyric. He was more allied to the gods than to men; he was the sun of letters, the Hercules of the Muses, an abyss of erudition, an ocean of knowledge, the miracle of nature. Those who bestowed the appellations were not far from believing in them, and their subject was convinced of their literal truth. He was the most arrogant of mortals, and the faintest whisper of dissent from one of his wild conjectures or fanciful explanations almost put him beside himself. He recommended the sceptics to light a candle to add to the blaze of noon-day, and warned them that after all it would be useless, since no light could enable the blind to see. He called them asses, apes, hogs, beetles, and other names too bad to be penned. Much of the homage he received was due to the circumstance that to kiss his foot was the only way to avoid being kicked. He was attended by Heinsius on his death-bed, and the last words which fell from the lips of the disdainful dictator were:—'Fly *pride* and *arrogance*; hate as much as possible ambition; take care above all to do nothing against your conscience. My son, it is over with me. Your Scaliger has lived.' The scene recalls the dying words of Louis XIV. to his successor. 'My son, you are about to be a great king, but depend for all your happiness upon obedience to God, and the care you take of your people. Do not imitate me in my taste for buildings and wars. They are the ruin of a nation. I have often commenced war too lightly, and persevered in it from vanity.' Of all the lessons which can be read to the living, none speaks so powerfully as this—that the commonest exhortation from dying men is to avoid the vice for which they have been notorious themselves.

The Fontainebleau Conference was held in 1600, the first year of Casaubon's residence at Paris, and from that time his position had

annually become more uneasy. The King and the Catholics were now getting weary of the protracted siege. They resolved to push it with redoubled vigour, and oblige him to capitulate. Du Perron had orders to pursue him like his shadow, to waylay him in his walks, intrude upon his meals, and sit at his elbow in the library. On all these occasions, the single topic of conversation was the errors of the Protestant, and the infallibility of the Romanist religion. The skilful controversialist enticed the scholar upon ground to which he was a comparative stranger, and where he himself was as much at home as Casaubon would have been in Athenæus or Persius. Once, when the poor man felt that if he had the best cause he was having the worst of the argument, he begged that the discussion might be adjourned to the following day, and spent the night in reading the Fathers. A night's reading was but a miserable training for a conflict with a theologian who had prepared himself by years of laborious study to be the champion of his church, and the morning's conference was not more propitious, to Casaubon than that of the previous evening. It was evident to him, that he could not continue to be both keeper of the King's library and of his own conscience, and it is thus that, with a summary of these and other trials, he opens the Diary of the year 1610:—

'May the year which this day commences be a happy one to us all! To myself, and all mine, wife, children, sister. Grant this, O everlasting God, I pray thee of thy mercy, and for the merits of thy only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Now, forever, yea more than ever, have I need of Thy aid and protection. Now, indeed, have I to fight without ceasing a spiritual fight. Not a day, not an hour, scarce a moment, have I respite from their attempts on me. The antagonists, too, are such as it is not easy either to neglect or shake off. We wrestle with men of the first consideration, either for learning or rank. I am perpetually forced to argue with an adversary who is, without dispute, of all on that side, the first in learning, second to none in ability [Du Perron]. Again, I have to support the most pressing instances from him who is above all in this kingdom in rank [the King], and to whom, under God, I owe for so long, maintenance, favour, and the leisure and ease I now enjoy. The matter has now come to that pass, that if I persist in opposing his wishes in this particular, I must forfeit his favour and benefits. When that happens what is to become of me? Long since, when I foresaw that it would come to this at last, I tried every resource I could think of, to provide for myself elsewhere. But all, one after another, failed me. Many offers and magnificent promises from great princes, but they have all come to nothing. My own means, besides, are in the most desperate condition. My sister has lost everything, and is dependent on me for support. I am made liable to her creditors, but we get nothing from those

who are indebted to her. . . . God immortal! my mind shudders lest, thus beset, I should offend thy Divine Majesty by doing that which I abhor and detest. *πῶς μοι χάρις εἰς αἰῶνα χρόνον.*—*Epimerides*, p. 705.

All that seemed to stand between him and disgrace, was the King's personal good will. Henri IV. though entirely selfish and destitute of real generosity, had a heartiness and frankness which enabled him to appreciate honesty of character in others. This was a very insecure guarantee; for one of the many blots in Henri's character was the facility with which, throughout life, he let his friends drop when they had served his turn. The tie, such as it was, was abruptly severed on the fatal 14th of May, 1610, and Casaubon was abandoned to the chances of a new court, where the face of everything was changed, and where he was only certain of the single fact, that his enemies were much more powerful than his friends.

At this juncture a new and unexpected patron appeared on the scene, 'a deus ex machina,' just at the crisis when he was wanted most. Many years before, while James I. was only King of Scotland, Casaubon had opened a correspondence with that prince. Though unversed in the more delicate arts 'de salon,' he administered flattery in no sparing doses, and apologised for the liberty he was taking by the necessity he felt to praise the rare qualities of the Scottish monarch. After James succeeded to the crown of England, he had more than once invited Casaubon over, who, as long as his first protector lived, did not think it grateful to quit his service. The obstacle was removed, and the Queen Regent (Marie de Medicis) gave him a graceful *congé*. She parted from him with reluctance, made him engage to return, and insisted on his leaving behind him his family and his books. His English friends too advised his coming over alone, to see how he liked it. Our insular manners were peculiar, and above all, it could not be known without trial, how he would relish the usages of the Anglican Church. A prebendal stall in Canterbury was assigned him, though a layman, with the addition of a pension of 300*l.* a year.

While the negotiations were pending, an unexpected calamity came to trouble his good fortune. The Romanists, unable to shake the father, seduced his eldest son by a considerable annuity to embrace their creed. He was a mere lad of nineteen, who was utterly incapable of pronouncing on the controversy, but it was a triumph to the Catholics to be able to allege that, in spite of his paternal partialities, he had found their arguments more convincing than Casaubon's.



The adoption of new habits at fifty years of age must have cost something even to one so habitually regardless of physical enjoyment. Besides the ordinary grievances of the 'Français chez l'étranger,'—the language, the coinage, the landlord, the servant, the custom-house, each of which brought their share of troubles,—there was the vast difference in 1610 between England and France in respect of the comforts and accommodations of life. The little conveniences and luxuries, which are now within reach of all but the poorest, were then confined to our great houses. As long as he was the guest of the Bishop of Ely, or of the Dean of St. Paul's, the privation was not felt, but when he entered on a house in St. Mary Axe we find him complaining that 'he suffered from the want of everything to which he had been accustomed through life, money excepted.' Of this, through James's liberality, he had what appeared to him wealth. His first impulse on becoming master of so much ready money had been to indulge in books; but finding books, like household stuff, far more costly in England than in France, he came to a resolution to allow himself only a single work, with a reservation which every bibliomaniac will commend, 'excepto si quid forte occurrat rarius.'

On the more important subject of religious worship and belief, all doubt was speedily removed. Though Casaubon had previously conversed much with the English, he was imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities by which the Anglican is distinguished from the other Protestant churches. Such inquiries did not come within the range of his curiosity, and he had never even witnessed the ceremonies at the celebration of the mass till his stay at Lyons in 1598. But the conclusions of his mind were in harmony with 'Anglicanism' before he had heard of it. He was, as we have seen, sincerely averse to Popery; of this he had given the best evidence, in hazarding for ten years every temporal interest rather than conform to it where it was the established, favoured, and popular form of religion. At the same time he was aware that extravagant zeal had impelled the Protestants to repudiate, for the mere sake of differing, every practice which had been defiled by the touch of Rome. His Genevan Calvinism had been corrected by an acquaintance with primitive antiquity, and he had often expressed to Du Moulin himself his condemnation of the extreme doctrines of grace and predestination propounded in their pulpits. As soon as the English Liturgy and worship was presented to his view, he seemed to recognise it at once as the realization of his dreams and fondest desires. The first celebration of the Communion he witnessed in St. Paul's especially

struck him: 'Vidi sanctæ Eucharistiæ communionem, certe longe aliam quam apud nos in Gallia. Itaque te magis amplector, Ecclesia Anglicana, ut quæ a veteri Ecclesia propius absis' (p. 786). If his life and character did not exclude the suspicion of insincerity, it would be sufficient to remark that all his position required was a bare acquiescence in the Anglican forms. His admiration and raptures were entirely voluntary, and are here recorded among his private thoughts. Nor does he spare censure where he differed, as when at the consecration of a bishop, though he approved the ritual, he thought it overlaid with too much pomp and show.

The general cordiality with which he was welcomed by the bishops and clergy soothed his amiable but irritable nature. He was the London lion of the season. He resolved to settle, and sent for his family and his books; but the French Queen, Marie de Medicis, refused to let the latter go. He had only leave of absence for a year, and she kept his library as security for his return. In vain his wife went back to Paris, as his special ambassador, to procure a reversal of the decree; the Queen would only relent so far as to allow her to carry him a few of the most important. This cruel act must have been a daily vexation for the rest of his life. The present stores of the British Museum could not have supplied the place of his own well-thumbed volumes, which were covered with his notes, and where he could put his finger upon any passage he required. When engaged in composing his subsequent works, how often he must have recalled some memorandum on the margin, which would have saved him hours of research, and the trial to his temper must have worn him more than all the extra toil.

The King was enchanted at having got a new gossip, and withal so capable, one who, whether the talk fell on the affairs of the French Protestants, on the heresy of Vorst, or the errors of the Douay version, was equally intelligent and informed. Casaubon was no less won by the King's *bonhomie*, and the odd mixture of sense and puerility which made Sully call him 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' James was perpetually summoning him to Greenwich, to Theobald's, to Royston, much to Casaubon's disturbance, yet it was done with so much hearty zest for his society, that the patient could not bring himself to complain aloud of these invasions of his time, though he groaned in secret over the Court attendance, and thought every hour lost which was spent away from his books. When he escaped to his study it was no longer to execute his favourite schemes. During the latter portion of his residence in

France he was engaged on Polybina, but he old Grotius in 1613 that he had ceased to needle with a military history to which he been directed by the martial monarch he formerly served, and had now turned his attention to the topics which interested the English King, who was more for peace than for war. The only war which James loved was theological controversy, and Casaubon, to whom nothing would have come amiss, if it had involved the elucidation of a Greek or Latin author, was set down to what, with him, was the wearisome task of answering Arminians and Jesuits.

Before he left Paris the affairs of his family and friends had largely encroached on his time and thoughts. These concerns multiply with years, and we carry on the business of life by study at an increasing disadvantage. We find him exclaiming at that period,—

Olim inter literatos nomen habuimus; nunc in miseriarum sumus redacti, ut dies totos mittamus, vix unam horam libris impendamus! The polemical taint, with which the new atmosphere he breathed in London was impregnated, was still more damaging to his literary powers than the distractions of business. The attempt to make his great name in letters available in the warfare with the Romanists, could only tarnish his reputation as a scholar, instead of the scholar giving weight to the theologian. Two things were indispensable for the task, neither of which were possessed by Casaubon—a dialectical training, and a profound knowledge of Christian antiquity. He had chosen for himself a different branch, and to change his weapon was to resign his skill. After fencing with Fronton du Duc, Du Perron, and Vorst, he came to a compromise with his employer. It was agreed that he should prepare a reply to Baronius, for which he had begun to collect materials in France, and which, as it involved a little of everything, would fall in sometimes with his own taste, and sometimes with that of the royal pedagogue who had purchased the right to guide his pen. The book would comprise controversy, theology, history, and classical lore, and besides the other advantages of the compound, it was a partial fulfilment of the vow, often made, and never kept, to resign profane for sacred learning. 'I am not able,' he said, in giving an account of his progress in the undertaking, to disguise my taste for letters, but my highest pleasure is, that I am thus growing old in the meditation of the Holy Scriptures, and that so I shall die.' The '*Annales Ecclesiastici*' of Baronius were correctly designated by Pithou, '*Annals on the Power of the Pope*,' and as must invariably happen with works, which instead of embodying the results of honest re-

search, are a forced adaptation of evidence to a previous prejudice, it swarmed with mis-statements. But if it was easy to detect innumerable errors, unfortunately Casaubon committed many himself—

'Wedged in the timber which he strove to rend.'

It is admitted that the '*Exercitationes contra Baronium*' were a failure, and, with his usual fate, Casaubon gave satisfaction to no one. A student of our time who takes up the work might be disposed to object that the *errata* were signalled with too much virulence. The English bishops thought otherwise. It was a vituperative age; and when a controversialist assumed the rod for his party he was expected to wield it with ferocity, and to do his utmost to flay as well as refute his antagonist.

The '*Exercitationes*' appeared in 1614. They had but, as Du Plessis said, knocked down a few of the battlements of the great edifice of Baronius, and were themselves but a fragment of what Casaubon had once designed. But he had many warnings to gather up his sheaves in haste. It had been a life-long struggle between the '*vidua vis animi*,' and the weakness and maladies of the flesh. Even with care and nursing, so frail a tabernacle could not probably have held together much longer; but it had, on the contrary, to bear up against severe labour, and a fretful temper. He was in his fifty-sixth year, and began himself to feel the premonitions of the speedy decay which three years before had been plainly legible to the professional eye of his intelligent physician, Raphael Thoris. He was now no sooner called in than he discovered the lines of death in the dark ring round the eye, the prominent cheek-bone, the hectic flush, the sunken chest, and the incessant cough. Four years of unintermitted labour had deepened all the shades of the prison-house. In vain did friends, physicians, and his own good sense prescribe rest. It was worse, he said, than disease, and that he never suffered more than when his pains were sharpened by inaction, and the reflection of the detriment it was to his studies. He had long in truth been '*bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease*.' Scaliger, who had never seen him, had heard some years before that he was '*tout courbé d'étude*;' but the machine had been kept going by the energy of the spring, and the feeling that he had pored over books till to desist was to make his existence a blank to everything except irritating longings after the forbidden fruit. As his end drew near, new symptoms supervened. They were attended with excruciating pains, and were so unusual in their nature,

as to put the medical science of the time completely at fault. The appearances indicated either a calculous affection—the disease of the sedentary student—inflammation of the bladder, or granular degeneration of the kidneys. A *post mortem* examination disclosed, what it was otherwise impossible to detect, a singular and monstrous malformation of the vesica, which no skill could have arrested, but which studious habits had doubtless developed with accelerated rapidity. It carried him off with great suffering, July 6th, 1614.

The life of Casaubon is justly considered one of the most tranquil and prosperous of any scholar of his day—the proper meed of his extraordinary learning, uprightness, and moderation. He was a stranger to the worst vicissitudes of his calling, and neither wanted bread, like Scaliger in his prime, nor died, like his father-in-law, in an hospital in his age. He equally escaped many of the personal rivalries and incessant disputes which rendered learning less a peaceful pursuit than an irritating warfare. Yet the moment we come to take a closer view we discover that the brow which looked smooth at a distance is wrinkled with care. If we go with Casaubon into his study, we find him beset with difficulties, and groaning with weariness; if we follow him into his family, we see him pinched at the present and anxious for the future; if we behold him in his professorial chair, we perceive that the outward honour is associated with endless and almost insupportable mortifications; if we accompany him to the French capital, a history is unfolded to us of hopes deferred, of humiliating attendances to extort the payment of his pittance, of harassing discussions with Catholics, and injurious suspicions from Protestants; if we cross the Channel with him, and attend him to the court of James, we observe that though a richer he is not a happier man—that he has purchased pecuniary independence by mental slavery—that the student, to his misery, must play the courtier, the scholar become a theologian, the critic a controversialist, and that even the advantages he obtained have only been procured when age is creeping over him, and sickness has seized upon him. Those whose lives have been a greater struggle, and who have worked more unremittingly for a smaller reward, may complain that their lot has been cast upon stony ground; but the majority of men of letters will rather have reason to gather courage and cheerfulness from the example, and be thankful that, with all the hardships of our time, it is at least an improvement on the generation of Casaubon.

ART. VI.—1. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.*

- By Henry Holland, M.D. London, 1852.
2. *Principles of Human Physiology.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.
3. *Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By Karl, Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D. Translated by William Gregory, M.D. London, 1850.
4. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D. London, 1851.
5. *On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an account of Mesmerism.* By Herbert Mayo, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1851.
6. *Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism.* By James Braid, M.R.C.S.E., &c. London, 1843.
7. *The Mesmeric Mania of 1851, with a Physiological Explanation of the Phenomena produced.* By John Hughes Bennett, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
8. *What is Mesmerism? an attempt to explain its Phenomena on the admitted Principles of Physiological and Physical Science.* By Alexander Wood, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
9. *Table-Turning and Table-Talking.* London, 1853.
10. *Table-Moving, tested and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London, 1853.
11. *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the Result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London, 1853.
12. *Table-Talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs; a Word for the Wise.* By Rev. E. Gilson, M.A. London, 1853.
- ‘WHAT are we to believe?’ as to Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Odyism, Table-Turning, and (we are almost ashamed to be obliged to add) Spirit-Rapping and Table-Talking, is a question which most persons have asked themselves or others during the last few years, and to which the answers have varied with the amount of information possessed by the respondent, with his previous habits of thought, with his love of the marvellous, or his desire to bring everything to the test of sober sense. And thus an ascending series is formed, of which the base is composed of those utter sceptics who discredit the genuineness of all the asserted phenomena, maintaining that none but fools or knaves could uphold such nonsense; whilst it culminates in

that assemblage of thorough-going believers, who find nothing too hard for 'spiritual' agency, and who recognise in the wondrous revelations of a *clairvoyante*, and in the dispersion of a tumour—in the communications of departed spirits with their surviving friends, and in the rotation of a table—in the induction of profound insensibility during the performance of a severe operation, and in the oscillations of a suspended button—in the subjugation of the actions of one individual to the will of another, and in the flexure of a hazel twig—in everything, in short, great and small, which they cannot otherwise explain—the manifestations of some occult power, to be ranked among the cosmical forces, but not to be identified with any one of those previously recognised.

To the class of earnest and rigorous inquirers, whom the true philosopher, whatever be his pursuit, welcomes as his most valuable coadjutors, the Mesmerists and their allies have ever shown a decided repugnance. 'All or nothing' seems to be the motto of the latter, who act as if a rational explanation of any one of their marvels were a thing to be deprecated. In order to reconcile this discouraging treatment with their professions of readiness to court investigation, they have had recourse to the hypothesis, that, just as a damp atmosphere around an electrical machine prevents a high state of electric tension, the presence of even a candid sceptic weakens the mesmeric force; and this, not merely when he manifests his incredulity by his language, his tones, or his looks, but when he keeps it concealed beneath the semblance of indifference.

It is to be attributed to the difficulties which honest investigators long encountered, through being treated as antagonists by most of those to whom they might naturally have looked for assistance, that they have until recently done little to enlighten the public. So long as they could not make up their own minds, it was neither prudent nor right that they should attempt to guide the opinions of others; and the discreet silence which best became them, was only broken by an occasional intimation from some of our medical authorities of the direction their researches were taking.

Recent events, however, have worked a great change. The obstacles, which beset the inquiry, whilst Mesmerism alone was in question, have been overcome by the introduction of methods, in which a large number of the phenomena can be developed, without even the semblance of that exertion of power by one person over another, which was always the most suspicious feature in the Mesmeric system. The first important step was made

by Mr. Braid, a surgeon in Manchester; who discovered, about twelve years since, that a state of coma passing into somnambulism (to which he gave the appropriate designation of *Hypnotism*), can be induced in numerous individuals, of all ranks, ages, and temperaments; and that the phenomena of this state are so essentially the same with those of the (so-called) Mesmeric somnambulism, as to afford the most valuable assistance in the analysis of the real nature of the latter. In both the somnambulist appears to be incapable of controlling his ideas, his feelings or his actions; and is entirely amenable to the will of another, who may govern the course of his thoughts at his own pleasure, and oblige him to execute any command. The clue to the marvel was soon found by Mr. Braid, in the concentrated operation of that principle of *suggestion* which has long been known to psychologists; and under the guidance of this idea, he has subsequently followed up the investigation with great intelligence, making no mystery of his proceedings, but courting investigation in every possible way.

In the course of his researches, Mr. Braid discovered that a kindred mental condition may occasionally be superinduced upon the waking state, without passing through the stage of comatose insensibility; and that in some susceptible individuals, it is sufficient that the attention should be fixed, for a few minutes, or even for a few seconds, upon any object whatever. We ourselves witnessed a remarkable series of experiments, at least seven years ago, upon a gentleman of high literary and scientific attainments, who possessed in an unusual degree the power of self-concentration. It only required him to place his hand upon the table, and contemplate it for half a minute, to be entirely unable to draw it back, if assured in a determined tone that he *could not possibly* do so. When he had gazed for a short time upon the poles of a magnet, he could be brought to see flames issuing from them, of any form or colour that the operator chose to name; and when his hand was on one of the poles, the peremptory assurance that he *could not* detach it was sufficient to retain it with such tenacity, that Mr. Braid dragged him round the room, in a manner that realized Gammer Grethel's story of the Golden Goose. The character of the 'subject' placed him beyond the suspicion of deceit; and we had been prepared by our previous inquiries to find nothing too strange for belief, that could be referred to the simple and intelligible principle of *suggestion*. We hope, before we have done, to bring our readers to the same conclusion.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Braid's investi-

gations were thus carried on for several years, they did not attract the notice that might have been anticipated for them. The slight difficulties which attended the employment of his hypnotic method, were sufficient to keep it from coming into ordinary use; and as the public is always more prone to run after what is marvellous, than even to walk towards what is rational, the champions of Mesmerism continued to have it pretty much their own way. A new light, however, shone forth about three years ago, which has already dissipated much of the obscurity that still hung around the subject; and we hope, by the use of it, to clear away still more. A couple of itinerant Yankees appeared in this country, styling themselves 'professors' of a new art, which they termed '*Electro-Biology*;' and asserting that, by an influence of which the secret was known only to themselves, but which was partly derived from a little disc of zinc and copper (whence the designation which they adopted), held in the hand of the 'subject,' and steadily gazed on by him, they could subjugate the most determined will, paralyse the strongest muscles, pervert the evidence of the senses, destroy the memory of the most familiar things or of the most recent occurrences, or even make the individual believe himself transformed into any one else—all this, and much more, being done while he was still wide awake. They drew large assemblages to witness their performances; and commonly elicited some of the most remarkable phenomena from strangers whose collusion with them could not be suspected. Mr. Braid, however, soon proved that the little disc of copper and zinc may be replaced by any object which serves for the steady direction of the eyes to one point, at the ordinary reading distance, for a somewhat prolonged period. Thus, instead of the mysterious effects being limited as heretofore to a few susceptible 'subjects,' difficult to be met with, and open to suspicion on various grounds, amateurs were furnished with a ready means of experimenting upon their families and friends, the student upon his fellow-students, the officer on the members of his mess; everybody, in fact, upon somebody else on whom he could rely. '*Electro-biology*,' or '*Biology*' (as it was commonly designated), now became a fashionable amusement at evening parties, though the public, in growing familiarised with its phenomena, still laboured under the difficulty of not knowing 'what to believe' as to their genuineness, or to what scientific principles to refer them if their genuineness were admitted.

We think that the time has come when we may pronounce upon the controversy. Several of the most distinguished Professors

of the University of Edinburgh, defying the prejudices of their class, have plunged boldly into the inquiry; and it has been prosecuted under their auspices with most advantageous results. Besides the special works of more or less merit which treat of the question, Sir Henry Holland has touched upon many of its most interesting points, in the republication, with additions, of the '*Chapters on Mental Physiology*,' which formed part of his universally-admired '*Medical Notes and Reflections*;' and Dr. Carpenter, whose '*Human Physiology*' is now employed as the textbook in almost every medical school in this country and the United States, has fully discussed, in his latest edition, the entire subject. Between the views of these two authors there is an essential conformity, but as each writes in the manner dictated by his own habits of thought and by the general purpose of his work, those who wish to master all that is known of the philosophy of the phenomena will find it advantageous to consult them both.

Neither Sir H. Holland nor Dr. Carpenter, however, has given us the *rationale* of 'spirit-rapping,' 'table-turning,' or 'table-talking'; these latest fashions under which the 'spiritual influence' has been pleased to manifest itself, having only 'come out' during the season which has just terminated. Go where we would, we heard of the intimations which our friends had received from departed souls; or of the agility of some sprightly table under the hands of dignitaries of the Church, and (if report do not lie) of Privy-councillors and cabinet Ministers,—to say nothing of the miscellaneous multitudes of all ranks, among whom the farce of 'turning the tables' was nightly repeated with astounding success. We had supposed its 'run' to be suspended for a time, but the epidemic has broke out in a new form, and is spreading through a class which may be seriously endangered by it. The farce becomes tragical when we find clergymen of undoubted honesty, deluding themselves into the belief that '*Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs*' are disclosed by the movements of their tables. If they have still ears to listen to a rational explanation, they will find that the turning of tables, and the supposed communications made by spirits through their agency, are due, like the actions of biologicalised 'subjects,' to the mental state of the performers themselves.

It is necessary to begin by recalling certain well-known principles which will afford the basis of our subsequent reasonings; for it is by building upon familiar experience, that we are enabled to demonstrate how large a part of these marvels may be at once reconciled with the admitted laws of mental action, and how probable it is that the remainder

so far, at least, as they are genuine) will fall under the same category, when they shall have been studied with equal care.

The first of these principles is, that a *large part of our ordinary course of thought, and consequently of action, is determined by direct suggestions*. Every one recognises the existence of 'trains of thought,' which consist of a continuous series of ideas, connected together by associations that have previously grown up amongst them, in virtue of which the presence of one brings up another, which calls forth a third, and so on. This may be termed *internal suggestion*. Every one is conscious also of the influence of impressions upon the senses in originating such trains of thought, and in modifying their subsequent course. This may be termed *external suggestion*. When these processes take place without the exercise of any control on the part of the Will, the mind may be said to be acting automatically. Such is its condition in the states of *Reverie* and *Abstraction*, which differ from one another only in the nature of the suggestions which determine the sequence of ideas. The access of both is well known to be favoured by a monotonous succession of sensory impressions (especially visual), which enchains the attention and absorbs the will, leaving the thoughts free to be swayed by impulses from without or within. As long as the mind is given up to either, it is insensible to the inconsistency between the notions that may possess it and the realities of experience; and hence arise all the absurdities in the conduct of absent people. The philosopher, who, when interrupted in his meditations by the intelligence that his house was on fire, coolly replied to the servant who had burst in upon him with the terrible news, 'Go and tell your mistress; you know that I never interfere about domestic matters,' was acting on his habitual system, unconscious, through his mental pre-occupation, of the absurdity of maintaining it at such a crisis. And the learned professor, who failed to recognise his own wife when he met her in the street, and who, when he had run against a cow, pulled off his hat and apologised as to a lady for the mischance, hoping she was not hurt, was probably following out some train of profound analysis, which, by engrossing his whole attention, prevented him from deriving any benefit from his antecedent experience in distinguishing his wife from other ladies, or even in recognising the difference between the human and the bovine female.

The direct action of external suggestion in determining the course of thought, when as yet the volitional power is scarcely developed, is very palpable in children; and the

following case is an example:—A child of English parents residing in Germany, when learning to talk, acquired both tongues simultaneously, and could speak on ordinary matters in either, without confusing the words or idioms; but seemed invariably *constrained* to employ the language used by the person he was addressing. Thus in conveying a message given him in English by his mother to his German nursery-maid, he rendered it (apparently without the slightest effort) into appropriate German; on returning, however, to his mother, if asked what the maid had said, he answered in English as often as the question was proposed in that language. Even though pressed to give the actual words he had heard in the nursery, he still continued to give the English rendering of them, without seeming to be aware of the difference; and the only mode of getting at them was to put the question in German, when there seemed to be the same inability to reply in English, as there had previously been to give a German reply to an English question. Precisely the same phenomenon continually presents itself with sleep-talkers who speak two or more languages,—their replies being given in the language in which they are addressed.

Now, the power which, in every well-constituted mind, the Will possesses to direct its course of thought, is exercised, not in *producing* ideas, but in *selecting*, from among such as spontaneously present themselves, those which are apposite to the purpose in view. This is easily shown to be the case in the familiar act of Recollection, so profoundly analysed by Mr. James Mill. When we *try to remember* anything which is not at the moment before the consciousness, we determinately fix our attention upon some idea which is already present to the mind, and use this as the instrument with which we feel after that of which we are in search. It may be that we have to repeat this process several times, getting nearer and nearer to our object at each stage, before we succeed in grasping it; and every one must have learned, from his own experience, that he cannot always recall to his mind ideas which are usually most familiar to him. Even those who are most remarkable for the accuracy and range of their memory, occasionally find themselves baffled for want of a word or a date which they feel to be only just beyond their reach at the moment; the reason being, that they had not got hold of the right suggestive key, by which to unlock the particular chamber it occupied in the mental storehouse. Thence results the important principle, that *all determinate recollection involves the exercise of volitional control over the direction of the thoughts*; and consequently, that if this control be suspend-

ed, and the mind be left to its own automatic activity, the power of recalling even the most familiar ideas is completely annihilated.

So, again, the determinate exercise of the *judgment*, which involves the comparison of ideas, can only take place while the Will has the power of selecting those which are appropriate, and of bringing them into collocation with each other. This process is the source of that *common sense*, whereon we rely in the ordinary conduct of life. We almost unconsciously store up a mass of impressions derived from our habitual experience, by which we are continually testing the validity of new impressions, admitting them if consonant with it, and rejecting them if vehemently discordant, and keeping them on trial if we cannot at once dispose of them in one or other of these modes; while the simple credulity of the child depends upon his having no stock of experience upon which to fall back, for the correction of the erroneous notions which he may himself form, or which may be imparted to him by others. The effort required for this comparison of things present with past experience, when it once comes to be habitual, is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible even to one's self; yet slight as the effort may be, it is the one thing needful; and it may be unhesitatingly laid down, that if the directing power of the Will be suspended, the capability of correcting the most illusory ideas by an appeal to common-sense is for the time annihilated. Of this we have a typical example, familiar to every one, in *Dreaming*, which is a state of automatic mental activity of a kind so unregulated that the combinations and successions of ideas are often of the most extraordinary character, and are inconsistent not merely with our most familiar experience, but also with each other. Yet, as has been most truly remarked, *nothing surprises us in dreams*. We are never struck with the impossibility of the events which we seem to witness; but we accept as genuine, with child-like simplicity, all the wonderful combinations which are successively unfolded before our mental view. The same must be the case in *any* state of mental activity, in which there is a similar abrogation of voluntary control.

Another well-known fact, essential to be carried along with us, is, that *the entire concentration of the attention upon any object of consciousness*, whether a sensory impression, an idea, or an emotion, *most wonderfully increases its intensity*. Our most familiar illustrations of this truth are furnished by the wonderful acuteness in the use of the senses yet remaining to them, which is manifested

by those who have been deprived of one or more. Thus we are informed of Laura Bridgman,—the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, whose education has been so admirably conducted by Dr. Howe, of the Boston (N. E.) Blind Asylum,—that she not only discriminates those with whom she is intimate, by the slightest touch of their hands, but that she can thus recognise, though somewhat less readily, individuals whose hands she may have grasped but once or twice before, and that too at a remote interval. In these and similar cases, it is not the *bodily* but the *mental* sense that is sharpened; not the power of receiving impressions, but the power of appreciating them: and it is easy to see how this intensification arises out of the absence of the distracting suggestions, which, with the rest of the world, are continually tending to weaken the impression made by any one object, by drawing off the attention to others.

So, again, when the *whole energy is concentrated upon some muscular effort*, especially under the influence of an overpowering emotion, *the body seems endowed with super-human strength and agility*; and some extraordinary feat is accomplished, at which the performer himself stands aghast when he contemplates it after his restoration to his sober senses. An old cook-maid, having heard an alarm of fire, seized an enormous box containing the whole of her property, and ran down stairs with it, as easily as she would have carried a dish of meat. After the fire had been extinguished, she could not lift it a hair's breadth from the ground, and it required two men to convey it up stairs again.

Closely akin to this state is another, of which the history of mankind in all ages furnishes us with abundant examples,—namely, the *state of subjection to a dominant idea*. The mind is liable to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of it, and all the actions of the individual thus 'possessed' are results of its operation. The notion may or may not be in itself an absurd one. It may be confined to a single individual, or it may spread epidemically among a multitude. It may be one that interests the feelings, or it may be of a nature purely intellectual. We do not pretend to account for these facts; but we simply cite them as a part of the history of Human Nature, closely related to the subject of our present inquiry. The wild but transient vagaries of religious enthusiasm in all ages,—as shown in the Pythonic inspiration of the Delphic priestesses; the ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries; the preaching epidemic among the Huguenots in France, and more recently in Lutheran Sweden; the



range performances of the 'Convulsionnaires' of St. Médard, which have been since almost paralleled at Methodist 'revivals' and camp-meetings;—the belief in witchcraft and diabolical possession, entertained not merely by the accusing public, but often by the unfortunate accused; the dancing mania of the middle ages; the Tarentism of Southern Italy, and the leaping-ague of Scotland; later times; together with the most recent, but not the least remarkable specimen, the character of the individuals affected being taken into account—the table-turning and table-alking of the year 1853;—are all, with many similar wonders, to be ranged under the same category, namely, the *possession of the mind by a dominant idea*, from which it makes no sufficient effort to free itself. The idea not infrequently declines in intensity, especially when it expends its force in action, and the mind spontaneously returns to its previous condition; but sometimes it may exert a dominant influence through the whole of life, and if the conduct which it dictates should pass the bounds of enthusiasm or eccentricity, we say that the individual is the subject of *monomania*.

From the sum of the principles we have been enunciating it will follow, that if the human mind should lose for a time its power of volitional self-direction, it cannot shake off the yoke of any 'dominant idea,' however tyrannical, but *must* execute its behests;—it cannot bring any notion with which it may be possessed to the test of common sense, but *must* accept it, if it be impressed on the consciousness with adequate force;—it cannot recall any fact, even the most familiar, that is beyond its immediate grasp;—upon any idea, therefore, with which it may be possessed, the whole force of its attention is for the time concentrated, so that the most incongruous conception presents itself with all the vividness of reality;—and finally, if the automatic activity of the mind, when freed from the controlling power of the *will*, should depend more upon *external* than upon *internal* suggestion, and should hence take no determinate direction of its own, one idea may be readily substituted for another by appropriate means; and the whole state of the convictions, the feelings, and the impulses to action may be thus altered from time to time, without the least perception of the strangeness of the transition.

Considered under this point of view, the *Biological* phenomena are far from being incredible; they are simply the manifestation of a state of mind to which we may detect very close approximations within our ordinary experience; and their principal peculiarity

consists in the *method* by which they may be artificially induced—viz. by *the steady gaze at some fixed object*, during a length of time which varies according to the susceptibility of the individual. That the 'biological' state may be generated in persons who were previously quite incredulous in regard to its reality, our own observation has fully convinced us: it does not, therefore, *require* any *mental* preparation. But we are no less convinced that the anticipation of the result tends to produce it in a shorter time than would otherwise be necessary; and it is usually among individuals who have repeatedly submitted to the operation, that the greatest facility presents itself. Every one who has sat for a photographic portrait, knows how difficult it is to maintain a fixed position for even a few seconds; and has experienced, in particular, how strong an effort is required to keep the eyes from wandering. Hence in the 'biological' process, the longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the will of the individual concentrated upon the direction of his *eyes*, so that at last it seems to become entirely transferred to them; and, in the mean time, the continued monotony is operating, as in the induction of sleep or of reverie, to produce a vacancy of mind, which leaves it open to any impressions that may be made upon it from without. When this state is complete, the mind of the biologized 'subject' remains dormant, until aroused to activity by some *suggestion* which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a locomotive obeys the manipulations of its driver. He is, indeed, for the time, a mere *thinking automaton*. He is given up to the domination of any idea that may be made to possess him; and he has no power of judging of its consistency with actual facts, because he is unable to bring it into comparison with them. Thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those about him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak, or act; but this, *not*, as has been represented, because his Will has been brought into direct subjection to theirs, but because, his Will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such *suggestions* as they may choose to impress on his consciousness.

In the public exhibitions of professional 'Biologists,' much assumption is made of a peculiar power possessed by the operator over his 'subject;' his suggestions are conveyed in the form of commands; and the delusion is kept up by a frequent recourse to 'passes' resembling those of the Mesmerists. We are satisfied, however, that no such tie exists, save where it has been established by habit, or by

a strong anticipation on the part of the 'subject.' When an individual brings himself into this state for the first time, and without the idea that he is to be controlled by one person rather than by another, he is amenable to suggestions from *any* of the bystanders; and the influence they exert depends chiefly upon the tone and manner in which their directions are given. But as previous expectation, or acquired habit, affect the facility with which this condition may be induced, so do they influence the entire course of its phenomena; and if the 'subject' be possessed with a conviction that a particular person is destined to exert a special control over him, his suggestions are received with greater readiness than those of any one else. The assumption of command has simply the effect of impressing the 'subject' with the idea of the *necessity* of the action enjoined; and we have found the earnest reiteration of the phrases 'you must,' or 'you cannot,' quite as efficacious as the vehement tone of mastery in which the directions are frequently given. So, again, the effect of the 'passes' is merely to concentrate the attention of the subject upon the member to which the injunction refers; for, as Prof. Bennett has remarked, they are made over the part which is to move or to be fixed (as over the mouth when it is to be prevented from opening, or over the foot which is to be riveted to a certain spot of the floor), and not over the muscles by which the action is produced.

The biologized 'subject,' like a person in an ordinary reverie, must be considered as *awake*; that is, he has generally the use of all his senses, and for the most part retains a distinct recollection of what has occurred. Different persons, however, vary in this particular, as does the same individual on different occasions. Sometimes everything can be recalled, sometimes merely the general course of thought and action; sometimes the excitement of the feelings is more strongly remembered than that of the circumstances which produced it, whilst, in other instances, it is only the incidents themselves which leave a trace in the memory.

The same diversity shows itself in the phenomena manifested during the actual continuance of the biological state. Suggestions of different kinds are received by different individuals, with very varying degrees of readiness; and few are equally amenable to all. With many, the *muscular movements* may be entirely governed by the authoritative assurance, 'you *must* do this,' or 'you *cannot* do that.' The hands of the 'subject' being placed in contact, he is assured that he cannot separate them; and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent

efforts to draw them apart. Or, the hand of the operator being held up before him, he is told that he cannot strike it; and all his strength is inadequate to the performance of this simple action. We have seen a strong man chained down to his chair—prevented from stepping over a stick on the floor—obliged to remain almost doubled upon himself in a stooping posture, by the declaration that he *could* not move; and when the first assertion did not produce the full effect, its repetition, in a more emphatic tone, was sufficient to retain him. So we have seen a lively young lady struggling in vain for utterance, with a ludicrous expression of distress, when told that she could not open her mouth to speak a word; and it has required all the strength of a man to drag over the threshold of the door another lady who had been assured that she was without the power to cross it. There is no end to the strange performances which may be thus called forth; and they are all referable to the principle we have laid down as the characteristic of this state—the possession of the mind by a *dominant idea*, which the individual himself has lost the ability of testing by his previous or present experience, simply because he cannot carry his thoughts to any other object. The attempts which are frequently made to resist the mandates of the operator, and which are often successful for a time, are obviously due to the persistence of a certain degree of self-directing power, which preserves to an imperfectly biologised individual some little capacity of judging for himself.

No sooner is the attention of a spell-bound 'subject' diverted into another channel, or the infused idea dissipated by a word, a sign, or a look, on the part of the agent who is directing him, than the potent charm by which he was enchained is at once dissolved, the effort to fulfil the supposed necessity immediately subsides, the most violent struggle with the assumed impossibility comes to an end, and he appears to be 'himself again.' Yet he is not so in reality; for his volitional power is still withdrawn from the direction of his thoughts, so that the peremptory command of another exerts its influence over him, even after a considerable interval may have elapsed. We cannot say precisely how long this state may continue; we have known it to last for several hours; and we are inclined to think that the biologised 'subject' does not usually regain his proper self-control until he has experienced the renovating influence of sleep.

We may remark, in passing, that the want, not really of power to move, but of a belief in the possession of that power, is the characteristic of the peculiar form of paralysis which

is commonly designated as 'hysterical ;' and that the most efficacious treatment of this remarkable disorder is to work the patient up to the conviction that the ability *has been* or *will be* restored. Such was the manner in which, about twenty years since, a young lady, who had been for some time confined to her couch, was enabled to rise up and walk, at the bidding of a clerical friend, who had successfully inspired her with religious *faith* in her capability to execute his command.\* And such is the manner in which similar marvels have been brought about by any *modus operandi* whatever, which begets in the mind of the 'subject' a confidence that the thing hitherto deemed impossible *can* be accomplished, and concentrates all the mental and physical powers on the effort to perform it. What youth is there, to take a lesser example within the cognisance of all, that has not felt the inspiriting influence of encouragement when a brook has had to be leaped, or a gate to be vaulted over, in affording an increased degree of volitional command over the muscles, which seems to double their strength? or who, on the other hand, has not found himself half paralysed by the doubt of success, suggested, perhaps, by some malicious rival whose prophecy thus works its own fulfilment? Let the doubt be converted into certainty—let the whole mind be unwaveringly possessed by it—and the impossible becomes easy, the most commonplace action as difficult as the removal of a mountain. This is just what happens, as we have seen, in the 'biological' state; and it happens, too, in any case in which people allow themselves to be possessed by some dominant idea, to which honest enthusiasm or selfish charlatanism may have given currency. Thus we remember, some twenty years ago, being among those who tested the assertion contained in Sir David Brewster's 'Natural Magic,' that four persons could hoist a full-sized individual from the ground upon the points of their fingers with a marvellous facility, provided that they and the person lifted all took in a full breath previous to the effort. We were sceptical of any other benefit from this preparation, than what would be physiologically afforded by the distension of the chest with air; and we were so far from experiencing the predicted result, that our share of the burden appeared to us just as great as if we had omitted the prescribed formalities.

\* The readers of the 'Christian Observer' of that period will doubtless remember the discussion to which this occurrence gave rise; some maintaining that a genuine miracle had been worked, whilst others had the good sense to rest satisfied with the natural explanation given by the eminent medical attendants of the patient.

Among our coadjutors, however, we found many, who, strong in the faith inspired by the eminent name of Sir David Brewster, implicitly believed that the body *would* ascend like a cork, and asserted that it *did* so. They were not aware how much force they were putting forth; the expectation of the result having most powerfully aided the volitional effort.

We return, however, to our biologised 'subject,' whom we left awaiting a new set of operations, whilst we have been rationalising on those already witnessed. A glass of water is presented to him, and he is directed to drink it, with the assurance that it is milk, coffee, porter, wine, or any other liquid the operator may choose to name. The liquid is tasted, and all the indications of approval may be given by the 'subject,' who believes that he is actually partaking of the liquor in question; the assurance which has been conveyed to his mind through his sense of hearing, having taken such full possession of his consciousness, that the impressions made by the liquid itself upon his sight and taste are not sufficient to correct the erroneous notion. Here, as with the muscular movements, a curious result often presents itself, in consequence of the imperfect degree in which the subject is possessed by the notion which the operator has endeavoured to impress upon him. He often, after tasting or looking at the liquid, expresses hesitation, or downright disbelief, as to the asserted metamorphosis; and reiterated and very forcible assurances may be required to convince him that it is anything else than what it really is. Convinced, however, he usually is at last; although it is a singular fact that some biologised subjects, whose muscular movements are entirely amenable to the control of the operator, never give up their senses to his direction; whilst, on the other hand, some of those who may be most successfully played on as regards their sensations, altogether resist the influence of suggestion with respect to their movements. Nay, further, there are instances in which the 'subject' will believe himself to be *tasting* anything which the operator names, but is instantly disabused by *looking at* the liquid, if its appearance is inconsistent with the representation; whilst, on the other hand, another will *see* milk or porter, wine or coffee, as he is directed to see it, but instantly sets himself right when directed to *taste*. Nothing can be more amusing, however, than to experiment upon a subject who has no misgivings, but whose perceptive consciousness is entirely given up to the direction of external suggestions. He may be made to exhibit all the manifestations of delight, which would be called forth by an

unlimited supply of the viands or liquors of which he may happen to be fond; and these may be turned in a moment into expressions of the strongest disgust, by telling him that the liquid which he is imbibing so eagerly is something which he holds in utter abomination. Or, when he believes himself to be drinking a cup of tea or coffee, let him be assured that it is so hot that he cannot take more than a sip at a time, and neither persuasion nor bribery will induce him to swallow a mouthful at once; yet, a moment afterwards, if assured that he can do so without inconvenience, he will be ready to gulp the whole at a draught. Tell him that his seat is growing hot under him, and that he cannot remain upon it, and he will fidget uneasily for some time, and at last start up with all the indications of having found his place no longer bearable. Whilst he is firmly grasping a stick in his hand, let him be assured that it will burn him if he continue to hold it, or that it is becoming so heavy that he can no longer sustain it; and he will presently drop it, with gestures conformable to the impression with which his mind is occupied.

We as entirely repudiate the doctrine that the Will of the operator directly controls the senses of his 'subject,' as we reject the dogma that it immediately directs his muscular movements. We have shown that it operates on the latter, not immediately but *mediately*, through the mind of the 'subject' himself; and we hold the same to be the case in regard to the alteration of his perceptions. No one can be ignorant of the fact, that we frequently experience sensations, which originating in our own sensorium, instead of being called forth by impressions made by external objects upon their appropriate organs of sense, are designated as *subjective*. The ringing in the ears, the flashes of light before the eyes, the nauseous tastes or disagreeable odours constantly perverting the true savour of everything that is tasted or smelled, the feeling of cutaneous irritation excited by the simple mention of the unclean torments of our beds, are familiar examples. We may cite, as parallel phenomena, those renewals of past sensations, which are often excited, with all the vividness they could derive from the actual presence of the object, by the mere force of mental association. Thus, it is by no means uncommon for those who suffer acutely from sea-sickness, to experience nausea at the mere sight of an agitated ocean, especially if a wave-tossed vessel be within view; and a like feeling, we are assured, has been produced by the sight of a toy, in which the motion of a ship was imitated with peculiar fidelity. We have even known a case in

which a lady, who witnessed the departure of a friend by sea on a stormy day, was affected with an actual paroxysm of sea-sickness. Such facts are so familiar as to have become proverbial; for the common phrase, 'it makes me sick to think of it,' is nothing else than the expression of a physical feeling excited by mental association. There are few persons indeed who have not experienced the vivid return of past sensations, pleasurable or painful, when the appropriate mental state had been renewed. A Roman Catholic, who had gone to confession for the first time, when a boy, with his mouth full of the taste of a particular kind of sweet cake in which he had been indulging rather immoderately, never went on the same errand for a dozen years or more, without the distinct recurrence of the same flavour.

It is obvious, then, that visual, auditory, gustative, olfactory, or other perceptions may be excited in the mind, not merely by impressions made upon the corresponding *organs of sense*, but also by *ideas* with which the mind becomes possessed through other channels. And applying this principle (fully recognised by every scientific psychologist) to the case before us, we shall see that it affords the key which unlocks the whole of this part of the biological mystery. For when the 'subject' is assured, whilst drinking a glass of water, that it is coffee or porter, this assurance, taking firm possession of his consciousness, produces the very same effect upon it, as would be induced by the actual contact of the liquid in question with his tongue and palate. He tastes it, so to speak, with his mind, though he does not taste it with his tongue; and it is the mental, not the bodily impression, that constitutes the actual perception. This false perception is not contradicted by the inconsistent impression transmitted from the organ of sense; because it is characteristic of the biologised condition, that the mind of the 'subject,' being *entirely* possessed by the idea which may chance to be before it at the time, can entertain no other, and is incapable, therefore, of bringing it to the test of experience. It is a mere question of the relative strength of the two suggestions—that conveyed by the assurances of the bystander, and that derived from the 'subject's' own sensory impression. The latter, as we have seen, may prevail in the first instance, and may yet be overcome by the augmented force which the former will derive from vehement repetition.

It may strengthen the belief in the truth of this explanation to add a few more instances, in which, under ordinary circumstances, our sensory impressions are determined by the ideas with which our conscious-

ness may be possessed at the time. Most persons have heard of the exclamation of Dr. Pearson,—‘Bless me, how heavy it is!’ when he first poised upon his finger the globule of potassium produced by the battery of Sir H. Davy; his preconception of the association between metallic lustre and high specific gravity, leading him to attribute to this new body a character which the test of the balance determined to be the opposite of the fact. So Professor Bennett mentions a case of supposed child-murder in Scotland, in which, when the coffin was exhumed, the Procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odour of decomposition which made him feel faint, and withdrew in consequence; yet, on opening the coffin, it was found to be empty; and it afterwards turned out that no child had been born, and consequently no murder committed. Another case, related by Prof. Bennett upon an authority which we know to be trustworthy, is yet more remarkable, as showing, beyond a doubt, the reality and intensity of pains, which had their origin in a mental delusion, and not in a physical lesion. A butcher who had a shop in the market-place at Edinburgh, in trying to hang up a heavy piece of meat upon a hook above his head, lost his footing in such a manner that his arm was caught upon the hook. On being taken down and carried into the house of a neighbouring surgeon, he expressed himself as labouring under the most acute agony; and the paleness of his countenance, and the almost entire absence of pulse at the wrist, were unmistakable indications of the reality of his torture. His arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain, and he frequently cried out while the sleeve of his coat was being cut off; yet when the arm was exposed, it was found quite uninjured, the hook having only penetrated the cloth of the sleeve, and the skin being scarcely even grazed!

Those, moreover, who are familiar with hypochondriacal states, have constant opportunities of noticing how disordered sensations, referred to a particular region, are created by the determination of the patient to believe in the existence of disease; yet more, the constant direction of the attention to its supposed seat has a tendency to alter the organic action of the part, and thus to induce real disease in the stead of that which was at first imaginary. The subject has been most ably treated by Sir H. Holland; whose chapter ‘On the Effects of Attention on Bodily Organs’ embodies the results of his large medical experience, interpreted by the most advanced principles of physiological science.

It is only necessary to glance at some of the most familiar features of Insanity, to be satisfied that the strangest perversions of the perceptions of sense exhibited by the biologised ‘subject’ have their counterparts in those morbid states, in which the mind is possessed, not transiently but enduringly, by some dominant idea. The lunatic who supposes himself to be a sovereign prince, looks upon the place of his confinement as his palace, believes his keepers to be his obsequious officers, and his fellow-patients to be his obedient subjects; the plainest fare is converted into a banquet of the choicest dainties; and the most homely dress into royal apparel. Now and then, perhaps, a gleam of common sense will enable him to see things in a truer light, and he may be sensible of some inconsistency between his real and his imaginary circumstances; and it is curious that this should be often limited, as in the case of the biologised ‘subject,’ to some particular class of sensory impressions. Thus, a patient confined in a Scotch pauper lunatic asylum, after dilating upon the imaginary splendours of his regal state, confessed that there was one thing which he could not quite comprehend—that all his food tasted of oatmeal!

Passing now to the more purely psychical phenomena of the biological condition, we find that even such of these as are most extraordinary are readily explained on the same principle. The operator assumes the power of controlling the memory of his ‘subject,’ and tells him that he cannot remember his own name, the first letter of the alphabet, or something equally familiar. The ‘subject’ exhibits a puzzled and somewhat vacant aspect, and confesses that he is baffled. Nothing is more intelligible when we call to mind that the very simplest act of determinate recollection involves a voluntary change in the direction of our thought, *from* the idea which may occupy the consciousness at the moment, *towards* that which we desire to recall. But the biologised ‘subject’ is unable to escape from the notion infused into him by the operator, and the most familiar thing is consequently as much beyond the reach of his mental apprehension as a bank-note of a hundred pounds, offered him as a reward for his successful effort, would be beyond the grasp of his hands, if he has been possessed by the conviction that he cannot use them for the purpose. In fact, there is a complete parallelism between his bodily and mental state; the will being temporarily withdrawn from control over both alike.

So, again, the loss of the sense of personal identity, or the actual change of personality, which the biological operator asserts that he is able to induce, is to be referred to the same

cause. Mr. A. is repeatedly assured that he is Mrs. B., or Mrs. C. is brought by reiterated assertion to the belief that she is Dr. D.; and they are incapable of correcting this absurd perversion, because the sense of personal identity is dependent upon memory, and they can recollect nothing when forbidden to do so. It is not by any means in all 'subjects,' that we meet with a capability of being thus affected; there are many whose ordinary course of thought and feeling can be entirely directed by external suggestions, who yet obstinately cling to their own personality; but when the transformation is made (and we have noticed that it is most readily brought about in individuals who have been habitually disposed to project themselves into characters that have strongly excited their interest in works of fiction), it is usually complete; and nothing can be more remarkable than the assumption of the tone, manner, habits of thought, forms of expression, and other characteristic peculiarities of the individual whose personality the 'subject' has been made to adopt. No one who heard it could forget the intensity of the lackadaisical tone, in which a lady thus metamorphosed into the worthy clergyman on whose ministry she attended replied to the matrimonial counsels of the physician to whom, in her clerical character, she had been led to give a long detail of her hypochondriacal symptoms—'a wife for a dying man, doctor!' *Intentional* mimicry could never have approached the exactness of the imitation which spontaneously proceeded from the idea with which the fair 'subject' was possessed, that she herself experienced all the discomforts whose detail she had doubtless frequently heard from the real sufferer.

It is almost superfluous to remark that the precise counterpart of this condition is one of the most common forms of insanity. Every large asylum contains patients who imagine themselves to be kings, queens, princes, lords, bishops, or the like; nay, the metamorphosis may proceed to yet greater extremes, the lunatic persisting that he is the Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ, or even the Eternal Father. No reasoning will dispossess him of this conviction; because whilst his mind remains under the domination of this idea, all the arguments that can be employed are to his apprehension entirely irrelevant. Even in the ordinary experiences of life, we meet with individuals who are possessed by notions scarcely less absurd, from which they cannot be driven by any appeals to their common sense, simply because the dominant idea presents itself to their consciousness with greater force than does any other that can be brought before it. Of this there have been abun-

dant illustrations during the last few months, in the vain endeavours of enlightened men to subvert the baseless vagaries of 'spiritual influence' by the heavy artillery of scientific facts.

From what has been said of the unchecked operation of the principle of suggestion in the biological condition, it might easily be anticipated that the thoughts of the 'subject' may be directed into any channel, by appropriate hints; and descriptions be called forth, by leading questions, of any scene which the operator chooses. This 'mental travelling,' as it has been called, is not accomplished with equal readiness on the part of every 'subject.' Those obey the impulse best who have been accustomed vividly to picture to themselves scenes or incidents; and the replies elicited are obviously determined by the previous knowledge and feelings of the individual, where they are not directly suggested by the words or tone of the questioner. The same lady who underwent the metamorphosis into a hypochondriacal clergyman, ascended in a balloon, and proceeded to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin, whom she found alive; and her description of his appearance and that of his companions was given with an inimitable expression of pity.

We have thus shown by the analysis of the principal phenomena of the 'biological' state, how easily they may be all reduced to the one simple principle of *suggestion*, acting on a mind which has lost for a time the power of volitional direction; and how much this state of mind, anomalous as it appears at first view, has in common with others, with which we are all more or less familiar. The chief marvel, we repeat, lies in the discovery that a continued steady gaze at a fixed object will induce this condition, chiefly with such as are constitutionally predisposed to abstraction or reverie, or who possess that kind of imaginative power which transports them into circumstances altogether different from those which surround them. The proportion of such individuals is stated by those whose experiments have been extensive, to be from one in twelve to one in twenty; so that in a company of fifty or sixty persons, there are pretty sure to be two or three who will prove to be good biological 'subjects,' if they take the appropriate means. We are far, however, from encouraging needless trials, and their frequent repetition upon the same individuals is to be especially deprecated; for the phenomena are essentially morbid; and the reiterated suspension of the volitional power over the direction of the thoughts, can scarcely do otherwise than tend to its permanent impairment.

One of the most remarkable of all the ef-

fects of the biological condition, however, yet remains to be considered; namely, the super-induction of genuine *sleep*, which may often be accomplished in a few minutes, or even seconds, by the declaration of the operator that the 'subject' *shall* sleep, or even, in some cases, by the simple prediction that he *will*. Here again, however, we find that the apparent marvel disappears upon consideration; for the most important step in the induction of sleep—the suspension of the spontaneous activity of the mind—has been already gained by the antecedent process, which, in many individuals, itself suffices to produce the whole effect. And when the biologised subject is left in a state of perfect inactivity, and the whole attention is concentrated upon the idea of sleep, it seems quite consistent with our knowledge of the conditions which most favour its ordinary superinduction, that the undisturbed monotony of impression, though continued but for a short time, should be adequate to the purpose.

The duration of this slumber, and the mode of its termination, may be decided in a most remarkable manner by the impression made upon the mind of the 'subject' before passing into it. If he be previously directed to awake speedily, he will awake accordingly; and the same result will ensue upon a like suggestion conveyed in other ways. Thus we have seen a lady sent off to sleep by the conviction that a handkerchief held beneath her nose was charged with chloroform; the precise symptoms ensued as if she had inhaled the narcotic vapour (which she had actually done on two or three occasions), and she gradually passed into a state of profound insensibility, from which she awoke in a few minutes, just as would have happened had she been really 'chloroformed.' But this same lady, having been put to sleep by the assurance that she could not resist, and having received from the operator the injunction not to awaken until called by himself, showed no sign of consciousness when a large hand-bell was rung close to her ear, when she was somewhat roughly shaken, or when a feather was passed full two inches up her nostril. Her slumber appeared likely to be of indefinite duration (in one instance a patient of Professor Simpson slept for thirty-five hours, with only two short intervals of permitted awakening); but it was instantly terminated by the operator calling the lady by her name in a gentle tone.

The influence thus exerted over the duration of the sleep and the susceptibility of the 'subject' to certain sensory impressions, whilst utterly insensible to all others, are points of extreme interest. Believing that the solution is to be found in *the dominant im-*

*pression by which the mind of the 'subject' may be possessed at the time of entering this state*, we shall endeavour to confirm this instance, like the rest, by an appeal to familiar experience.

Common observation affords ample proof of the influence of previous habits of attention to sensory impressions of a particular kind, in determining what *shall* and what *shall not* be effectual in recalling the sleeper from the land of dreams to the working-day world. Thus, most persons are more readily awakened by the sound of their own names, than by any other mode of address. The medical practitioner, in his first profound sleep after a laborious day, is aroused by the opening stroke of the clapper of his night-bell, or even by the movement of the bell-wire which precedes it; the telegraph-clerk, however deep his repose, is recalled to activity by the faintest sound produced by the vibration of that wondrous needle to whose indications he is required to give diligent heed; the mother is awakened by the slightest wail of uneasiness proceeding from her infant charge. And these facts cannot be explained upon the supposition that the sleep, prevented from becoming profound by the persistence of the previous excitement, is consequently interrupted by trifling disturbances; for in all these instances the sleeper may remain unaffected by much louder sounds, which have not the same relation to his previous mental state. Thus the doctor's wife shall be insensible to the full peal of the night-bell, whose first tingle awakes her snoring spouse; and he may go forth upon his errand and return to his couch, without disturbing the slumbers of his partner. But her turn next comes; the cries of her child arouse her maternal vigilance; and she may spend hours in the attempt to soothe it to repose, which are passed by her husband in a state of blissful unconsciousness. This is no imaginary picture, but one of daily, or we should say nightly occurrence. It is the very familiarity of these facts, which, as in so many other instances, prevents their import from being duly apprehended.

A remarkable example of this class of phenomena was furnished by the late Sir Edward Codrington. When a young man, he was serving as signal-lieutenant under Lord Hood at the time of the investment of Toulon, and, being desirous of obtaining the notice of his commander, he applied himself to his duty—that of watching for signals made by the look-out frigates—with such perseverance, that he often remained on deck nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, going below only to sleep. During his snatches of repose, his slumber was so profound that no



noise would awake him; and it was a favourite amusement with his comrades, to try experiments devised to test the soundness of his sleep. But if the word 'signal' were *even whispered* in his ear he was instantly aroused, and was fit for immediate duty; the constant direction of his thoughts towards this single object having given to the impression produced by the softest mention of its name, a power over his mind which nothing else could exert.

But it is not requisite that the sensory impression should be one habitually attended to during the waking hours. It is generally sufficient to produce the effect, that the attention should be strongly fixed upon it before going to sleep. Thus, the traveller who requires to start early upon his journey, is awakened by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber, although he may have slept through a succession of far louder noises with which he had no concern. And the student who has set his heart upon rising at a particular hour, in order to continue some literary task, is aroused by the recurrence of the strokes of the clock which mark it, although no other may have affected him throughout the night, and although he may have habitually slept to a later hour without being disturbed by it. Nay, more; it is common to meet with individuals who have the power of determining, on going to rest, the time at which they will awake; and, unlike many, who would be prevented by such a determination from obtaining an hour of continuous repose, they enjoy unbroken slumbers until the allotted limits are reached.

Whatever may be considered as the most feasible explanation of these well-known facts, the same will be equally applicable to phenomena, which are usually considered as dependent upon some special agency, directly exercised by the will of another individual upon the corporeal organism of the sleeper. When B. goes to sleep at the bidding of A., and is also told by A. that she will awake at a certain hour, in what essential respect does the case differ from that last cited, save that the requisite state of mind is produced by the assurance of another, instead of by the spontaneous determination of the individual herself? Or, again, when B. is told, on going to sleep, that she is to awake at the sound of A.'s voice, and that no other sounds are to recal her to consciousness, wherein does the phenomenon differ from circumstances which naturally occur, except in the production of the peculiar susceptibility to the one kind of sound, by an impression forced upon the individual, instead of by the habit of attention to it? In the one instance, as in the other, the effect is obviously depen-

dent upon the previous mental state of the subject.

The state of *Somnambulism*, or sleep-walking, may be regarded as having much the same relation to that of dreaming, as the 'biologized' state bears to ordinary 'reverie': in fact, it may be best characterized as an *acted dream*. There is the same want of control over the thoughts, and the same subjection of the consciousness to the one notion which may for a time possess it, as we perceive both in the dreamer and in the biologized subject; but, like the former, the somnambulist must be regarded as *asleep*, his ordinary relation to the external world being suspended; whilst, like the latter, he retains such a control over his nervo-muscular apparatus, as to execute or at any rate to attempt whatever it may be in his mind to do. The sequence of ideas is sometimes determined entirely by *internal suggestion*. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem; an orator will make an effective speech; a preacher will address an imaginary congregation with such pathos as deeply to move his real auditors; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a poet will improvise a torrent of verses; a mimic will keep the spectators in a roar of laughter. The reasoning processes may be carried on with remarkable accuracy; so that the conclusion may be quite sound, if the data have been correct. But the usual defect of the intellectual operations is, that, owing to their very intensity, the attention is drawn off from the considerations which ought to modify them; and thus it happens that the result is often palpably inconsistent with the teachings of ordinary experience, which, if they present themselves to the consciousness at all, are not perceived by it with sufficient vividness for the exercise of their due corrective influence.

In this form of Somnambulism, there is usually as complete an insensibility, as in ordinary sleep, to all external impressions, excepting such as fall in with the existing current of ideas. No ordinary sights or sounds, odours or tastes, pricks, pinches, or blows, make themselves felt; and yet, if anything is addressed to the somnambulist which is in harmony with the notion that occupies his mind at the time, he may take cognisance of it, and interweave it with his web of thought, which may receive a new colour therefrom. A case is cited by Dr. Carpenter,\* of a young lady who when at school frequently began to talk, after having been

\* *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. ix. p. 691.

asleep an hour or two; her ideas almost always ran upon the events of the previous day; and, if encouraged by questions, she would give a very coherent account of them, frequently disclosing her own peccadilloes and those of her schoolfellows, and expressing great penitence for the former, whilst she seemed to hesitate about making known the latter. To all ordinary sounds, however, she seemed perfectly insensible. A loud noise would awake her, but was never perceived in the sleep-talking state; and if the interlocutor addressed to her any observations that did not fall in with her train of thought, they were completely disregarded. By a little adroitness, however, she might be led to speak upon almost any subject if a transition was made from one to another by means of leading questions.

It is an important and distinctive feature of the somnambulistic state, that neither the trains of thought which have passed through the mind, nor the actions which have resulted from them, are remembered when the subject awakes; or, if any recollection of them should be preserved, they are retraced only as passages of an ordinary dream. Both the trains of thought and the events of a former somnambulistic state, are nevertheless frequently remembered, on its renewal, with the utmost vividness, even at a distant interval; and of this interval, however long it may have been, there seems to be no sort of consciousness. The same thing happens, but more rarely, in ordinary dreaming, the sleeper sometimes recollecting a previous dream, and even carrying on the thread; a circumstance which marks the close affinity of this form of dream to that of somnambulism, since it is only when the idea of the sleeper possesses the fixity and congruity characteristic of the latter, that it shows a tendency to recurrence. The following incident, which recently happened, is a good exemplification of the 'acted dream,' and of the continuity of the impression from one occasion to another:—A servant-maid, rather given to somnambulism, missed one of her combs; and on making the most diligent search, was unable to find it. One morning, however, she awoke *with the comb in her hand*, so that there can be little doubt that she had put it away on a previous night, without preserving any recollection of the circumstance when she was awake; and that she had recovered it when the remembrance of its hiding-place was brought to her mind by the recurrence of the state in which it had been secreted.

Many of the most characteristic features of this species of Somnambulism are presented by a case which is narrated by Dr. Carpenter

as occurring within his own experience.\* The subject of it was a young lady of highly nervous temperament; and the affection occurred in the course of a long illness, in which all the severest forms of hysterical disorder had successively presented themselves. The state of somnambulism usually supervened upon the waking state; instead of growing, as is commonly the case, out of sleep:—

'In this condition her ideas were at first entirely fixed upon one subject, the death of her only brother, which had occurred some years previously. To this brother she had been very strongly attached; she had nursed him in his last illness; and it was perhaps the return of the anniversary of his death, about the time when the somnambulism first occurred, that gave to her thoughts that particular direction. She talked constantly of him, retraced all the circumstances of his illness, and was unconscious of anything that was said to her which had not reference to this subject. On one occasion she mistook her sister's husband for her lost brother; imagined that he was come from heaven to visit her; and kept up a long conversation with him under this impression. This conversation was perfectly rational on her side, allowance being made for the fundamental errors of her data. Thus she begged her supposed brother to pray with her; and on his repeating the Lord's Prayer, she interrupted him after the sentence, "forgive us our trespasses," with the remark, "But you need not pray thus; your sins are already forgiven." Although her eyes were open, she recognised no one in this state, not even her own sister, who, it should be mentioned, had not been at home at the time of her brother's last illness.

'On another occasion it happened that, when she passed into this condition, her sister, who was present, was wearing a locket containing some of their deceased brother's hair. As soon as she perceived this locket, she made a violent snatch at it, and would not be satisfied until she had got it into her own possession, when she began to talk to it in the most endearing and even extravagant terms. Her feelings were so strongly excited on this subject, that it was judged prudent to check them; and as she was inaccessible to all entreaties for the relinquishment of the locket, force was employed to obtain it from her. She was so determined, however, not to give it up, and was so angry at the gentle violence used, that it was found necessary to abandon the attempt; and having become calmer, after a time, she passed off into ordinary sleep. Before going to sleep, however, she placed the locket under her pillow, remarking, "Now I have hid it safely, and they shall not take it from me." On awaking in the morning, she had not the slightest consciousness of what had passed; but the impression of the excited feelings still remained; for she remarked to her sister, "I cannot tell what it is that makes me feel so; but every time that S— comes near me I have a kind of shuddering sen-

\* *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. iv. p. 692.

sation," the individual named being a servant, whose constant attention to her had given rise to a feeling of strong attachment on the side of the invalid, but who had been the chief actor in the scene of the previous evening. This feeling wore off in the course of a day or two.

'A few days afterwards, the somnambulism again recurred; and the patient, being upon her bed at the time, immediately began to search for the locket under her pillow. In consequence of its having been removed in the interval (in order that she might not, by accidentally finding it there, be led to inquire into the cause of its presence, of which it was thought better to keep her in ignorance), she was unable to find it; at which she expressed great disappointment, and continued searching for it, with the remark, "It *must* be there; I put it there myself a few minutes ago, and no one can have taken it away." In this state the presence of S— renewed her previous feelings of anger; and it was only by sending S— out of the room, that she could be calmed and induced to sleep.

'This patient was the subject of many subsequent attacks, in every one of which the anger against S— revived; until the current of thought changed, no longer running exclusively upon what related to her brother, but becoming capable of direction by *suggestions* of various kinds presented to her mind, either in conversation, or, more directly, through the several organs of sense.'

Here, then, we perceive the complete limitation of the consciousness to the one train of ideas which was immediately connected with the object of strong affection. Her recognition of the locket which her sister wore, when she did not recognise the wearer, was extremely curious; and, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, may be explained in two modes, each of them in accordance with the known laws of somnambulism. Either the concentration of her thoughts caused her to remember only that which was *immediately* connected with her brother, or she may have been directed to the locket by the sense of smell, which is frequently exalted in the somnambulist state to a remarkable degree, enabling the somnambulist to find out the owner of a ring or a glove amongst a number of bystanders, with as much facility as the best-trained hound. The continuity of the train of thought from one fit to the next was strongly marked in this instance; and the prolongation of the emotional excitement throughout the interval, without any idea as to its cause, is a feature of peculiar interest, as showing that some organic impression must have been left by the mental operations of the somnambulist state, which the waking consciousness could not trace to its source. Common experience furnishes facts of the same order; a sense of undefined uneasiness often remaining as a consequence of a troubled dream, of whose character there is no definite remembrance;

and this uneasiness sometimes manifesting itself especially in regard to certain persons or objects, the sight of which calls forth a vague recollection that they have been recently before the mind in some disagreeable association.

But there is a very different phase of the somnambulist state, in which the mind, though not less possessed for the time by its own idea, is yet capable of having the direction of its thoughts, and consequently the bodily actions which they prompt, as readily influenced by *external* impressions, as in the biologized subject. Between these two forms, again, there is every gradation; the facility with which the mind of the somnambulist is amenable to the guidance of suggestions, being always inversely proportional to the degree in which he is possessed by some one dominant idea. Of the form of natural somnambulism in which the influence of external impressions is most complete, the well-known case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, is an apt illustration.\* The course of his dreams could be completely directed by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar (another illustration of our previous position, that the sensibility to impressions is in great degree dependent on the attention paid to them in the waking state); and his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming, all the motions of which he immediately imitated. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life, which he did, with such force as to throw himself from the locker upon the floor, by which he was bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his apprehensions by imi-

\* This is frequently referred to the head of dreaming; but as the dream was *acted*, it most legitimately falls under the present category.

tating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next to himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was aroused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent-ropes. After these experiments he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing him some trick.

It is a state very similar to this, that Mr. Braid discovered might be *artificially* produced by fixing the eyes, for several minutes consecutively, on some bright object placed somewhat above and in front of them, at such a distance that the convergence of their axes towards it is accompanied with a sense of effort, amounting to pain. It will be at once perceived that this process is of the same kind as that employed for the induction of the biological state; the only difference lying in the greater intensity of the gaze, and in the more complete concentration of will upon the direction of the eyes, which the nearer approximation of the object in Mr. Braid's method requires for the maintenance of the convergence. The condition thus induced differs little from the intenser forms of the biological state, save in its more complete removal from the ordinary waking consciousness. In regard to the influence of external suggestion in directing the current of thought and action, the two states are essentially the same; and we need not repeat with regard to Hypnotism what we have described so fully already. There seems to be, however, a state of greater *concentration* about the hypnotic somnambule, than exists in the biologized 'subject.' The whole man seems given to each perception. No doubts or difficulties present themselves to distract the attention; and, in consequence, there is a greater susceptibility to suggestions, and their results are more vividly displayed. This is the case especially in regard to *emotional* states, which are generated with the utmost facility, and which can be governed by a word, or even by the 'subject's' own muscular sense, which suggests to his mind ideas corresponding to the attitude into which he may be put by the operator. Thus, if the hand be placed upon the top of the head, the somnambulist will frequently, of his own accord, draw his body up to its fullest height, throw back his head, and assume a countenance expressive of the loftiest *pride*. Where the first action does not suffice, the operator has only to straighten the legs and spine, and to place

the head somewhat back, to produce the result. While this emotion is in full play, let the head be bent forward, and the body and limbs gently flexed; and the haughty bearing instantaneously gives way to the most profound *humility*. The reception of ideas connected with particular actions is not less common. If the hand be raised above the head, and the fingers be bent upon the palm, the notion of *climbing*, swinging, or pulling at a rope, is called up; if the fingers are bent when the arm is hanging at the side, the idea excited is that of *lifting* some object from the ground; and if the same be done when the arm is advanced forwards in the position of striking a blow, the idea of *fighting* is at once aroused, and the somnambulist is apt to put it into execution. On one occasion, Dr. Carpenter tells us, a violent blow was given which chanced to alight upon a second somnambulist, whose combativeness being excited, the two closed, and belaboured one another with such energy that they were with difficulty parted. Although their passions were so strongly excited, that, even when separated, they continued to utter furious denunciations against each other, a little discreet manipulation of their muscles restored them to perfect good humour.

Not only may the mind be thus played upon, through impressions communicated to it from the body;—it can react upon the body in a way which at first sight appears almost incredible, but which is in perfect conformity with the principles already laid down. Thus an extraordinary degree of power may be thrown into any set of muscles, by telling the somnambulist that the action which he is called upon to perform is one which he can accomplish with the greatest facility. One of Mr. Braid's hypnotized subjects—a man so remarkable for the poverty of his physical development, that he had not for many years ventured to lift a weight of twenty pounds—took up a quarter of a hundred-weight upon his little finger, and swung it round his head with the utmost ease, upon being assured that it was as light as a feather. On another occasion he lifted a half-hundred weight as high as the knee on the last joint of his forefinger. The impossibility of any trickery would be evident to an observant eye, since, if he had been trained to such feats (which few of the strongest men could accomplish without practice), the effect would have been visible in his muscular development. Consequently, when the same individual afterwards declared himself unable to lift a handkerchief from the table, which he had been assured that he could not move, we saw no reason for questioning the truth of his conviction; based as this was upon the same kind of suggestion,

as that by which he had been just before prompted to a far more astonishing action.

In like manner various other muscular movements may be induced, of which the same individual would not be capable in the natural state. One of the most remarkable of these phenomena was the exact imitation of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's vocal performances, which was given by a factory girl whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation, and who could not speak her own language grammatically. This girl, in the hypnotized state, followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages so instantaneously and correctly, both as to words and music, that it was difficult to distinguish the two voices. In order to test the powers of this somnambule to the utmost, Mademoiselle Lind extemporised a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, which the girl imitated with no less precision, though in her waking state she durst not even attempt it.

So, again, there is abundant evidence that the sensibility of a patient in this condition may be exalted to an extraordinary degree in regard to some particular class of impressions; this being due, as before, to the concentration of the attention upon the objects which excited them. We have known a youth in the hypnotized state find out, by the sense of smell, the owner of a glove from amongst a party of more than sixty persons. In another case, the owner of a ring was unhesitatingly singled out from amongst a company of twelve, the ring having been withdrawn from the finger before the somnambule was introduced. We have seen other cases, again, in which the perception of temperature was extraordinarily exalted; very slight differences, inappreciable to ordinary sense, being at once detected; and any considerable change, such as the admission of a current of cold air by the opening of a door, producing the greatest distress. Some of the most striking examples of this kind are afforded by that refinement of the *muscular sense*, which seems to be an almost constant character of the somnambulistic state, replacing the exercise of sight in the direction of the movements. We have repeatedly seen hypnotized patients write with the most perfect regularity, when an opaque screen was interposed between their eyes and the paper, the lines being equidistant and parallel, and the words at a regular distance from each other. We have seen, too, an algebraical problem worked out, with a neatness which could not have been exceeded if the person had been awake. But still more curious is the manner in which the writer will sometimes carry back his pen to dot an *i*, cross a *t*, or make a correction in a word. Mr. Braid

had one patient (the individual whose sense of smell was so remarkably exalted, the son of a most respectable solicitor in Manchester) who could correct with accuracy the writing on a whole page of note-paper; but if the paper was moved from the position it had originally occupied on the table, all the corrections were on the *wrong* points of the page, though on the *right* points as regarded its *previous* place. Sometimes, however, he took a fresh departure (to use a nautical phrase) from the upper left-hand corner of the paper; and all his corrections were then made in their right positions, notwithstanding the displacement. 'This,' says Mr. Braid, 'I once saw him do, even to the double-dotting a vowel in a German word at the bottom of the page—a feat which greatly astonished his German master, who was present. We might fill many pages with the record of such marvels, which present themselves alike in *natural*, and in *artificial* or *induced* Somnambulism. All such phenomena are reducible to the general principles we have already laid down,—the concentration of the entire mind on whatever may be for a time the object of its attention, and its passive resignation (when not previously engrossed by a 'dominant idea' of its own) to any notion that may be suggested to it.

There is one point which Mr. Braid's experiments have brought into prominent relief, too important to be passed by, on account of its bearing on the supposed curative powers of Mesmerism. We have already adverted to the influence of 'expectant attention' upon the organic functions of the body; and the phenomena being acknowledged by scientific physiologists, there can be no difficulty in believing that the peculiar concentration of the mind in the 'hypnotic' state may produce still more striking results. It is found, accordingly, that the pulsations of the heart and the respiratory movements may be accelerated or retarded; and various secretions altered both in quantity and quality. A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotized by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call her attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awakened, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and, to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent

methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent *Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics* seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

We are now prepared to sift the reputed phenomena of *Mesmerism*, with some likelihood of being able to distinguish what is probable from what is incredible—what may be admitted as scientific truth, from what must be rejected until more satisfactory evidence shall be adduced in its support.

In the first place, then, we may freely admit that 'mesmerized' subjects have exhibited all the symptoms analogous to those which are presented in 'electro-biology' and 'hypnotism.' That a state resembling 'biological' reverie, as well as true somnambulism, can be induced by Mesmerism, we are assured by Dr. Gregory; and we have witnessed it not unfrequently in mesmeric somnambules, who, although they had been awakened in the ordinary mode, had not completely recovered the control of their faculties,—any command given to them being automatically obeyed. It is unquestionable, moreover, that the mode in which these conditions are usually generated by the mesmerizer, is such as to rivet the attention and produce a monotony of impression. Some, for instance, content themselves with directing the subject to gaze fixedly at their eyes, which is just like looking at a shilling in the hand, or at Mr. Braid's lancet-case. In fact, we have seen a young lady 'biologized' either by staring at her own fingers or at the eyes of the operator; and her *rapport* with the operator was the same in both cases. Other mesmerizers employ certain strokings and wavings of the hand, termed 'passes'; and these have a two-fold effect, serving to produce the monotony of impression which is favourable to the access of the sleep, and to direct the thoughts towards any part upon which it may be intended to act.

All the ordinary methods of the Mesmerist, then, may be considered to operate in the same manner as when practised by those who employ them merely as means to fix the attention of the 'subject.' The question of magnetic or other dynamical force, which is the fundamental article in the mesmeric creed, must, therefore, be decided by quite a different kind of evidence;—namely, that which should demonstrate that either the somnambulist state, or some other characteristic phenomenon, could be induced, *without the consciousness on the part of the subject that any agency was being exerted.* Now, we must own that all the evidence yet adduced to prove the affirmative of this position, appears to us to be utterly wanting in scientific

accuracy. It is far more difficult than most persons who have not studied the phenomena are aware, to guard against sources of fallacy, arising out of the guesses at which the 'sensitives' are marvellously ready, and their alertness in taking advantage of the unconscious intimations of what is expected. So far as our own experience has enabled us to bring this question to the test, it has gone most completely to negative the existence of such a power; for we have found that mesmerizers, who asserted that they could send particular individuals to sleep, or affect them in other ways, by an effort of 'silent will,' have altogether failed, when the subjects were kept from any suspicion that the will was being exercised; whilst, on the other hand, we are cognisant of numerous cases in which 'sensitive' patients have gone to sleep, under the impression that they were being mesmerized from a distance, when the supposed mesmerizer was not even thinking of them.

But, it is asserted, the existence of some such influence is proved by the peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his 'subject,' which is not manifested towards any other individuals, save such as may be placed *en rapport* with the 'subject' by the mesmerizer. Nothing is more easy, however, than to explain this on our principle of 'dominant ideas.' If the mind of the 'subject' be as yielded up to that of the mesmerizer, as to receive any impression which the latter suggests to it, the notion of such a peculiar relation is as easily communicable as any other. Hence the commands of the mesmerizer meet with a response which those of no one else can produce. In fact, other persons usually seem to be unheard by the somnambule, simply because they are not related to the dominant impression—a phenomenon of which, as we have seen, natural somnambulism presents frequent examples. Moreover, as individuals have brought themselves, by the habit of obedience, into complete subjection to the will of some second person, even in the waking state, without any mesmeric influence whatever, it is not at all difficult to understand how such a habit of attending to the operator, and to him alone, should be peculiarly developed in a state in which the mind has lost its self-directing power, and is the passive recipient of external impressions. The same explanation applies to the other phenomena of this *rapport*, such as its establishment with any bystander by his joining hands with the mesmerizer and the somnambule. It is because the somnambule is previously possessed with the idea that this new voice will thus be audible to her, and that she must obey its behests, that it produces the same effects as that of the mesmerizer had previously

done. The history of Mesmerism affords abundant evidence in support of our position, for the *rapport* was not discovered until long after the practice of the art had come into vogue, having been unknown to Mesmer and his immediate disciples; and its phenomena have only acquired constancy and fixity, in proportion as its laws have been announced and received. Several mesmerizers, who have begun to experiment for themselves without any knowledge of what they were to expect, have produced a great variety of remarkable phenomena, and yet have never detected this *rapport*, though they have obtained immediate evidence of it, when once the idea has been put into their own minds, and thence transferred into those of their 'subjects.' In all the experiments we have witnessed, which seemed to indicate its existence, the previous idea had either been present, or it had obviously been suggested by the methods employed to induce the mesmeric somnambulism, whilst in a large number of other cases in which the subjects were not among the *habitués* of the mesmeric *séances*, their consciousness was not confined to the mesmerizer, or to those whom he placed *en rapport* with them, but was equally extended to all around.

It appears to us that the mesmeric manifestations may be grouped under the following categories:—

I. Those whose genuineness may be admitted, without any extraordinary weight of evidence in their support; since they are quite conformable to our previous knowledge, and can be explained on principles sufficiently established.

II. Those which, not being conformable to known facts, or explicable upon principles already admitted, cannot be accepted without a great amount of evidence in their favour; but which, not being in absolute opposition to recognised laws, may be received, upon strong testimony, without doing violence to our common sense, holding ourselves ready to seek their explanation in a more extended acquaintance with the powers of mind and of matter.

III. But there is another order of facts, which not only lies beyond our existing knowledge, but is in direct contrariety to it. Here, even though the *external* evidence should be the same with that which affords a secure support to the preceding groups, yet, as the *internal* evidence is altogether antagonistic, its force must remain conclusive against the validity of all statements, save those which shall have been sagaciously investigated by observers qualified for the task by habits of philosophical discrimination, and by their acquaintance with the numerous sources of fallacy which attend this particular department of inquiry. Entertaining the lowest

possible opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric system, it has astonished us to find the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, bearing the honoured name of Gregory, asserting the monstrous proposition, that if we admit the reality of the *lower* phenomena of mesmerism, the same testimony ought to convince us of the *higher*. Let us try the learned professor by his own canon. He would have no difficulty in crediting a witness who told him that a stone which he had let fall from a height descended to the ground; or that a solution of tartaric acid, poured upon carbonate of soda, produced effervescence. But would he place the same reliance on the assurance, that a piece of lead, let go from the top of a tower, mounted like a balloon to the sky; or that, when sulphuric acid was poured on caustic potass, the two substances continued to exhibit their previous acid and alkaline properties, instead of uniting into a neutral salt? Once admit Dr. Gregory's principle, and there is nothing too hard for belief, either in mesmerism or anything else. Mr. Atkinson breathes a dream into a glove, and sends it to a lady; the dream occurs. Mr. Lewis raises a gentleman, previously thrown into a state of cataleptic rigidity, by the simple traction of the hand held above his head, without contact, and keeps him suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin, by the mere force of his will. And Major Buckley avers that his clairvoyant patients, to the number of one hundred and forty-eight, have read upwards of 36,000 words inclosed in boxes, and the mottoes contained in 4860 nut-shells.

Now the result of recent inquiries, directed towards the phenomena of hypnotism, electro-biology, and the like, has been to bring into the first of the above categories a large number of mesmeric phenomena, which must have previously been ranked under the second; since it has been shown that nothing more is needed for their elucidation, than an extension of principles already known to physiologists. Thus, the induction of *comatose* sleep and of somnambulism or sleep-waking, the establishment of a peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his subject, the government of the thoughts and actions of the latter by the expressed or implied determinations of the former, the production of cataleptic rigidity or of convulsive movements in the muscles, the extraordinary exaltation of sensibility as regards particular impressions, and the production of entire insensibility with respect to others—these and numerous kindred phenomena are perfectly credible, because they are spontaneously exhibited in some cases, and may be brought about, in many



more, by processes which cannot be fairly supposed to have any other action than on the mind of the 'subjects.'

In the second category we may place that power of 'thought-reading' which some mesmeric somnambules are affirmed to possess. Every one knows that there are individuals who have a remarkable capability of discerning what is passing in the minds of others, by the intuitive interpretation of looks, tones, and gestures, such as we all continually and unconsciously exercise in a minor degree; and where a strong motive begets a concentrated scrutiny, even dull observers will detect feelings which we had believed to be hidden in our own breasts. How common is it, for example, that a growing affection is perceived by the party who desires to be, but is not, the object of it, before its existence has been clearly revealed to the individual in whose secret soul it has taken root. Is it not quite conceivable, then, that in the state of expectant attention, which is the necessary condition of the performance, this power of introspection should be exalted in such individuals as already possess it in an unusual degree; just as we have seen that the muscular and other senses may be intensified, by the exclusive direction of the mind to some particular class of impressions?

To this peculiar quickness we are inclined to trace a large proportion of these asserted successes of *clairvoyant* somnambules, which are triumphantly appealed to, on the one hand, as affording a most indisputable evidence of the truth of the mesmeric system, and which, on the other, are regarded as so preposterous by its opponents as to stamp the whole as a tissue of delusion or imposture. In the form in which they are presented to us by Professor Gregory and other thorough-going believers, those asserted facts must unquestionably be placed in our third category. We are required to believe that there are individuals who can tell us what is taking place at the moment in localities which they never visited, what is being done by persons whom they never saw, what is being thought or felt by individuals of whose personality they had no previous knowledge; who can inform us of the entire past history of such individuals, and can predict their future course and destination; who can tell, when a key or a ring is placed in their hands, not only to whom it now belongs, but also to whom it has belonged ever since it was a key or ring; who can read what is cunningly shut up in boxes, or hidden behind a screen of stone walls; from whose mental vision, in fact, nothing can be concealed, if only it happens to take the required direction, which (it is admitted) cannot be always secured.

In estimating the value of these statements, we must bear in mind, in the first place, that they come to us only from thorough-going believers, to whom alone are these higher mysteries revealed—the presence of an opponent or even of a neutral investigator being sufficient to prevent them altogether. Many such believers have passed at once from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of credulity, and have been equally rash and uninquiring in both; others have always thought that 'there must be something in mesmerism,' and as soon as they have met with any facts of whose reality they were satisfied, they have taken the whole series, together with the mesmeric *rationale*, for granted, without the least consideration as to whether the phenomena were not otherwise explicable; and others have been predisposed from the commencement to the reception of everything however marvellous (the more incredible to ordinary apprehension, the more credible to theirs), by a strange exaggeration of the love of novelty, or by a passion for a so-called 'spirituality' after which they are perpetually longing. It has not yet been our fortune to meet with a single believer in these higher mysteries who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon any other subject in which his feelings were interested, while we have known several (and as to these the mesmerists are of course silent) who have begun with a favourable predisposition, but have ended in utter disbelief, through their detection of the fallacies which lurked behind the ostensible results. To some of these fallacies we shall briefly advert.

In the first place, we have to guard against intentional deception on the part of the mesmeric 'subjects,' or the persons with whom they are connected. Numerous exposures have been made from time to time; and others might, no doubt, be effected by any sharp-witted inquirer who would take the trouble to search them out. Dr. Forbes and Prof. Sharpey, for example, detected a certain George Goble in opening a box within which a card had been placed for the purpose of testing his clairvoyant powers; the said George having previously managed so cleverly, as nearly to convince the former of these gentlemen. Another case, which occurred several years ago, has recently been published, in which a pretended *clairvoyante*, having described what the members of her family at a considerable distance were doing at the moment, was found to have written to them by that afternoon's post, to cause them to answer any inquiries in such a manner as to accord with her revelations. The motives to such impostures are far more numerous than may be generally supposed. They are not merely

love of gain, or love of notoriety, though these exert a most powerful influence; but there is a tendency well known to medical men, which manifests itself especially among hysterical females (the class to which the greater number of the reputedly clairvoyant subjects belong), and which may almost be called a *monomania for deception*. The ingenuity displayed by them in this morbid exercise of their powers is all but incredible.

But, in the second place, we have to guard against the *unintentional deception* to which every one is exposed who goes into the inquiry either with a foregone conclusion, or with an inclination to be convinced, and we could give instances of the facility with which persons have permitted themselves to be deluded, which would excite the astonishment of unprejudiced minds. Thus the patron of Mr. George Goble was persuaded that the said George Goble had opened the box *on one occasion only*, when he experienced unusual difficulty in the exercise of his clairvoyant powers, but did not like to disappoint the company, and we have even seen complete failures taken up by the believers present, and ingeniously transformed (by a slight unintentional perversion) into marvellous successes. It is, therefore, a reasonable rule, *to receive none of these statements upon the unsupported testimony of believers*; not that we impute to them the least intention of stating anything but what is *to their minds* strictly true, but that we are sceptical as to their power of discriminating the whole of the truth.

The third, and probably the most fertile source of fallacy in the reputed performances of clairvoyant subjects, arises from the influence of *suggestion*. Most of their revelations are made in reply to interrogatories, and not only 'mesmeric' but 'hypnotized' somnambules, and 'biologized' subjects, can be made to describe anything, existent or non-existent, by *leading* questions. We have repeatedly caused the two last classes to describe every thing of note in our house, without giving them any positive information; and when, in the absence of other guidance, a mere guess was hazarded, coincidences have now and then occurred, such as mesmerists would doubtless have trumpeted forth as wonderful successes. But that the descriptions were either suggested or guessed, was easily shown by giving the queries a false direction; when the replies, being altered to suit them, had no relation whatever to the reality. We have tested mesmeric clairvoyants in the same manner. They all readily detail what is in every body's house, such as chairs, tables, sofas, book-cases, piano, fire-screens, &c.; but when they have exhausted the standing catalogue, they go no further, until some suggestive

question is asked, and, like the hypnotic somnambules, are readily enticed into error. In following the 'lead,' whether in accordance with the realities or not, they often show a marvellous amount of acuteness. It happens, however, that we possess a rather unusual piece of drawing-room furniture, to wit, an organ, of considerable size, with gilt pipes in front, which could neither be overlooked nor mistaken for anything else; yet no *clairvoyant has ever spontaneously mentioned this*.

In the fourth place, we may point out that in somnambulism, as in dreams, the *memory*, like other faculties, occasionally becomes remarkably intensified; so that the hidden stores, whose very existence had been forgotten in the waking state, have been unlocked, and an amount of information is brought into use, which the individual was himself unconscious that he possessed. This display of dormant knowledge, frequently ornamented by the imagination (which is often extremely vivid), comes upon the credulous auditors like a new revelation; until some one traces it to the pages of an Encyclopædia, or to the recollections of early life.

There are many cases of asserted clairvoyance, to which, if all that is stated of them be true, none of these causes of fallacy apply. But until they have been sifted by philosophical sceptics, instead of being passively registered by believers, we feel justified in the conviction that some undiscovered fallacy exists, and this scepticism will continue, unless Major Buckley's 148 clairvoyants will perform the easy task of reading five lines of Shakspeare, shut up in five separate boxes; for which Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has offered a reward of 500*l.*, a sum quite adequate, we should think, to stimulate the most refractory 'subjects' to the efficient exercise of their powers.

At the risk of exhausting the patience of our readers, we must direct their attention, before we conclude, to some of the remaining aspects of this curious subject. The automatic or semi-automatic action of the mind, which takes place when it has become possessed by an *expectant idea*, will be found to afford the key to the greater part, if not the whole, of the phenomena brought under notice a few years since by Baron von Reichenbach, and attributed by him to a hypothetical 'Odylic force.' These phenomena consisted for the most part in the peculiar sensations and attractions experienced by certain 'sensitive' subjects, when in the neighbourhood of magnets or crystals. After a magnet had been repeatedly drawn along the arm of one of these subjects, she would feel a pricking, streaming, or shooting sensation; or she would see a small volcano of flame issuing

from its poles, when gazing at them even in broad daylight; or, again, she would find her hand so irresistibly attracted towards a crystal, as to follow any movement that might be given to it. Some of these sensitives could never sleep in beds which lay north and south, but were impelled to sleep whilst looking either east or west; a fact which is considered by the learned Baron to account scientifically for the somniferous influence which is occasionally experienced by the most devout church-goers. Some, again, saw sparks and flames issuing from ordinary nails or hooks in a wall,—a circumstance which the Baron was somewhat puzzled to explain. To us, however, it is evident that his 'sensitives' were merely individuals possessed of considerable powers of voluntary abstraction; so that, like similar subjects of Mr. Braid, they could see or feel whatever they were led to believe that they *would* see or feel. In some instances, we admit, there is no indication of the channel through which the suggestion may have been conveyed; but when Von Reichenbach's complete want of appreciation of the importance of excluding all intimation of what was expected, is taken into account, it cannot be deemed unlikely that it *was* communicated, however unintentionally, even in the cases which at first seem exceptional; nor must it be forgotten, that when the mind is in a state of concentrated attention upon a particular object, circumstances, which would pass unnoticed by others, have a powerful suggestive influence on the performer.

It is admitted by Von Reichenbach that the attractive force which draws the hand to the magnet, cannot draw the magnet to the hand: the magnet, though poised on a delicate balance, remaining unmoved by the solicitations of a hand placed beneath it. Surely this fact alone ought to have convinced him, that the force which keeps the hand of the 'sensitive' in contact with the magnet, has nothing in common with the physical forces, whose action is invariably reciprocal; but that it must be generated solely *within* the living body which exhibits the movement. Whatever may be his merits as a chemist, he has shown his utter incompetency for the conduct of an inquiry which is essentially physiological and psychological; and we are compelled to say that the public sanction which Professor Gregory has given to Von Reichenbach's assertions, proves that *he* too is chargeable with the same want of philosophical discrimination, and that his own recorded experiences on the subject must consequently be put aside as of little account.

Von Reichenbach never gained any large 'following' in this country, for to repeat his experiments, it is necessary to find 'subjects'

of peculiar susceptibility, which are not always to be obtained. The next form under which the phenomena of 'expectant attention' manifested themselves, was a much more popular one; and it served alike to fill up the hiatus *in time* between Odylism and Electro-Biology; and to connect these two pseudo-sciences in the minds of their votaries, by the link of a common causative force. If a ring, button, or any other small body be suspended by a string from the end of the finger, it will speedily begin to oscillate with a pendulum-like movement, and its oscillations will often take a definite direction. In our schoolboy days there was a prevalent belief, that a button so held would strike the hour of the day or night against the side of a glass tumbler. This certainly *was* the case in a large proportion of the instances in which we witnessed the experiment; but it is scarcely possible *now* to avoid seeing, that the influence which determined the number of the strokes was really *in the mind* of the experimenter; since the division of the day into hours is purely artificial, and cannot be supposed to have any other relation with the oscillations of the button, than that which it derives from the mental anticipation of a certain result. The subject was again brought up, about four years since, in another form; by Dr. Herbert Mayo, who investigated it with a great appearance of scientific precision. Beginning with a gold ring, and then proceeding to other bodies, he came to the conclusion that 'a fragment of anything, of any shape, suspended by a silk or cotton thread, the end of which is wound round the first joint either of the fore-finger or the thumb,' would answer the purpose; though he finally gave the preference to a flat piece of shell-lac. To this he gave the name of 'Odometer,' having almost from the commencement assumed that the oscillations were dependent upon the 'odyle' of Von Reichenbach, whose system he had already embraced. By varying his experiments Dr. Mayo became convinced that the direction and extent of the oscillations could be altered, either by a change in the nature of the substances placed beneath his odometer, or by the contact of the hand of a person of the opposite sex, or even of the experimenter's other hand, with that from which the odometer was suspended. He gradually reduced his results to a series of definite laws, to which he seems to have imagined them to be as amenable as the motions of the heavenly bodies are to the law of gravitation. Unfortunately, however, other observers, who worked out the subject with like perseverance and good faith, framed a very different code; and it at once became apparent to those who knew the influence which

'expectant attention' exerts in determining involuntary muscular movements, that this was only another case of the same kind, and that the cause of the change of direction lay in the *idea* that some such change would ensue from a certain variation in the conditions of the experiment. Let it be tried upon *new* performers, who are entirely devoid of any expectant idea of their own, and who receive no intimation, by word or look, of what is anticipated by others, and the results are found to have no uniformity whatever. Even those who have previously been successful will find that *all their success vanishes, from the moment that they withdraw their eyes from the oscillating body*, its movements thenceforth presenting not the least regularity—a demonstration of itself that the definite direction which they previously possessed was due, not to any magnetic or odylie force, of which the body of the operator was the medium, but to the influence exercised by his ideas over his muscles, under the guidance of his visual sense.

We do not know whether Mr. Rutter's Brighton 'Magnetometer' was an offshoot from Dr. Mayo's 'Odometer,' or had an independent origin. About the same time, however, that no inconsiderable portion of the British public was amusing itself with swinging buttons and rings from its finger-ends, the attention of scientific men was invited to the fact that a definite series of movements of a like kind was exhibited by a ball suspended from a metallic frame (which was itself considered a fixture), when the finger was kept for a short time in contact with it; and that these movements varied in direction and intensity, according as the operator touched other individuals with his disengaged hand, laid hold with it of bodies of different kinds, or altered his condition in various other modes. Among Mr. Rutter's disciples was a homœopathic physician at Brighton, Dr. H. Madden, who conceived the notable idea of testing the value of the indications of the magnetometer, by questioning it as to the characters of his remedies, in regard to which he was of course himself possessed with certain foregone conclusions. Globules in hand, therefore, he consulted its oscillations, and found that they corresponded exactly with his notion of what they ought to be; a medicine of one class producing longitudinal movements, which at once changed their course to transverse when a medicine of opposite virtues was substituted for it. In this way Dr. Madden was going through the whole homœopathic pharmacopœia, when circumstances led him to investigate the subject *de novo*, with the indispensable precaution, that he *should not know* what were the

substances on which he was experimenting, the globules being placed in his hand by a second person, who should give him no indication of their nature. From the moment that he began to work upon his new plan, the whole aspect of affairs was altered. The same globules produced oscillations at one time transverse, at other times longitudinal; whilst remedies of the most opposite kinds frequently gave no sign of difference. In a short time Dr. Madden was led to the conviction, which he avowed with a candour very creditable to him, that the system he had built up had no better foundation than his own anticipation of what the result should be.

That the rhythmical motion of the hand should be sufficient to cause vibrations in the solid magnetometer, will not surprise any one who knows how difficult it is to prevent the tremors of a telescope or a microscope by the most careful construction of its supporting frame-work; or who bears in mind that the form of the speculum of Lord Rosse's telescope, weighing five tons, having a thickness of six inches, and composed of the hardest known combination of metals, is perceptibly altered (as is demonstrated by the immediate impairment of the distinctness of its reflected image) by a moderate pressure of the hand against its back. Moreover, as Dr. Madden has remarked, the arrangement of Mr. Rutter's apparatus is such as to admit of the greatest sensible effect being produced by the smallest amount of imparted motion; and every modification which increases its immobility, decreases in the same proportion its apparent sensibility to the magnetic currents. Yet although it has been demonstrated to Mr. Rutter himself, that his apparatus is so far from being absolutely rigid, that the pendulum vibrations may be induced by intentional movement; and further, that no definite vibrations take place unless the pendulum be watched, he still persists in attributing his performances to 'Human Electricity,' and still draws after him a train of admiring disciples, who refuse to see the possibility of any fallacy either in his method or in his conclusions.

The same explanation will go far to account for the mysterious phenomena of the Divining Rod, whose ancient reputation has been hitherto proof, even in the estimation of many who are ranked among the master-spirits of the age, against the scepticism of modern science in regard to all matters which it cannot explain. In many parts of the world, there are to be found certain individuals, who profess to be able to discover the presence of hidden treasures, mineral veins, or springs of water, by the indications afforded by a forked hazel twig, shaped like the letter

Y. The two legs of the fork being firmly grasped by the hands, in such a position that the stem shall point forwards, the diviner walks over the ground to be explored; and it is affirmed that the stem begins to bend upwards or downwards as soon as he passes over the object of which he is in search, its writhings being obvious to the bystander, and becoming stronger and stronger as the fork is held tighter. The motions of the rod, like the oscillations of the odometer, are *facts*,—explain them how we will; and notwithstanding that there may have been much intentional deception, yet the phenomena have presented themselves so frequently, when the rod was in the hands of individuals whose good faith could not be doubted, that we cannot set them down as being always, or even generally, no better than conjuring tricks. The 'expectant attention' of the performer was long since recognised as the cause of the movements by MM. Chevreul and Biot; who many years since made a most valuable series of experiments, which have never attracted the attention they deserve. Even Dr. H. Mayo, with all his predilection for odylic agency, was constrained to admit, that when his performer knew which way he (Dr. M.) *expected the fork to move*, the results were conformable; but that when the man was left in ignorance, or was blindfolded, they were vague and contradictory.

The question still remains, whether, after making due allowance for the influence of 'expectant attention,' there are any residual phenomena which this agency does not explain, and which must still be ranked as the mysteries of the divining-rod. All our inquiries have led us to one conclusion—that *where every kind of suggestion has been rigidly excluded, the failure has been complete*; and that the instances of success are to be accounted for (where no fraud was practised) by guesses on the part of the performers themselves, or by the unintentional promptings they have received from the bystanders who are in the secret. It was clearly shown by the French *savans*, that when the effort to maintain a fixed position is kept up in any part of the body for some time, the attention being directed to it, a state of *muscular tension* is induced which at last discharges itself in movement. The forked hazel-twigg cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more, without such a tendency to approximation or to separation between its branches, that its point is made to move upwards or downwards, according to the mode in which the rod is held; and the higher this state of tension has become, the more readily will the slightest suggestion determine the time and the direction of its movement.

We are now arrived, we are thankful to say, at the latest phases of this remarkable series of popular delusions. Into the previous history of the 'Spiritual Manifestations' on the American side of the Atlantic, we do not think it worth while to enter; it will be quite enough to examine the phenomena, as they presented themselves to the observation of the British public. The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows:—The 'medium' professed to place the questioner in such a relation with any departed spirit whom the latter might choose to summon, that answers should be given by the spirit to any questions which the summoner put *mentally*, without making them known either to the medium or to any one else. The replies were conveyed by gentle raps from the spirit, whilst the questioner gradually moved a pointer along the successive letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeral series, a fresh commencement being made after each letter had been indicated. In this manner words were put together; and, with patience, a whole sentence might be formed. Now, even allowing the strongest weight to the *a priori* improbabilities of this method of communication, and giving to Mrs. Hayden and her disciples the full credit, or rather discredit, of being a cheat, the means by which so many correct answers were given to questions which had never been put in any other than a mental shape, yet remained a mystery. The true explanation was first suggested by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in a weekly newspaper. This gentleman considered that Mrs. Hayden probably derived her indications when to 'rap,' from some involuntary sign of the questioner, as his pointer arrived at the letter which should form the next component of the answer;—this sign being either a delay in passing to the next letter, or some unconscious gesture, which would be perceived by an observer habitually on the watch. By *purposely* giving such indications, he caused Mrs. Hayden to *rap out* answers of the most absurdly erroneous character, to a series of questions which he had previously written down, and communicated to another member of the party, for the sake of negating any charge of invention that might be raised against him. One exception, however, did occur to the constant character of these replies, and that was the one made to the final question—'Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?' to which the answer was returned by unhesitating raps, as his pointer came upon the letters *r*, *x*, *s*.

The correctness of this solution was confirmed by the results of many similar experiments; and we could give a long series of ludicrous replies, which were spelled out under the direction of waggish questioners. We

uniformly found too that those whose questions had been most accurately answered, were persons of excitable temperament, who were liable to betray by outward emotion more or less of what was passing in their minds, whilst those to whom the spirits would give no information, were persons of comparatively imperturbable nature, possessing considerable command over their muscles. On one occasion a scientific friend, who belongs to the former class, having been much surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained, but having observed that none could be furnished to a gentleman whose temperament was of the opposite kind, made a fresh trial, with the determination to prevent any indication escaping him of the times at which he expected the 'raps.' His second experiment was as complete a failure as the first had been a success. It was clearly proved in conclusion, that the sounds can be produced by a movement of the foot, which is not perceptible even to those who are watching it. Mrs. Hayden, however, has doubtless realized a very considerable profit from the gullibility of the London public, who paid her almost as handsomely for this exercise of her toes, as if they had been employed in the highest performances of the choregraphic art.

The taste for 'spiritual communications,' once excited, has taken such hold of the minds of impressible subjects, that the number of 'mediums' who now sincerely believe themselves to be holding intercourse with departed spirits, would almost surpass the belief of any sober-minded man, who did not know the liability of such vagaries to become epidemic. Until we shall have heard of revelations presenting more internal evidence of genuineness, than is afforded by the anxiety of a careful old housekeeper that her daughter shall lay in an adequate stock of preserves for family consumption, by the modest disclaimer of Shakspeare who assures the world that he is 'a very much overrated poet,' or by the indignation of Columbus that America is not called by his name, we must take leave to class the communications in the same category with the dreamy reveries of religious mystics in all ages, and to regard the 'mediums' as simply persons who are possessed with certain 'dominant ideas,' of which, for their own mental health, it is desirable that they should be freed as soon as possible.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to enter into any elaborate analysis of the phenomena of *Table-turning*. What are the facts? A number of individuals seat themselves round a table, on which they place their hands, with the idea impressed on their minds that the table will move after a time in a rotatory manner; the direction of the movement, whether

to the right or to the left, being generally arranged at the commencement of the experiment. The party sits, often for a considerable time, in a state of solemn expectation, with the whole attention fixed upon the table, and looking eagerly for the first sign of the anticipated motion. Generally one or two slight changes in its place herald the approaching revolution; these tend still more to excite the eager attention of the performers, and then the veritable 'turning' begins. If the parties retain their seats, the revolution only continues as far as the length of their arms will allow; but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and from a walk, their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can no longer keep up with it. All this is done, not merely without the least consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they are not.

To those who already possessed the clue to the mysteries of electro-biology, odyllic force, the magnetometer, *et hoc genus omne*, nothing could be simpler than the explanation of table-turning. As in so many other cases, the continued concentration of the attention upon a certain idea gives it a dominant power, not only over the mind, but over the body; and the muscles become the involuntary instruments whereby it is carried into operation. In this case, too, as in that of the divining-rod, the movement is favoured by the state of muscular tension, which ensues when the hands have been kept for some time in a fixed position. Many of those who tried the experiment upon a table that was somewhat refractory, felt at last that they *must* move their arms, to get rid of the uneasy sensations they experienced.

All the results of the variations introduced into the experiment are perfectly conformable to this notion of their origin. Thus, when the direction of the movement had not been previously determined, it has generally happened (within our experience at least) that the table turned *from right to left*; plainly because it is the same direction which we give to everything (as in turning a winch, passing the after-dinner bottle, or spinning a tetotum) to which we are in the habit of imparting rotation, unless with some definite purpose to the contrary. When what we may term the *retrograde* movement has occurred, we have generally been able to trace it to the agency of a single individual, whose 'lead' has been unconsciously followed by the other performers; and the direction which he originates may be determined by the accident of his po-

sition. An intelligent writer has remarked, that if the body rests more on one side than on the other (which is almost always the case when the muscles are fatigued by remaining long in one posture), the automatic movement tends to direct the table *from* that side towards the other; and he states that he has thus determined the movement at his pleasure, by throwing the weight of his body (whilst standing) upon the right or the left leg. It was a favourite doctrine with those who attributed the rotation to electrical agency, that the movement would take place much earlier if the table were insulated; and this, in a great number of comparative experiments, seemed undoubtedly the case. The fact, however, would afford no support to the electrical hypothesis, even if this were tenable on other grounds, unless the performers had been left in ignorance whether the table were insulated or not; since the expectation that it would move round sooner under particular circumstances, was quite sufficient to bring about the result. The same explanation applies to another method which was at one time much in vogue, and was even represented by some to be essential to success—that of forming a continuous circuit of hands, by spreading them out so that they touched each other by their little fingers and thumbs. In this case also—the hands being extended in a constrained position, instead of resting easily upon the table—the state of muscular tension is much more rapidly induced, and more quickly becomes unbearable. Again, we may fairly attribute to the ‘dominant idea’ that feeling of obligation to go along with the table when once its revolution has commenced, which is obviously the real cause of its continued movement. Although the performers may most conscientiously believe that the attraction of the table carries them along with it, instead of an impulse which originates in themselves propelling the table, yet we never met with one who could not readily withdraw his hand if he really *willed* to do so. But it is the characteristic of the state of ‘expectant attention,’ to which the actors give themselves up in all such performances, that the power of volition is entirely subordinated to that of the ‘dominant idea.’

Finding, then, in the known laws of mental physiology a sufficient explanation of these wonders, it is against all the rules of philosophy to assume that any other force is concerned in their production. Yet we have learned by painful experience, that when the common sense of the public once allows itself to be led away by the love of the marvellous, there is nothing too monstrous for its credulity. The greatest difficulty in the whole case has been to persuade the performers that the

movement of the table was really due to the impulse which it received from their hands—their conviction being generally most positive, that, as they were not *conscious* of any effort, the table must have been propelled by some other agency. So resolutely was this believed, that when the table was intentionally prevented from moving by the pressure of one of the parties, so that the hands of another performer, automatically moving in the expected direction, slid over its surface, the fact, instead of being received as evidence that the hands *would* have moved the table, had it been free to turn, was set down to a repulsive influence exerted by the table on the hands! Even since Professor Faraday’s ingenious apparatus has supplied the most unequivocal proof that the movement of the table, instead of anticipating that of the hands, is consequent upon the pressure which they impart, there are many who affirm that the tested cases could not have been genuine, and yet decline to apply the touchstone to their own performances. This is in the very spirit of the opponents of Galileo, who would not look through his telescope at the satellites of Jupiter, because they supplied evidence in favour of the Copernican theory.

In our investigation of these phenomena we have found it necessary to treat with complete disregard the testimony of all who had given themselves up to the domination of the table-turning idea; for it has happened—no doubt quite unintentionally—that they commonly omitted from their narrative the very point most essential to the elucidation of the mystery. Thus a lady assured us that, in *her* house, a table had moved round and round, *without being touched*. On inquiring into the circumstances, we found that a hat had been placed upon the table, and the hands of the performers upon the hat; but our fair informant was as sure that the hat could not have carried the table along with it, as she was that the hat moved round without any mechanical force communicated from the hands! In another case we were seriously informed that a table had been moved round by *the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it*; but it came out, upon cross-examination, that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of ‘Samson’ to move the table, which then obediently went round. Experience of the worthlessness of the testimony of table-turners is thus an additional warning against accepting the evidence borne by the champions of Mesmerism to the wonders which they honestly declare themselves to have witnessed.



We had hoped that a little reflection was making the perpetrators of these absurdities sufficiently ashamed of themselves, when a new style of performance, a sort of 'cross' between 'spirit-rapping' and 'table-turning,' began to claim the attention which its predecessors no longer commanded. This consisted in *putting questions* to the table, with directions that it should *reply* by turning to the right or to the left, or by tilting over towards one side or the other, or by rapping with one of its feet; and conversations were thus carried on, either by asking such questions as might be answered by a simple *yes* or *no*, or by directing the table to spell the words of the reply by such methods as the experimenters should devise. A large number of persons, of various ranks and degrees, have given themselves up to the belief, that by these clumsy contrivances they are brought into direct intercourse with the spirit-world. Nothing can be clearer than that these movements of the tables, like the preceding, usually take place in accordance with the *ideas* entertained by some or all of the performers. The very system of communication affords the proof of itself; for how could the meaning of the signs given by the tables be known to those who interrogated them, save by the conformity of the reply with the foregone conclusion of the questioner as to what that reply should be? In fact we could select no more forcible illustrations of our previous principle than those which are afforded by the last three publications of which we have placed the titles at the head of this article.

The Rev. N. S. Godfrey is obviously possessed by the dominant idea, that scepticism as to the personal existence and constant agency of the Devil is one of the crying sins of the present period; and that supernatural manifestations of his power, in a mode obvious to our senses, are to be reasonably expected. He has also adopted the conclusion that whatever the nature of the power or influence which produces 'Table-Moving' may be, 'it is at present a controllable one; that it is an intelligent power; that it is an obedient power; and that it is, when its effect is manifested in an insensate piece of wood, as a table, a supernatural one.' He traces Satanic agency downwards from the times of the Egyptian magicians to the present epoch; appealing, in proof of the prevalence of 'the evil spirits' in our own time, 'to the tradition of every country, town, and neighbourhood.' Having thus, as he honestly tells us, 'prepared the way,' Mr. Godfrey sits down with his wife and his curate, with their hands upon a small round mahogany table, which (as we presently learn) stood upon three legs.

Having got the table into motion, and assumed the direction of its movements, he commanded it to stand on one leg, to move forward on one leg, to move forward on its three legs successively, to rock quickly from side to side, to turn to him, to turn from him, to throw off a hat in a given direction,—all which commands it implicitly obeyed. When it is remembered *who* were Mr. Godfrey's partners in this performance, and that (as he honestly informs us) they were satisfied that he really had power to cause the table to obey him, their unconscious yielding to his suggestions, after they had been sitting in solemn expectancy for three quarters of an hour, is precisely what our physiological view of the matter would lead us to anticipate. He now began to interrogate the table upon the subject as to which he was evidently most anxious for information:—

'I spoke to the table and said, "If you move by electricity, stop." It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, "If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop." It moved round without stopping! I again said, "If there be any evil agency in this, stop." It went as before.'

It is obvious, from Mr. Godfrey's subsequent explanations, that he was not at all staggered by this negative reply, and that he had, in fact, rather expected it; having already conceived the idea that the spirit which moved the table would be forced by the Arch-fiend to attempt 'to deceive the very elect.' He accordingly devised a test, on whose efficacy he felt that he could rely:

'I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved—it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would *not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it.*'—p. 22.

After a few more experiments, the party went to supper; and then, 'at twenty minutes before twelve,' they again laid their hands on the table. As soon as it had begun to move, Mr. Godfrey pursued his interrogations, still plainly under the impression that he had got hold of a 'lying spirit,' and the following were his results:—

'I now said, "If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;" it was motionless. "If there be not hell, knock twice;" no answer. "If there be not a devil, knock twice;" no motion. "If there be not a devil, knock twice;" *to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be no devil, knock twice;" it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions—"If there be a heaven, knock twice." "If there be not a heaven." "If there be not an eternity." "If the soul live after death." To not one of these questions could I get an answer.—p. 24.

The table nevertheless would answer readily enough to common-place interrogatories, such as the day of the month, and actually announced that the party had entered upon the next day, having carried on their experiments until past midnight,—a piece of intelligence which Mr. Godfrey seems to think supernatural, but for which we should account by the supposition that some one of the party either knew or guessed that the clock had struck twelve.

It is curious to observe how little some persons know of themselves. Mr. Godfrey assures us that, when the Bible was placed on the table, the emotion in the minds of all the parties was that of simple curiosity, and that, if they *had* a bias, it would have been *against* the table stopping. Why, the very fact of trying such an experiment, taken in connexion with Mr. Godfrey's obvious prepossessions on the subject of evil spirits, witchcraft, &c., sufficiently indicates what his real ideas were, even though he might not acknowledge them to himself.

Mr. Godfrey's second pamphlet contains much more to the same effect. He had established such an understanding with his table, that it 'lifted up its foot' and rapped, sometimes very emphatically, when it meant *yes*, and was silent when it meant *no*. The interrogations were all what lawyers would call 'leading questions;' and no one can doubt for an instant what were the answers expected by the inquirer. The spirit having announced himself (by spelling out his name) as Alfred Brown, and given a faint affirmative reply to the question, 'Are you immortal?' the conversation thus proceeded:—

'Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer.

'Do you want to be released?—No answer.

'Had you rather stay?—Yes.

'Does the Devil send you here?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes.

'Do you like to answer me?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes.

'Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes (decidedly).

'Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes.

'Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the Devil?—Yes.

'Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No.'

We shall now give the Rev. E. Gillson an opportunity of narrating his experiences. He has obviously taken his cue from his predecessor; knowing, like him, 'that we are surrounded by innumerable devils,' though scarcely expecting to have their agency thus sensibly manifested; and labouring, in addition, under strongly excited feelings as to Papal aggression. The following is his narrative of the occurrences of a table conversation held at the house of some members of his congregation:—

'I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.

'I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was Yes, indicated by a rap.

'Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate.

'It was then asked, Shall you be for ever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned.

'Do you know Satan?—Yes.

'Is he the Prince of Devils?—Yes.

'Will he be bound?—Yes.

'Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes.

'Will you be cast in with him?—Yes.

'How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten.

'Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's predictions:—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgressions thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again (Is. xxiv. 20).

'I then asked, Where are Satan's headquarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement.

'Are they in France?—A violent movement.

'Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation.

'Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic.

'At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent in answer to some questions about himself did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked,

'Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No.

'How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four.

'This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Amongst other questions, he was asked,

'Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.

'I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten; exactly coinciding with the other spirit's account of the binding of Satan.

'Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey's, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect.

'As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table, e. g. I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath.

'He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.

'I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yea.

'Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done.

'The second letter. It was given.

'I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given.

'However, it is needless to multiply particulars. I might enumerate scores, if not hundreds of questions, which were instantly answered in a similar manner.'

Both these clerical seers assert that Professor Faraday's physical proof that the table never moves, unless the performers make it move by their own pressure, has not the slightest bearing upon *their* experiments; inasmuch as, naively observes Mr. Godfrey, 'those who tried it in his (Professor Faraday's) presence imparted the motion, he tells us, *which we did not*.' whilst Mr. Gillson assures us that 'the most violent movements were often performed *without the slightest pressure*.' But they must have read Professor Faraday's letter to very little purpose, if they did not see that *his* table-turners were at first as fully convinced as *theirs* that the table could not have derived its motion from them;

they repudiated the idea as stoutly *when it was suggested to them*; but the infallible indicator showed that they always *did* press before the table moved, and that *until* they pressed, the table was stationary. Unless, therefore, Messrs. Godfrey and Gillson *prove* by the use of Professor Faraday's indicator, or some other equally valid test, that they *do not* move the table, their affirmation is not of the slightest value. Those who have followed us through this discussion will have met with numerous instances in which motion was unquestionably communicated without any consciousness on the part of the mover, and in which gigantic efforts were put forth without any sense of extraordinary exertion. It is not a little amusing to find Mr. Godfrey concluding his investigations with the assertion that table-turning 'appears to be whatever the investigator supposes it to be,' and that its general law, therefore, is *Lying and Deceit*, in other words, *Satanic agency*. To us, as to him, the motion appears to be 'lying and deceit,' so long as the actors in it so egregiously and pertinaciously *deceive themselves*.\*

We must add a few words of remark upon that condition of the public mind which has been revealed by the prevalence of this table-turning and table-talking mania. When the physician studies the history of epidemic diseases, he sees that their spread is limited by the *predisposition* of the people whom they affect; and that this predisposition is nothing else than a certain state of bodily constitution induced by previous habits of life. When that condition is fully established, a very small dose of the zymotic poison is sufficient to produce the most direful results. When, on the other hand, such predisposition is entirely wanting, through the previous observance of all the laws of health, the same poison, even though present in far greater potency,

\* We do not pretend to account for all the wonders of table-talking narrated by Mr. Godfrey, nor for those which have been privately communicated to us. Nor do we feel called upon to make the attempt, until we can convince ourselves that we are in full possession of *all* the facts of the case, some of the most essential of which are frequently (as we have shown) left out of the narration. But we may mention that we have reason to suspect that the responses given by the automatic movements are not always directed by ideas which are distinctly present to the consciousness at the moment, but may proceed from impressions left upon the brain by some past events,—such impressions as often vaguely flit before our thoughts in the waking state, but reproduce themselves more distinctly in dreaming, in delirium, or in those sudden memories which sometimes flash in upon us unbidden, *why or whence* we cannot tell. This is only an hypothesis, but it will be found to be in strict conformity with the physiological views put forth by Dr. Carpenter as to the unconscious action of the cerebrum.

is altogether innocuous. Now there are epidemic disorders which affect the mind, as well as diseases which attack the body; and the prevalence of the former, as of the latter, must be accounted as indicative of something essentially wrong in our previous condition; especially when it is recollected that this last delusion has taken a firm hold, not merely of ignorant men and silly women, but of well-instructed, sober-minded persons, by whose judgments on ordinary subjects we should set the greatest store. There can be no question then that Prof. Faraday was right in the hint he so modestly gave, that the unfavourable predisposition arises from a radical defect in our system of education; and we shall briefly endeavour to point out where the defect lies.

The study of *Human Nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—is by far too much neglected in our educational arrangements. That the preservation of corporeal health is in great degree dependent upon the observance of the rules dictated by physiological science, and that a general knowledge of the structure and functions of man's body is really worth his possessing, for its own sake, is gradually coming to be generally acknowledged. We would urge, however, that an acquaintance with the constitution of his mind is not one whit the less desirable for the right development of its powers, and for the preservation of its health. We have seen in the various phenomena we have been discussing how largely the Will is concerned in all those higher exercises of the reasoning powers, even upon the most common place subjects, by which our conduct ought to be governed; and how important it is that the automatic tendencies, of whatever nature, should be entirely subjugated by it. We are satisfied, from extensive observation, that in a large proportion of cases of Insanity, the disorder is mainly attributable to the want of acquirement, in early life, of proper volitional control over the current of thought: so that the mind cannot free itself from the tyranny of any propensity or idea, which once acquires an undue predominance. The deficiency of power to repel the fascinations of some attractive delusion that appeals to the vanity, to the love of the marvellous, or to some other receptive predisposition, by employing the reason to strip off its specious disguise and expose its latent absurdities, really proceeds from a want of the same kind, the supply of which ought to be one of the prominent objects of educational culture in every grade.

In all ages, the 'possession' of men's minds by dominant ideas has been most complete, when these ideas have been *religious* aberrations. The origin of such aberrations has

uniformly lain in the preference given to the feelings over the judgment, in the inordinate indulgence of emotional excitement, without adequate control on the part of the rational will. No one, who is as yet untainted by kindred sentiments, can read the productions of Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Gillson, without perceiving that they have abandoned their sober judgment, if ever they possessed any, to the tyranny of their abhorrence of Papal aggression and their dread of Satanic agency, as completely as the biologized 'subject' gives up the guidance of his thoughts to the direction of the operator. This is, in fact, the most melancholy part of the whole affair; since they thus place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. Such persons are no more to be argued with, than are insane patients. They cannot assent to any proposition which they fancy to be in the least inconsistent with their prepossessions; and the evidence of their own feelings is to them the highest attainable truth. It is not to these that we address ourselves—'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone'—but we would save from this pseudo-religious pestilence those who are yet unharmed by it, and who may find themselves unexpectedly smitten by its baleful poison. If any farther warning be required, it is to be drawn from the fact, that many of the victims of these delusions have become the subjects of actual insanity. Mr. Gillson himself confesses to have heard of one such case, which might, he admits, have been caused by excitement, though, he adds, 'I think it more probable that a spirit entered in and took possession.' What kind of spirits they are, which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds, we hope that we have made sufficiently plain. They are *Dominant Ideas*.

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ART. VII.—*Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London. In 3 vols. London, 1853.

THE last page of this work should have been the first. There we read that Benjamin Robert Haydon died on the 22nd of June, 1846, by 'self-inflicted death,' and that—

'the coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act.'—iii. 322.

This is, we think, the key to his whole life—*le mot de l'énigme*—the explanation of a series of delusions, follies, eccentricities, and inconsistency such as we believe were never before deliberately recorded—of wild talents mistaken and misapplied—of extravagant pretensions and feeble powers—of enthusiastic professions of piety and honour, shamelessly contradicted by a laxity of practice which can hardly be less severely characterized than as dishonesty and swindling. We can have now no doubt that the mind was 'unsound,'—or, to adopt the vulgar but expressive metaphor, *cracked*—from the beginning. The main symptom was the early mistake of fancying that he was destined to be a great painter; while there was, on the contrary, hardly any vocation in which his cleverness, ardour, and perseverance would not probably have had better success. This misconception of his vocation, and the wayward eccentricities of style by which he endeavoured to conceal and supply the want of natural powers, brought on failure, disappointment, and distress. Then came mortified vanity, degrading want, and desperate old age—

‘tristisque senectus,

Et metus et malesuada fames et turpis egestas.

Such a life has obviously no just claims to the distinction of a special biography, and one's first impression is, *the less said about it the better*. He himself seems to have had misgivings that no one would be found to write it, and his characteristic vanity provided against such neglect by writing it himself. He left behind him his '*Autobiography*'—a narrative of his life to 1820—which occupies the first of these volumes. 'This,' he desires in his will, 'may not be curtailed by an editor.' Whether this has been exactly obeyed the editor does not say; he hints indeed that it has been '*compressed*;' but more than enough remains; 'as to the rest of his life,' says the will, 'his Journals will suffice.' These journals are twenty-six large folio volumes, of which the editor has made large 'curtailments,' occasionally filling up the chasms with connecting remarks of his own. We must, however, add, that, whatever omissions the editor may have made in either, the journals are much safer guides to Haydon's character than the *autobiography*, for they were the sincere impulses of the moments at which they were written; whereas the *autobiography* (though founded, Haydon tells us, on earlier journals) was put into its present shape at least thirty years after the events, and affords numberless instances of having been *accommodated* to subsequent circumstances and later views. Mr. Taylor, who

appears from his interspersed observations to be a gentleman of good sense and good taste, seems to be of our opinion, that *intrinsically* a '*Life of Haydon*' would be a very superfluous work, and he naturally wishes to relieve himself from the responsibility of such a publication by telling us at the outset—

‘This is not a biography of Haydon, but an *autobiography*; not a life of him by me, but his life by himself.’—*Preface*.

This is a delicate and ingenious apology; but it would be, we think, a very unsatisfactory one if Mr. Taylor were responsible for the fact of *publication*. We are not informed how he happened to be employed in this task, nor in what relation he stands to the owners of the MSS. We see by the will that he was not an executor, and we gather that his personal knowledge of the man was very slight, if any. If then he has merely assisted in doing what would have been done at all events, and is answerable only for the details of the execution, we see little to complain of and much to commend in the mode in which he has performed a somewhat hazardous duty. Our wonder is that any one having the least personal regard for Haydon should have consented to the appearance of a work which does him no credit as an artist, and is positively disgraceful to him as a man. It will be pleaded that Haydon himself ordered the publication in his will. No doubt he did, but what was that but another symptom of his mental infirmity? The will was written but a few moments before the final act of insanity. Admitting, however, that he had throughout his life the same design, the same question will arise, Would it have been justifiable to have lent him a pistol or procured him poison to execute the suicide which he committed, merely because he was mad enough to desire it, and is it more justifiable to have helped his posthumous insanity to inflict suicide on his character?

Having thus entered our protest against what we consider a bad principle, seldom more indiscreetly adopted than on this occasion, we repeat that Mr. Taylor has done his part with delicacy, good feeling, and good sense, and we can add that—bating this original mistake of sacrificing Haydon's personal reputation to inferior considerations—the work itself is one singular in character and powerful in various kinds of interest.

In the first place, it is both morally and physically curious to have from the patient himself so remarkable an example of the co-existence in the same mind of, as Dryden phrases it, 'wit and madness,' of sagacity and delusion, of a sound judgment on many sub-

jects with a permanent and incorrigible aberration on one. We read of, and indeed see every day around us, specimens of this morbid combination, but we know not where to find such an anatomical exhibition of it as Haydon unconsciously gives us in his own person. Of this, however, there is so much that it grows to be at last not painful only, but tedious and disgusting. Mr. Taylor has been, he says, as brief in his extracts from the later journals as he could be, for—

‘the two last volumes are little more than a record of desperate struggles, alternating with desponding and angry protestations, all pointing to the sad catastrophe which brought this stormy career to a close.’—iii. 221.

We have no doubt that Mr. Taylor’s suppositions have been judicious, and might have been carried much further without impairing the general result; for the habitual derangement of mind exhibited in the later journals, though more striking in degree, is obviously of the same class and arising from the same causes as his earlier hallucinations.

In the next place, we find—apart from his delusions about himself and his own style of art—no inconsiderable degree of acuteness and justice in his appreciation of artistical subjects, and particularly a great deal of critical and biographical observation and information on the works and private characters of his contemporaries, too often, no doubt, tinged with something of personal spleen and jealousy, but on the whole, freer from such blots than we could have expected either from the peculiar temper of the man, or from the general effect of professional rivalry. His natural disposition was to be kind and candid.

A third, and what will doubtless be to the public at large the most interesting feature, of the work is, that Haydon, though incapable of producing even a tolerable portrait with his pencil, turns out to have had a great deal both of talent and taste in sketching with his pen. By dint of what he called enthusiasm for art—but which would be more generally and justly characterized as impudence and importunity—he forced himself into communication with a number of the most eminent men of his day, not only in art, but in literature and politics; and by registering, as he did assiduously in his Journals, what he saw and heard amongst them, with an easy off-hand cleverness, evident diligence, and general good faith, he has left us a collection of anecdotes very entertaining, and not without a certain importance as to the characters of several of the most remarkable personages of his time and ours. Indeed this ‘Life of Haydon’—if we could subtract from it all that relates to the poor painter, his

own troubles, and his own works—would be a peculiarly amusing book. But we must take the volumes as we find them, in which—as in most of his own pictures—the principal figure is decidedly the worst, and with that least agreeable portion of the work we must begin our observations.

Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 25th of January, 1786, where both his father and grandfather had been respectable booksellers; and Haydon himself, after having been at two schools, at the latter of which he arrived at the dignity of ‘reading Virgil and murdering Homer,’ was bound apprentice to his father’s trade, for which it soon appeared he had neither taste nor temper. ‘Now began,’ he says, ‘that species of misery I have never been without since—*ceaseless opposition*’ (i. p. 12). This is true: but it must be added that he was of a temperament that during his whole career created opposition where he would not otherwise have found it. By a series of accidents, he was inoculated with a love of drawing. He probably had some hereditary turn—we cannot say taste—that way; for his grandfather was, if Northcote may be credited, an execrable amateur dauber. It happened too that one of his schoolmasters and two of his father’s apprentices and an Italian bookbinder in his employ had the same propensity:—

‘The apprentices,’ he adds, ‘thought they were geniuses because they were idle. One, I remember, did nothing but draw and paint.’—i. p. 8.

Haydon’s own turn for drawing seems to have been at first much like that of the apprentices—an excuse for being idle:—

‘My father’s business realized a handsome income: I had nothing to do but pursue his course and independence was certain, but my repugnance to my work grew daily. I rose early, and wandered by the sea; sat up late, and pondered on my ambition. . . . I hated day-books, ledgers, &c. I hated standing behind the counter, and insulted the customers. I hated the town, and people in it.’—i. 12.

One day, after insulting a customer, he flung out of the shop, and never entered it again:—

‘Now what was to be done? Into the shop I would not go, and my father saw the absurdity of wishing it. He was a good, dear, fond father. We discussed my future prospects, and he asked me if it was not a pity to let such a fine property go to ruin? “I could not help it.” “Why?” “Because my whole frame convulsed when I thought of being a great painter.” “Who has put this stuff into your head?” “Nobody; I have always had it.” “You will live to repent

it." "Never; I would rather die in the trial." Friends were called in; aunts consulted, uncles spoken to; my language was the same; my *detestation of business unaltered*. My resolution *no tortures of the rack would have altered*.—i. 13.

Just at this time an accident occurred which must have tamed a soberer mind, but it only exasperated his:—

'Luckily I had an illness which in a few weeks ended in chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks I was blind, and my family were in misery. I recovered my sight, but *never perfectly*; had another attack—slowly recovered from that, but found that my *natural sight was gone*, and this too with my earnest and deep passion for art. "What folly! How can you think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was my reply; "and, see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first."—*ib.*

He then proceeds to confess, in that style of mingled reason and aberration which marked his whole life:—

'It would have been quite natural for an ordinary mind to think blindness a sufficient obstacle to the practice of an art, the essence of which seems to consist in perfect sight; but "when the divinity doth stir within us," the most ordinary mind is ordinary no longer.

'It is curious to me now, forty years after, to reflect that my dim sight never occurred to me as an obstacle. Not a bit of it. I found that I could not *sketch* as I used to do; but it never struck me that I should not be able to *paint*.'—i. 14.

All this is to us peculiarly curious, for we never saw one of his pictures without a strong impression that he had an eye even for *form*, but above all for *colour*, very different from the rest of mankind. When, on his arrival in London, he waited with a letter of introduction on Northcote, the old cynic

'looked maliciously at me, and said, "I remember your father, and your grandfather too; he used to paint." "So I have heard, sir." "Ees; he painted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my father what colour the indside of's ears was, and my father told un, *reddish*, and your grandfather went home, and painted un a vine vermillion."—i. 22.

We cannot but suspect that if Haydon inherited his grandfather's taste for drawing, he had also something of his eye for colour.

While he was in this state of mind, he bought for one of the apprentices two plaster casts of the Discobolos and Apollo:—

'I looked at them so long that I made my eyes ill again. I doated over them, I dreamt of them, and when well, *wandered about the town in listless agony* in search of books on art.'—i. 14.

In this search he found Reynolds's Lectures and a volume of anatomical drawings. This sealed his fate.

'The thing was done. I felt my destiny fixed. The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze, now burst out for ever.

'I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother, regarding my looks, which probably were *more like those of a maniac than of a rational being*, burst into tears. My father was in a passion, and the whole house was in an uproar. Everybody that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them so *fiercely* that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me, I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—drawing—*dissertation*—and *high art*.'—i. 14-18.

One of his ideas of *high art* was, that a great painter must be a practical anatomist; but of what use could anatomy be to one who never attained any certainty of copying even the external form of the living model! Of what avail was it to him to '*get by heart all the muscles of the body!* How many heads to the deltoid? [one of the humeral muscles.] *Where does it rise? Where is it inserted?*' (i. 15)—when there is abundant proof that he was not sure of being able to copy the outline of the arm which the *deltoid* had elevated! If he could have accurately copied that action from his model, he had all of the *deltoid* that was required for a representation of visible nature, which is the object of the painter. No one will deny that a knowledge of anatomy may enable an artist to *understand* better the *appearances* of his models, but we cannot see how it will advance the power of *imitating* them. Old Northcote and others, whom he talked to, told him plainly 'it was of no use;' that Sir Joshua, like most, if not all great painters, knew nothing about it. But Haydon was not to be persuaded. And he gives us the following strange instance of his pertinacity on this point. After he had gone to London he was recalled to attend, as was thought, the death-bed of his father. On the *very next morning* after his arrival on this pious visit, which might, one should have thought, have suspended at least the prosecution of such a class of studies—

'I got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital, and was hard at work that very night.'—i. 32.

Well might his uncle, after seeing him stretched on the floor of his lodgings in London studying anatomical plates, report to his afflicted father, '*Oh, he is mad—he is certainly mad*.'—*ib.*



We have dwelt the longer on these early proofs of an obstinate irregularity of mind, first, because it grew with his growth, and is to be traced, we think, in every subsequent event and production of his artistic life, but still more, because they show that all the verbiage about *grand style* and *high art* with which he duped himself, and not a few followers, were really the self-excuses of a man who had neither eyes to see, nor judgment to appreciate, any more than he had a hand to copy, the simple and unexaggerated aspects of *nature*.

On the morning of the 15th of May the Plymouth mail brought the young enthusiast to London. He had letters to Northcote and Opie, and his sketches of their appearance and manners are striking for drollery and truth; and here we may say, and once for all, that his descriptions of his various characters are throughout the whole work enlivened with graphic touches of their air, dress, manner, dialect, and persons that bring those of them whom we happened to know very vividly to our recollection.\*

He immediately became a student at the Academy, was assiduous at the drawing-school, where however he tells us 'he had no great repute,' in spite of his diligence in the study of anatomy, and practice of dissection, which he still pursued with a morbid zeal. In Fuseli, the keeper, he found a kind, but, on the whole, a mischievous instructor—for Fuseli's faults as an artist were too near akin to the extravagance of Haydon's own dreams. When he came thirty or forty years later to complete or revise his *autobiography*, he could see his master's errors, but at that time they seem rather to have confirmed him in his own.

'I found him the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. . . . Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. I told him that I *would never paint portraits*, but devote myself to high art. "Keep to that!" said Fuseli, looking fiercely at me. "I will, sir." We were more intimate from that hour. He should have checked me, and pointed out that portrait was useful as practice, if kept subordinate, but that I was not to allow myself to be

seduced by the money that it brought in from making high art my predominant object. This would have been more sensible.'—i. 29, 30.

At the Academy he formed a close intimacy with Jackson, and soon after a closer with Wilkie, who both got an immediate start of him in reputation and employment, but very generously endeavoured to bring forward their more obscure friend to the notice of the patrons they themselves had acquired. With Wilkie the friendship seems to have been cordial and lasting, and we doubt whether the large share that he occupies in these volumes is not the most creditable—portion. To be sure he tells us many anecdotes of little oddities and foibles that poor Wilkie would have been very sorry to see recorded; and the great success of the painter of humble subjects on small canvases sometimes provokes the envy and more often the ire of Haydon, whose engrossing idea of anything *great* was, that it must be *big*; huge sizes, coarse surfaces, and *pound brushes* were his symbols of 'high art;' but notwithstanding this opposition of tastes, and a still stronger one in manners and character, Haydon does justice to Wilkie's genius, industry, modesty, integrity, and amiability; in short, to all the precious qualities in which Haydon himself was the most lamentably deficient. The first and most distinguished patrons of Jackson and Wilkie were Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont. On the favourable reports of Jackson and Wilkie they gave commissions to Haydon, not only before they had ever seen him, but it seems before he had ever painted in oil. It was Haydon's destiny to weary out and disgust both these amiable and indulgent men, as indeed he did every body who at any time of his life interested themselves for him.

About this period Haydon gives us many ludicrous, and some serious scenes of the modes of life of the crowd of young artists who, with various, but generally like himself with adverse results, aspired to the fame and the opulence of Reynolds.

Our English proverb says, '*poor as a poet*,'—the French says, '*guezux comme un peintre*.' They are both too true, but we believe the French one is the more extensively so. A poor poet may have some other resource than mere rhyming—he may try other styles of writing, newspapers, magazines, even penmanship at a desk—he has time to spare—his workshop is in his head, his tools cost nothing, and he may live in a garret; but painting, besides being an art, is also a handicraft which engrosses both mind and body, which requires a fixed position, some accommodation of space, and, painting portraits, a de-

\* There are, however, some exceptions. One error of this kind is worth correcting. He says that Lord Nelson, whom he saw once in 1799, and again in 1804, was '*a little diminutive man*.' This was not so. Lord Nelson, though slight made, was not below the average height of men. Our own recollection, and that of some still surviving who knew him more intimately, is, that he was between 5 feet 7 inches and 5 feet 8.

cent residence—its materials require a certain outlay that, however moderate, generally creates a *debt* that hangs about the poor artist for years; and the production, in case of failure, is worse than nothing, for it is an incumbrance to the owner and a stimulus to dune—a picture cannot be put away in a drawer like a poem, nor can a poem be taken in execution like a picture. We do not rely on Haydon's example, for, though he suffered under all these difficulties, he exaggerated them by his own faults and follies; but, taking a larger view, we believe there is no class of intellectual men in which more instances of distress are to be found than amongst the young and undistinguished painters.

The same observation may apply to sculptors, and hence it is that persons of these classes become more legitimate objects of patronage, than those whose work is less dependent on external circumstances. Patronage therefore judiciously administered is a wholesome and almost necessary aliment to these arts, and even when abused, ill-directed, or capricious, it is still in a great majority of cases a real charity.

We venture to say these few words of encouragement to the patronage of young artists, on *this* special occasion, because the insatiable pretensions, importunity, and ingratitude, with which Haydon confesses that he harassed all his patrons—we might say his *patients*—must tend to disgust even the most benevolent from the indulgence of either taste or charity in that direction. There is, we think, no instance in which those whom Haydon applied to in his distresses, high or low—and his audacity neither spared the highest nor his meanness the lowest—who did not help him kindly, liberally—many of them nobly—and there is *not one* towards whom these pages do not attest his flagrant ingratitude and injustice. To exemplify this would require us to enter into the history of each of his pictures and each of his patrons, and the catalogue would be too long and too disgusting; but we may give the following as a specimen of the spirit in which, even when his own interest was not concerned, he looked at the relative duties of a patron and *patrons*. Lord Mulgrave had assisted Jackson, not merely by personal attentions and professional employment, but by a pecuniary allowance till his abilities should have time to make their own way to independence. This, Haydon tells us, Jackson forfeited by his indolent and, what would be worse, his low habits:—

‘Sooner than not gossip, he would sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song, . . .

At last his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income, and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses. He exerted himself; and he told me that it had saved him. . . . When he found himself deserted, he *dared all sorts of things* for an honest subsistence, and found himself happier as his own master. I thank God I never had a patron, as he had, and I would have shown the door to any man who had offered such patronage.’—i. 40.

We have selected this story not merely to exemplify Haydon's character, but to do justice to Jackson's memory. There is no reason—indeed, quite the reverse—to suspect that Haydon had any malevolence towards Jackson, yet we are satisfied that this is essentially erroneous, and part of it, if not absolute calumny, a gross exaggeration. In the first place, Jackson was never ‘deserted,’ for the special assistance was, according to its original design, continued until it was no longer needed; in the next place, the injurious insinuation about ‘*daring all sorts of things*,’ was wholly undeserved; he dared nothing that was not natural and reasonable: what we suppose Haydon hints at was his having painted for a time portraits in water colours with great taste and success—but the rest of the charge is more serious. That Jackson was occasionally indolent, and intermitted for social converse the solitary labours of the brush, may be admitted, and Wilkie, in a letter from Mulgrave Castle, where Jackson was expected but had not arrived according to appointment, describes Lord Mulgrave's real and indulgent feeling on such points:

‘We are all astonished that Mr. Jackson has not yet arrived; but he is not one of those who are scrupulously punctual, else we might be uneasy about him. I find that Lord Mulgrave is as well acquainted with his feelings as we are. He laughs at his unsteadiness, is amused at his simplicity, admires his talents; but grieves at his want of industry, and moreover observes that Jackson is a person he never could be angry with.’—i. 48.

Certain it is that Lord Mulgrave never could have suspected Jackson of such low propensities as Haydon charges on him. It is impossible that he should have continued to be—as he was—a constant guest in Harley-street or at Mulgrave Castle, if his Lordship could have any idea that he *drank with his servants*.

And then Haydon proudly *thanks God that he never had a patron*, and boasts that he would spurn such patronage. But within ten pages we find him in rapturous ecstasies at obtaining, through the recommendation of that very Jackson, the patronage of that very Lord Mulgrave:—

'This reused my spirits. I had got my first commission for a grand historical picture "to set me going," as Lord Mulgrave had promised. It was a triumph to me—a reward for what I had suffered. I wrote home; Cobley [the uncle who thought him mad] was silenced, and began to cry; Plymouth was quite pleased. I was really become a public character. . . . My father swore Lord Mulgrave was of the right sort.'—i. 49.

And the whole of his after-life was employed in shifts, sometimes very mean, to allure patrons, whom he as constantly disgusted by his incapacity, his arrogance, his worrying, and, in some instances, his extortion.

It was after he had received Lord Mulgrave's commission that he began his first picture in oil—a flight into Egypt (6 feet by 4), of which, and its figures and composition, he gives us a minute account, remarkable only for a strange omission—'Joseph is holding the child asleep,' 'the ass on one side,' 'two angels,' 'and the Pyramids in the distance'—but no hint of the *mother*; no doubt she is there, but where or how employed we know not, never having seen the picture, which, however, we suspect may be one of Haydon's best—for it obtained, unknown as the author was, a good place in the Exhibition, and was bought by a very good judge, Mr. Thomas Hope. It is now at Deepdene—the only one of Haydon's pictures (except Sir Robert Peel's *Napoleon* and Lord Grey's *Reform Banquet*) which we know of in its original position. The fate of those painted before 1826, he himself was doomed to record in that year, when old Reinagle the artist asked him—

"Where is your *Solomon*, Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where your *Jerusalem*?" "In a ware-room in Holborn." "Where your *Lazarus*?" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount-street." "And your *Macbeth*?" "In Chancery." "Your *Pharaoh*?" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your *Crucifixion*?" "In a hay-loft." "And *Silenus*?" "Sold for half price."—ii. 137.

And ten years later:—

'An accomplished Frenchman came to my room to see my works. "I have none" "Where are they?" "My *Solomon* is rotting in a carpenter's shop—my *Lazarus* in a kitchen."—iii. 46.

These bitter lessons had no effect on Haydon, and he persisted in pursuing the same ungrateful class of subjects in the same unpalatable style of execution, and went on believing, or at least asserting, to his dying hour, that this universal neglect arose from the hostility of individuals and the bad taste of the public, and not from any demerit in the repudiated pictures. We shall endeavour to

account for this presently by a more powerful motive than mere vanity, which we think could not alone have resisted the evidence of such mortifying facts:—

'My first picture being considered very promising, I had now begun Lord Mulgrave's *Dentatus*, but, as I have said before, I found the difficulties so enormous, that, by Wilkie's advice, I resolved to go into Devonshire and practise portraits.'—i. 72.

Here, let it be observed, that in this moment of his first success—and success in 'history,' too—he had already forgotten his pledge to Fuseli, and we detect none of the contempt for *portraits* which he subsequently professed, and to which he so boldly attributed what he considered his martyrdom. He readily postpones Lord Mulgrave's historical commission, and attempts portraits. Now this was, we are satisfied, the real point on which his artistic life turned:—

'Here [at Plymouth] I resolved, as soon as settled, to paint *my friends* at *fifteen guineas a head*, a good price, at which I soon got full employment. *Execrable as my portraits were* (I sincerely trust that not many survive), I rapidly accumulated money, not, probably, because my efforts were thought successful, even by sitters, but more because *my friends* wished to give me a lift, and thought that so much enthusiasm deserved encouragement.'—i. 72-3.

He might well call *fifteen guineas a head* a good price. It was, as he seems himself to have guessed, a factitious one, which could not have been maintained even if his portraits had not been *execrable*: but why should they have been *execrable*? He had painted, and exhibited, and sold a successful history piece—he was about to commence another on a subject of 'enormous' difficulty—why should his heads have been, *ipso teste*, *execrable*? but so execrable they were as even to deter provincial patronage. Lord Boringdon and his lady, a celebrated beauty, resided near Plymouth—an even tolerable portrait of Lady Boringdon would have made a painter's fortune:—

'Both my Lord and Lady seemed disposed to patronize me, but, as usual, I did not succeed in portraits of every-day [no, nor of any-day] people, and Lord Boringdon, calling one day when I was out, was naturally enough not over well pleased with some of the *worst of my bad efforts*, which happened, unfortunately for my reputation, to be on the easel, and I never heard of him more.'—i. 73.

This is an honest confession of the fact—the main fact—that he *could* not paint portraits. All that followed was delusion and

deception; and because he found that he could not paint reality at Plymouth, he hastened back to paint fiction, which he called *history*, in London. He had, no doubt, considerable power of *drawing*, and we dare say his outlines in chalk, which were probably what attracted the notice of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, were clever; but he could not paint—above all, he found he could not paint with certainty and precision, and he was driven into the visionary and the vague. We will not here enter into the general reasons that make us think excellence in portraits one of the highest tests of art. The human countenance is undoubtedly the finest object on which it can be employed; and whatever the subject of any picture may be—the Cartoons—the Transfiguration—the sweetest Correggio—the richest Titian—the most gorgeous Rubens—the human countenance is the soul of the picture; all the rest, however skilful or splendid, are but accessories. The choice of the subject, the disposition of the figures, the blended harmony and contrast of colour and expression, require, no doubt, a higher and a much rarer combination of qualities than a *single* portrait. We see that there are thousands who can do the latter tolerably, who can make no approach to the former; but we know of no instance of a fine group of heads from any hand that was incapable of producing a single fine one. In fact, the finest portraits in the world are the works of the greatest masters in general art. We had said so much to counteract the weight that has been given—though by Mr. Taylor very sparingly and with judicious hesitation (ii. 59)—to the idle nonsense, as we think it, of poor Haydon's eternal contrasts between portraits and 'high art,' and to explain our view of the real cause of his aberrations and paradoxes. He could not encounter the *reality* of the one class, and escaped into the vague and conjectural facilities of the other. It may perhaps be said that Haydon's Reform Banquet, which includes some hundred portraits, might be adduced as contradicting our hypothesis—we do not think so: all he wanted in such a picture, and more than he attained, was a general and indistinct approach to likeness, but nothing of the lifelike individuality which life-size portraiture requires. And even this sort of resemblance was so imperfectly attained in that work, that Haydon candidly enough tells, that 'Jeffrey did not recognise a single head in the whole picture' (ii. 337). We are surprised at so wholesale a censure from that clever critic, for *our* recollection is that, though many were very poor sketches, there were several very recognisable. This deficiency in the power of accurate imitation,

combined with the original obliquity of poor Haydon's intellect, is, we suspect, the solution of his incorrigible obstinacy and eternal failure.

It would be equally idle and irksome to follow the infinite details he gives us of his processes in his so-called great pictures, his puttings in and his takings out, his delusions and his blunders, his satisfaction overnight at what he obliterates next morning, only to produce similar monstrosities the day after—not the natural and inevitable correction of imperfections incident to every work of every kind, but radical, we might say desperate, changes, which prove the uncertainty of his mind and the incapacity of his hand. Our readers who have not seen the book, could not, without an example, believe in these wild processes, or of the delusion under which they are performed. We shall, therefore, give a few short extracts from the history of the *Dentatus*—Lord Mulgrave's commission. It took him two years altogether, and fifteen months of uninterrupted labour. It was begun in April, 1807—it was finished in March, 1809. In October, 1808, when more than half way in the time occupied, and double the time in which any other man might have finished the picture, we find the following entries in his journal:—

'1808, Oct., Tuesday.—Determined to *obliterate my principal figure, and did so*: what time one loses from inexperience! I now am happy that it's over.

'Wednesday.—Had Sam, one of the Academy porters—he sat, and I sketched in the whole of my figure much better.

'Friday.—Put in the head of my hero.

'Saturday.—Dashed out my head without a moment's hesitation.

'Monday.—Painted the chest of my dying figure.

'Wednesday.—The chest of my dying figure looked so miserable that I rubbed it out.

'November 17.—My hero's head is finished; but I see that it is not what I had determined on, so out it comes to-morrow.

'Monday, 21.—Expected a model that never came. Got a West Indian I picked up in the street: a fine head. Took out my hero.—i. p. 92-97.

After having read in the preceding pages such pompous accounts of his preparations for and progress with this picture, and, above all, the rapture with which 'he drew till he had mastered these divine works [the Elgin marbles], and selected for *Dentatus* all the muscles required for human action,' it was a surprise to find him falling back on the old hackneyed but wholesome resource of a *model*, though we could not but smile at finding the models of his Roman 'hero' were the

Academy porter and a West India black; but what is the most surprising is the sentence with which he concludes these confessions of uncertainty and doubt. After the last rubbing out of his 'hero's head,' he adds—

*'I have made up my mind that it shall be such as the GREATEST PAINTER that ever LIVED would have made it.'*—i. 97.

We can only say that, when we saw this picture in the exhibition, we thought, and we are confirmed in our opinion by the print of it now before us, that it is an absurd chaos of vulgarity and distortion, which has not even the small merit of explaining what it means to represent, and we are not at all surprised at learning from Haydon that, when he went two years after to Lord Mulgrave's to look at the *chef d'œuvre*, he heard that it had been

*'nailed up in its packing-case and left in a stable.'*—i. 185.

In all his subsequent pictures, at least in those of which we retain a distinct recollection, we find the same faults as in the *Dentatus*—bad colouring, confused drawing, indecision, extravagance, and vulgarity. Indeed Haydon himself, while full of what he thought the success of his *Pharaoh* in 1825, considered it 'little better than *Dentatus* painted ten years before; and that on the whole, eighteen years had done little for his talent' (ii. 107). Two of them, however, the '*Judgment of Solomon*' (1814) and the '*Raising of Lazarus*' (1828), deserve a few words, not only for being what the painter considered his masterpieces, but because in them his characteristic faults are—we cannot say redeemed, but—diversified by passages of a better character. Mr. G. F. Watts—himself an artist of no mean promise—has assisted Mr. Taylor with some critical remarks on Haydon's works, from which, though written with becoming tenderness to his brother painter, we could extract, if we thought it necessary, a confirmation of all our own opinions. Of these two pictures Mr. Watts says,—

*'His first great work, the Solomon, appears to me to be beyond all comparison his best. It is far more equal than anything else I have seen, very powerful in execution and fine in colour. I think he has lowered the character of Solomon by making him a half-joker, but the whole has, at least, the dignity of power. Too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus.'*—iii. 332.

We agree with Mr. Watts that the *Solomon* is Haydon's best, though it has, to our eyes, gross defects in drawing and colour as

well as in attitude and grouping; but we cannot agree that he has lowered the character of *Solomon* by giving him a half-joking expression; we think it decidedly the cleverest idea in the picture, and gives the only rational solution of the story. Could it be believed that the wisest of men could have seriously proposed such a test? and however grave he may have looked while pronouncing his sentence, it surely would be natural that, on the success of his stratagem, a significant smile should have justified the humanity, as well as the sagacity of the young monarch. We do not think that Haydon has done it well—he was very inadequate to paint any such delicate expression; but surely the idea is not merely ingenious, but natural. All the rest of the picture seems to us, as we have said, very poor, except the figure of a young mother in the left corner of the picture, hurrying away with her two infants. Her face is the best if not the only specimen of female beauty that we recollect in all Haydon's works; and it was painted, he tells us, from *Putience Smith*, a gipsy whose loveliness he celebrates and for once succeeded in transferring to his canvas. *If it was like*, it would certainly be a proof that both Haydon was, and we are, under a mistake that he could not have painted portraits; but we suspect it to have been a lucky ideality suggested by the gipsy.

The head of *Lazarus*, celebrated by himself, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Watts, is, in our opinion, also, very remarkable: the pale, ghastly, bewildered stare always struck us as a representation, almost sublime, of what might be imagined of a state in which death and life would be, as it were, co-existent. In fact, it is very like what Haydon himself said—(20th June, 1810—ten years before he made his own attempt)—of *Sebastian del Piombo's* picture (now in the National Gallery) on the same subject:—

*'The head of Lazarus has a fine expression, like a man just from the grave, as if he was astonished and had not recovered his perceptions.'*—i. 146.

Mr. Taylor says:—

*'Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how the same mind that conceived the Lazarus could have fallen into the coarse exaggeration of some of the other figures of the composition.'*—ii. 4.

Such was our own feeling; but the publication of these journals a little diminishes our wonder, and accounts for this single bit of cleverness, by circumstances quite reconcilable with our low estimate of his general powers.

Its first striking effect is undoubtedly produced by its being a *pallid patch* (we do not use the term disrespectfully, but to express its insulation) contrasting with the muddy daubing which surrounds it. He tells us whence he got that effect :—

‘Whilst looking over *prints* at the British Museum one day about this time [autumn, 1820], I saw a Resuscitation of Lazarus in such a state that a space was left vacant where the head of Lazarus ought to be. My imagination filled the vacancy, and I trembled at my terrific conception of the head.’—i. 385.

This conception—whatever it might have been—was not that which ultimately filled the startling *vacancy*—for we find, two years later, that

‘My pupil Bewick sat for it, and, as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, he looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head.’

The poor youth was, it seems, starving.

“‘I hope you get your food regularly?’ said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened, his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings.”—ii. 31.

Here, then, again we have a kind of portrait, and we cannot but suspect the vague uncertainty of his hand (like Protogeneus’s sponge) gave that air of ghastliness, which, in a mere portrait, would have been execrable, but in this lucky circumstance produces certainly an awful effect in spite of the mean accessories that surround it.

In the midst of these signal and to him eventually ruinous failures, there was one thing that never deserted him, his imperturbable self-confidence. He, as we have seen, thought that his *Dentatus* was to equal the *greatest painters that ever lived*. Before he began Solomon, he had this dialogue with his friend Mr. Prince Hoare :—

“‘What are you going to paint?’ ‘Solomon’s Judgment.’ ‘*Rubens* and *Raffaello* have both tried it.” ‘So much the better,’ I said; ‘*I’ll tell the story better.*’”—i. 171.

Even in the last months of his exhausted life, while he was expending the drags of whatever power he ever possessed in an almost mechanical reproduction of his own Napoleon and Wellington, he stands before one of these manufactures, and apostrophises himself in a burst of admiration :—

‘What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what fancy! what power! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful.’—iii. 245.

And when, after all these failures in ‘high art,’ he began to practise the lowest and most ignoble style of the grotesque, from the gaping admirers of Punch in the streets, and from the vulgar and disgusting combination of vice and effrontery, mirth and misery, in the ‘Mock Election’ and ‘Chairing the Member’ in the King’s Bench Prison, he boldly asserts that he equals Hogarth. Talking of one of the heads in these pictures, he exclaims :—

‘The careless, Irish, witty look, the *abandon de gaieté* of his head and expression, was never surpassed by Hogarth. This is my genuine belief and conviction, and so will posterity think.’—ii. 169.

This mention of Hogarth reminds us of another aspect of Haydon’s character, of which he never dreamt, and which Mr. Taylor seems to have only slightly observed—we mean simple and farcical absurdity. The general tenor of his insanity is melancholy to contemplate; and even where—as it often happens—it is pushed to a ridiculous contrast, it is only the more painful—

‘Moody madness laughing wild  
Amidst severest woe’—

but his ordinary life, before the extent of his derangement was revealed by his melancholy end, was only laughed at as a living pendant of Hogarth’s Distressed Painter or Enraged Musician. We find in Mr. Borrow’s remarkable story of ‘Lavengro,’ a chapter entitled ‘*The Historical Painter*,’ in which it is impossible not to recognise Haydon; and, whatever there be of reality in other portions of that extraordinary work, the light afforded by these journals enables us to pronounce that the picture given of him—which we first read as a comic exaggeration—is minutely correct, and not one jot more ludicrous than the living original. The reality of the story is attested in these volumes. Mr. Taylor does not give us the entries from the original journal, but substitutes the following statement, which sufficiently authenticates Mr. Borrow’s description :—

‘By the end of May (1824) he had two more portrait subjects in hand. One a family group of citizens, and the other a full-length of Mr. Hawkes, ex-mayor of Norwich. . . . The great drawback was the reception the critics gave these portraits when exhibited; but we shall perhaps do the critics justice if we believe that Haydon’s portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style could hardly have been adapted to a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed I am assured that in this performance he had represented the mayor of proportions too heroic ever to have got through the doorway out of which he was supposed to have issued.’—ii. 73, 86.

The author of *Lavengro* was not one of those critics, for his work was not published for some years after Haydon's death. The story is this. Mr. Borrow's brother, himself an artist, residing at Norwich, was deputed to engage Mr. Haydon in the work, and Mr. Borrow accompanied him:—

'The *Painter of the Heroic* resided a great way off, at the western end of the town. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission to him—a maid-servant, who opened the door, eyeing us somewhat suspiciously: it was not until my brother had said that he was a friend of the painter that we were permitted to pass the threshold. At length we were shown into the studio, where we found the painter, with an easel and brush, standing before a huge piece of canvas, on which he had lately commenced painting a heroic picture. The painter might be about thirty-five years old; he had a clever, intelligent countenance, with a sharp grey eye; his hair was dark brown, and cut à-la-Rafael, as I was subsequently told, that is, there was little before and much behind; he did not wear a neckcloth, but in its stead a black riband, so that his neck, which was rather fine, was somewhat exposed; he had a broad, muscular breast, and I make no doubt that he would have been a very fine figure, but unfortunately his legs and thighs were somewhat short. He recognised my brother, and appeared glad to see him.

"What brings you to London?" said he. Whereupon my brother gave him a brief account of his commission. At the mention of the hundred pounds I observed the eyes of the painter glisten. "Really," said he, when my brother had concluded, "it was very kind to think of me. I am not very fond of painting portraits; but a mayor is a mayor, and there is something grand in that idea of the Norman arch [of Norwich Cathedral out of which the mayor was to issue]. I'll go. Moreover, I am just at this moment confoundedly in need of money; and when you knocked at the door, I don't mind telling you, I thought it was some dun. I don't know how it is, but in the capital they have no taste for the heroic, they will scarce look at a heroic picture; I am glad to hear that they have better taste in the provinces. I'll go. When shall we set off?"

'Thereupon it was arranged between the painter and my brother that they should depart the next day but one; they then began to talk of art. "I'll stick to the heroic," said the painter. "I now and then dabble in the comic, but what I do gives me no pleasure, the comic is so low: there is nothing like the heroic. I am engaged here on a heroic picture," said he, pointing to the can-

vas; "the subject is 'Pharaoh dismissing Moses from Egypt,' after the last plague—the death of the first-born;—it is not far advanced—that finished figure is Moses." They both looked at the canvas, and I, standing behind, took a modest peep. The picture, as the painter said, was not far advanced; the Pharaoh was merely in outline. My eye was, of course, attracted by the finished figure, or rather, what the painter had called the finished figure; but, as I gazed upon it, it appeared to me that there was something defective—something unsatisfactory in the figure. I concluded, however, that the painter, notwithstanding what he had said, had omitted to give it the finishing touch. "I intend this to be my best picture," said the painter; "what I want now is a face for Pharaoh; I have long been meditating on a face for Pharaoh." . . . .

'On the morrow my brother went again to the painter, with whom he dined; I did not go with him. On his return he said, "The painter has been asking a great many questions about you, and expressed a wish that you would sit to him as Pharaoh; he thinks you would make a capital Pharaoh." "I have no wish to appear on canvas," said I; "moreover, he can find much better Pharaohs than myself; and, if he wants a real Pharaoh, there is a certain Mr. Petulengro." . . . "No," said my brother, "he will not do, he is too short: by the by, do you not think that figure of Moses is somewhat short?" And then it appeared to me that I had thought the figure of Moses somewhat short. . . .

'On the morrow my brother departed with the painter for the old town, and there the painter painted the mayor. I did not see the picture for a great many years, when, chancing to be at the old town, I beheld it.

'The original mayor was a mighty, portly man, with a bull's head, black hair, body like that of a dray horse, and legs and thighs corresponding; a man six feet high at the least. To his bull's head, black hair, and body, the painter had done justice; there was one point, however, in which the portrait did not correspond with the original—the legs were disproportionately short, the painter having substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, which, when I perceived, I rejoiced that I had not consented to be painted as Pharaoh, for, if I had, the chances are that he would have served me in exactly a similar way as he had served Moses and the mayor.

'Short legs in a heroic picture will never do; and, upon the whole, I think the painter's attempt at the heroic in painting the mayor of the old town a decided failure. (If I am now asked whether the picture would have



been a heroic one, provided the painter had not substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, I must say, I am afraid not. I have no idea of making heroic pictures out of English mayors, even with the assistance of Norman arches; yet I am sure that capital pictures might be made out of English mayors, not issuing from Norman arches, but rather from the door of the 'Chequers' or the 'Brewers Three.' The painter in question had great comic power, which he scarcely ever cultivated; he would fain be a Rafael, which he never could be, when he might have been something quite as good—another Hogarth; the only comic piece which he ever presented to the world being something little inferior to the best of that illustrious master.\*

We will not dispute Mr. Borrow's surmise, founded no doubt on the Mock Election (though that was not painted till 1827), that Haydon's real forte was the comic, and that he might have made—in conception at least—nearer approaches to Hogarth than to Raphael. We know not whether such subjects were congenial to his nature, but they were certainly more within reach of his powers: they did not require elegance, precision, or taste; and the natural defects of his style, loose execution and extravagant ideas, that shock one in the Dentatus, Lazarus, or Christ in the Garden, are equally recognised, but more easily forgiven, in the grotesque scenes of the King's Bench orgies. But, whether it was from his defective sight, or from the want of manual dexterity, or finally from the woolly, furzy practice of his large canvases, we have great doubts that he could have made any nearer approach to the simplicity and the distinctness of Hogarth, than he did to the higher qualities of the great masters after which he aspired, and which, poor man, he believed he had attained. We shall close our observations on his paintings with a few words on the subject of what is undoubtedly his best work—Sir Robert Peel's Napoleon—which, though so much above all that we have been examining, affords some traits of his peculiar character. Mr. Taylor tells us, under the date of 1829, that—

'about this time I find the first sketch of a subject which he afterwards painted, and with which Haydon's name is more identified than with any other of his works—I mean Napoleon at St. Helena contemplating the setting sun. This first sketch is marred by an allegorical Britannia with her lion in the clouds, which luckily he did not carry into the picture.'—ii. 227.

By the picture, Mr. Taylor evidently means Sir Robert Peel's, but there was a small picture painted from this first sketch—minus

the Britannia—of which an engraving was published: of this his journals at the time make no mention, but two years later we find—

'8th Dec. 1830.—Sir Robert Peel gave me a commission to paint Napoleon musing, size of life.'—ii. 266.

And his account of the Peel picture which he published on its exhibition, would lead one to believe that the former small picture was only a sketch, the success of which induced him to produce it on a larger scale, and he then proceeds to state the care and trouble he had taken to get all the details of the person and costume for the picture from the most authentic sources. All this, we believe, was a mere puff: the larger picture was painted from the smaller one, and this was painted from nothing but a little bronze statue. The slight mention of the first picture was, it seems, intended to slur over or soften the contradiction that it afforded to the obstinate protests of Haydon's whole life against cabinet pictures and small sizes. We never saw that small picture, but, if our recollection of a print made from it be correct, it differed in no respect from the larger one; and the following account of Sir Robert Peel's commission, which we heard at the time, and believe to be authentic, confirms our recollection. The story as told us was this:—Sir Robert, walking in the street, was struck by a small print in a shop window representing Napoleon as looking at the last gleam of the setting sun, and was surprised to find that so simple and appropriate an idea should belong to Haydon.\* He had already been (who with a name and character for wealth and taste had not!) much importuned by the unfortunate artist, and had charitably relieved him; he now, with his usual discrimination and nice tact, thought that this would be a good occasion to serve him without encumbering himself with one of his speculative works. Here was a defined and settled subject which the painter would have only to copy on a larger canvas, and into which no crotchets or vagaries could be introduced. Haydon did not much relish this. He rather wished to paint a different Napoleon, which he said would afford him more scope. This was exactly what Sir Robert was afraid of, and he prudently, and

\* While these pages are passing through the press, we learn that the idea was not Haydon's after all. We are assured by a gentleman, who has seen it, that in an edition of 'Les Mésénies' of Casimir Delavigne, published in Paris in the year 1824, there is a vignette of Napoleon sailing on the sea, exactly resembling Haydon's picture.

fortunately, even for the somewhat offended artist himself, persisted in requiring a facsimile of the thing which his excellent judgment had selected.

Here we close all that we think it necessary to say of the artist. We see in his works and in his views on art the same morbid influence as in his life and his death; and if there be spots in them that approach to talent, or even common sense, such as portions of the Solomon, the face of Lazarus, or the Napoleon musing, they are obviously accidents too insulated and too few to save their author from the judgment of having been on the whole one of the most defective painters of his day.

His personal character, at least as to probity, is even less satisfactory. He was, it appears, a good husband, an affectionate father, and—a less ordinary merit—a kind and even fond step-father; his ideas of his own merit were so high that he did not condescend to envy any one; and even when he could not but remark with some degree of mortification the successes of his acquaintances and friends—Jackson, Wilkie, Landseer, &c.—it was rather with wonder than resentment—*non equidem invideo—miror magis*; and his spleen is rarely directed against the merits of the man, however violently against the depravity of public taste. What he may have been in ordinary social life we know not, but the journals afford such innumerable instances of friends made and lost, and yet regained, and of dupes deceived and cheated, but who were still willing to be deceived and cheated to the last, that we cannot doubt that he must have had, under a decided air of vulgar arrogance, considerable plausibility, and even attraction,—perhaps naturally,—certainly when he had any point to carry. We must repeat, however, that his ordinary resources on such occasions were of a coarser kind—impudence and importunity, which he would strain till the string broke; and when it did, he would coolly knot it up again and endeavour to go on playing the same tune as if nothing had happened. His friendly appreciation of a rival—his monstrous vanity—and his frequent candour, originality, and sagacity of observation, are curiously illustrated in the following contrast between Wilkie and himself:—

‘Wilkie’s system,’ says Haydon, ‘was Wellington’s—principle and prudence, the *ground-works of risk*. Mine that of Napoleon—audacity, with a defiance of principle, if *principle was in the way*. I got into prison: Napoleon died at St. Helena. Wellington is living and honoured, and Wilkie has had a public dinner given him at Rome, the seat of art and genius, and has secured a competence; while I am as poor and necessitous

as ever. Let no man use evil as a means for the success of any scheme, however grand. *Evil that good may come of it is the prerogative of the DEITY alone, and should never be ventured at by mortals.*’—ii. 146.

Who could have expected that an identification of Wilkie and Wellington, Buonaparte and Haydon, would end in a maxim of such depth? and, strangest of all, this maxim was solemnly repeated in a paper entitled ‘*Last Thoughts of H. B. Haydon, half-past ten*’—that is, five minutes before his suicide. Thus he sealed by his end the inconsistency—the insanity of his life.

Next to, or even beyond the records of his artistic labour, the most prominent feature of his journals are the disgraceful manoeuvres by which he endeavoured to escape from the pecuniary difficulties in which his folly and improvidence had ‘steeped him to the very lips.’ There is more in these journals about £. s. d. than, we believe, are to be found in all the biographies of English artists put together; and in Haydon’s case, whenever it came to a question of payment, they were only the symbols of Lies—Shifts—Dishonesty. He seems to have out-Sheridaned Sheridan. In breaking promises he was stronger than Hercules. He ‘robbed Peter to pay Paul’—and did not pay Paul—nay, he cozened Paul into paying Peter.

We spare our readers the odious details of this nature which swarm especially in the last volume, but they will not be offended at one specimen in which professions of honour and acts of knavery are ludicrously blended:

‘Feb. 3, 1843.—In an hour and a half I had 10*l.* to pay upon my honour, and only 2*l.* 15*s.* in my pocket. I drove away to Newton and paid him the 2*l.* 15*s.*, and borrowed 10*l.* I then drove away to my other friend, and paid him the 10*l.* and borrowed 5*l.* more—but felt relieved I had not broke my honour!’—iii. 223.

Falstaff would not have talked so disrespectfully of *honour* if he could have guessed that it could have helped a man having only 2*l.* 15*s.* to satisfy two creditors and to return with a balance of 5*l.* in his pocket. The sums are small, but in the dexterity of the thing old Sherry never accomplished a greater feat.

We are sorry to say that we ourselves could supply some other ludicrous and some lamentable instances of a similar character, but, as we have said, his own journals are full of them *ad nauseam*. There is one class of them, however, which requires distinct reprobation; he had the unpardonable dishonesty of inducing some of the young and inexperienced pupils whom his pretensions and fan-

*farronnades* had procured him to sign bills, on which he raised money, leaving the poor youths and their families to get out of the scrape how best they could. The conclusion of this humiliating chapter of his life is that he lived in an agony of pecuniary difficulties, amounting, as he tells us over and over again, to *madness*, and that certainly was sufficient to have produced it in a sounder mind. He was in custody of bailiffs and in sponging-houses oftener than we can reckon up; he was four times in prison, and twice passed through the Insolvent Courts, without having paid his creditors a penny; and he died at least £3,000 in debt—and this after having received more benevolent patronage (which we distinguish from a mere purchasing patronage), more pecuniary assistance, more indulgence, more liberality, and in fact more charity, than any artist that we have either read or heard of.

We must now say a few words of his literary efforts. His father had been, we have heard, connected with the newspaper press, and may have given him a turn that way. His first attempts were some skirmishes with Mr. Leigh Hunt in his own paper (the *Examiner*) on artistic points, in which he *proclaims himself* the victor; but he soon drew his goosequill weapon in his own quarrel. The Academy had *hung* his *Dentatus* in the ante-room, in quite as good a place, we then thought, and still think, as it deserved, and which we believe it owed rather to the name of the patron, Lord Mulgrave, than to the merit of the picture. To this cruel, this shameful injustice, as he called it, Haydon attributed, not only the failure of *that* picture, but the blasting of all the hopes and prospects of his whole subsequent life; and more immediately a difference with Sir George Beaumont about the dimensions of a subject from *Macbeth*, which Haydon persisted most perversely in painting of a size too big for Sir George's walls, and which, in fact, when his good-nature was, we may say, bullied into taking the picture, was so large that it could only be hung on the staircase of his country-house. About this time, too, Mr. Payne Knight had given some very depreciatory, and certainly mistaken, opinions on the *Elgin marbles*,\* which Haydon affected to take under his special protection; and, sore with his own grievances, in which he somehow blended Payne Knight, he declared war against the Patrons, the Connoisseurs, the Academy, and the whole artistic world:—

\* Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the

heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord, and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head. I began by refuting an article by Payne Knight on Barry in the *Edinburgh Review*, which came out in the previous year.

'To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron (thus offending the patrons), and to attack the Academy (thus insuring an alliance of the Academicians with the patrons), would have been at any time the very worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away and been quiet. My picture rose very high, and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. In fact, had I been quiet, my picture would have sold, the prize of three hundred guineas would have been won, and in a short time I might in some degree have recovered the shock his caprices had inflicted.

'But, no: I was unmanageable. The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in art got the better of my reason. Leigh Hunt encouraged my feelings; and without reflection, and in spite of Wilkie's entreaties, I resolved to assault. "Hunt," said Wilkie, "gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil, and not with your pen."—i. 163-4.

All his other friends gave the same advice as the wise and gentle Wilkie, but poor Haydon was incapable of taking advice even from *adversity*, that general 'tamer of the human breast.' He continued during the rest of his life to write on these subjects with considerable dogmatism and wearying pertinacity. We had incessant appeals on behalf of '*high art*' and of the necessity of 'public patronage,' but they ceased to command any attention as soon as the public saw in Haydon's own canvasses what he considered '*high art*,' and that the chief exercise of 'public patronage' that he proposed was the purchase of his own unsaleable works and the employment of his own unmanageable pencil. Mr. Taylor, not without hesitation, asks us to allow to Haydon at least the merit of having *rung the bell* to the recent improvement of the public taste on subjects of art, and especially to the decorations of public edifices as commenced in the new Houses of Parliament. We are somewhat sceptical as to the *improvement*. On the points of taste and execution we must suspend our judgment till we see not only what is done, but how, when the first novelty is over, these works will appear deserving of the—we may call it—eternity for which they are destined. Haydon himself would have been shocked at the idea that the taste of the nation was to be for ever embodied in the productions of West, or Northcote, or Fuseli: will another generation be more tolerant of the artists of the present day! We can only say that we agree with

\* See *Q. Rev.*, v. xiv.

Haydon that the grand exhibition of cartoons in Westminster Hall affords but little hope that the adornments of the Parliamentary Palace will stand the test of time any better than the 'sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre,' which were the admiration of the beginning of the last century—the ridicule of its middle days—and the neglect, if not contempt, of its conclusion. We do not think that the climate of our country, the capacity of our public edifices, or the genius of our people, is favourable to this style of decoration, and we fear that the greatest advantage to be hoped from it—the employment of a dozen artists practising a style incompatible with domestic decoration, and therefore incapable of supplying an adequate personal livelihood to its professors—will not at all fulfil the expectations that are formed from it. Where, if we may venture to ask so simple and so merely practical a question, are *walls* to be found to afford space, and, of course, employment, that is to say, bread, to the new generation of artists whom we are endeavouring to rear in this department? In short, we doubt the mere *material* practicability of any such general scheme, and we are equally suspicious that, to whatever degree we attempt it, an appeal to the next generation may reverse our judgment, and decide that bare walls would do less discredit to the national taste than the things with which Haydon's theory of 'high art' would cover them.

We throw out these considerations with the less reluctance because we cannot discover that, of the many Ministers, Statesmen, Patrons, and lovers of the art, whom Haydon so incessantly solicited on this subject (iii. 175), *any one* appeared disposed to countenance the general principle of public patronage on the scale and in the style in which it was advocated.

We now arrive at a new and even more painful phase of the poor man's mania. In the midst of all these wild and wayward extravagances, and these reiterated instances of culpable misconduct, we are at first startled, and afterwards shocked, at the introduction of frequent and energetic prayer—shocked, we say, because these solemn addresses to God are grievously misplaced in such a journal, and are themselves too often conceived in a tone the very reverse of what a really devout spirit would have prompted. God forbid that we should undervalue the feeling that ought in all circumstances, but especially in our troubles and adversities, to seek for Divine protection and support; but the piety of a well-regulated mind is secret, spontaneous, unostentatious—it does not compose elaborate forms of prayer, copy them carefully into journals, and leave them to executors for

publication, mixed up with all the promiscuous trash of common life.\* On this subject Mr. Taylor says:—

'I have inserted this and other like utterances of devotion, that my readers may see what Haydon's prayers were—how compounded of submission and confidence, and in their constant demand for success and personal distinction how unlike that simple and general form of petition which Christ has left us as the model of supplication to our Father who is in heaven. Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm; and though he often asks for humility, I do not observe that the demands for this gift bear any proportion to those for glories and triumphs. His very piety had something stormy, arrogant, and self-assertive in it. He went on so praying from his arrival in London to the very time of his death; and throughout his prayers are of the same tenor. I shall not therefore think it necessary to introduce them in future, unless when they are so interwoven with extracts that I cannot honestly separate them.'—ii. 41.

Mr. Taylor has not adhered to this judicious resolution: he has subsequently given a great deal more of these imprecatory prayers than could be, in any view, necessary; and which, we think, must produce a most painful sensation in the mind of every reader. We shall not be led to follow his example; but we think it right to give two or three short specimens of this strange style of devotion, as corroborative of our opinion of his habitual state of mind. It was his custom to inaugurate all his important movements (and frequently the most trivial) with a prayer. Here is that on the opening of his exhibition of Lazarus:—

'O God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success to the last instant. O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain: grant me the power entirely to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.'—ii. 47.

There is no reason to suppose that he was in the hands of any villain: the creditor may have been a lenient, perhaps an indulgent

\* It cannot be too often noticed that the collection and publication of Dr. Johnson's prayers by Dr. Strahan was surreptitious and without the slightest authority from Johnson himself. They were occasional prayers which he probably wrote out and kept by him for future use and reference, and of which he undoubtedly did not and never would in any state of mind have sanctioned the publication. They were no doubt of that class of papers of which, when Boswell asked him how he would have felt if he had carried them off, Johnson said, 'I believe I should have gone mad.' Dr. Strahan's publication was wholly unjustifiable.

one—for the extent of indulgence that Haydon received from his creditors in general, even those he used worst, is hardly to be believed; and we often find him one day abusing a man for his rigour whom next day he thanks as a benefactor.

Again :—

'June 1st.—O God, I thank Thee that this day I have safely placed my cartoons in Westminster Hall. Prosper them! It is a great day on my mind and soul. I thank Thee I have lived to see this day. *Spare my life, O Lord, until I have shown Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power unto that which is to come.*'—iii. 229.

By and by comes a reflection, of which the moral is more obvious than the modesty :—

'17th.—Perhaps God may punish me, *as he did Napoleon*, as an example, for pursuing a great object with less regard to moral principle than became a Christian—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying; though I had reason to hope that the aristocracy would have helped me, by purchasing, to keep my word.'—iii. 230.

He chooses to forget that the aristocracy, and the democracy too, had helped and helped him till he had wearied them with never-ending improvidence and never-mending incapacity; yet he pursued the same reckless course even when all reasonable hope was exhausted—everything was exhausted except his self-sufficiency and these wayward formulas of devotion. Sometimes they burst out into raging insanity :—

'Alexander the Great [one of his last abortions] was before me. A mutton chop on the coals. . . . My chop was cooked to a tee; I ate it like a Red Indian, and drank the cool translucent with a gusto a wine connoisseur knows not. I then thought the distant cloud was too much advanced; so toning it down with black, I hit the mark, and pronounced the work done. *In Paan!* and *I fell on my knees, and thanked God, and bowed my forehead and touched the ground, and sprung up, my heart beating at the anticipation of a greater work, and a more terrific struggle.*

'This is B. R. Haydon—the real man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed. Lucky!'—iii. 244.

We have really some compunction in copying these things, the number and extravagance of which, even after Mr. Taylor's wholesale curtailment and expurgation, are beyond what any one could have imagined. We shall conclude with one which, though short, seems to us the essence of his madness. He expects that the Deity is to avenge his quarrel with the Royal Commissioners; but he seems almost in doubt which, his Heavenly Champion or the Commissioners, may have the best of it :—

'*I trust in God, and we shall see who is most powerful—He or the Royal Commission. We shall see!*'—iii. 302.

The result of this supposed trial of strength was the most miserable year of the poor man's life, terminating in his more miserable death! The competition for designs to embellish the new Houses of Parliament had accomplished what had been the professed object of his whole life, and afforded him the test which he had so passionately desired of his self-conceived powers. The result was—as every one, we believe, who knew the man and his works, expected—a total, a humiliating failure. It probably broke his heart, though he was too obstinate to confess that it subdued his spirit. It moreover destroyed the hopes with which he had continued to inspire the few indulgent believers in his genius who had hitherto helped him through his difficulties. He now attempted again, as he had often done before, a separate exhibition of his recent works; here, too, the failure was complete. Then came the approach and consummation of the final catastrophe, traced up to the last moment with as steady a hand and not less apparent rationality than any former portion of these melancholy records. This moribund narrative we shall now transcribe, with little interruption or abridgment, to its sad conclusion.

'May 5th, 1846.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the [Exhibition] Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton, my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half, and therefore there was only 10*l.* left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing is painful.'

'June 11th.—I have 15*l.* to pay to-morrow without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows. 30*l.*, Newton, on the 25th—31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, Newman, same day—26*l.* 10*s.*, Coutts, on the 24th—29*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, Gillott, on the 29th—17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* to baker: in all, 136*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* this month, with only 18*s.* in the house; nothing coming in; all received; one large picture painting and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust in humility.'—iii. 315–16.

'12th.—O God! carry me through the evils of this day. Amen.

'13th.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to my failure at the Hall. In God alone I trust to bring me through, and extricate me safe, and capable of paying my way. O God! it is hard, this struggle of forty years, but Thy will, and not mine, be done, *if I save the art in the end.* O God, bless me through all my pictures, the four remaining, and grant no-

thing on earth may stop the completion of the six.

16th.—I sat from two till five, staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined after having raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accidents. \* \*

I had written to Sir R. Peel, Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay.

Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

"Sir, I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal I send, as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments, the sum of 50*l*.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
"ROBERT PEEL."

'And this Peel is the man who has no heart!'—iii. 310-17.

We must stop here to observe, as characteristic of his strange, presumptuous piety, that in this, as in many other instances, we find him willing to attribute such unexpected relief to the immediate interposition of Providence, in reward of some good action done, or some bad one avoided, the merit of which, we are sorry to add, was in any case small, and in most of them very problematical. In the present instance, we shall see he had no compunction about obtaining books when he was in a state of penury that precluded any hope of being able to pay for them; but he thinks that Providence sent him this 50*l*., through Sir Robert Peel, as a reward for having resisted an impulse to *pawn*—that is, to *steal* them.

In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, *I thought I might get money on them*. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this 50*l*. *I know what I believe!*

18th.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called: I said, "I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me." I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. "Good-hearted Newton!" I said, "don't put in an execution." "Nothing of the sort," he replied, half hurt.

20th.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

'Finis  
of  
B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."—*Lear*.

'End of the twenty-sixth volume.'

To this Mr. Taylor adds:

'This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death. On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the Park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood—a half opened razor, smeared with blood, at his side—near it a small pistol, recently discharged—in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary (open at the page of that last entry), his watch, a Prayer-book (open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany), letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper [containing his will, &c.], headed, "*Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.*"'—iii. 317-19.

Here we pause in wonder and awe at the fate of a man of high conceptions which he wanted the power to execute, and of innate principles of honour and piety which he had not strength of mind to put in practice—of a life that was a series of inconsistencies and contradictions, of which nearly all that was rational was theory, and all that was practical, evil. Mr. Taylor says truly enough, that, 'interspersed with the unlovely portions of his life, there are passages of good feeling and noble aspiration, which plead for a more lenient judgment of the man than I *ought* perhaps to *hope* for him' (ii. 298). We venture to add, that all, as it seems to us, that human judgment can venture to say in explanation of this anomalous case, and in extenuation of his follies, his faults, and his concluding crime, is to repeat the early apprehensions of his family and the final verdict of the coroner—'*He was mad—certainly—he was mad!*'

We intimated at the outset that the only portion of these volumes that was not really painful to read were his numerous but desul-

tory anecdotes of men and manners. They are too scattered and frequently too minute to be brought within our scope or limits; but our readers, who must, we fear, be weary of the sad and vexatious tale we have had to tell, would have reason to complain if we did not present them with some of the more pleasing parts of the work.

During the Reform fever, Haydon's wild temper caught fire, and blazed out into a frank confession of the real object of the Reformers:—

'The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing till cheap governments are established.' *The Coronation of George IV. may be considered the setting-sun of that splendid imposition—Monarchy.*—ii. 289.

Such opinions brought their professor into communication with the Birmingham Trades' Unions, whom the Whigs had excited and trained into a formidable array with the object of carrying the Reform Bill by *physical force*, if all other means should fail. Haydon, whose patriotism did not make him forget the only object that we believe ever very seriously occupied his thoughts—that of getting employment and money—endeavoured to raise a subscription at Birmingham for a picture to represent the meeting of those Unions at Newhall Hill, near that town. A subscription was commenced, and Haydon—not unnaturally, we think—applied to Lord Grey to countenance it. It seems that Mr. Taylor does not give us this portion of Haydon's journal *in extenso*, but intercalates the following observation of his own:—

'Haydon, with his usual audacity, wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This was, *of course*, at once refused; but the refusal, which approved itself on reflection to the painter's better judgment—[poor Haydon's judgment!—was softened by Earl Grey's readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting on any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the *same objections* did not apply.'—ii. 308.

We do not dispute Haydon's audacity, but on this occasion we think he had good warrant for his application; for Mr. Taylor tells us that Haydon's account of his communications with the leaders of the Unions makes some curious disclosures, and shows how near in their opinion matters were then to a *revolution*, and presently after, it appears that one of the reinstated *cabinet ministers*—Lord Durham, Lord Grey's son-in-law—told Mr. Attwood, the leader of the Unions, that 'they owed their places to them' (*ib.* 310). There was surely no great audacity in asking Lord

Grey to countenance a picture of an event to which his colleague and son-in-law confessed they owed their places. When, however, Haydon produced his sketch of the Unions' meetings to his Lordship, he found that—

'Lord Grey did not speak of the Unions as he ought. He seemed to think them subjects beneath my pencil; and when I put my sketch into his hand, he replaced it in mine without a word.'—ii. 312.

We are not at all surprised at Lord Grey's reluctance to see any memorial of that scandalous and indeed treasonable transaction, nor that he should have been glad to escape from all further concern with the Trades' Unions by proposing to the painter a less ticklish subject—the great Reform dinner in Guildhall. There is no doubt that he and some of his colleagues were frightened at the storm they had raised. Even the morning after the triumphal banquet, Haydon found that—

'Lord Grey was shaken . . . the ministers all seeming afraid of the people.'—ii. 313.

The collecting the portraits for that picture brought Haydon into what was his great delight—communication with eminent men; and while his pencil was employed on their features, his pen made sketches of their manners and talk:—

'There is,' says Mr. Taylor, 'much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals, and on *dis*, which might figure very effectively in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time; but the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidence, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly never meant to meet the public eye.'—ii. 333.

We have nothing to say against the principle thus laid down, but that we are at a loss to reconcile it with what Mr. Taylor has done throughout *all the rest* of the publication. If by 'not being meant to meet the public eye' he means *not meant by Haydon*, it is at variance with both Haydon's and Mr. Taylor's explicit declarations that he meant it all to be printed; if it means '*not by Haydon's interlocutors*,' then we ask Mr. Taylor whether he thinks that Sir George Beaumont, Sir Charles Long, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the Duke of Wellington, and a hundred others, could have wished, or meant, or imagined, that their accidental observations should be exposed 'to the public eye,' any more than Lord Grey or Lord Durham. Our readers will not fail to observe the exact period at which Mr. Taylor's scruples appear to begin and end. Google



We think it right to enter this slight protest against what seems to us like a *unilateral* delicacy—though practically there seems little to complain of. Our specimens of this portion of the work shall be confined to a few prominent names of persons now no more.

‘Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sifter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute by asking me a question that required reflection to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.’—ii. 331.

‘October 12th.—Lord Melbourne relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined and handsome. As he was leaving he saw *Birmingham sketch*: I question if he exactly relished it; it might be my fancy.’—ii. 320.

It was not fancy—Lord Melbourne was at least as reluctant as Lord Grey to be associated with the Birmingham Unions. When he soon after became First Minister, his easy good-nature tolerated Haydon’s importunity, which his shrewdness and gaiety easily baffled. Lord Melbourne had found him out, and was amused at his extravagance:—

‘Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans.’—ii. 332.

This fortunate disposition of being amused at what *bored* other people was one of Lord Melbourne’s happy qualities:—

‘November 11th.—The scene at the Lord Mayor’s dinner at Guildhall last night was exquisite. . . . In the ball-room I said to Lord S., “Lord Melbourne enjoys it.” “There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy,” said he.

‘Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good humour, and simplicity of mind.’—ii. 347-8.

The following touches of Lord Althorp are characteristic:—

‘18th.—Lord Althorp sat to me in Downing-street. He is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature. I said, “My Lord, for the first time in my life, I scarcely slept when Lord Grey was out during the Bill; were you not deeply anxious?” “I don’t know,” said Lord Althorp, “I am never very anxious.” Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite him into conversation.’—ii. 321-2.

He certainly was not brilliant, but he had good sense, and made one of the soundest practical objections to Haydon’s theory of public patronage:—

‘He said, “Would premiums be a good plan?” “No, my Lord, commissions are best.” “Sometimes,” said he, “pictures make a great dash and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think, ought to pass before a picture is bought.”’—ii. 329-30.

Lord Althorp deeply offended the dignity of the Historical Painter by appointing to meet him and an *engraver* at the same hour. Haydon takes his revenge:—

‘Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head, that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.’—ii. 33.

But he was soon propitiated by Lord Althorp’s good humour, and records with pleasure

‘a remarkable evidence of Lord Althorp’s goodness of heart.

‘The Whigs had been d——g Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging me not to put him in.

‘Lord Althorp said, “O yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in.” This was noble; all party feelings vanished in his honest heart.’—ii. 344.

The objection to Mr. Attwood must, we suppose, have arisen from the same politic but ungrateful desire that Lords Grey and Melbourne had already shown of repudiating the alliance with Unions, now that it had done its work.

‘The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) amused me delightfully, and talked incessantly; but there is a sharp, critical discovery of what is defective in nature which is not agreeable. He described Lord Althorp’s reception of him last May, when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation, which was quite graphic. Lord Althorp’s secretary could not give him any information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk up stairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow and rather hairy. His razor was in the other, and he was about to shave. “Well, Mr. Advocate,” said his Lordship, “I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer his Majesty’s ministers. We sent in our resignations, and they are accepted.” When they returned, Jeffrey called again. He was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey, “Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order,” in his usual grumbling, lazy way.’—ii. 336-7.

The following sketch is highly characteristic:—

‘O’Connell’s appearance was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he

looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

'I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of "Dear Ireland." After a few moments O'Connell rolled in, in a morning gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character he began, "Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness." "Not at all, Sir." This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.'—ii. 351.

'7th.—Lord Ebrington came, and a very delightful sitting we had. I asked him about Napoleon. He said he acknowledged the massacre at Jaffa without the least compunction, though he did not think him bloodthirsty.'—ii. 336.

On the subject of Buonaparte, the following extract will not fail to interest our readers as the authentic evidence of that able and high-minded officer whom the country has just lost—Sir George Cockburn—as to that portion of Buonaparte's history with which Sir George was personally connected. We might also adduce it as a proof of the fidelity of Haydon's notes, for the main facts and many of the expressions are given as we have more than once heard them from the lips of our distinguished friend:—

'31st.—Last day of August. Sir George Cockburn sat three-quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, said, "Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?" "You may." "Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?" "I'll tell you," said he. "When I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently; said I should pass over his *cadavre*, that he would not go to St. Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, "At what hour shall I send the boat?" I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say, "I came at the hour next day, to take him on board the Bellerophon, prepared to use force, and ready even for bloodshed. To my utter wonder he skipped away, and went on board without a word. After all those threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth, and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly. In fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When we got to St. Helena, we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have the house in which a family were *instantly*. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said that he could sleep under a tent. As they rode down the hill I showed him the room I meant to occupy. Napoleon said, "That is the very room I should like;" so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries; they were with-

drawn, and sergeants put instead. Then he complained of them, and gave his honour, if they were removed, he would never violate his limits. I yielded, and that very night he went into the town. He then asked for the four thousand Napoleons taken from him, which was granted; and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly; and after granting him my room at his own request, he wrote the Government that he had been forced into one room.'—iii. 236-7.

The rest of our space must be dedicated to what Haydon tells us of his intercourse with the Duke of Wellington. It is not, as our readers will believe, of much importance, but it develops some of the minor traits of the Duke's character, of whom it may be truly said that, being the greatest in great things, he was still great even in the smallest.

We have already seen that Haydon was in the habit of worrying every man who had anything like a name; and he, of course, assailed the Duke of Wellington with tenfold importunity. The painter was by nature extremely impressionable, and high deeds mingled themselves up in his head with high art. He accordingly had (in spite of his short Reform fever) an enthusiastic admiration of the Duke, which seems to have stimulated the natural intrusiveness of his character.

The Duke—besides his dislike to the tedium of *sitting*, which he would overcome on what he thought proper occasions—had, as was well known, two decided principles—he would not submit to be made an object of painters' or printers' *speculations*, and he shrunk intuitively from being made a party to anything that should look like his own glorification. When the contest about placing his statue on the Green Park arch was going on, Haydon obtruded on him a sketch of some plan of his own: the Duke replied:—

'London, August 11th, 1838.

'The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and returns the drawing enclosed in his note of the 10th.

'The Duke is the man of all men in England who has the least to do with the affair which is the subject of Mr. Haydon's letter to him.'—iii. 88.

While the Nelson monument was in agitation, Haydon again attacked the Duke, who happened to be one of the committee. The Duke replied epigrammatically:—

'London, 24th May, 1839.

'The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. The Duke is a member of the Committee for the execution of the plan for the erecting a monument to the memory of

the late Lord Nelson. He is not the Committee, nor the *Secretary to the Committee*, and, above all, not the *Corresponding Secretary*.'—iii. 98.

Boys the printseller commissioned Haydon to paint the Duke musing on the field of Waterloo, as a pendent to the Napoleon. This directly crossed both the feelings which we have just mentioned, and he answered laconically, 'that he hoped Mr. Haydon would excuse him.' Haydon was not to be so repulsed: he wrote again. No answer. At last, Haydon—by some underhand means—got sketches of his clothes and equipments, and by their help advanced the picture to a state at which he had the folly to tell the Duke of the misconduct of his servants, and invite him to ratify it by inspecting the picture. This produced the following answer:—

'London, February 7th, 1835.

'Sir, I—received last night your letter of the 6th, in which you inform me that you had applied to and obtained from my servant one of my coats, and that you had painted a picture of me which you wished me to see, and which was ready for the engraver.

'You wrote to me on the 19th January to inform me that you had received a commission to paint a picture of me. I told you in answer that I had not time to sit for a picture. You then wrote to desire that I would order my servant to let you see my coat, &c., to which letter I gave no answer. You thought proper, however, to go to my servant, and procure from him one of my coats, &c., without any order or consent on my part, and you now come to me to desire me to inspect the picture before it goes to the engraver.

'I have no objection to any gentleman painting any picture of me that he may think proper; but if I am to have anything to say to the picture, either in the way of sitting, or sending a dress, or in any other manner, I consider myself, and shall be considered by others, as responsible for it.

'I must say that I by no means approve of the subject of the picture which you have undertaken to paint. Paint it if you please, but I will have nothing to say to it.

'To paint the Emperor Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena is quite a different thing from painting me on the field of battle of Waterloo. The Emperor Napoleon did not consent to be painted. But I am to be supposed to consent; and, moreover, I, on the field of battle of Waterloo, am not exactly in the situation in which Napoleon stood on the rock of St. Helena.

'But a painter should be an historian, a philosopher, a politician, as well as a poet and a man of taste. Now, if you will consider the subject of the picture to which you desire me to be a party in the year 1835, in any one of these characters, you will see full reason why you should not choose that subject, and why I should not consent to be a party to the picture.—I have the honour, &c. &c. WELLINGTON.'

Haydon, with incomparable audacity, returned

to the charge; but the Duke was inflexible, and after three or four more letters from his indefatigable assailant, was forced to close the correspondence by a more emphatic answer, June 27th, 1839,

'hoping that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures.

'The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr. Haydon proposes to paint.

'At all events, he must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms, and equipments.'—iii. 103.

We doubt whether the great Dispatches afford a stronger instance of the Duke's good taste, good sense, and, above all, of his inexhaustible patience, than this correspondence with so vexatious and obstinate a persecutor.

But in the autumn of the same year a number of principal gentlemen in Liverpool resolved to adorn their city with a picture of the Duke, and some active friends of Haydon procured him the commission. The chairman of the committee addressed the Duke in due form, and the Duke, deeming this a public compliment with which he ought to comply, consented, and promised to sit when he should have leisure. Meanwhile Haydon was proceeding with the picture, and endeavoured to draw the Duke, into some personal interference with its details. The Duke was true to his principle, and declined to have anything to do with the picture, but to sit as he had promised the gentlemen of Liverpool; and, in fact, he never saw it.

At last, however, Haydon's great wish was completely fulfilled—the Duke invited him to Walmer Castle, where he would sit to him; and accordingly, on the 11th October, 1839, Haydon made his appearance there, and was treated with an attention which obliterated all recollection of the correspondence; and at the close of the fourth evening, as he took his leave, the Duke said, 'I hope you are satisfied. Good bye.' We wish we had room for every word of his notes of these four days: we must content ourselves with noticing some of the more general incidents and observations, partly to correct and partly to confirm them:—

'The Duke talked of Buonaparte and the Abbé du Pradt, and said, "there was nothing like hearing both sides." Du Pradt, in his book (he was *à fureur de mémoires*), says that, whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon, the Emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the Duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano), as follows; "*Remuez ce coquin là à son Archevêque [Archevêché]*." "So," said the Duke, "always hear both sides."

There is here some mistake. De Pradt, in his book, says nothing about the Emperor's 'taking notes,' and he *does* tell that Napoleon had written to Maret to recall De Pradt, and send him back in disgrace to his diocese. There is no discrepancy at all between the Emperor and the Abbé.

'The Duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, "Europe owes her salvation to one man." "But before he gave me time to look foolish," added the Duke, "Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, '*C'est moi!*'"—*ib.* 111.

Here again there is some confusion in Haydon's note of the anecdote. The expression attributed to the Duke—'*before I had time to look foolish*'—sounds like a kind of anticipating vanity from which he was entirely exempt; on the contrary, he *would* be remarkably and notoriously *deaf* to any such insinuations even from others. All his personal friends knew and used to smile at his grave and obstinate *stupidity* in not understanding allusions which were very clear to everybody else. But moreover, the celebrated egotism attributed to De Pradt was made in a pamphlet published in 1816; and was, in fact, a misrepresentation of what the pamphlet did say; and, finally and conclusively, this is stated to have occurred *before Waterloo*, when our northern allies had *taken Paris*, and the English were only at Toulouse. So that it is *impossible* that the Duke should have then arrogated to himself the deliverance of Europe—he that never arrogated anything.

'The Duke said the *natural* state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state very fast.'—*iii.* 112.

'He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier; he got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep.'—*iii.* 112.

'Some one said, "Habit is second nature:" the Duke remarked, "It is ten times nature."

Bacon, in his Essays, says much the same: 'Custom only doth alter and subdue nature.'

'I asked the Duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts? He said he believed near Richborough Castle.'—*ib.*

'When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God! I thought, here am I *tête-à-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest—the conqueror of Napoleon; sitting with him, talking to him, and sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous,

witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested and passionately affected. God bless his Grace! I repeat.'—*ib.* 112.

'12th.—At ten we breakfasted—the Duke, Sir Astley, Mr. Booth, and myself: he put me on his right. "Which will you have, black tea or green?" "Black, your Grace." "Bring black." Black was brought, and ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows. [Lord and Lady Wilton's—for one of whom sea air and bathing had been prescribed, and the Duke's kindness had invited them all.] "Let them in," said the Duke: and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying, "How d'ye do, Duke? how d'ye do, Duke?" One boy, young Grey, roared, "I want some tea, Duke." "You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me as you did yesterday." Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged 'em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Grey try to slop it over the Duke's frock-coat.

'He then told me to choose my room, and get my light in order; and, after hunting, he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy, and dozy. His colour was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. "Does the light hurt your Grace's eyes?" "Not at all." And he stared at the light, as much as to say, "I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light."

'It was a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His colour was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed, and energetic. I foolishly said, "Don't let me fatigue your Grace." "Well, sir," he said, "I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again." I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose; I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed, and said, "We dine at seven."

'At seven we dined. His Grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr. Arbuthnot one. We then went to the drawing-room, where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the Standard, whilst I talked to Mr. Arbuthnot, who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the Duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.'—*iii.* 114.

Sunday came. All went to church:—

'From the bare wainscoat, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the Duke's place. Mr. Arbuthnot squeezed my arm before it was too

late, and I crossed in an instant. The Duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for his mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of *Jesus Christ* the Duke bowed his silvery hairs like the humblest labourer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the Epistle he stood upright, like a soldier; and when the blessing was pronounced, he buried his head in one hand and uttered his prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.—*ib.* 114, 15.

The Duke after dinner took the Spectator, and placing a candle on each side of his venerable head, read it through. I watched him the whole time.

"In one part of Lardner's Life of him he says, 'He rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head.' I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous—enjoying his leisure in dignity, God knows, as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired he put down the paper, and said, 'There are a great many curious things in it, I assure you.' He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, 'I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow at nine.'—*ib.* 116.

Haydon says, 'Every time you meet a Waterloo man, pump him. In a few years they will be all gone—Duke and the rest.' The results of Haydon's own *pumpings* are neither numerous nor important, and some of them are rather apocryphal, or, at least, inaccurate. For instance:—

'General Alava told Capt. Waller that, as he was joining the Duke early on the field [of Waterloo], he thought to himself, "I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite." The Duke shortly joined, and called out in his bluff manner, "Well, how did you like the ball last night?" Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, "That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get before the day is over."—*iii.* 313.

Here is a slight confusion which might throw a doubt over the whole story, which is, nevertheless, substantially true. The ball was *not* on Saturday—the day before Waterloo—but on Thursday, the night before Quatre Bras. It was when Alava joined him at Quatre Bras that the Duke began talking of the ball and what was going on at Brussels;

as lightly as if he had nothing else to think of. Alava slept at Brussels the night of the 17th, and it was when he came to Waterloo, on the morning of the 18th, that the Duke expressed in this homely way his confident hope of success.

In Haydon's picture the Duke is standing quite alone on the field, and holding his horse in a theatrical attitude. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, when he saw the picture, observed this impropriety:—

'Lord Fitzroy said, "The Duke never holds his own horse."'

'Lord Fitzroy said the Duke never came into the field but with an orderly dragoon, and never with a servant. At Waterloo, the dragoon was killed.'—*iii.* 104.

Here is an instance how careful we should be

'To lose no drop of that immortal man.'

This simple fact of going into action with no servant, but with an orderly dragoon, reveals a characteristic principle: his reason was, 'that he had, in his opinion, no right to risk, for his own convenience, the life of a man not in the service;' and such was his reluctance to make any *étalage* of his individual feelings, that we never heard of his giving the reason of this peculiarity to any one, but to Lord Fitzroy, from whom we have had it.

Haydon, happening to meet Lord Hill at dinner, asked him, as they were coming away in his Lordship's carriage,—

"My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?" "Certainly not," he replied. "There never was any panic?" "No; there was no time of the day." I said, "I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply." Lord Hill said in the simplest way, "I dare say."—*ii.* 347.

These quiet and laconic answers are perfectly characteristic of Lord Hill—but the same confidence pervaded the whole British army from the Duke to the drummer.

We cannot better conclude this selection of Haydon's anecdotes than with the following passage, which shows his power both of observation and expression, in a light that renders still more surprising the aberration of his mind in all that related to himself and his art:—

'If any man wishes to learn how to suppress his feelings of exultation in success and of despondency in failure; how to be modest in elevation, and peaceful in disappointment; how to exercise power with humanity, and resist injustice

when power is abused by others; how to command inferiors without pride, and to be obedient, without servility, to the commands of others; let him read day and night the 'Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.'—iii. 268.

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NOTE.

It is almost needless to say that our article on The Institute of France was in type before the intelligence reached us of the lamented death of M. Arago. If we could have foreseen the event, we could hardly have spoken with greater warmth of his genius, though we

certainly should not have selected such an occasion to comment upon what we thought his injurious importation of political feeling into the region of science. It is satisfactory to reflect that while any party heats into which he may have been led have expired with himself, his discoveries and writings will always survive to attest his right to be ranked among the most brilliant *savans* of any age. At a moment like this we should have preferred to sink in oblivion the parts of his career in which we differed from him, and to have dwelt solely (as we hope to do on a future occasion) upon those extraordinary acquirements which have long been recognised by the whole of Europe.











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